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



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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.



Office of the
Grand Esquire

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

*174 West Washington St.,
Chicago, Illinois
March 3, 1926*

EXALTED RULER AND BROTHERS:

All aboard for Chicago—the capital of Elkdom!

Through our combined efforts the coming GRAND LODGE REUNION at Chicago will be the greatest ever held by any fraternal Order. Greater interest than ever will be manifested, due to the fact that on this occasion the ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, a tribute to our members who served in the Great War, will be dedicated.

Many Committees have been formed at Chicago and it will be their endeavor to extend a welcome to the thousands of visitors who will be our guests next July. That Chicago is cognizant of the nation-wide interest in our coming Convention is manifested by the many requests for reservations being received by our Hotel Committee.

Our Grand Exalted Ruler, William Hawley Atwell, desires that every Lodge in our Order have its banner in line in our great parade; also in proper place in the spectacle being arranged at its conclusion.

The membership of as many Lodges as possible should be accompanied by bands, marching clubs, drill teams, drum corps, etc.,—something arranged that will be creditable to our fraternity.

As Grand Esquire I await your command. All questions will be promptly answered. Our opportunity is here. Let us show honor to our great Order on this occasion.

Very sincerely and fraternally,

WILLIAM J. SINEK
Grand Esquire.

Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas. He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but **DOES** nothing about **ANY** of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is **SCATTER-BRAINED**.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his **POSSIBILITIES!**

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to **USE** his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with **BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS**.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what we possess because that is all we **USE**. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only **TEN** horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them **BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE**, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, **UNUSED FOR SO LONG**, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually **DO** possess them, but they are **ALMOST ATROPHIED**, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, **USE**.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

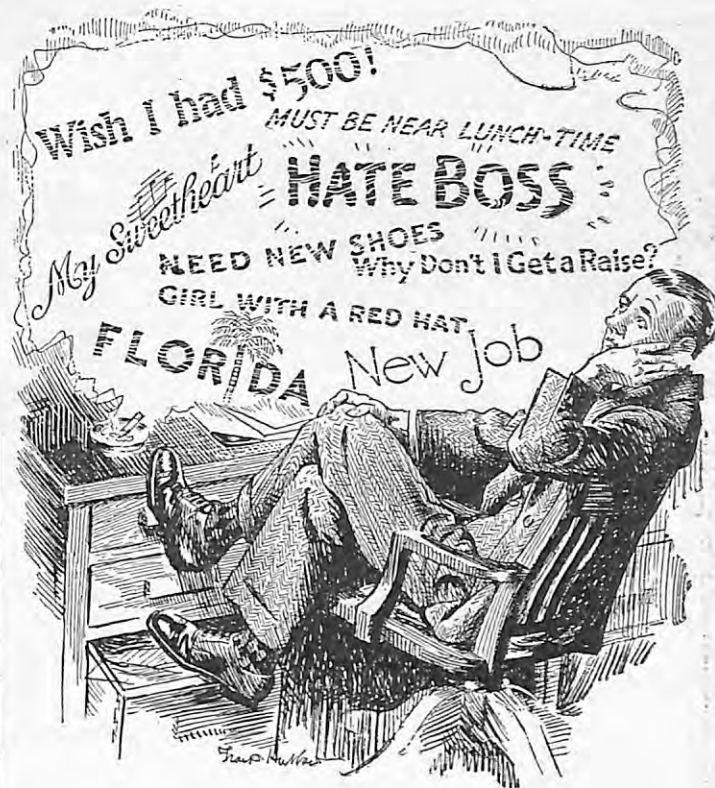
Was that fine ambition unattainable? **OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU?** Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom **THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU**.

What **WAS** the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You **CAN** develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 550,000 Pelmanists, **MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM**, will tell you that this is true.

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| General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. | Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff. |
| Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver. | Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. |



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian. Baroness Orczy, Author.
W. L. George, Author. Prince Charles of Sweden.

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

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

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

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

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

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vacillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF**. Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

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Beatrice Grimshaw's New Novel

The Wreck of the Red Wing

*A Thrilling Story Alive With Adventure, Mystery
and Romance, Woven on a Vivid Background
of the South Sea Islands*

CHAPTER I

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

BY PROFESSION, I am a schoolmaster, more or less unsuccessful. It is a long time since I was young. I never was good-looking, and I was somewhat delicate; in fact, I suffered for years from phthisis, and was only cured by a voyage to Australia. I have had few love affairs, and none that could be called romantic.

Having said so much, I must make haste to add that this story is not chiefly about myself. It is rather the tale of my old friend, Herod Pascoe, of his wife, of Paul Bowen, his young captain, and of Laurie, the girl who made so much mischief among all three.

The beginning is in Thursday Island, that little dot on the I of Australia's long northern point; the time, nearer forty years ago than thirty. I had landed from a passenger steamer which was not to stop at Brisbane, and was waiting for another, due in two days. I had left England seven weeks previously, to take up a post as mathematical master in Branksome College, Brisbane, and at the time when my story opens, I was very badly stranded, owing to the late arrival of a letter which told me that Branksome had been burned down—uninsured—and that I could not even hope for salary in lieu of notice, as the Company owning the school were bankrupt.

The cable, sent to England, had missed me; the letter, addressed Poste Restante, Thursday Island, found me, and shattered my scheme of life. A master in a small English school does not save money, especially when doctors' fees have to come out of his salary. I had barely enough for tips

at the end of the voyage, and a trifle to start on—about six pounds in all. I had my ticket to Brisbane, but that was no good to me. The difficulties earlier experienced in finding my situation, which I had considered as a last chance of life, and to the acquiring of which I had devoted close attention for over a year, were enough to warn me against landing in Brisbane practically penniless, with the hope of finding another scholastic post.

It became immediately a matter of much concern, to find out what the tariff of the hotel at which I was staying might be. I judge that other voyagers have met with similar embarrassments, but they are reticent on the subject. Perhaps I am especially timid in such matters; perhaps other people find no difficulty in going up to an unsympathetic clerk, or worse, a manageress, prepared to suspect dishonesty in any person not obviously well-to-do, and asking how much the current cost of the stay amounts to.

What is certain is that I felt sick with embarrassment, almost dismay, when I found myself obliged to approach the bar of the "Majestic," (a hotel far from deserving of its name, even in those prosperous days), and in the hearing of various bystanders, ask what the daily charges might be.

The woman in the bar, who seemed to be in charge of the hotel day and night, and always to be occupied with at least half a dozen guests, turned towards me, a dripping glass in her hand, and asked me "What was mine?"

"Nothing, I thank you," I told her; and

then my throat grew very dry, and I had to swallow in it, before I could ask—

"Can you give me a tariff?"

"Don't serve them—unless it's one of the new American cocktails; they have all sorts of names," she answered, wiping her glass, and not looking at me. By this I knew that she understood.

"I would like," I said, as firmly as I could, "to know what you charge by the day."

Everyone in the bar was looking at me. The woman pretended not to hear me. One of her admirers began a jesting conversation with her, and she devoted her attention to him.

I WAITED, for quite a long time; probably five minutes, almost certainly four. Then I said again, "How much does one pay by the day here?"

"Twelve shillings," she jerked over her shoulder.

Twelve shillings, at that time, was dear; very dear for the style and food of the Majestic, even in those "boom" years of Thursday Island. I retired, to devote my professional abilities to the problem of subtracting twenty-four—probably thirty—shillings from a hundred and twenty. The result was clear, but dismaying.

I had hardly finished subtracting ninety shillings from nothing-at-all, when I heard a rap on the closed glass door of my room, and a note was thrust underneath. It was my bill made up to date, with a scrawled addition—"Room required before six to-night."

Clearly, the woman was taking no chances. For the moment, I was in a flame of rage. But common sense came to my rescue. I



HERE are three of the outstanding characters: Herod Pascoe, trader and schemer; Laurie, his ward, and Susan, his wife. Follow their destinies in this big story

had already learned that the Thursday Island caravanserai, in such matters, did as it pleased. My goods were few. I packed them in my one trunk and went downstairs.

I remembered my room in the Sheffield school I had left; I wished myself back in that little-valued sanctuary now. Still more, I wished myself back in another school; the public school where my happiest days had been spent, twenty years ago; where I had met and loved the too few friends that shone like stars in the clouds of my dull life. . . .

With this thought in my mind, I looked up, and, just as if my wish had been one in a fairy tale, bound to be realized, I saw the captain of that old Lancashire school coming down the stairs.

For a moment, I was dazed; I thought that I was dreaming, and that Thursday Island and the voyage, and the telegram, were fancies of a summer's night, just about to be swept away by the harsh, insistent clanging of the half-past six bell. Then I knew that it was no dream; for I saw the face of my old friend Pascoe, and it had grown heavily middle-aged, and the light boyish limbs were big and slow. But the eyes, Pascoe's dominating gray eyes, that laughed at you and knew you through, and the heavy underlip only half concealed by a bristling mustache, that had been a mere pale pencilling long ago, were not to be mistaken. At least I thought so. I stood at the foot of the stairs, longing to make myself known, anxious, afraid. After all—if it wasn't?

A woman came down the stairs after him. She was rather a remarkable woman. ("But she would be," I found myself thinking.) I guessed her age to be less than thirty, though she had gray in her deeply waved, parted hair. She had brown eyes, handsome eyes, a little afraid. . . .

("They might be," I thought in another parenthesis.) She was very thin; we did not admire thin women in those days, yet I found her graceful. She looked as if she could love, and keep secrets. Her name, I heard afterwards, was Susan; it fitted her like a glove.

I heard her speak to the man. "Herod," she said. "Can you get a letter posted for me?"

I DIDN'T hear what he answered. Herod! So it was. There could not be two men in the world of just that age, with just those features and that unique Christian name. His mother, it was said, had so named him to spite his father, whom she hated, having been married to him practically by force. The father died before he had time to appreciate his wife's peculiar revenge; the mother herself died not long after. Herod Pascoe, brought up by relations, had dealt with his fate and his name after his own fashion. He had worn poverty like a decoration; flaunted his name like a flower.

I hadn't heard of him for at least fifteen years. Somehow I had thought he must be dead. He had gone to "the Colonies," that was all one knew; afterwards—nothing. It was hard to understand how Herod Pascoe could ever be nothing, in any part of the world.

But here, on the tip of the continent, with the pageant of Thursday Island unrolling itself outside the hotel veranda, I understood, swiftly, that it was I only who had been in fault—ignorant, as one is at home, of most things that go on at the ends of the earth. Pascoe was clearly somebody, in Australia. It was not so much his dress, or his wife's dress—though both were fine, even splendid, as tropical attire goes—it was not the instant attention shown him by the woman in the bar, and her two big bare-armed potmen, as he came in sight of the bar counter, though that, after my own experience, was illuminating. It was the look of Pascoe himself; the unmistakable poise of the man who has succeeded. Herod had always had poise—we called it cheek in those days, if I remember rightly—but it had been a mere promise-to-pay long ago. Now it was a banknote with a big sum written boldly across its face, the promise had been made good.

I saw all this in a couple of seconds, as one sees in moments of excitement. Then I

stepped into his path, and held out my hand saying "Pascoe! how are you?"

He did not know me at once; he stood, very big and immensely tall, above me, looking at me without much interest. His wife, behind, fixed me with a curiously keen and appraising glance, but said nothing.

"Don't you remember Polson, at Wynminster?" I asked him.

"I do—of course, of course," he said, stretching out a hand like a brown ham, and grinning pleasantly. "Glad to see you, Bertie. And what strange wind has blown you to this corner of the earth?"

I told him, briefly, and not without embarrassment, that I had been on my way to take up a post as master in a Brisbane school, but that the latter was closed, and I must now return to England. ("If I can," I added privately.) I feared—hoped—impossible to say which—that he would read the trembling expectation in my mind. Perhaps fear had it.

Before I had finished what I was saying, I knew that he guessed I was going to borrow money from him. He crashed into the end of my sentence, after his fashion; saved my saying what I hated to say. . . .

"Come upstairs," he ordered. "Let's talk. Stir yourself, old snail." I found myself swept away, as it were, on the wind of his personality, flung up the stairs, and into a little dusk, hot sitting-room, where no one ever went; seated on a chair, with Pascoe prancing up and down the mats in front of me, and pouring forth a perfect torrent of talk.

He wanted me to come to his island—he had an island, it seemed—to start in ten minutes' time, with himself and Mrs. Pascoe; to live there, and undertake the education of a child whom he had adopted.

"A child?" I said. "Any relation?"

"I've none of my own," said Herod; which, when you come to think of it, was no answer. If I drew my own conclusions, I do not think anyone will blame me. At all events, I asked no more questions.

"What do you think—is it worth—" I began. He crashed in again.

"I'll give you board and washing and a house, and a hundred a year. Eh?" He flung this last sharply; Herod's "Eh's?" always made one feel as if a pebble had hit one in the face.

"It's all right," I answered gladly. "I don't mind telling you now that I—"

"Yes, of course you were, I saw that in your face the minute I met you on the stairs. "Got enough to pay your bill?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, the landlady sent it; she wanted me to give up my—"

"Oh, did she? I'll put the fear of God into her." He went down the stairs as children go, in a rattling run; he swung into the bar. "Here, Violet," I heard him say, "What's this about wanting Mr. Polson's room? Eh, what, what? You did, did you? You thought? Don't think, Violet, it's dangerous; you'd better make a habit of knowing, if you want to keep your license on your shoulders."

"I'M SURE, Mr. Pascoe, if I'd had the least idea he was a friend of yours—" she was almost licking his hand; I could see her where I peeped—shamelessly I must acknowledge—through the banisters. The two chuckers-out had abolished themselves into a corner among the beer-pulls. The drinkers at the bar were standing with their faces all turned at one angle like something in a play, staring at Herod. With his huge bulk, his splendid attire—silk suit, fine boots, pearl in his shirt, cabled watch-chain, Panama worth a fortune cocked sidewise on his bright red hair—he seemed to fill the place, to outshine everything in it. His wife alone, of all the people in sight, was not looking at him. It seemed as if she had the book of Herod Pascoe off by heart, but whether it was to her a book of joy, or of sorrow, I could not guess. Life with Herod could never be a primrose path to anyone; this I knew, even while I accepted it.

The first letter in that lesson was not long coming. I have not, I think, mentioned that the weather was extremely threatening; it had been bad for a week, the aftermath of the great storm, still remembered with a pang by many hearts in Australia that wrecked the liner *Red Wing*, off Cape York. Thursday was yet all astir with the pity and the terror of it; they had but just finished the sad business of burying the scores of bodies that were washed ashore; their divers were only waiting for settled weather, to go out and inspect what could be found of the wreck, below sea.

And here I was, on the morning that followed my encounter with Herod, hurrying down to the beach below the Majestic, an incredibly small sailing boat tossing on the waves before me, in which, it seemed I was to travel Heaven knew how many miles with Herod Pascoe, who never had known fear, to some unknown island beyond the confines of the civilized earth. I wondered at myself, but wondering helped nought. I was in the dinghy swung by a mighty arm; Mrs. Pascoe was in it too, and a black boy, and far too much luggage, and at last Herod; and the black boy was rowing and the water splashing into the boat. And in another two minutes we were all scrambling over the side of a five ton cutter, and I was already experiencing, in her wild plunges at anchor, a foretaste of the agony I knew myself doomed to endure out at sea.

CHAPTER II

IN THAT cutter of Pascoe's for the best part of two days and a night, I suffered hell. She had a tiny one berth cabin for Mrs. Pascoe; I don't know to this day how Herod,

and the two native boys disposed of themselves—As for me, I lay in the hold among shifting cases of cargo, violently sick, and cursed the day I was born, and the day I left England, and more than all, the day I met Pascoe, and consented to go out with him in his hateful boat, into a sea that was probably going to drown us all. We met with frightful weather. Somebody offered me food—water—I could touch neither. I thought I was going to die; I almost hoped it.

Afterwards, I learned that the big steam launch belonging to the island was being repaired, and that if Pascoe would have waited another two days, we might have gone back in her. It was like him to face the storm rather than wait; like him, also, not to care how his wife and I might regard the matter. And, as I have said, it was my first taste—a characteristic one—of what life meant, under the shadow of Herod Pascoe's personality.

In the afternoon of the second day, we ran into calm weather, a sky of indescribable blue, and a sea of oily gold. There was barely wind enough to sail the boat; we slipped along at two or three knots an hour. Herod was at the wheel, where he had been almost without intermission since leaving Thursday Island. His eyes were red with wind and sea, but he looked fit, ready to sail on another two or three days if need were. His wife was seated on the sill of the tiny cabin; not a hair on her smooth head or a fold of her garments was astray. She was white and tired looking, but it seemed to me she did not know she was tired. I think she would have gone on as long as Herod would.

"There's my island," said Herod, turning the wheel a spoke or two.

To right and to left of us, in the distance, one could see tall islands, queer looking barren places, colored blue and yellow like the pictures in old-fashioned Bibles. Ahead loomed a larger island, with a good deal of timber on it; but much of it was barren also, high-gapped peaks of stone standing up against the golden sky. There was a beach, and at the back of that a long white house, red-roofed, and a black little pier, running many-legged out to sea. Not the typical South Sea island, this home of Pascoe's; something lighter, brighter, less luxurious and sensuous; a queer yellowy-green place in a yellowy-blue sea, a place where winds seemed to blow all the time, and unquiet waters never ceased to flog upon the pale unforested shores.

I don't know what I expected ashore, but what I found seemed commonplace enough. We disembarked in the dinghy, and walked down the pier to the red-roofed house. Dogs came barking out as we appeared; natives—Australian aboriginals, Straits men, wild-eyed creatures from New Guinea—came along with the dogs, making almost as much noise. The dogs fought over Herod and his wife jumping on them and licking their faces; at me they snarled, and were with difficulty kept from biting, especially as their master took no trouble to restrain them. Meantime the black boys were scrambling for the luggage, and carrying it into the house. A tallish fellow with a black hook-nose, who wore hat and trousers, and seemed to be some kind of boss, came up with a report, which he delivered to Pascoe in pigeon English. Everything was all right, it seemed; and the picaninny was with the women, who had taken good care of her. The shelling boats were out; they might be in any day, or not for weeks. No, nothing had happened to any of them; they had seen the big blow coming and run into shelter, somewhere up Cape York way; a *Mobiag* canoe had been along, and told

him. Was it true, Marster, that a white-fellow ship, a big one, had been killed on the reefs outside Thursday Island? The canoes said so; that said that she was called the *Red Wing* and she was caught in the big blow seven days ago, and she went down very quick, and everyone was drowned. True? Then it was good luck the shelling boats were not lost. Yes, Marster, the cooky boys had the dinner ready. Yes, the women would bring the child as soon as they had her washed and a clean frock on. . . .

By this time we had traversed the long jetty, made for the capricious tides of the Strait, and reached Pascoe's big red and white house, at the end of it. I was too wearied to take exact notice of it that day; I only received a general impression of huge verandas full of sun and salt wind, of many long-glassed doors, and much shining furniture visible within, each piece a separate marvel, in that isolated place; of cushioned lounge chairs that seemed to promise heaven to tired bones, and a table, set with glass and silver, out where the winds blew and the yellow sun of Torres fell in patches on the snowy cloth.

"Dinner!" roared Pascoe, even as the procession of black boys began trotting from the kitchen with soup and plates of croutons. "They are punctual people on this island" I thought to myself, and then again, in one of those subconscious comments that flashed up into my mind now and again—"Yes—of course they would be. . . ."

Afterwards, lying in one of the long chairs, with the sun going down in the gilded Coral Sea, and the whole strange, dry glittering place beginning to take hold of one's senses, like some sweet drug, soothing away all memory of the outer world, I thought, so far as I could think at all, that I might be in a much worse billet.

DURING a brief absence of Pascoe's, I had asked Mrs. Pascoe something about my pupil, and she had replied almost sharply that she could not tell me anything. She had been absent in Thursday Island for some weeks, and had not seen the—the little girl. . . .

(I had a wild fancy that she had meant to say "brat".)

Presently Pascoe returned, leading by the hand a pretty child of about two years of age; and for the first time I saw the creature who was to mean so much in the lives of all of us.

The child was dark, with large eyes shaded by thick lashes, and hair that curled in soft dusk rings about her face. She was somewhat gaudily dressed in a red silk frock that Pascoe evidently had bought for her in Thursday Island; her doll-like little feet were bare, and the women had wreathed her head with frangipanni flowers. I thought her very native-looking; my own strictly private opinion as to her history seemed more or less vindicated. Mrs. Pascoe, leaning forward out of her chair, scanned the child with an anxiety that I felt to be almost painful; I could hear her breathe sharply, and saw her hands close tightly on the chair-arms. Almost immediately she seemed to relax, and dropped back in her seat. I could make nothing of her expression.

"There she is," said Pascoe, his speech somewhat muffled by the cigar that drooped from one corner of his mouth. "Laura her name is—tell them your name, pussy-cat."

"Lau-lie," stammered the mite obediently.

"Where does she come from?" asked Susan Pascoe. She had not moved an eyelash; but I could sense the tremendous effort she was making, just to get out that speech.



The young captain sprang from his seat to take the cup she handed, but Laurie's gaze remained on the tray in her hands

Herod cocked his panama just a little farther over his left eye, and looked at us as a parrot looks when it puts its head on one side, and scans an impertinent visitor.

"Shell Island," he said presently.

"Out beyond Thursday? I didn't know there were any Europeans there," persisted Mrs. Pascoe.

"There aren't any now," replied Pascoe. "Her parents are dead, and that's all anyone needs to know. You've always wanted a kid, Sukey, here's one for you; take her."

He lifted the child and put her on Mrs. Pascoe's lap.

The woman was starved for child-love; her arms went instinctively round the warm soft bundle of silk and flesh, and tiny Laurie put up her own arms and locked them about Susan Pascoe's thin neck, contentedly murmuring "Mam!"

I can remember little more. I was very tired, and went early to bed. Next morning, Pascoe called me before anyone else was up. I don't know when he slept; he always seemed to be the last into bed and the first out of it; indeed if I had relied on the evidence of my eyes alone, I should have supposed during most of my life on Farewell Island that he never slept at all.

"I've got your house to show you," he said, as we tramped together, in a dim orange dawn, along the sea-beach, that was gray as a bone in this early uncertain light, though later it would blaze into unimaginable whiteness.

We had come to the end of the beach, where it tapered away into a long spit of

sand. At the junction of the spit with the mainland, surrounded by water on three sides, and backed by a wide space of sea-grass ruffling in the wind, stood a low wide cottage, built of lime-washed coral concrete, and roofed with red painted iron.

There were no flowers; nothing climbed up the clean-washed walls about the windows to block the view of blue water and green water and lacing foam. Everything was whitewashed; the floors had been scrubbed with sand, and the whole house smelt of cleanness and sea air. A small kitchen at the back held plain necessities. There was not a single ornament in the place, it was austere as a monk's cell. The beauty of it was the beauty of the painted seas and sands, that shone through every opening, of flying gulls and pelicans and wongai pigeons, beating pale wings across a pure pale sky, of quietude and peace . . . peace.

"God, Pascoe," I said, "But you do understand a man."

"You're a born bachelor," he answered, "this ought to be a sort of little heaven to you."

"It is," I told him, wondering, in my heart, how he had managed to stave off the little, damnable feminine touches that that entirely feminine wife of his must have wanted to add. He cocked one parrot eye at me—his Panama, as usual, almost eclipsed the other—and I knew he guessed my thought. But he said nothing.

"I'm tremendously grateful to you," I went on. "Still—I can't understand it." "You see," I went on, "that infant doesn't want schooling any more than she wants boots and spurs, and I am afraid you must have made the job out of—"

"I didn't," he crashed. "You think I don't want you; I want you like hell. This is a big shelling business of mine, and I employ a lot of colored and half-caste people—Manilas, Binghis, Papuans, a Jap or two (but not more of those than I can help; they're too knowing). They have their wives and kids here mostly, and they're much too fond of yapping about the Mission schools down at Thursday, and wanting to send the kids—especially the Manilas. And missionaries—" he paused to curse missionaries with singular violence—"keep asking dashed questions. Well, I'll give you a spare shell-house to teach school in, and that'll shut their gobs."

"You don't like missionaries?"

"Don't talk as if I did, do I? By the way, are you a Christian of any sort?"

"I'm a practising Anglican, if that's what you mean, and I shouldn't care—"

"Nobody wants you to; boot's on the other leg. You had better instruct the little beasts as far as you can. It'll stop the mouth of the Holy Joes, and it'll keep your hand against the time when you have to teach Laurie all about the snake and the Garden of Eden, and the rest of the tosh a girl must know. Now do you believe you're wanted?"

"I should say," I answered him, "that I'm wanted very badly indeed."

"I wish to do the best for her," he said musingly; and I thought he was speaking more to himself than to me. "Christianity and Shakespeare and the musical glasses, and manners and morals and all the bag of tricks; how could one do more? . . ."

So, in the quiet after storm, in the clear light of a perfect morning, began the first of those island days.

CHAPTER III

I HAD come to Farewell Island meaning to stay at all events till my health should be fully reestablished; perhaps till I should hear of a better post in Australia. I don't know that I had meant very seriously the various plans which Pascoe and I had discussed, with regard to

Laurie's future education. There was always an "if" at the back.

As time passed, however, that "if" grew dim. The islands reached for me, held me, had me. The islands do. . . . We have had—in my humble opinion—rather too many tales about the degenerating effect of the Pacific world upon its white population. I do not think we have had enough about the normal folk who inhabit with impunity these small kingdoms of the West beyond the West, the East after East (for remember, the Pacific is neither West nor East). We are not told of the respectable trader who builds up a good business, keeps his white wife and family in comfort and has a trip to Sydney every two years; of the Government official—well-born, ill-paid, a giant for work, an explorer and pioneer who gets none of the explorer's and pioneer's glory; of the planter, often struggling, sometimes successful, who is for the most part as good a citizen as any stockbroker or shop-keeper down South.

I am of the islands. In later life, I have lived in and traveled over much of the Pacific world; I know it, wide as it is, better than most Englishmen know England. Island life tests a man; brings out what is in him. Isolated as he often is, without the pressing shoulders of a city crowd to hold him up, and the pressing thoughts of a great mass of men to shape his own, he learns to stand on his own feet and think for himself. Not all men can pass the test, but that's the fault of the man, not the life. A coral beach and a lagoon take nothing out of a man that was not there, put nothing in that wasn't. If you sink to be a "combo man," or a plain cad, you had the germ of the combo or the cad in you before you ever left the city's roaring quay. All the islands do is to make you yourself. . . .

I cannot maintain even now—and it would be harder to maintain as my tale goes on—that Herod Pascoe was one of the men who deserve a niche in a stained-glass window. But what he was and what he became, were not the fault of Farewell Island.

What I became is a matter I shall pass over lightly; it is not material. In thirteen years from the date of that day in Thursday Island I had grown into another man. Bowed shoulders and narrow chest had straightened and broadened; strength was mine such as I had not known when I was twenty. And if youth was gone, why, I had never had youth; this strong middle-age was worth all youth to me. You may think that I loved Farewell, after what it had done.

I wish I could make you see it—as it was and as it still is—the pale brightness of the place, with the long cream beach running

into blue-green shallows, and the wind-bent wongais, like quaint trees in some old Japanese print, standing with wide palms outstretched, right in the blowing sand.

Sun! sea and sea-wind—no one north or south of twenty-five knows the meaning of those words, as we of the tropics know. I could breathe them, I could drink them, for what they represent. When the sunward march begins in earnest—

Pardon a schoolmaster, who must always be thinking of history, past or future. I am coming back to my story.

THE back of an island, all over the Pacific world, represents its "East End." There is always one approach that, by reason of prevailing winds, or passage through a reef, or some natural harbor, is the best. On the opposite side from that, called the "back," congregate the inferiors, beach-comber folk, failed planters who cannot get away, laborers of many kinds and colors. But on Farewell, which was private property, no one could live or even land, save by permission of Herod Pascoe. So the back of Farewell was simply a native village. The island was not large; you could walk from the anchorage to the back in half an hour. That was what I was doing, one day of December when all the world that was not pale bright sapphire was liquid gold, and the scents from the sun-drenched bush came in waves of cinnamon and sandal.

I had just turned into the native village, and was tramping along between the queer little patchy houses where the Manila men and the Binghis and Papuans and Japs, divers and crews of Herod's fleet, lived when they were at home. I was looking right and left for a couple of children who had been missing school. They weren't afraid of me, these plump half-naked kiddies in all shades of brown, even when they had been missing school; they just laughed at me with almond-white teeth from behind a sagging door, or ran away chuckling into the banana gardens. And their mothers, the lazy-easy coffee-skinned creatures who padded about in Mother Hubbard wrappers and nothing else, amid a welter of goats and fowls and babies—they liked me, I know.

The fleet was "in," and might be in for weeks, hurricane season being upon us; all the little bamboo plaited houses had the fathers and big sons at home, and all the little rickety thatched kitchens were sending out unusually good smells of dinner; fowls, here and there, were screaming their funeral song, a pig or so was shrieking his last. Somebody under a house, was practising a new drum; there would be tremendous dancing to-night, down on the open grass space near the seabeach.

It all warmed my heart as I looked at it—the little happy place. And then, in a moment, as if lightning had struck it, everything seemed changed.

(Continued on page 58)



By Air to the "Inaccessible Pole"

*Will the Expedition,
Headed by Wilkins,
Backed by the City of
Detroit, Find Valuable
Arctic Land for the
United States?*

*Problems and Dangers
Ahead of the Seekers
After New Aerial Trans-
polar Trade Routes*

By Burt M. McConnell

THE Arctic during the next six months promises to be so full of airplanes and dirigibles that the poor polar bear in that unknown area between Alaska and the North Pole will have as little privacy as Irvin Cobb's well-known gold-fish. For, as this is being written, preparations are being made by five different nations, including the United States, to solve the last remaining mystery of the North—whether or not land lies within that area, a million square miles in extent, marked "Unexplored." Three of these expeditions are American; all of them will do their reconnoitering by air. The announcement of their plans is reviving an interest in exploration that has lain dormant practically ever since Peary discovered the Pole.

There is a tradition in the Arctic, and a theory among geographers and students of tidal phenomena, that, far beyond the leagues of ice and snow which yield to no summer sun or breeze, there lies either a considerable land mass or an archipelago as yet undiscovered, with the "Pole of Inaccessibility" in its center. One authority has even sketched the outline of a hypothetical continent within this unknown area.

The greatest venture into the unknown since Columbus set out from the shores of Spain is the undertaking of Capt. George H. Wilkins, of Australia and the world, who plans to "hop" off from Point Barrow, the northernmost spot on the American continent, on March 21st in an attempt to reach the "Inaccessible Pole"; fly northward to within perhaps a hundred miles of the geographical, or North, Pole; and if all goes well, continue over the top of the world to Spitzbergen. By starting before the season of dense and impenetrable fogs, Captain Wilkins hopes to accomplish in two weeks that which explorers have dreamed about for two centuries—the conquest of that enormous unknown area lying between Alaska and the Pole.

Wilkins is probably better qualified for the flight he contemplates than any other man. He has had more experience in aviation than any other explorer, and a broader training in both Arctic and Antarctic exploration than any other aviator. Not only is he an airplane pilot and navigator, but he is a motion-picture photographer of note and an internal combustion engine expert. He served with the Australian Army corps during the World War as Commander of a squadron of six photographic airplanes; won the British Military Cross for extraordinary heroism during the War and was mentioned twice in despatches; later joined Shackleton in the voyage to the Antarctic, and only recently returned from an Australian expedition which he conducted under the auspices of the British Museum. He was born in South Australia, educated in the State schools there and in the Adelaide



Captain George H. Wilkins, soldier, aviator and explorer, dressed for exposure to Arctic weather

School of Mines, and was a photographic correspondent with the Turkish troops in the Balkan War of 1912-13. Wilkins was the navigator of one of the airplanes which set out on a flight from London to Australia in 1919, and was second in command on the British Imperial Arctic Expedition of 1920-21. He was with Shackleton when the explorer died.

WORD of the World War reached Wilkins while he was a member of Stefansson's most recent expedition, and he headed back to join the Australian Army. He is said to have participated in more major offensives, as a photographic observer, than any other Australian Army officer.

Captain Wilkins is making the first comprehensive and determined effort to reach the "Inaccessible Pole" and to explore the Polar Basin from the air. Other modern explorers, notably Stefansson, MacMillan, Nansen, and Storkerson, have traversed its fringe with the most modern means at their disposal—the dogteam and sledge; but no one has ventured near the center of the "Unknown Region." Peary, in his successful journey to the North Pole, was on the opposite side of the world. So were Amundsen and Ellsworth on their recent Polar flight. The "Inaccessible Pole," considered from the old view-point of Polar travel, is the most difficult place in the Arctic to reach by the older methods of travel. It is the spot most distant from all the points heretofore reached by other explorers. It is the center of the frozen pack, into which no surface ship has ever steamed. This is the goal which Captain Wilkins will seek with his modern air cruiser.

Apparently all the great nations of the world are fully aware of the potential value of any land that may exist in the Arctic, particularly in view of the rapid approach of the age of commercial aviation. Just when this age is due to arrive depends upon whether one is an optimist or a pessimist. The former says "in a decade"; the latter, "not in a generation." In any event, Norway is fostering one expedition to find and claim title to possible land between Alaska and the Pole; France, another. It is also rumored that Japan, Russia, and Germany are hastening preparations in an attempt to be the discoverer. The next few months, therefore, will witness the greatest and most dramatic race of history—a struggle among several nations, not only for honor and glory, but for the possession of the only important spot on the globe not covered by a flag.

The Wilkins expedition, with its two Fokker monoplanes, its modern airplane mapping cameras, and its instruments for navigating in the vicinity of the Magnetic Pole, is sent out, not by a Queen Isabella, or by a Government or scientific society, but by a city—Detroit. A hundred Arctic expeditions have been sponsored and equipped by nations, individuals, and organizations, but this is the first that has been financed by a city. Among the donors are Detroit business men, her 185,000 public-school children, and the City Council. Captain Wilkins himself has contributed his entire fortune of \$15,000. Detroit wants to become known as the aeronautical center of the world, as it already has become the center of the automobile industry in this country. Detroit's men of courage and vision, some of whom fostered a struggling industry in its infancy—an industry which has made Detroit the fourth city of the United States—are planning for an aircraft industry which may equal the automobile industry of to-day. Incidentally, Wilkins, in his flight northward along the 156th Meridian, may possibly change the verdict of Amundsen and MacMillan that airplanes cannot be used to advantage in the Arctic.

The Wilkins flight to the "Inaccessible Pole" is more than a mere adventure; more than a test of the capabilities of airplanes; more than a sensational story to be read in the press. If successful, it will mark the final realization of a dream that has steadily engaged the minds of explorers and scientists for three centuries. Briefly, Captain Wilkins is in search of meteorological and commercial flying data at the top of the world. Later, from the information obtained on this expedition, he hopes to interest the circumpolar nations in establishing meteorological stations in the Arctic and Antarctic, and in working out a system of observations whereby weather conditions for the entire world may be forecast and



DRAWN BY I. DOSKOW FROM MAP BY AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

reports sent by radio from the polar areas weeks in advance.

Captain Wilkins believes, moreover, that if he finds land in the unexplored area north of Alaska, it will have great potential value both from the commercial and military viewpoints. But his chief purpose is to discover whether the last unexplored area of the Northern Hemisphere is land or sea. He will also attempt to prove that the shortest air trade routes of the world are across the Arctic wastes. His chief objective is not the North Pole. This already has been discovered, and geographers can conceive of no important reason for visiting it again. He may put Keenan Land and Crocker Land on the Arctic maps again, or he may erase them permanently. He may find—or fail to find—Bradley Land, and thus enable the world to return a final verdict in the Peary-Cook controversy.

The chief purposes of the Wilkins expedi-

Sketch map of the Northern Hemisphere, showing probable future air routes over the Arctic, compared with the steamship and railroad routes of to-day. The air routes are in heavy dotted lines

tion—officially known as The Detroit Arctic Expedition—are thus outlined by the youthful Commander:

1. To explore as much as possible of the million square miles of unknown area north of Alaska.
2. To claim for the United States any land that may be found.
3. If land is found, to establish bases for exploration and the compilation of scientific data concerning the weather and other subjects.
4. To demonstrate the existence of a short commercial air route over the top of the world, since it is shorter to fly over the top of the world than around it from the centers of civilization.

5. And—incidentally only—to reach the North Pole by air.
6. To fly over the top of the world to Spitzbergen as the final air journey on the program if land is not found.

In the opinion of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the well-known Arctic explorer, any land that may be discovered will have the same strategic value for our Army and Navy that Hawaii has; and that within the next twenty-five years the Arctic will be covered with a network of airways even more intricate than the network of steamship lines that now covers the Atlantic and Pacific. The Arctic, Stefansson points out, is the only ocean that presents a barrier. But the continued development of aerial navigation makes it possible that before long giant planes and dirigibles will be using the route along the Greenwich Meridian and over the North Pole to Northeastern Siberia, China, and Japan. The value of whatever land Wilkins

may discover is therefore apparent, for in such long-distance flights it will be necessary for both airplanes and dirigibles to have fuel and supply bases in the Arctic.

Whether or not any land which Wilkins may find in the "Unknown Region" will have any value (except as an airplane base) is a debatable question, although even the utilitarians must admit that North America and even Spitzbergen were worth finding. Spitzbergen, incidentally, lies in approximately the same latitude as the "lost" continent. In recent years valuable coal deposits have been found there in close proximity to iron ore, just as they exist near Pittsburgh, although Spitzbergen was referred to quite freely before this discovery as a region "fit only for polar bears."

Just what might be found on any land between Alaska and the Pole cannot, of course, be prophesied. It is not likely that it would be inhabited, nor could the discoverer expect to find rich coal deposits, as in Spitzbergen, or copper, such as Stefansson found on Victoria Island. But it is of quite as much importance to science to know that land *does not* exist in this area as that it *does* exist.

The more one studies transpolar flying, the more important it becomes. The shortest line that can be drawn between London and Tokyo is hardly two-thirds as long as that by way of Suez. Unfortunately, however, this line runs directly across the Arctic Ocean, and the presence of great ice-fields makes it impracticable for ships to navigate in that region.

With the development of the airplane and dirigible, however, a new prospect opens before us. The Arctic, as well as any other ocean, can be navigated by aircraft. The Arctic is in the center of the world, with the

inhabited lands lying in a circle around it, so that the shortest distances between many important centers lie north and south, rather than east and west. For instance, it is about 10,000 miles from New York to Peking by the route now followed, but it will be 3,000 miles shorter when an air route by way of Winnipeg, Nome, and Petropavlovsk is followed.

In the past, Stefansson observes, the Arctic has been impassable. But in the near future it will become a favorite air route between the continents, particularly at certain seasons. Furthermore, he believes that it will be a safer, and more comfortable route, consisting as it does of much shorter "hops" than any other air route that lies across the ocean. Since the days of Magellan, Stefansson reminds us, it has been a commonplace that you can go east by sailing west. It is now about to become an equal commonplace that you can go east by flying north; that the shortest route from Europe to China is a northerly one.

There is some argument as to whether intense cold is a serious handicap to flying. In Stefansson's opinion, winter cold will be no more serious a bar against flying than against railway travel. Canadians used to say that there was no use building the Canadian Pacific Railway west from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, because the weather on the prairies was so cold and stormy in winter that trains could not be made to run. But railway men have found a way of overcoming most of the drawbacks of winter cold. Stefansson believes that airmen will be equally successful, for the Arctic is not materially colder in winter than the plains of Manitoba.

With the exception of Stefansson, ex-

plorers nearly always have carried sufficient food and equipment for a two-way journey. Even the Amundsen-Elsworth planes went into the Arctic last summer carrying sixty-six pounds of food per man. But Wilkins and his pilot, in case of a forced landing, will adopt the Stefansson method of living by his rifle on the seals and polar bears which are to be found on the Arctic ice-pack. The flesh of these animals will supply food; their hides will furnish material for boats and clothing; and their blubber can be used to heat and light the tent. The hunting experience which Wilkins gained with Stefansson is therefore now one of his chief assets. Equipped with a rifle, navigating instruments, and a primus stove, Wilkins and his pilot, in case of a forced landing, will trudge over the ice to the nearest land. They will not be hindered by darkness, for on March 21st the sun will be visible for twelve hours at Point Barrow, and there is daylight for seventeen hours; while five hundred miles north of Point Barrow, there is no darkness at this season.

Since Captain Wilkins is a native of Australia his right to claim for the United States any land which he may discover has been questioned. For this reason, Major Thomas D. Lanphier, commanding officer of the First Pursuit Group at Selfridge Field, near Detroit, has been granted a four-months' leave of absence from the Army Air Service, and will accompany the expedition as an unofficial observer for the United States, and to claim for this country any new land discovered in the polar basin. While the services of Major Lanphier as a pilot are essential, Stefansson believes that Wilkins could, with entire propriety, officially claim for the United States any land that may be discovered, since the history of exploration is full of precedents. Columbus, for example, was an Italian citizen when he discovered America for Spain. John Cabot, at the time he sailed under the British flag, was a citizen of Naples. Hendrik Hudson flew the Dutch flag, but he was a citizen of England. Yet the right of these earlier explorers to claim newly discovered land for the governments fostering their respective expeditions has never been questioned.

Like most explorers, Captain Wilkins has been able to choose his personnel from scores of applicants. Major Lanphier will be second in command, and will fly out in a second plane to take possession of whatever land Wilkins may find. For the big "hop" from Point Barrow to Spitzbergen, Wilkins has selected Lieutenant Carl B. Eielson, Alaska's pioneer Air Mail pilot. The expedition Commander will himself do the navigating. Lieutenant Eielson has flown in temperatures as low as 28 degrees below zero, and has yet to experience trouble with his Liberty engine. He is an expert mechanic and rigger, and has carried the mails from Fairbanks to McGrath, Alaska, a distance of 300 miles each way, regularly, making the round trip in two days. The drivers of dog-teams who formerly carried the mail over the same route thought they were making good time when they completed the round trip in three weeks.

The expedition has what Captain Wilkins
(Continued on page 82)



Another view of Captain Wilkins, minus the beard with which recent photographs show him

A Fokker monoplane, with three air-cooled motors, of the type Wilkins will use





He looked up and his eyes encountered Ellison's. The young man was no practical observer, but he knew instinctively that he was recognized . . . He thought of the bank

It's the Little Things that Count

By Charles Edward Russell

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

DISCHARGED from the bank! That one fact was pounding like a hammer on his benumbed mind as he drifted down the street. It would seem like a dream except for his burning cheeks, thumping heart and ringing ears. Discharged from the bank! After he had won the position for which he had toiled and yearned—it was horrible to remember now how he had toiled for it! Discharged from the old Hallett National he had been so proud to be a part of. Now he was no more Paying Teller; he was an outcast in the street, with a ruined career and a blot on his name.

He seemed still to be in the bank parlor he had just left and still to be listening to the doom pronounced upon him. In his mind he was standing on the carpet before the grim old president, on whom he had always looked with breathless awe, and the president was saying again in his curt, raspy speech:

"Now, young man, we have considered your case and reached a decision. You have been under suspension since yesterday, when the shortage was discovered in your account—\$1,200. Something like that happened with you four weeks ago, and because the surety company made good the loss, because the amount was small and because we, or some of us, were convinced you were honest and tried to be careful, we allowed you to resume your position. But we gave you fair warning. We told you what you had to expect if this thing happened again. I will make no charges against you now. I will

just say that a careless man can't work for the Hallett National Bank. We don't keep that kind. That's all. The cashier will hand you so much of your salary as was due yesterday, when your connection with this bank came to an end."

He remembered every word; he remembered how it fell upon him like ice, and how he struggled to say things in his own behalf and how his speech seemed strangled in his throat by that one ugly fact. His account had been short \$1,200; he could make no denial. Then the cashier had led him away, he thinking all the time that this was a dream and he must awake and find himself in his bed at home. Some money had been put into his hand, he knew not how much. In some fashion he had managed to clear his locker of his little belongings, while the silent and awe-stricken clerks had looked on. In some fashion he had managed to make his way into the street, where he now walked without the least idea where he was going, his old office coat hanging across his arm.

IN THE bank parlor at the scene of his disgrace he had been aware of two strangers, stocky young men, with short clipped mustaches, who had never taken their eyes from him while he was in the room. Detectives! the thought now shot across his mind. After him! Was he to be arrested then?

He shivered and the hot blood left his cheek. Sharpless had been arrested and put into jail when he was found to be short. How wan and haggard he looked in his cell! How did he live through it! And there was many a squabble about him in the bank even now.

"You can't ever make me believe John Sharpless stole that money," says Birdsey. "Nonsense!" says Weinstein. "Who could pay out \$3,000 and not know it?" "Don't care," says Birdsey, "John Sharpless is an honest man; he never took that money." So they try him at the bank, and then he is tried before a jury and the jury acquits him. But he goes out with a black mark on him, none the less. "Just as I am now," thought Ellison as he crept along the street. He plied the bitter remembrance upon his soul as a flagellant plies his whip.

Then Weinstein succeeds to Sharpless' place, and in three months he is found to be short \$4,000, and he is turned out of the bank. But he isn't prosecuted; his folks have a pull, the men at the bank said. "He might as well have been sent over the road," mused Ellison. "He's out of work still. Who'll look at a bank clerk that has been short in his accounts?"

"We gave you fair warning." That was the other time. Why should this thing come on him again? He remembered with a final pang what had happened at home on the former occasion. The detectives of the surety company had come and badgered and terrified his father until he had borrowed

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money and sold things out of the house and made up the deficit. And now he was going home to tell that gray and half-broken figure that again his son Joe, his first born, that he had made so many sacrifices for, had proved a failure. Then the surety company's agents would be there again; they would hint as before about warrants and the District Attorney, and the old man would leave his work and go among his friends and try to raise the amount. And his mother would scold and complain and his brother would sneer; but the thing that would hurt was the patient old carpenter going about trying to raise the money—and failing. "I think I would rather go to jail," said Ellison.

BUT should he win the courage to tell them at home that he had failed again and this time irretrievably, beyond all hope? "For there will be no more jobs for me; nobody has any use for a Paying Teller short in his accounts." There was Sharpless. What became of Sharpless? Somebody said that when he had been turned away from every chance to earn an honest living he had gone on the crook in earnest. There was Weinstein; what was Weinstein doing? Borrowing money to keep his family alive through the winter. "I lent him \$3 myself. Why, even the corner grocer that used to have him in on Saturday nights to balance the books turned him down. 'I don't want no crooked bank clerks around here,' says the grocer. 'It beats the devil how such things travel,'" said Birdsey when he told about it. Ellison glanced into the faces of the passersby, half expecting them to know already of his disgrace.

All the time he was conscious of the fact that though he might have blundered in paying out bills he had never conceived of the least fraud, but had toiled in his place with exactitude and verity. The old Hallett National! The dream of his life had been to rise some day to the place of cashier in that old bank. Out of the utter wreck of that ambition he still managed to cling to the knowledge of his probity, and it struck him the punishment for carelessness was out of proportion. "If I'd been a crook they couldn't have handed it to me much worse—

especially if there's to be any more fuss made about it," and he thought with another shiver of the men with the clipped mustaches.

Without noting where his feet had led him he had wandered out of the financial district and was now in the quiet precincts of Battery Park. Business hours were over, but the September sun still shone. As he trudged by the sea wall, half blinded and half dazed by the tumult within him, he was aware that in front of him went an undersized man, with gray beard and gray hair, who was zestfully smoking a cigarette. The smoke drifted back into Ellison's face and presently struck in a dim corner of his mind some chord of recollections that responded vaguely, almost mechanically. Where had he known that peculiar odor? Oh, yes, he knew! It was in Chinatown the night he and three others of the younger part of the staff had gone slumming there; the night that had revealed to him how carefully the detectives of the surety company watched its human pawns. It had been about his only dip into dissipation, and the very next day he had received grim warning. "Cut that out, young fellow, if we're going to keep on bonding you." In the back room of On Lee's grocery shop, where he ate the queer round cakes and the eternal chop suey, he had smoked Chinese cigarettes, and bought some to take home. This was a Chinese cigarette that the old man was smoking. The boys told him what caused the peculiar odor was the opium in the cigarettes. Opium! He wished he had a lot of it now. Perhaps it would make him forget the approaching scene at home.

The path turned from the sea wall past a clump of bushes, where the old man, spying a vacant bench, made for it, immediately lighting another cigarette. He looked up and his eyes encountered Ellison's. The young man was no practiced observer, but he knew instinctively that he was recognized, and that the old man turned his eyes away with a self-conscious and somewhat embarrassed look. A thought of the bank flashed across Ellison's mind. He had seen the old man there.

"It has begun!" something seemed to shout in his ear. "Everybody knows your trouble and everybody turns from you!"

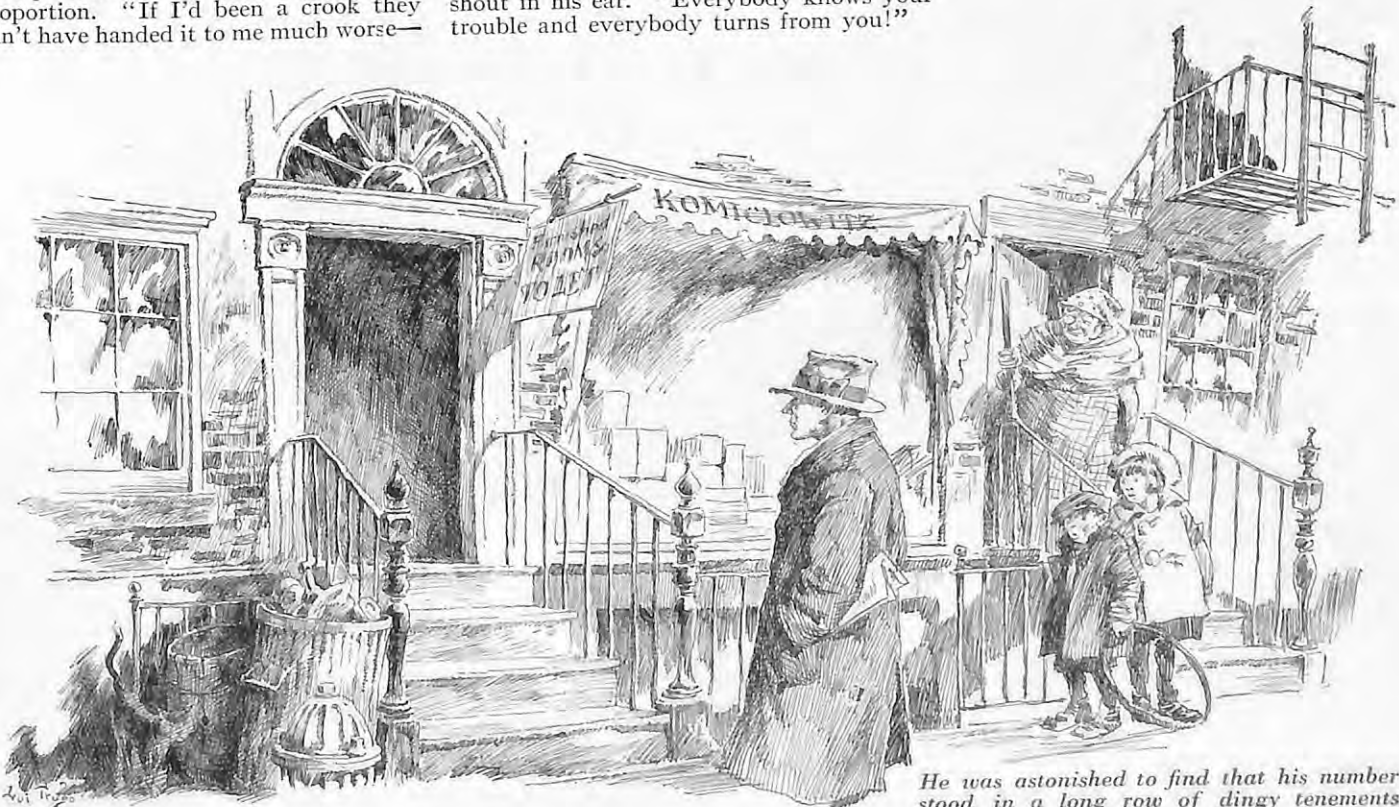
He made his way slowly to the elevated railroad and so got him home, where at last he shamefacedly told his story and loosed the impending disaster upon the household. All things fell out as he had foreseen. His mother scolded and complained as he knew she would; his brother sneered and made bitter comments according to his nature and his father sat silent and sorrowful. And all of the scene pulled at his nerves and wrung his heart and tortured his soul, which also was what he had expected.

"What will you do now?" the old man asked.

"Look for another position," said the youth with a miserable assumption of courage. The brother snorted and the mother wept anew. The old man said nothing, but late at night the sleepless Ellison heard his father walking softly to and fro in the living-room of the poor little flat, and hearing him the young man hid his face in his pillow and groaned.

THE next morning he got a paper, and scanned the "Help Wanted—Male" division of the advertising section. At the sight his spirits rose. Here were hundreds of men, filling columns of small-typed space, all eager to hire other men. How could there be any danger of unemployment? Among all these in so many remote parts of the city must be many that had not heard of his disgrace and could not hear of it. He cut out the "Help Wanted—Male" department, pasted the columns together, and began methodically to assort the various opportunities. Then he noticed, for the first time, that most of the advertisers wanted salesmen to dispose (on a percentage basis) of various articles not fully described, or (on the same basis) to canvass for subscriptions of orders. Either so, or else it was porters or packers that were wanted. A few did seem to need stenographers, bookkeepers or secretaries; and these he listed and started forth upon the chase.

The evening found him, tired and largely disillusioned, wandering at the lower end of Broadway. Some of the advertisements he



He was astonished to find that his number stood in a long row of dingy tenements



had answered had proved to be mere decoys to obtain men available for canvassing; one or two covered sinister or illegal enterprises; and wherever a genuine opportunity had appeared it had been seized by some other unfortunate before his arrival.

The thought of the benches in Battery Park and the restful quiet there, allured him into the paths he had followed the night before. So he went moodily by the sea wall and past the shrubbery and was neither surprised nor interested to see the old man with the gray beard and the gray hair, stumping along with a cigarette pendant upon his lips and an expression of content upon his face. The content stirred his wrath. "Why should this old devil be well-fed and happy when there are thousands about him out of work and in want?" he said to himself. It was a phase of existence never before in his conscious thought, but bitter upon him now. A turn in the path brought them face to face and this time the old man ceremoniously bowed. Ellison was of a mind to ignore the salutation, but thought better of the impulse, for the old man was well-dressed and evidently well-to-do. So he returned the bow, and walked on. In a few minutes, circling by the sea wall, they were again face to face, when the old man, showing no confusion in his manner, stopped and evinced a desire to talk.

"I SAW you on Broadway this afternoon," he began. "Aren't you with the Hallett any more?"

Ellison looked away and something seemed to rise in his throat to choke him. It was the question that he feared, and that plucked within him mysterious tendons or muscles or nerves that gave him intolerable pain; but he knew it was the question to which he must get used. So he forced himself to say:

"No, I'm expecting to go into business for myself."

"Ah," said the old man, expressively, "ah! And in these times do you think you will find that kind of a chance?"

Ellison glanced sharply at the face beside him, but failing to find there the guile he had expected, responded that he didn't know.

"Let's sit down for a moment," said the old man. "Have a cigarette. Try one; they're fine. Now, you think you can find a chance

They tested for gold and silver and found none, as a rule. Beyond any question they had a good time and Ellison felt content

to go into business for yourself. What was the matter with sticking to the bank? A sure salary beats any kind of business that you could get into."

"Well," said the young man, "it's no use trying to deny it. I lost my place there, though it wasn't my fault. Made an error and out I went."

"Ah!" said the old man, in a tone not free from a certain satisfaction, as if this was exactly what he had expected to hear. "That's nothing; we all make errors. But they seem to make many changes at that bank. What's become of the broad-shouldered, good-looking young fellow with the brown mustache that used to have your job?"

"Sharpless? Oh, he was dismissed under charges. He was indicted and tried, too; and acquitted. But, of course, that didn't save him. Three thousand dollars."

The old man shifted in his seat and glanced keenly at the youth beside him. "Where's that young fellow with the black beard that I used to see around there?"

"Weinstein? He went the same way, only he wasn't tried. Four thousand in his case."

The old man twisted again. "And now it's you, eh?"

Ellison bobbed his head rather defiantly. "Yes, it's me; only an error, but they let me out just the same."

The old man whistled a little to himself. Presently he said:

"It was more than one, wasn't it?"

"One what?"



"Error."

"How do you know?"

"I don't. Only I guessed they wouldn't shove you off for one error. And now you are looking for a place, aren't you? That's the size of it. Looking for a place in a city where there are a thousand men after every job. Well, I think you stand a gaudy chance. But I'll tell you something. This is Wednesday. You look for a job that you will not find, until Saturday night. Then you come here and tell me how you get on. If you can't find anything yourself—What does your father do?"

"CARPENTER." He did not as a rule admit the paternal employment, but he had started this acquaintance on the basis of candor, and he could see no reason why he should pretend (which was much his custom) that his father was in business.

"Where do you live?"

Ellison told him the uncompromising tenement street in which the family dwelt.

The old man considered his information for a space and said abruptly:

"Young man, let me give you a tip that is worth more to you than any job. Did you ever consider what are the big things of life? No? Well, I did. And I found out. The big things are the little. I'm an old man now, and I know I'm right. Watch the little things; that is the way to succeed. Why, I know a very good business this moment" (with an agreeable chuckle), "that grew out of watching something no bigger than a pin's head."

However true this might be in other respects, nothing came of watching such little things as the "Help Wanted—Male" advertisements. That is to say, nothing except aching feet, weariness, and disappointment. After three days of such vain pursuings and three nights at home, barbed for his soul by his father's wranglings with the surety company's men and his mother's repinings, Ellison was glad to hunt the old man in Battery Park, to accept one of his Chinese cigarettes and to sit on the bench to rest. The cigarette was in his mind a thing of no grateful memory. On the day of his misfortune in the bank he had complained of some ruffian that had scattered cigarette ashes

(Continued on page 63)



Lenore Ulrich
in
"Lulu Belle"

THIS Edward Sheldon-Charles MacArthur opus is a study in two tones with about 85 colored actors in the cast. Miss Ulrich as a super-vamp who starts her career in the underworld in Harlem and Henry Hull as the dusky George Randall have four acts of almost continuous acting with enough big moments to satisfy even an actor's wildest dream. Both give a most excellent account of themselves and the play is staged and mounted as only Belasco can do it - E. R. B.



FLORENCE VANDAMM

Best sellers sometimes make good plays, especially when so expert a craftsman as Owen Davis makes the acting version as he has in the case of "The Great Gatsby," originally a novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Florence Eldridge and James Rennie (above) are respectively the Southern belle and her young lover, who makes a name and fortune for her after the war, and whose house of dreams comes smashing mockingly about his ears in the end



FLORENCE VANDAMM

There is always pleasure and satisfaction in the team-work of Mr. and Mrs. Coburn (above). They are to be seen now in an amusing comedy of English provincial life, by H. F. Maltby called "The Right Age to Marry." In theme and general treatment it is a companion piece to "The Farmer's Wife," in which they had a successful run last season



FLORENCE VANDAMM

The central figure in the picture to the left is that sympathetic type of stage hero, an appealing crook. The actor is Berton Churchill, the play "Alias the Deacon," by John B. Hymer and LeRoy Clemens. The other gentlemen are "Slim" Sullivan, left, a prize-fight manager who fancies himself as a card-sharp—played by Averell Harris; and "Bull" Moran technically known as his "meal ticket"—played by Al Roberts

Seven years ago the brothers Barrymore made Sem Bennelli's "The Jest" popular, appearing in the rôles now played by Basil Sydney and Alphonz Ethier (right). It is a brilliant drama of Florence, under the Magnificent, in which Giannetto, a weakling, takes vengeance on Neri, a captain of Mercenaries, for his stolen sweetheart. Neri, falsely imprisoned on a charge of madness, returns to find Giannetto in possession of the fair Ginevra and takes summary vengeance, only to find he has stabbed his own brother

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



No expense has been spared in setting and costuming the piece called "A Night in Paris" to make the guests feel well entertained and pleasantly sophisticated. Rosmary Farmer (left), an extremely good-looking chorus and a group of principals, including Kathryn Ray, Vanessi, Jack Osterman, Yvonne George, and others ad lib., have been assembled for this colorful frolic



DE BARON

Pioneering seems strange in connection with so established a person as Mr. Henrik Ibsen. Yet Eva Le Gallienne's present tour of the provinces is in the nature of a gallant experiment, for never before has a first-class company ventured on tour with a repertoire of two Ibsen plays—"John Gabriel Borkman" and "The Master Builder." Miss Le Gallienne gives a brilliant performance in both plays and is backed by a good company



NICHOLAS MURAY



Raquel Meller
the
Spanish Songstress

AT LAST it seems positive that America is to pass first-hand judgment on the Spanish chanteuse whose fame is such that she practically makes her own terms when it comes to contracts. All during April she will hold forth in New York as soloist in a program of the songs she has made peculiarly her own. At the end of four weeks she will leave for cities farther west, ending up in Los Angeles where she may lend herself to a moving picture.—E. R. B.



"I'll pick my own company, if it's all the same to you, Mr. O'Sullivan," she darts, an' me havin' taught her to call me 'Dan' two evenin's after

"Feather-Duster"

By Stanley Jones

Illustrated by Kenneth Camp

"—EIGHT, nine, ten!" murmured my companion, as the referee's arm rose and fell over the prone Blackights. The crowd surged to its feet, and he turned to me, keen brown eyes squinting in the alert, birdlike manner that he had.

"That's what happens when a boxer loses his head and thinks he can knock out a tough slugger!"

"Yes," I assented, "he had it won, hands down, till he waded in there. Kind of hard, though, with thirty thousand wild animals yelling, 'Knockout!'"

O'Sullivan nodded. Inch by inch, we edged out in the swarm of excited voices and shuffling feet. A breath of damp air met us. Pavements glistened and street lights pearly mistily along Madison Avenue. Coat collars snapped up against the chill fingers of February fog as we stepped into O'Sullivan's car.

He had taken the house next to mine, in White Plains, and we are just getting acquainted. As we streamed smoothly north, tires sucking greedily at the oozy pavements, I settled back in comfort. What a lean, humorous profile he had—and wasn't that a slight inward curling along the edge of the right ear?

"You've had the gloves on a bit yourself, haven't you?"

His full lips quirked pleasantly up at the corners.

"A bit, in the old days," he nodded. Sobering suddenly, his alertness relaxed into reminiscence. "But it was as a youthful manager that I came within an ace of sittin' on the world with a second Jim Corbett under my wing!"

I expressed incredulous interest. "All right," he said, flicking the long car deftly round a maundering taxi. "It's a long yarn, but we've got a good drive ahead. This last bout to-night brings it all fresh to my mind."

He took a long, contemplative pull on his cigar, let it plume away over his shoulder into the night behind us. The tiny cowl light etched the lines about his mouth, threw up his fresh, ruddy color. He was, I observed, one of those remarkable men who

somehow hold a sunburn all winter. He looked fit—wholesome as a hard muscle.

"Well," he began, "as a kid I was always able to take care of myself. You had to be, in Greenpoint, in order to live! A gang of us used to fool 'round a gym there a lot, and somehow I drifted into the boxin' game.

"I never went to college, but my wits were pretty sharp from havin' to depend on 'em, and after a year of barnstormin' around and gettin' this permanent wave"—O'Sullivan tapped his eagle nose, which was hinged slightly to the left—"I got wise an' became a manager.

"It was slow startin', but I knew the game, and I had my share of brass. I finally got three aspirin' young men, one black boy, one Swede, and a harp, to sign my book. The first was a likely middleweight, who couldn't leave his gin alone—the other two were only fair pork-an'-beaners. However, I rushed 'em around in the tall timber circuit, and we scraped along somehow. But all the time I had my eye skinned for a real find, of course, a money-maker.

"Well, sir, one rainy afternoon I was sittin' in Chris Hinkle's place, figurin' up my profits an' decidin' I'd better take on a side-line of plumbin' when in comes a letter from Greenpoint.

"The horrible scrawl was Pop Farrar's, a queer old duck who'd always taken a fancy to me, though he hated to have any one know it. I used to run his paper route for him, an' many's the bat side of the head he give me, an' many the half-dollar too, immediately after.

"The letter ran,

"'You cheap, prizefightin' blatherskite
"Since you're in the lowdown business, refusin' to go to work, I am through railin' at you. Mors, I aim to help you, lackin' in brains as you always have been. I've got the lad, right here in Greenpoint, who will be the makin' of you both. A nephew of mine, just down from Newfoundland. Young—an' senseless like all such—but a born boxer, Danny! May the Lord forgive me th' lies

I've told him about yerself, but come over this week, an' look him over. I'm keepin' him under glass for you. Pop."

"Next day I hotfooted over. Pop was sittin' in his busted rocker, blinkin' at the sun with his fierce old eyes.

"'Humph,' he grunts, 'took yer time, didn't you? Sit down while I tell you about the lad.'

"Then I met him. Well, sir, an even six feet, scalin' about a hundred an' seventy, and straight as a lance. Not over nineteen, I should say, an' clean-lookin', all through. The whites of his eyes—which is a good gauge—were clear as a china cup. He walked, too, kind of on the balls of his feet, springy as a bantam for all his heft. Generally, a man who walks like that can handle his body pretty well. His face was good an' solid, with a mouth that looked as though it could take a punch as well as a kiss, an' blue eyes well set in under his brows, as a pug's should be. He looked pretty sweet, but, of course, I couldn't let on. An' I'd seen birds that had all the machinery before, yet couldn't lick their own aunts! It's the heart, an' the brain, an' the instincts that count.

"WE TALKED a while, then old Pop suggests that we adjourn to the barn, and spar a bit, just to get a line on young Tim. That was his name, Timothy Ryan, an' a fine name for the game, you'll agree.

"We kicked the old harnesses aside, and pulled on a pair of musty twelve-ounce pillows that I used to train with.

"A week later, under the name of 'Kid Farley,' the youngster joined my stable. I put him to work, right off the bat, in a little gym in down-town Brooklyn where the others got into shape. An' I studied him, a lot closer than he knew. He was a likable lad an' quiet-spoken. He wanted to make money, an' buy an interest in a fish cannery run by an older brother in Newfoundland. Though don't get the idea from this that he didn't like to box. He did. Lord, the gift he had for it!

"Only one thing worried me. He wasn't keen about punchin' the sand bag; just used to kind of worry it and bat it around. And

you know, as well as I do, that crowds have as much use for a heavyweight who can't sock as I have for a straw hat in December. The kid had the muscles, he was strong, an' his timin' was poetry in motion, yet the more I thought about it, the more it occurred to me that I'd never seen him even topple a sparrin' partner. He could jar you till your back teeth felt like they had grown together—but still—

"One day I decided to test him. I got a big thug named 'One-Round Cassidy' into the gym when no one else was around. I slipped him a five-spot, which looked like a wing of the U. S. Mint to him, and told him to doublecross the Kid and keep his mouth shut on the result. I got them to boxin', and ordered them to go easy, with a wink at Cassidy.

"WELL, they were just pawin' about, lightly, when Cassidy fixes his eye on somethin' behind the Kid. Cassidy half drops his dukes, an' the Kid stops, turnin' his head to see what goes on. Wham! goes Cassidy's right, and the Kid drops to the mat. I was peepin' through a crack in the door, an' it looked to me like night had fallen. But he shook his head, fixed his glassy eyes on Cassidy, an' clambered unsteadily to his feet. Then Cassidy had a real fight on his hands. The youngster boxed him, though, after one wild rush. His face got a hard, set look, and he calmly set out to shoot Cassidy as full of holes as a woodpecker does a dead limb. He did, too.

"When I came in, whistlin' careless like, Cassidy was feelin' his way around, both eyes shut, his ugly mug a smear of red.

"Take 'im off, Dan," he mutters through thick and swollen lips. "I done my stuff, an' he's still here!" Kid Farley gives him one final smack across the nose with the flat of his glove.

"Next time you want to spar like that," he says, "step down to the docks, Cassidy. You could teach 'em a thing or two!"

"The two of us had dinner in a little chop-house on Fulton Street. When the rice puddin' had been polished off, I sat back an' lit a cigar. I looked at him through the smoke.

"What was Cassidy tryin' to prove this afternoon?"

"He told me, an' I got indignant as a hen whose only chick had been mauled. 'The big tramp,' I said, 'why didn't you flatten him, Tim?'"

"He looked kind of confused, then embarrassed, like a boy who has been caught doin' somethin' he's ashamed of. A beautiful flush spread over his face. He frowned at the tablecloth for a minute, started to speak, stopped, and finally stammered.

"I'm—I'm afraid you're goin' to be awful sore at me, Dan, but I've got to let you in on somethin'. I tried—thought I could get by without your gettin' wise, maybe, but I've been pretty miserable over it. And—and, now I'll open up, and you can let

me out, if you want to. I wouldn't blame you much."

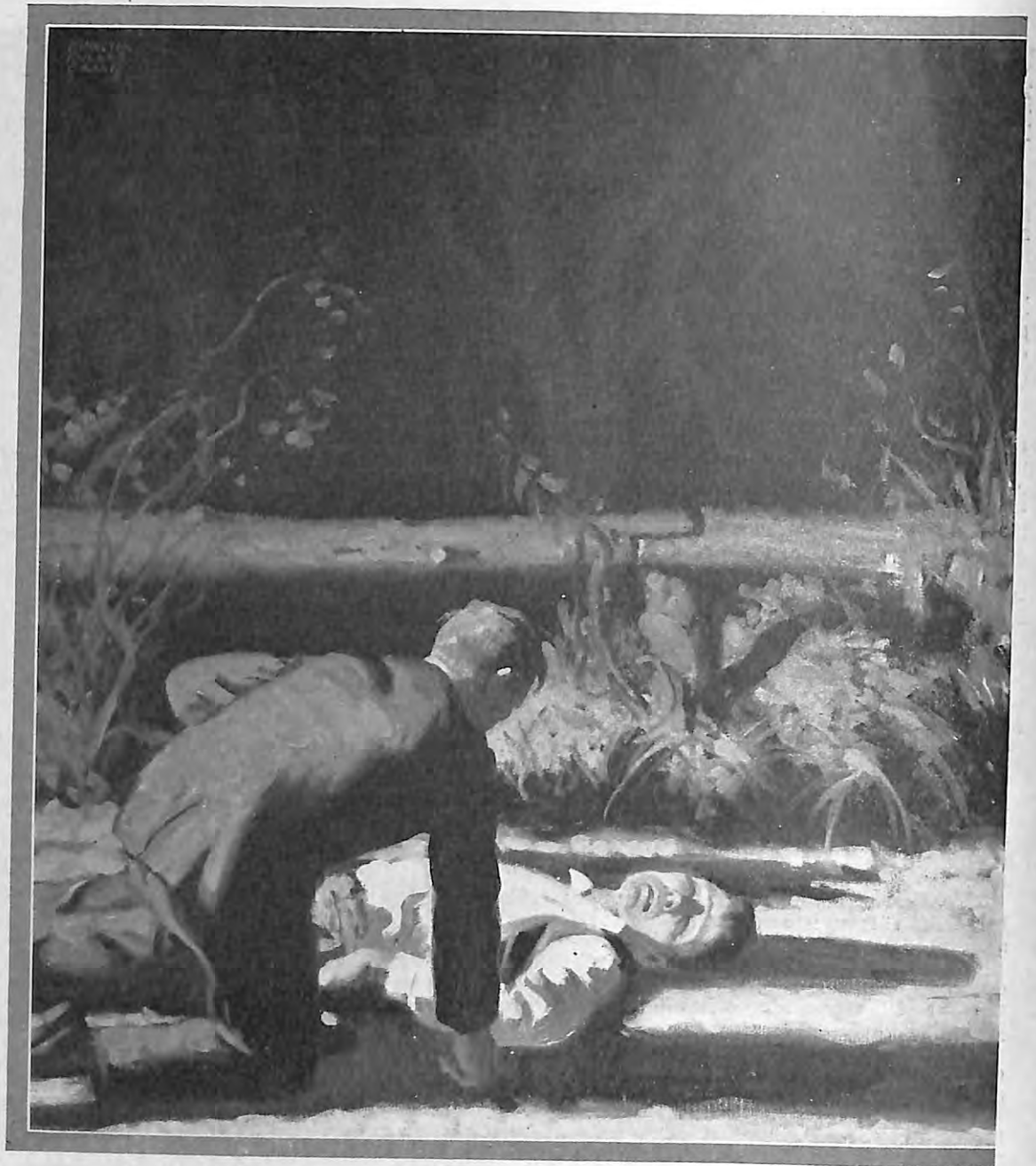
"There was real trouble in his Killarney eyes, an' I said, 'Go to it, son,' kind and sympathetic.

"Well, I've been—been feelin' that you was wonderin' if I could punch, as well as box, Dan, for some weeks. I know what it means in the game." He paused, then slowly laid his two hands, palms down, on the tablecloth between us.

"Look at 'em," he says, with a kind of a catch in his voice, "ever see such things hung on to a fighter in your life?"

"I leaned forward, squinted closely, and my heart sank till it hit the floor. Those hands were one of the tragic jokes of old Mother Nature. The wrists were thick and strong. But the hands—I've seen their likes on men who paint, and write. Long, slender fingers, that you could see between even when held close together. The two middle ones extendin' a full inch past the others.

"Tim closed one hand into a fist. Knuckles rose, sharp and delicate as the teeth of a fine saw. I could almost make out the thin bones through the skin. Hands that were strong—sure! Each little muscular pad developed to the limit, but never in this world designed for smashin' and maulin'



"An' Jim Mason crumples up, an' he his life. I remember, yet, wonderin'."

and punchin', bone on bone. Why, my own brown fists, lyin' there beside it, looked like bear's paws. I could punch a hole through a door without hurtin' 'em. Suddenly I realized what the Kid was up against, for a fighter's hands are the head to his spear.

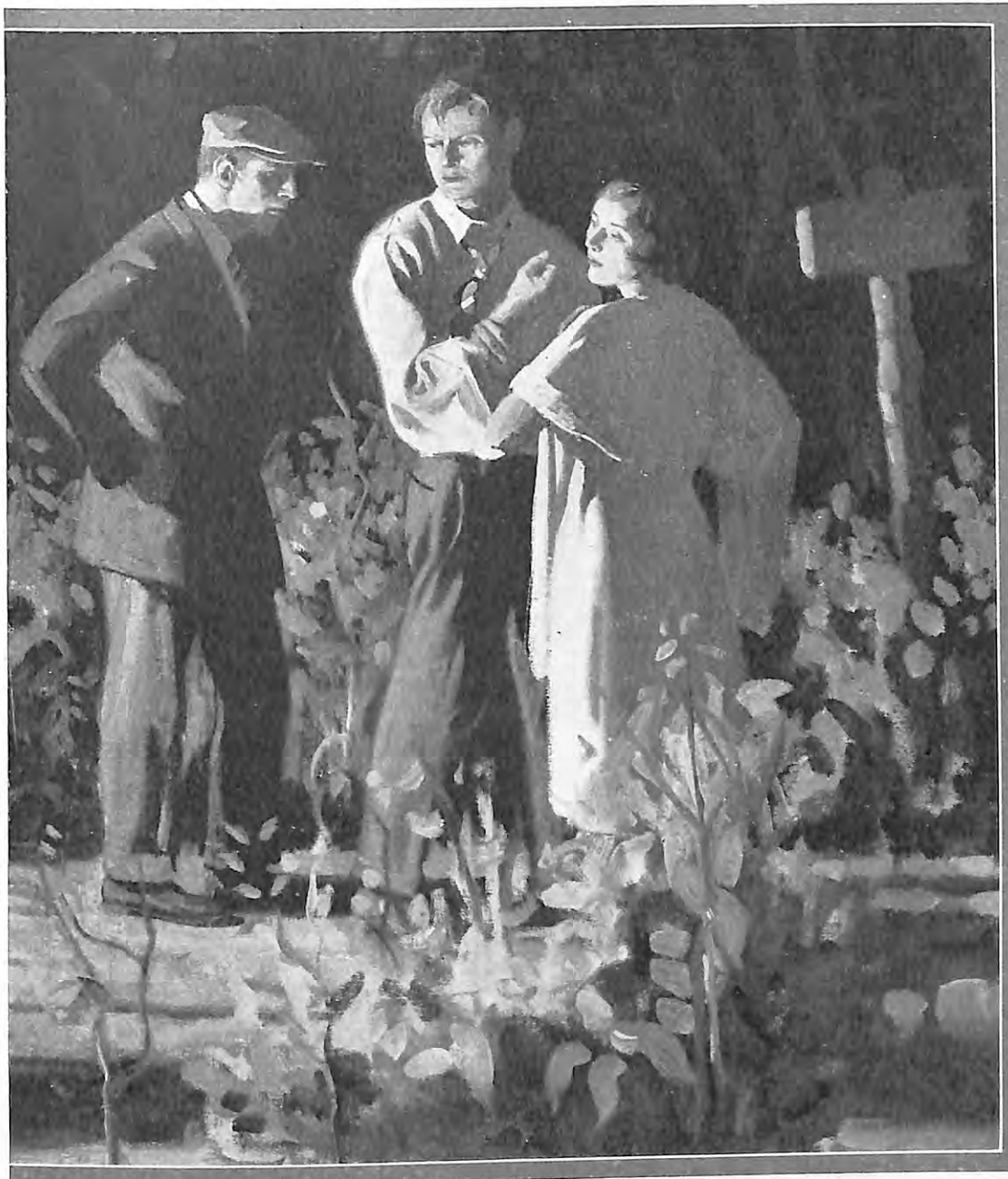
"He read my eyes, and honestly, I thought he was goin' to blub right there in the restaurant. His cheek muscles hopped and hot tears welled in his eyes. He glared at the offendin' hands.

"You see, Danny," he said, miserably, "one smack too hard an' they're gone! An' then you'll throw me over, if you don't now."

"Go on with you," I tell him, tryin' to grin it off. "We're goin' to make a champ out of you, son. Jim Corbett had maulies as much like yours as your own! An' did pretty well, considerin'." Which wasn't quite the truth, but which was worth it for the effect.

"Son," I says to him, after a long silence, "you feel that you've got the stuff to win a title, except for the ability to punch the jaw off a Tom Sharkey, don't you?" He considers this a minute, then nods slowly.

"Well," I continues, "then we'll just



*falls backwards, for the first time in
if he were dead, so still he lay"*

naturally have to get the people used to a new kind of a champ. We'll box our way into it.'

FOR another three months I groomed Kid Farley with all I had. We worked on those doggone misplaced mitts of his to crowd every bit of protective muscle aboard. I even had him squeezin' balls of newspaper when he's going to sleep at night. We soaked 'em in brine, an' I padded 'em with yards of bandage before each trainin' set-to. And he got faster an' faster—man, he was a sweet boxer! An' he was careful, mighty careful.

"Then I took him up to Danbury for the first scrap. A big, hairy Pole who shifted hides in a shoe factory, with a face that 'ud haunt your dreams. But he was slow, an' the Kid made a monkey out of him in six rounds. Cool as a veteran, too.

"Next week he took on 'Slugger Morey,' a crate-smasher with something of a rep on the docks in Brooklyn. The 'Slugger' was no set-up, with a puzzlin' crouch an' a right-hand wallop that sizzled. He was kind of bald, an' looked like the father of the fresh-faced Kid when they stepped into the ring.

But he chased a tantalizin' shadow when the bell rang—until he ran out of wind. An' then he saw more gloves than he'd seen in all the rest of his life! He was tickled to death when it was over.

"I won't recite every fight we had for the next two years. But Kid Farley met 'em all, gettin' better an' better, an' the newspapers began to take a lot of notice.

"Till finally, to make a long yarn shorter, we worked ourselves into line for a match with Jimmy Mason. That isn't his name, and I can't tell you the real one because of a promise I made a good many years ago, but it doesn't matter. Jimmy Mason was king of the heavies. Not so good as the line which just preceded him, but a hard, square fighter and tough as a keg of nails. He laughed off our challenges for a year, while the Kid was carefully mowin' down the other contenders, an' without a knockout to his credit on the books, save one fluke in Boston!

"This went on 'till Kid Farley, in a slashin' twelve-round go, gave 'Sailor Thomas' the lickin' of his life. And the 'Sailor' had held Mason to a draw. That brought things to a head. After six weeks of bluster, Mason and his rat-faced manager, Andy MacClary, signed articles callin' for fifteen rounds, to a decision, on June fifteenth. That was six

weeks off, an' the Kid an' I were tickled pink!

"I rented one wing of an old, ramblin' inn, up at Harland, in the Catskills, and arranged for board with Dennis Burns, the old bicycle-racer who ran the place.

"'Tis nice an' quiet here, Dennis,' I says, watchin' the carpenters stretch the canvas over the new outdoor ring. You'll have no guests, save the newspapermen, this early, will you?'

DENNIS sniffs the perfume of the fresh pine planks in the ring floor. 'None,' he says. 'Nor would I take 'em in, for they're not conjoosive to rest for a young fighter. Ye've th' place to yerselves, Danny, except fer th' the school-marm who's been here a month.'

"The who?'

"Miss Evans, an' she's a brick. I'll interjooce you at supper—she minds 'er own business.'

"Hm,' says I, 'that's real nice of her. The Kid is 100 per cent. proof, an' I never could see anything in 'em—'

"Hah!' blats Dennis, like a scornful goat, givin' me a dig in the ribs. 'You couldn't eh? Seems to me I recalls a small blonde in Newark that stood you on yer silly head all of one summer, me bhoy! Until Chet Harris saved you from suicide by cuttin' you out an' marryin' the girl—'

"Dennis,' I says, pleadin', don't—if you want us to stay at your rat-trap of a place—let that get around! Ev'ry man gets like that once or twice in his life.'

"Well, if it's that general, ye needn't go to blushin' like a bride,' he chuckles, 'an' I'll do me best fer an old friend.'

He starts inside, then comes back, 'Say, here's news, Danny. One of th' bhoys just back from th' village tells me that Mason's pitched his camp up here on Sugar Hill, two miles west, again. He gets in to start work, to-morrow.'

"No,' says I, 'is that a fact?' Dennis nods. 'He trained there two years ago. Natives 'round here still gab about th' way his gang cut up. Now, with th' champeen an' th' challenger within spittin' distance fer six weeks—' Dennis throws up his hands an' th' door slams behind him.

"'Lord,' I says, 'the Kid'll hit the roof when he hears there's a skirt under the same roof.' Then I figures that any girl who'd be teachin' school in Harland would be safe enough. Probably tryin' to keep out of the sight of men.'

WELL, sir, I don't know if you have ever observed this fact about red-headed girls, but I have. Nine times out of ten they are either simply marvelous, or else they are simply terrible. Almost never can you merely say, 'Oh, she's not bad lookin'.' No, they either have pale, piggy eyes, with pink lashes, an' the unbecomin' kind of freckles—or else they make you want to

(Continued on page 46)



Willie Keeler,
former Oriole

EVERY sport records a golden age. The golden age of baseball came and passed with the flight of the Old Orioles. I am not speaking in terms of the box office, for the golden age from that point of view is our own time. I am considering the period in which the game attained the zenith of its glamor and when its players became demigods establishing traditions that will last while the game endures.

It was not only the development of the matter of strategy that the Old Orioles brought to the game. It was the spirit they put into it. Sometimes it does not seem too strong to say that the Old Orioles breathed into baseball the soul that keeps it alive.

Members of that organization can be pardoned for looking on the baseball teams of to-day with an air of tolerance, kindly and sympathetic but still superior. Inside baseball, as they call it, started with the Old Orioles. "Baseball," as poor Charley Ebbets might have put it, "was in its infancy until the organization of the Orioles." Then it became a dashing, alert and virile youth.

I have sat in at occasional impromptu reunions of the Old Orioles but it always has been difficult to get anything coherent out of the veterans of this organization. They seem to feel that nobody who was not with them could understand or appreciate. And in a way they are right. The civilian can not comprehend the war talk.

When Wilbert Robinson joined the Baltimore Club in 1892 it was just a baseball club merely that and nothing more. Ned Hanlon had only just succeeded George Van Haltren as manager with orders to build up the team. Hanlon showed them that he was the shrewdest ivory dealer in the history of the game, though they did not use the term in those days.

Hanlon was a judge of men. He knew baseball and he knew character. The reward for a successful manager in those days was inconsequential. A man possessed of the instincts and the qualifications of Hanlon would to-day be cheap at a hundred thousand dollars a year to any club in the big leagues. More than any man picked by Hanlon does Wilbert Robinson seem to have caught the trick of appraising baseball players at their true worth.

This certainly was made apparent when Wilbert Robinson in his first two years with the Brooklyn team built a pennant-winning team out of "a lot of discards and kids." It had to be done cheaply, for the Brooklyn baseball club had no money to give him to bid in the open market.

During his first year with the Old Orioles, Wilbert Robinson began to make the acquaintance of John J. McGraw. "He was a skinny little cuss when I first ran into him," said Robinson. "The rest of us on

Boom Days of the Orioles

Second Chapter in the Life Story of Wilbert Robinson

By W. O. McGeehan

the club were big and broad and we used to crowd him off the bench. In the first year he was sitting on that bench a whole lot. But you can bet that once he got into the game right he never went back.

"One day we got together and gave him an extra shove off the bench and knocked him off for about six feet. In half a second we thought that somebody had thrown a wildcat at us. He was clawing up the whole team. So we never again tried to get fresh with McGraw while he was sitting there thinking or even just sitting."

The Spring of 1894 was an important season for baseball. It was then that the Orioles started to gather for their first great flight. Hanlon, the real David

Hanlon credit for knowing the men he got but there were reasons at the time when the other fellows thought they were getting all the best of it. Nobody makes a trade for anything unless he thinks he is getting the best of it. The spirit of larceny inspires every trade."

Here is the list of players that Ned Hanlon gathered for training in the Spring of 1894: McGraw, 3b; Keeler, rf; Kelley, lf; Brouthers, 1b; Jennings, ss; Brodie, cf; Reitz, 2b; Robinson, Clarke, c; McMahon, Esper, Hoffer, Gleason, Pond and Clarkson, pitchers.

No one man made the Orioles. It was an army where the generals were privates and the privates were generals—all of them. The team would sit as a board of strategy and then rush out and demonstrate their own strategy. As a team it was the greatest in baseball for it was a real team. There never has been a team like it in the game and the chances are that there never will be again for the tendencies in baseball are away from team work. The natural selfishness of the modern ball player makes him look out for himself, his own future and his own batting average rather than getting the runs in for the team.

Understand that I do not blame the modern ball player so much. It is a business now. The man who makes of himself a star



Ned Hanlon, manager of the Orioles
when at the height of their fame

Harum of all the ivory traders, had put through the final deal that was to complete the collection of Orioles.

Shindle and Treadway were traded for Dan Brouthers and Willie Keeler. Of course to-day that might sound as though somebody had traded Speaker and Cobb for a pair of very ordinary baseball players. But at the time it seemed a very even trade. There were no protests. There might have been a little grumbling from partisans of Shindle and Treadway but the general idea seemed to be that Hanlon might know what he was doing.

Of course subsequent developments showed that the person or persons who swapped Keeler and Brouthers pulled a historic baseball bone, one equaled only by that pulled by Andrew Freedman when he tried to make a first baseman out of Matty.

"Oh yes, that is easy enough to see on a second guess," said the good-natured Robinson. "There is something of an element of luck in those things too. When I made the swap for Jacques Fournier all of Brooklyn wanted to mob me. I give



A cigarette picture of "Robbie" when he played for the Athletics

without thought for the team gets the largest salary. They pay them as individual players, not as members of a team. The spirit of the Orioles was socialism perfected, the Orioles for the Orioles and against the world.

If an Oriole had a fault, all of them would work on him to correct it. There was the case of Hughey Jennings. He was a weak hitter. It was because he pulled away from the plate. This was not because Hughey Jennings feared being hit. He demonstrated that more than once. He would edge into a fast one to be hit in order that he might get to first.

Jennings willingly submitted to any treatment to correct his faults. One of his team mates hit upon an ingenious scheme. He borrowed a leg iron from the New Orleans jail and bought a short length of chain. In practice they would tether Hughey Jennings to a stake driven in close to the plate. Then McMahon would pitch at him for long periods.

EVEN this was not effective. Jennings would shift his body. Finally another expedient was hit upon. They would place Jennings against a wall so that he could not pull away or even shift his body away from an imaginary plate. Then they would pitch to him.

Jennings and McGraw teamed up together and spent the off seasons at St. Bonaventure. All through the winter Jennings would stand by a wall and let McGraw pitch to him until finally he would stand at the plate without moving a muscle until he was ready to take his cut at the ball. His batting naturally improved.

They worked on Jennings with intense seriousness, but always they kept their saving sense of humor. Capt. Wilbert Robinson would say to McMahon, "Say, Sadie, it's about time to stake out the cow, Jennings, and throw baseballs at her. She's pulling away from the plate again."

If this were a Sanford and Merton story, it would insist that the Orioles always kept strict training rules. They did not. I regret to record that they drank beer and that the drinking of beer did not slow them up or dim their batting eyes.

I suppose that the esprit de corps of the Orioles would be characterized by those lacking in sympathy and understanding as an evidence of the "gang spirit." The Orioles were a gang. After all, what is esprit de corps but the gang spirit? And esprit de corps called by any other name is quite as effective. If there were more of the gang spirit in the modern baseball teams there would be a chance some day of another team like the Old Orioles.

The hit-and-run play that revolutionized baseball and gave it the action and the thrills that have made modern baseball was developed and perfected by the Orioles sitting as a board of strategy. It was that innovation that gave the Orioles their edge in their first dash for a pennant. It caught their rivals flat-footed and bewildered.

They were a truculent gang, those Orioles. There never was a more truculent team in baseball. Some years ago the Boston Braves under George Stallings seemed to snatch a little of that fire the Orioles left smouldering when they were disbanded. They wrangled and growled their way through to a pennant and a world championship. Stallings was hailed as "the miracle man" of baseball. It was merely a recrudescence of that spirit of the Old Orioles.

In any other sport the conduct of the Old Orioles would not be considered sportsmanlike. They were tricky and full of



A well-known group as they looked when they were members of the Baltimore club; left to right: Keeler, Jennings, Tom Murphy, Joe Kelley and McGraw

guile. They would claim anything, do anything, to win a game of baseball. They resorted to all sorts of tricks and bullying.

But it is fairly well established that the object of the game of baseball is to win games and pennants. This game is not bound by the usages and traditions of any other sport. There is no merit in being a good loser in baseball, and there never will be. The Orioles more than any team ever gotten together made it evident that the score mattered more than how the game was played. It strikes me sometimes that this talk of losing gracefully in the other sports is somewhat hypocritical. There is no hypocrisy in our National Pastime. It is the one thing in our national life that is absolutely frank and unashamed.

"**T**HEY used to call it running the gantlet, getting around the bases against the Orioles," said Wilbert Robinson with one of those eloquent smiles that lights his round face when he is reminiscing. It is something like the grin of a mischievous boy recalling some prank.

"First they would run into Dan Brouthers at first and he would give them the hip or something. Then they would have to pass Heitz or Hughey Jennings and they would be in for some more bumping. Of course nobody ever could get past McGraw on third without having his foot stepped on or something. If they got past McGraw they had to bump into me to get to the plate, and I was always fairly solid, you know. If a man made the rounds of all the bases without having something happen to him in transit, you could bet that he was pretty wide awake.

"Naturally these Orioles made trouble for the umpires. In fact, the team was responsible for the system of having two umpires.

"You see the boys were so fast on the bases, what with the noise they made and always trying the hit-and-run play or some

surprise attack, that they could get the umpires trying to look all over the lot at once. The runners got to cutting way inside and not going within yards of the bases when they saw the umpire was watching somebody else.

"The crowd on the bench would be yelling things to get the umpire's attention off the bases. While he would be watching first another runner would be cutting around inside second or third. They would take some awful chances and get away with it. More than once I have seen McGraw or Joe Kelley trying to get in from second and ignoring third altogether. Certainly I used to do it myself when I thought I could get away with it. It was the umpire's business to see that we didn't or the league's business to see that there were enough umpires to keep us from doing it.

"Of course the crowds in the stands would see what was coming off. If it happened on the home grounds, it was all right, but sometimes when it happened on the road there were some near riots, but then we loved riots and fighting the crowds. That kept us together and made us one solid gang. Of course, when they got the two umpires we had to drop that strategy. You had to touch all of the bases. There is the case of Fred Merkle to demonstrate that fact."

Orioles on bases always yelled like Comanches and advanced along the paths. Every Oriole was a vociferous coach all of the time. Once Steve Brodie became so anxious to get the runs behind him in, that he forgot everything else but the coaching part of it.

Steve was on third with the bases filled and two out. Somebody drove out a long hit. Steve started for home, but halted about ten feet from the plate to wave the others in. The outfielder was chasing after the ball. Steve stood there shouting, "Come on you snails." The first runner did come on and passed Brodie. By this

time the ball was on its way back, Steve shouting at the second runner who had reached third. An infielder snapped the ball to the plate.

The opposition catcher caught it and tagged Steve. "You're out," shouted the umpire. For a moment Steve was bewildered. Then he flew at the umpire and started to choke him. They pried him off just in time to save the indicator man's life. They were rough and impulsive, those Old Orioles.

There was one umpire even the Old Orioles did not try to cross. He was rougher even than any member of the team. One day Robinson, whose attitude toward umpires was more circumspect than that of any of his team mates became enraged at Tim Hurst. He protested a decision at the plate.

Hurst made no comment at all. Robinson in those days wore a waxed and curled moustache after the fashion of the advanced dressers of the period. Suddenly Hurst without a word reached over and tweaked the moustache smartly. There was no retort to this. Robinson dashed to the bench to get a bat to avenge the insult but after a while he was laughing himself.

Discussing umpires when we were mustering the facts for this biography Wilbert Robinson said, "The greatest umpire of them all was Tim Hurst. He was fair and he wouldn't stand for any back talk."

Wilbert Robinson no longer wears a moustache, and consequently had nothing by which he could recall the affront that Tim Hurst once put upon him. Robinson got the better of the umpires by using the soft word that turns away wrath.

Frequently when McGraw would come dashing in from third to give the umpire a piece of his mind which would result in his being put out of the ball game under ordinary circumstances Robinson would soften the blow. "Pay no attention to that fellow, McGraw," Robinson would say. "That was a great decision. McGraw is crazy."

The fans of the opposing teams used to complain. One keen baseball reporter wrote, "The Orioles have the umpires so that they do not know where they are at. McGraw rages at them till they lose their heads. Then Robinson soft soaps them until they go to the other extreme. Between the pair of them and their different tactics it is impossible to find a game involving the Orioles that is umpired with any degree of sanity or fairness."

THE Orioles got off to a great start in the season of 1894. They returned home to Baltimore to play the New York Giants a four game series. The late John M. Ward was manager. Amos Rusie was one of the staff of New York pitchers. The Baltimore Orioles beat the Giants four straight games. That in itself was a sensation but the way in which they beat them was a still greater sensation.

They beat them as they planned to beat them by use of the hit-and-run play. Something new had been brought to baseball. But the strategy of the Orioles was not accepted immediately. Even John M. Ward said that it was luck. But that sort of luck continued and Ward, the wise old baseball man began to study the new tactics. Something of a revolution in baseball had started and all of the managers were watching the Orioles.

With that start the Orioles took the lead and held it. On the first western tour they won twenty-four out of twenty-five games. Every series was a crucial series and every

game a crucial game. That was the way that the Orioles played.

It began to dawn upon the delighted citizens of Baltimore that there was a possibility of a pennant coming to the city. The Baltimore newspapers sent out correspondents to follow the Orioles through their battles and skirmishes. Robinson, McGraw, Jennings and Kelley, all imported athletes, became the favorite sons of Baltimore. Until that time they had been merely northerners and baseball players.

The team had been warmed into a winning fever and there was no stopping it. Almost by mid-season it was evident that the Orioles would return pennant winners. They were putting Baltimore on the baseball map and something had to be done in commemoration thereof.

They were on the road when the pennant was clinched. In a faded scrap book lent to me by Wilbert Robinson there is his own announcement of the fulfillment of the dream. It is addressed to Mrs. Mary Robinson and reads. "Don't worry any more. The flag is ours. Kiss little Harry and the girls for me."

They set off fireworks in Baltimore that night and started to work on the baked meats for the feast. Long before the train bearing the Old Orioles was due the station was jammed and the crowds were lining the streets. The Orioles were to be escorted to their hotel in the brightest and newest hacks of Baltimore.

When Wilbert Robinson, the Captain, alighted from the car the crowd closed in. The entire team was hoisted to the shoulders of the admiring Baltimoreans and carried to their hacks. They unhitched the horses from the vehicles and men and boys dragged them to the hotel.

Of course there was a great public banquet



HORNBY FROM BROWN BRON.

John J. McGraw as he looked in his Baltimore Oriole days

which the Orioles attended in faultless evening dress. There were no "bushers" among the Old Orioles. They knew how to carry themselves.

Capt. Wilbert Robinson had his men grouped around him at the festal board. As the first toast was offered and the glasses of foaming champagne were placed before the athletes, Wilbert Robinson rose and said, "Gentlemen of the Orioles, glasses up and glasses down."

That was a signal from the captain to the players. It meant that there was to be no wassail as far as the ball players were concerned. There were some reproachful glances cast at Robinson but he said with a note of sternness in his voice this time, "Glasses up and glasses down." After that there could be no chance of any signals being crossed at that banquet.

Advocates of prohibition (there were a few in Baltimore even at that time and on that occasion) afterward commended Robinson. "It was not coming to me," said Robinson. "There were reasons why we could not join in that part of the celebration. In the first place ball players had not such a particularly good name at the time and if we had entered fully into the spirit of the thing it might have started some talk. But the most important thing was that the Temple Cup series was to come.

SO I had to take all of the dirty looks from some of the boys and say, 'Gentlemen of the Orioles, glasses up and glasses down.' We got tired of raising our arms. There were so many toasts. We drank to Baltimore, to Maryland, to the flag, to the ladies and to each and every member of the team without even tasting anything but water and coffee.

"Sometimes when the Orioles get together in these days and there is a little union, one of the crowd will mock me for the old days and say, 'Glasses up and glasses down.' There seems to be a note of regret in it for the champagne we might have drunk."

Another cup was dashed from the lips of the Orioles and in a much ruder fashion. The Orioles lost the Temple Cup series. They were beaten in four straight games by Andrew Freedman's New York Giants. Alas for the glory that was Baltimore's and the grandeur that was the Orioles.

I can not resist quoting a little from one of the accounts of that series. It was headed:

PLAY BALL? WHEN
Bluff batted out of
Baltimore Beauties

GIANTS WIN 3 STRAIGHT
Thirty Thousand saw the great
Game at the Polo Grounds

The Score 4 to 1
Only one more game and the Temple
Trophy is ours!—New York
Takes a pile of money

The story starts:

"We are the people."

"Thirty thousand throats thundered those words at the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon until the massive palisades of Washington Heights rang as with the roar of a mighty tempest.

"Thrice ten thousand men and women merged their individuality into a grand unit of ferocious enthusiasm that made one of the most magnificent scenes ever seen in New York.

"A tornado of electrified humanity swept over the pleasant valley between the smooth flowing Harlem and Manhattanville's majestic cliffs carrying before it a heroic little band of victorious Giants and leaving in its track the mangled remains of a dozen unhappy young men in French ball uniforms of black and yellow, who had traveled all the way from Baltimore to suffer again the defeat they had sustained in that city of bullies and brickbats.

(Continued on page 80)



Discounting Trouble

Insurance, Modern Talisman, Covers a Multitude from Twins

By John Chapman Hilder

Drawings by R. M. Brinkerhoff

THERE was a restaurant owner in a large eastern city—we will call him Mr. Nemo—who catered to his trade so shrewdly that he was in a fair way to becoming almost indecently rich. Every noon, as he watched the hungry horde crowd into his establishment, he would hum one of the latest fox trots, mingled with occasional bars of his national anthem, and say to himself: "Nemo, you're a smart fella. A few years like this and you won't have to work no more." And he might have reached that happy state if he had been as smart as he imagined himself to be. The trouble was that Mr. Nemo had overlooked a bet.

Down in Mr. Nemo's kitchen, owing his job to the boss's soft-heartedness, was Dimitri, a dishwasher. This vassal, whose head was a funny shape both outside and in, had been steadily developing a weakness for dropping crockery. Dishes are an item in the restaurant business, and one day, after Dimitri had managed to shatter a huge trayful, Mr. Nemo told him how he felt about it. He raked the luckless scullion fore and aft, in his native tongue, in a manner that filled Dimitri with a livid, unreasoning hate. So that next day, as a means of retaliation, the crazy fellow quietly introduced a quantity of virulent poison into the filling for the *pie du jour*—and disappeared.

When the gong of the last ambulance had faded out of ear-shot, bearing away the last of the pie-eaters to hospital or morgue, Mr. Nemo realized he was a ruined man. And he was just that. For though it was later established that the lethal drug had been planted in the pie unknown to him, the responsibility, nevertheless, was all his. Before many days had passed, Mr. Nemo was faced with damage suits aggregating \$100,000, filed by the relatives of the victims and by some victims who were personally able to sit up and file suits.

The bet that Mr. Nemo had overlooked is very simple and would have saved him. It is a food producers' liability policy, known in the underwriting trade as "poison pie" insurance. It is designed to protect manufacturers, packers and purveyors of foods against damage suits arising from just such contingencies as related above. The wise

restaurant man to-day is covered against all liability, even that resulting from a patron chewing on a bit of shell hidden in the folds of an oyster.

Your average man thinks of insurance in terms of his life, his health, his home and his automobile. If he has a store, office or factory he insures that against burglary and fire. His tendency is to buy less insurance than he should; he regards it as a necessary evil and would prefer to use the premium money for other things. We are speaking, remember, of the average man. There are exceptions: the heads of big businesses who safeguard their enterprises with insurance against every conceivable form of loss—and the small army of original thinkers who keep the insurance specialists awake nights figuring out how they can provide the weird coverages these persons request.

Insurance nowadays covers pretty nearly everything movable or immovable and if one is willing to pay premiums to the limit he can insure against most of the ironies of chance. It may seem, to the casual outsider, who hears of some example of so called "freak" insurance, that the companies who underwrite such risks are mere gambling concerns. But this is not the case. In spite of the constant extension of insurance into odd fields, the issuance of a policy is always based on carefully calculated probabilities. The mathematics of probabilities is a science in itself, involving the study of very advanced algebra, the higher calculus and other forms of torture, and has been mastered by only a few highly paid men of terrific intellect, known as actuaries. It is these men who determine whether a risk is insurable or not and if so what the premium rate shall be. Unless the clement of probability can be calculated, no policy is issued.

"People who think writing insurance is a sheer gamble on the part of the companies," said a man who specializes in unusual coverage, "are all wrong. For instance, we had an application the other day from an Okla-

homa oil man, who wrote that he was investing \$30,000 in a well and wanted a policy that would insure him against loss if the well turned out to be a dry hole—'dusters' they call 'em. There isn't any way of figuring the ratio of probabilities regarding gushers and dusters. We had to turn him down."

It should be obvious to any one with curiosity enough to read the annual statements of the insurance companies that they would not pile up the handsome surpluses and sinking funds that they amass if their business really were founded on guesswork. And yet the element of probability on which they base the issuance of policies seems, in some cases, obscure. There was, for example the western perfume expert, whose sense of smell was so highly trained that she was able—and still is, most likely—to recognize the base of any perfume by simply sniffing it. This woman recently insured her nose for \$50,000, prior to a three months trip through France, Italy and Egypt. Whether the policy contained clauses rendering it void in the event that the holder rode inside French omnibuses, visited Naples, or ventured into the native quarter of Cairo is a matter for conjecture. It may be wondered, also, whether it contained a clause relating to the probability of the lady's avoiding colds in the head. From whatever viewpoints the insurers considered the application, however, they approved it, and collected a nice premium of \$400.

Many of the unusual insurance policies are written in England, or originated there. The reason for this is twofold; first that the English companies are not restricted in their activities by a welter of conflicting state laws as our own companies are; second that until comparatively recently the American companies have had so wide a field for the sale of the straight old-line forms of protection that they have had little time or inclination to bother with the less orthodox forms. The charters of many domestic companies limit the fields in which they may operate. Occasionally such charters are amended, to give the company wider scope, and in such cases the company is apt to be receptive to requests for unusual insurance,

since the premiums on such business are high in proportion to the risks involved. During the war American companies lost a great deal of money by being unable to insure the lives of passengers bound for Europe, though they were allowed to insure livestock in transit on the high seas. English companies, not being so restricted, reaped a rich harvest.

One of the common forms of insurance to-day, which, at its inception, was considered a plain gamble, is that of covering a prospective parent against the possible advent of twins. Twin insurance provides compensation designed to offset the increased expense of raising an extra member of the family. It is based on probabilities as revealed by the family histories of both father and mother. If the genealogical tree on either side is laden with twins in any considerable quantity, the premium goes up proportionately. Many American companies are now offering twin insurance. The reason for its popularity is quite understandable.

A SLIGHTLY different case involving twins was that of the proud and cagey father who insured his two small daughters against kidnapping. Asked what his idea was, he explained that he expected them to be able to go into vaudeville or the movies together when they grew up and thus provide for his declining years.

Marine insurance is generally conceded by authorities to be the oldest form in existence. Originally it included all hazards encountered by a ship at sea, whereas nowadays the various risks of sea-faring are covered separately. One of the most unusual policies ever issued was one purchased not long ago, by the owners of a steamer which provided indemnity in the event that the vessel did *not* sink. The owners were a moving picture concern. They were putting on a big scene in which an aviator was to drop bombs on the boat and send it to the bottom. Had the old tub persisted in remaining afloat, the scene would have been ruined and the movie men thousands of dollars out of pocket.

Six Chinamen died—possibly in a tong war or from other natural causes. Some of their friends in a fraternal frame of mind, decided it would be a graceful gesture to have the bodies shipped to China for burial. They were gathered together discussing this plan and in order to give it impetus asked one of the wealthier members of the group to lead off with a contribution toward the expenses.

"Great and honorable master," they said, "the speediest arrow lags if the bow-string be weak. We cannot do our charming duty by our late countrymen without something to do it with."

"I am not unwilling, O wise and older brothers," replied the venerable merchant, "but may I point out that seed which never reaches the earth does not take root? Suppose our kinsmen, through some miscarriage of occidental machinery, should be so unfortunate as not to arrive at their destination?"

"I get you," observed one of the younger and more Americanized members of the group, "what we want to do is to get 'em insured. Then, if anything happens, and the boat goes down or anything, we don't put up our money for nothing."

So this was done. The six deceased Chinamen were insured, under a marine policy, against the perils of navigation: fire, collision, sinking or stranding.

One of the most striking combinations of old-time superstition and modern en-



lightenment was revealed a few months ago by an American business man. This man learned of a clairvoyant's prediction that Kaiser Bill would return to the German throne in November, 1925. If the prophecy came true, his business would be ruined. And so he took out an insurance policy covering him against the Kaiser's return during that month. As events turned out, he needn't have spent the money, though the peace of mind the policy gave him was possibly worth the cost of the premium. It may be, of course, that the motive in this case was a desire for publicity. The taking out of freak policies has already been used for publicity purposes.

There is the case of the seven dollars and fifty cents worth of soap which was insured for \$7,500.00. A well-known sculptor had carved the soap into statuettes. This was sufficiently out of the ordinary to win a place in the newspapers. Then a second story was earned by the insurance of the carved soap for an amount one thousand times its intrinsic value.

Again, with publicity in mind, a moving-picture exhibitor advertised that in the event of rain on the evening of the presentation of a new feature film, he would send all his patrons home in taxi-cabs free of charge. He was enabled to do this by taking out a rain insurance policy large enough to cover the expense of the taxis.

When rain insurance was first introduced it seemed like very much of a gamble. How on earth could insurance companies tell what the weather was going to do on any given day, when even the Government's professional forecasters were not always accurate prophets? Granted that they had the records of weather conditions in various localities over a long period of years from which to work out their estimates of probabilities, those after all, furnished no in-

formation that the official forecasters did not have. The answer must be that actuarial calculations proved that the official bureaus had been right more often than wrong, and that it was possible to foretell weather conditions accurately enough to make the writing of rain insurance, given adequate premium rates, a profitable undertaking.

Rain insurance was introduced some six years ago. In England, where it started about the same time as in this country, it was called "Pluvius Insurance," in conformity with the traditional British love of Latin. Both in that country and here at home it has attracted thousand of customers. Many general insurance companies write rain policies as a side line, but a number of concerns specialize in that type of business. There is an association of rain-insurance companies which holds meetings and issues imposing forms. There is no doubt that this form of protection is rapidly becoming a staple.

Fifty forms, covering as many kinds of outdoor affairs that attract the public, are issued by the rain-insurance companies. These include auction sales, band concerts, carnivals, Chautauquas, church fairs, clam-bakes, dances, golf matches, tennis matches, merchandise sales, parades and pageants, rodeos or what have you. Professional baseball games on Sundays and holidays are pretty generally insured against rain. The concession men who load up with hot dogs, peanuts and similarly popular comestibles in expectation of a big day are likewise protected against the arrows of outrageous Nature. The owners of gasoline stations and road houses, deprived of customers because of wet weather, now have recourse to rain insurance. It is a sort of little friend of all the world.

In the old days department stores which advertised big bargain sales suffered heavily in the event of inclement weather; they lost not alone the increased business the sales would have brought, but also a goodly portion of the money invested in extra advertising. To-day, however, a majority of the big stores and many of the alert small ones insure themselves against adverse weather conditions on special sale days.

It is not uncommon to insure outdoor weddings and parties against the chance of rain playing havoc with the decorations. And speaking of decorations, it is possible also to insure friend wife's Easter hat against disaster. Easter bonnet policies have been in use for some time in England. A year or so ago, an enterprising milliner in a small New York town insured her patrons against the possible damage of their finery during the Easter Sunday parade. Under the terms of this policy, any one having bought a chapeau from this milliner's stock was entitled to receive a full cash refund of the original price, provided the headgear were injured by storm, wind, or rain between certain specified hours on the day in question.

SINCE the introduction of rain insurance the companies underwriting it have been obliged to modify their terms. It used to be that one could insure for a flat sum—depending in amount on the size of the premium—said sum to be paid by the insurer in the event of any rain at all falling on the day selected. This arrangement was found to be too much of a drain on the insuring companies. The promoters of an outdoor event, for example, who expected their attraction to draw a gate of \$10,000, could insure for \$20,000, and in the event of any rainfall, collect the larger amount,

whether the rain actually interfered with their show or not. Nowadays policies are limited to the actual amount of damage the applicant for such insurance stands to lose. And the exact minimum quantity of rain which shall render the policy payable is determined beforehand. The measurement of the nearest official rain gauge is the standard on which the actual amount of precipitation is figured.

Rain insurance is generally based on a fall of 1-10 of an inch during a certain period, such as six hours. The rate varies with localities. In California, in some seasons, it is as low as 2 per cent. In Florida, where, as a rain insurance man put it, the people set their watches by thunderstorms, it has gone as high as 50 per cent. In Cuba, rain policies can scarcely be written under any conditions.

The companies dealing in this form of coverage have obtained aid from the Government in fixing rates. There are more than 5,000 weather observation stations in various parts of the country equipped with gauges for measuring rainfall. Usually the record of the official operator at the nearest gauge is considered final. In case there is no gauge at hand, an umpire is chosen acceptable to both insurer and insured. The rainfall is measured according to U. S. Weather Bureau standards and the figure quoted by the umpire decides the case. Snow, sleet and hail, when measured by the melting method of the

Weather Bureau, are covered without additional premium.

Thunderstorms are the major cause of grief to the underwriting companies, for the reason that such disturbances are usually outside of the weather predictions and, therefore, project a great element of chance into this form of coverage. Besides, thunderstorms frequently are violent and can produce a fall of several times 1-10 of an inch in a relatively short time. They are tricky, too, as witnessed in the case of a lawn party for charity given recently on Long Island. This affair was heavily covered by rain insurance. The nearest official gauge was at the town of Flushing, about two miles away. It rained very thoroughly all around and all over the lawn party. The official gauge at Brooklyn showed .14 of an inch, at Coney Island .12, Central Park .15, Sandy Hook .20—but the rain gauge at Flushing registered a fall of only .08 of an inch, plus. And, although the weather kept many away from the party, the insurance company did not have to pay a nickel.

AN EXTENSION of rain insurance which should interest a large number of customers is that of protecting the vacation against ruination by bad weather. The procedure is to figure out what the holiday is worth to you in money and to pay a premium in accordance with that valuation. This suggests the possibility, for the future, of dialogues somewhat as follows:

"D'ja have a good vacation, Sadie?"
 "Oh boy, I'll say I did. It rained every day and I collected five hundred beans from the insurance people."

It would be easy to quote almost indefinitely strange contingencies which have been covered by insurance. Here are just a few:

An inventor claimed to have evolved a mechanism by means of which the human mind could be read. The news of this discovery came to the ears of one who would have lost large sums if the inventor's claim were substantiated. To protect himself against his mind being read he took out a policy to cover his loss in case the machine should make good within a certain time. (The insurance company has not had to pay on this policy as yet.)

A movie theatre owner took out hysteria insurance to protect him from suit in the event that some patron should laugh himself sick and break a blood vessel while in his theatre. The owner of a freak tree, the roots of which formed the image of a centaur, and which was of value as a local landmark and curiosity, insured the roots portraying the half-man-half-horse against any damage, from whittling to uprooting by a windstorm.

When a bridge is built, it is insured against any calamity that may befall it in course of construction, for the protection of bondholders. Within the year a company has been organized to deal exclusively in patent insurance. This is a new form of protection which guarantees to the policy holder the validity of any patent he or she may secure. If any person or firm should sue the insured for infringement of patent, the insurance company will defend the suit and pay the judgment, should any be awarded. A tobacco growers association in an Eastern State has formed a mutual company to provide hail insurance for its members.

If you have a summer cottage on the seashore at a point where the tide is nibbling little by little at your land, you can secure insurance against the encroachment of the sea. And if the possibility of tidal waves destroys your peace of mind, you can secure insurance against them too. Many American companies write both these forms of protection.

A few years ago, a livestock man out West wrote in and asked for a policy which would indemnify him in case of the loss of a prize hog, worth several thousands of dollars. His request was turned down, in spite of his being able to prove that the blue-ribbon porker was given more tender and scientific care than the average child. A few months ago, however, an insurance company in the Southwest announced that it had added a departmental head, whose sole duty is writing insurance for dogs, cats, pets of all kinds, and particularly for livestock exhibited at stock shows. Racehorses can be insured, a noted horseman having recently collected \$38,000 on the death of two of his racers.

PERSONAL indemnity—the insuring of hands, fingers and fingernails, by musicians, artists and other professional people and the insuring of legs and feet by dancers and acrobats—is by way of being an old story. Yet the movies have injected certain new policies into the field. There is, for instance, the policy which guarantees an actor against the loss of his job in case his face is so scarred by accident that he can no longer appear in the films. One screen actress, whose smile was her fortune, had her teeth insured. A well-known comedian, who depends for his effects largely on the fact that his eyes are crossed, is protected by insurance against the calamity of their suddenly becoming uncrossed. The movie producers can nowadays be indemnified so that if, owing to sickness or other cause, certain actors who have begun the filming of big pictures are unable to continue, the money

(Continued on page 52)



The movie exhibitor can insure against suits by hysterical patrons



The Man Who Burned a Hole In His Coat

*A Story for People Whose Hair
Is Beginning to Show Gray*

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by Sam Brown

RIGHT under the breast pocket, on the left side, over my heart.

My new suit. The first I'd bought in five years.

I remember when I was buying it at Carew's the clerk said, "Well, Mister Hamby, I guess you'll look pretty good now."

We all laughed. My wife was there, too, and my oldest daughter Alice, and I said: "Well, a man has to dress up a little these days now that Riverburg is getting to be a real city." And I looked in the glass and felt proud.

I know that pride is sinful but it gave me a nice feeling to think of myself dressing up to be a part of our great little old city.

Riverburg, Ohio. Right on the river. One hundred per cent. up to date and growing all the time. Look at our iron ovens, look at our well-paved streets, built up on both sides by real American homes, look at our new water-works and our sewage system. Yes, sir. Riverburg's all right. It wants the best and won't have no substitutes. I'm in the hardware business and I know.

Pride. I used to have a plenty of it in those days. On Sunday afternoons after I'd listened to one of Dr. Barnholtz's good sermons and had a good dinner I'd set out on the front porch of our house on Bank Street and look at the river and think Riverburg's all right. Yes, sir, and I'm all right, and the hardware business is in good shape, the best in years. My wife Annie is well, she ain't got a cancer like poor Jim Niebold's wife, all she's got is her indigestion and anybody's app to have that. My two girls is healthy and they got good sense. Alice is going to marry that young Pilacher who come here from Cincinnati to start in the shoe business. He's a German, and a good, sensible, hard-working young fellow. Judy the younger one, she's doing fine with her music lessons.

Sometimes while I was sitting there Judy would be in the parlor playing the piano. She would play Narcissus or a piece called Snuberts Serenade. I like them best, they kind of fit in with the way I felt looking at the river. Then maybe a packet would go by and I'd watch her till she went out of sight around Indian Bend, or a towboat would go by pushing a fleet of barges and kicking up the water with her wheel. The river was yellow but where the wheel kicked it up it was white and it sparkled. I used to think to myself, them steamboats is like ducks with white tails, and they was. But I never told that to Annie or the girls.

Pride. Yes, sir. I'd look across the river to the Kentucky shore, where there was always some shanty-boats tied up to

the willows, and I'd thank God I was born in Riverburg, Ohio.

But since I burned that hole in my coat, well I don't know how it is, but everything's changed and different. Sometimes I feel like laughing about it, and sometimes I want to yell right out in the street, or bust down and cry like I did in Minnie's room, that Sunday afternoon.

Minnie, Minnie. Your name keeps running through my head till I think I'll go crazy, and it's all mixed up with the sun shining on the grass, and the way I felt when I kissed you, and the river, and Schubert's Serenade, and the towboats like ducks with white tails.

"Don't you care, Will," they says to me, my wife and the Eberharts, that night I dropped the hot ash on my coat. "It ain't a big hole, you can send it to Cincinnati and have it mended." But they didn't know. They didn't understand.

It was my new suit, that I'd bought to be a part of the bigger and better Riverburg. It was like I'd come to the store with my twenty years of business success in my hands, and said to the clerk, make me a suit out of this so's I can show people what I've done, and what Riverburg means to me. I don't know as that's sensible, but if you could take my home and my wife and daughters, and my making good in the hardware business, and turn it all into cloth, why, that's the cloth I'd want my suit made out of. Crazy notion, I guess, but that's how it seemed to me when I looked in the glass and saw myself dressed up in my new gray suit. Forty-five dollars spot cash I paid for it. Forty-five years of life in Riverburg.

It was a Satday night, and we and the Eberharts was playing euchre. I was smoking a cigar, a real Havana, twenty-five cents straight, like I had been smoking lately on Satday nights and after dinner on Sundays. Well I was interested in a hand, wondering who had big Casino and hoping Annie had it, when I smelt something burning.

Well, Annie smelt it too, and so did the Eberharts. "Something's burning," they says, and then Annie give a kind of screech and pointed her finger at me.

"Your coat, Will."

Well, I looked down and I saw some cigar ash on my coat. It had got caught in a fold of the cloth, and there was a speck of live ash in it—a little red coal about the size of a tack-head, and it had burned a hole right through my coat under the breast pocket, on the left side, right over my heart.

"You see it was my new suit that I'd just bought at Carew's and I was wearing it for the first time—But I already told that.

Well, they all begun to talk at once, Annie and the Eberharts, but I just set there,

looking at that hole in my coat. Joe Eberhart, he said he knew of a place in Cincinnati where you could send your suit, and they did weaving which was wonderful, and it would be all right, you'd never know you'd burned it.

But they didn't understand.

It was my pride you see. It was my forty-five years of living and struggling and making good and growing up with the country and being a part of Riverburg. And now, somehow, it was all spoiled and made a joke of. It was like something I didn't know about was sitting over in the dark corner of the room by the cabinet laughing at me. I couldn't stand it. I just got up and walked out of the room without even saying excuse me.

Well Annie come after me and we stood on the stairs.

"Don't be a big baby, Will. You can get your coat mended like Joe Eberhart said, or you can buy another suit if you want to. You can afford it."

"It ain't that," I say, "It's something else. You don't understand, Annie."

"Then tell me," she says.

Well, I tried to tell her but I couldn't. She was my wife and I couldn't tell her. It was outside the things we'd ever talked about. So we stood on the stairs, and she put her hand on my arm. "Come back and play cards," she says, "the Eberharts'll think it's funny."

"I don't care what they think," I says, "they can go to hell for all of me," I says, and I went on up the stairs.

WHEN I got to our room on the second floor I was shaking all over. I don't know what was a matter of me, I just plunked down in a chair and shook and laughed out loud and pounded my knee with my fist; I had told Annie she could tell the Eberharts to go to hell, and I was glad. But I felt sorry for Annie, too. She probably thought I was crazy and I guess I was, a little.

Then all at once I thought of Minnie. I hadn't seen her for twenty years, nor thought of her more'n once or twice in all that time. But now I thought of her, I saw her so plain she might've been right there in the room with me, and I says to myself, "To-morrow I'll drive over to Shantyville and see Minnie." And I got up and shook my arms over my head and I swore I'd do it by God Almighty.

Well, after awhile Annie come up and says that Eberharts have gone. She says "I told them you was sick, that you hadn't been feeling well lately, and I asked them to excuse you. But I could see they didn't believe it."

Poor Annie! I felt sorry for her, and

wanted to tell her so. But I couldn't. I just says, "It's all right. Let them go," and I went over to my chair on the opposite side of the bed, and set down, and begun to take my shoes off.

Annie got into bed first, like she always does, and I went and hung my new suit up in the closet without saying a word about it. Then I put out the light and opened the window. "Don't stumble over the chair, Will," Annie says to me same as always, and I come back and got in bed and we laid there aside of each other. It was awful quiet, the house was as still as there'd been a funeral, and we never spoke to each other. We just laid there in our bed in the dark wanting to talk to each other and not knowing how to do it, and after awhile two cats begun howling somewhere in Bank Street.

AND I thought "Cats knows how to talk to each other," and I thought, "Maybe it would be better if humans didn't know words," and a lot of queer notions went through my head. I wondered who invented words, and I thought up all the grand ones I knew, like Patriotism and Prosperity and Sanitation and Americanism and Progress. Words you always see in the Chamber of Commerce prospectus. And I thought they're right too, but I wish I knowed some different words that wouldn't mean anything special but would be more like them cats howlings. Then I laughed to myself when I thought of trying to talk to Annie by howling at her, and I thought, if I knowed how to play the piano, I'd get up now and go down and play that piece of Judy's, Shuberts Serenade, and she'd understand. Or if I knowed some poetry like I used to say in school on days

when the District Superintendent come to visit, maybe that'd do. But I couldn't remember how the poetry went, all I know is it had a kind of swing to it. "That's the trouble with my talkin' to Annie," I says to myself, "our talk ain't got no swing to it." Well, I laid there tryin' to think of some way to tell her how I felt when I burned that hole in my coat, but all I could think of was the slogan we business men got up in Riverburg during the last Presidential campaign. "Stand by our President!" was the slogan, and we had it printed on stickers with a red, white and blue border and pasted it on the windshields of our autos. But it wasn't no good to me now.

Well, I laid awake half the night, and those are the things I thought of, and God knows if there's any sense to them. But I thought them, so they must have some sort of meaning, though nobody on earth could understand them any more'n I could understand them two cats howling at each other.

Yes, there was somebody who'd understand them. Minnie would understand them. Minnie Harper.

We used to go to school together, then her father died and her mother moved down the river five miles to Shantyville, because living was cheaper there. I used to go to see her when I was a young fellow just starting in the hardware business. I used to walk the five miles on Sunday afternoons and Minnie and I would go out walking and we'd walk along the bank to a place where there was a grove of willows, and there we'd stop and set down. She was a little thing, but strong and healthy, and she had yellowish hair. I used to say to her, "you must've washed your hair in the Ohio River in the spring of the year," and she'd laugh and tell me not to make fun of her, and I'd say, "I ain't making fun of you, Minnie." And she'd say, "I know, Will." And then we'd kiss each other.

Or sometimes I'd lay with my head in her lap, and not say anything at all. I can remember the afternoon sun on my face and on my chest, it was so hot and good, it made me feel like I was a part of the ground under me, and not just a young man starting

in the hardware business. One time I says to Minnie, "The sun makes you wish you was a tree, so's you could put down roots in the ground, and put up your head and your hands into the sky." And Minnie says to me, "The sun makes you wish you was a river so's you could feel the ice melting in the hills, and swell up and overflow your banks, and go pouring down past Cincinnati and Cairo and cities I don't know about, clear to the Gulf of Mexico."

Funny how I remember what Minnie and I says to each other twenty years ago.

Well, Minnie and I loved each other, but something happened, I never knowed just how it did happen. Only I know one afternoon when we was walking home, she begun on that queer notion of hers, I mean the one about the shanty-boat. She had a notion she'd like to buy a shanty-boat, and live on it, and go drifting down the river selling household goods, and furniture and hardware to folks along the banks, like shanty-boat people do. Well, I never thought she meant it, because shanty-boat people are pretty low-down as a rule, poor white trash, the niggers call them. But when I says that to Minnie, she got mad and says, "I'd rather live that kind of a life than to be shut up in a store selling goods over a counter all my days."

WELL, then I guess I got a little mad, and I says, "It's an honest living," and she says, "You might as well be in jail as to be shut up in a store selling goods over a counter."

Well, I don't know how it happened, but the next time I saw her everything was different. We was like strangers to each other. And then I met Annie at a dance up to Ironton, and we got to be friends, and I asked her to marry me, and she said she would.

I saw Minnie once after that, and I told her I was going to marry Annie, and she says, "I guess that's the best thing for you, Will. I guess I couldn't never have made you happy." Then she throwed her arms around me and kissed me and run out of the room where we was sitting and I never see her again.

And here I am lying in bed in the dark thinking of these things after I ain't thought of them in twenty years. They come to me



A little red coal about the size of a tack-head had burned a hole right through my coat

in the darkness and the quietness, and they was so real it was like all the rest of my life was a dream. They made me feel guilty towards Annie, and I remember I ain't kissed her good-night, and I start to do it, though I know she's asleep. But I can't lift my head off the pillow. . . . I'm thinking of Minnie, and how I used to lay with my head in her lap, and I can't move. It's like if I move I'll spoil something that's right and good and wonderful and terrible too. So I just laid there till I become a part of the darkness and the quietness.

WELL, the next day was Sunday. Annie she got up early like as usual and went down-stairs to see that the girl didn't burn the sausages. We always had sausages and batty-cakes for breakfast Sunday morning. I lay abed till Annie had gone out of the room, then I got up and shaved and dressed. I put on my old suit, the dark blue one, and I didn't care how I looked even if it was Sunday.

Well, we had breakfast same as always, I and Annie and the two girls. Then afterwards I says to them, "It's a fine day, I guess you can walk to church." The church is only five squares off, right on Bank Street, but since I got the new Buick Annie always wants to ride, and the girls too.

They all looked at me when I says they could walk, and Alice says, "Why, Papa, is anything a matter with the car?"

And I says, "I'm going to use the car to-day."

"Ain't you going to church?" Annie says.

"No, I ain't."

"Why not, Will?"

"Because I don't want to."

Then Judy says, "Papa!" And I says, "Don't you say a word to me, any of you. I guess I earned a day off from church if I want to take it. And I guess I can take my own car and drive it where I've a mind to, for once in my life."

Well, the two girls just set and gapped at me. But Annie says:

"You're acting like you did last night, Will. If you keep on, folks'll think you're losing your mind."

"Let them think it."

"I'll tell Dr. Barnholtz you had to drive out in the country to see a man on some important business."

"Tell him anything you please," I says, and I got up and walked out of the dining-room and went and set in the parlor by myself.

Well, I set there smoking a cigar and pretending to read the Sunday *Clarion* till Annie and the girls started off for church. When I heard them going out I sort of hoped Annie would stop and speak to me, but she didn't nor the girls neither, so I waited till they'd gone and then I went upstairs to our room.

My new suit was hanging in the closet where I'd put it the night before and I took it out and looked at it. And it struck me funny.

"So you was going to dress up to show people what a successful man you are," I says to myself, and it made me laugh to think of it.

Pride. I didn't have no pride then and I didn't want to have. I wanted to go out and show everybody in Riverburg that hole in my coat and I wanted to go all over the State of Ohio showing it to people and making them laugh. I wouldn't care if they laughed at me, because after awhile, maybe they'd laugh at themselves and their own pride, and then you'd have a whole State laughing, and that would be fine.

But they wouldn't understand, they'd

think I was crazy. Only Minnie would understand.

Minnie, Minnie, I'll go and show you my new suit with a hole burned through the coat of it.

Put it on, I thought, let Minnie see you wearing it and let the Lord see you wearing it like he looked down and saw Job wearing sack-cloth in the Bible.

"Sack-cloth," I says.

And all at once I started to undress as fast as I could. I took off the suit I had on and I put on the new suit, pants, vest, coat and all. The burnt place in the coat showed as plain as could be. If it'd been a bullet hole I'd got on a battle-field, the bullet would've gone right through my heart.

Then I went down-stairs and put on my hat and my light overcoat and I went out of the house to the garage. It was a fine morning, warm and clear, and the sun was so bright it made the shells in the drive sparkle like jewels.

Well, I got in the car and put my foot on the starter, and when the engine took holt and exploded like a lot of firecrackers wrapped in cotton, something inside me sort of exploded too. I felt happy and excited like I used to feel on Fourth of July morning when I was a boy. I drove out of the yard thinking what a marvelous invention the automobile was, and how wonderful it would be to go touring all over the country and never live in a house again. And I knowed why young people liked to go joy-riding, and I thought, "I'll take Minnie to ride," and my heart give a thump.

Driving by the church, I felt wicked and I speeded up a little going out Bank Street, and it wasn't long before I came to the river-road that leads to Shantytville.

Five miles ain't much these days when you've got a car like mine. I thought, it's funny how quick you can do a thing when once you've made up your mind to it. Here it's taken me twenty years to get started over this piece of road, and I'm at the end of it in twenty minutes. It certainly is funny.

Well, Shantytville has grown up, too, but not like Riverburg. It's all strung out along the river-bank, and most of the houses are just two-story frame shacks where the workmen live that go to work in Riverburg every day. I didn't know as I'd ever find Minnie, and I got scared. But I found her without no trouble to speak of.

I went first off to the rooming-house where she and her mother lived twenty years ago, and the woman I talked to told me to go to an address on Bank Street—they got a Bank Street in Shantytville, too—and she said Minnie lived there over the drug-store.

Well, I found the place and went in and rung the bell in the hallway next to the drug-store. And a little girl come and opened the door and I says, "Does Minnie Harper live here?" and she says, "Yes, sir." And I give her a nickle and went up the stairs and knocked on the first door I come to.

Minnie opened it. She hadn't changed much, far as I could see, only her hair that used to be yellow was darker and it had some gray in it, and she was plumper. But she was Minnie Harper and no mistake. I'd have known her anywhere. She had on a blue dress and looked neat and tidy and her cheeks was pink like they always was and she looked healthy.

"Hello, Minnie," I says. "Don't you know me? I'm Will Hamby."

Well, she didn't say anything for a minute, just stood looking at me and sort of taking me in. Then she says, "Why, yes," she says, "I know you. Come in, Will."

So I went in Minnie's room. It was a

nice, neat room, bright as could be, with two windows that you could look out of and see the river. I set down in a chair, and Minnie set down in another, a rocker, and we looked at each other. I didn't know what to say at first, so I says, "How long you been living here, Minnie?" And she says, "Eight years, ever since Mother died." And I asked her was she getting along all right, and she says, yes, she had the income from her mother's life insurance and now and then she took in a little sewing. And I asked her was she well, and she says, "I can't complain, only I have an attack of indigestion now and then," and I says, "Annie's troubled with that too," and I thought of Annie and I felt queer inside.

"How is Mrs. Hamby?" Minnie asked me.

"Pretty well considering," I says, "and the girls, too." And Minnie says, "How many children have you got, Will?" and I told her two, and it seemed funny she didn't know about Alice and Judy.

Then I says, "You never married, did you, Minnie?" And she says, "No. I never married," and after that we didn't say anything for awhile.

Well, I don't know just how it happened, but all at once I got up and went over to her, and I stood by her chair with my hand on the back of it almost touching her.

"Minnie," I says, "Minnie, I had to come to you. I just had to."

"I'm glad, Will."

"Are you, Minnie?"

"Yes, I'm glad. I always thought you'd come some day."

THEN she looked up at me and sort of smiled like she used to, and she says, "That ain't saying I thought you was unhappy, Will."

"No," I says. "I been happy. I been successful, too."

"I know that, Will. I heard how successful you been."

"But I ain't satisfied, Minnie. I thought I was. Two days ago I wouldn't've changed places with any man on earth. Then something happened," I says. "A little thing. The littlest thing you could think of. I burned a hole in my coat."

"You done what, Will? Burned a hole in your coat?"

"My new suit," I says, "that I'd bought especial to show people I could afford good clothes and was proud of it, and proud of myself, and Riverburg, and the State of Ohio, and the U. S. A." And then I told Minnie the story, I made it out as comical as could be, like you'd tell a good joke on yourself. "It's funny," I says. "It's one of the funniest things ever happened," I says. "It's like something Charlie Chaplin would pull off in the pitchers if he was to think of it," I says. "Imagine me sitting there all swelled up with pride and smoking a twenty-five-cent-straight cigar, and feeling sorry for Joe Eberhart because he didn't have a new suit like mine, and the next minute finding out my suit is ruined. Look here!" I says, and showed her the hole in my coat.

Well, Minnie looked at it and she looked at me and she didn't laugh. "Why don't you laugh, Minnie?" I says. "Don't you think it's funny?" and she says, "No." And I says, "Can't you see what a joke it is?" And she says, "If that's a joke life's a joke," and she says, "If you'd come to me in rags like a tramp," she says, "I wouldn't've cared. But that one hole in your coat is dreadful, it's like a wound," she says, and she reached up and touched my chest with her hand and I see there was tears in her eyes.



Then a queer thing happened to me, it was like something that had been shut up inside me for a long time bust loose and choked me. All the strength and the manhood went out of me, and I plumped down aside of Minnie's chair and I put my head in her lap and cried.

Well, it was funny and terrible too, and I was ashamed. But I couldn't help it, and I guess Minnie understood, because she just sat with her arms around me and never says a word. And after awhile I got over it, and I got up and kissed her on the cheek.

"There, Minnie!" I says. "Now that I've made a fool of myself, let's forget it and have a real visit with each other."

"All right, Will."

"I've got my car here," I says. "I thought maybe you'd like to take a little ride."

So I laid there with my head in Minnie's lap, and smoked my old pipe and I never moved—the sun seemed so hot and good

"That would be fine," Minnie says. "I'll go and get my things on."

So she went in another room, which was her bedroom, and put her hat and coat on, and when she come out she says, "I declare, I forgot all about dinner. It's most one o'clock." And I says, "Let's put up a picnic lunch and take it with us, and eat it when we come to a good place along the river-bank." And Minnie says, "All right," and we both laughed.

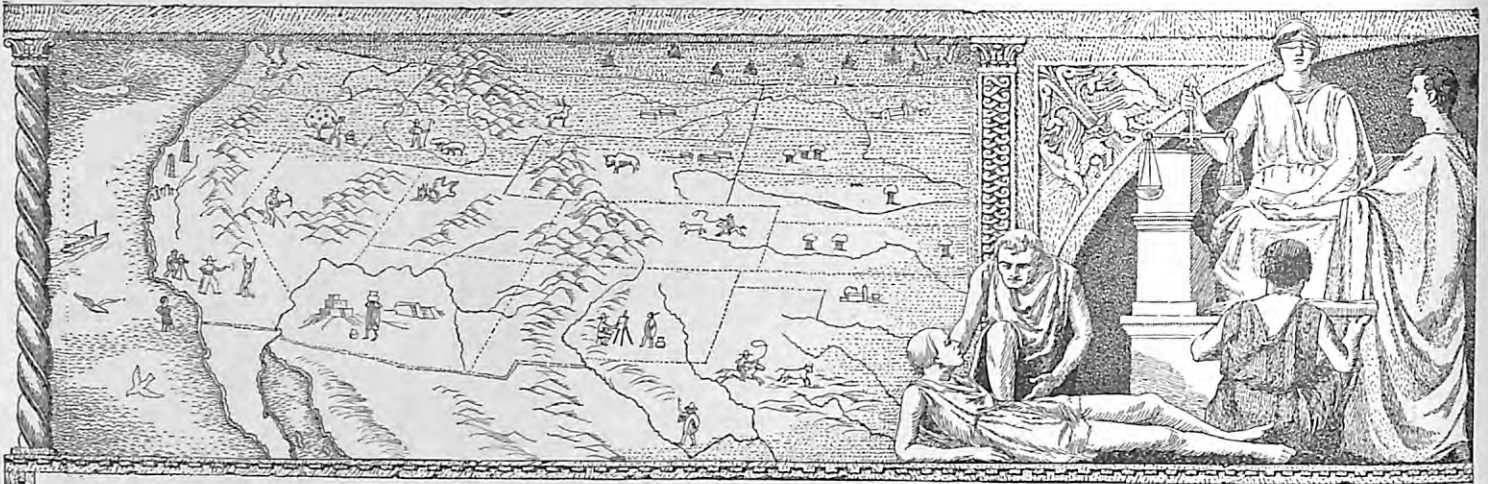
Well, we put up the lunch and Minnie fixed it in a cardboard box, and we started. I went in the drug-store down-stairs and bought some ginger-ale and some potato-chips. Then we went out and got in my car,

and Minnie thought it was the prettiest car she'd ever seen, she says the glass wings on the wind-shield made it look like it could fly.

"You wait till we get out in the country," I says, and when we got beyond the town limits and I could see it was a good straight road, I stepped on the gas and I was doing fifty-five in no time. I ain't a fast driver as a rule, especially since I joined the Safe and Sane Drivers' Club of Riverburg, but I thought I'd speed up this once and see how it felt. So I kept on till I hit sixty, and it was fine, it made me feel young again to know I could go that fast, a mile a minute, and hold the car steady when if it'd wobbled we'd have gone in the ditch and likely been killed.

Well, after I'd speeded maybe a mile and a half I slowed down to thirty and Minnie says, "That was fine, Will." And I says,

(Continued on page 54)



EDITORIAL

A DOUBLE DEDICATION

THE outstanding feature of the Annual Convention of the Order, to be held in Chicago in July, will be the dedication of the Memorial Headquarters Building. This will be conducted with elaborate and impressive ceremonies that should attract the interest of the entire Order and the personal presence of every Elk who can attend. And it should be borne in the minds and hearts of all that this building is something more than a memorial to our heroic dead; for it is likewise a token and a pledge of the continued loyalty and devotion of the living members of the Order.

Primarily, of course, the magnificent structure which the Order has erected in Chicago is designed as a tribute to those Elks who made the supreme sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism. It is a testimonial of the fraternal love of their brethren and of the patriotic pride that the whole Order feels in the noble part they played in the time of our Country's need. But that memorial, beautiful and elaborate as it is, and commendable as its primary object may be, will fail of its full purpose, if it be not also regarded as a perpetual pledge of the Order's consecration to the high service of keeping our Country worthy of the heroic sacrifice of our brothers, and ourselves worthy of their noble example.

The approaching dedicatory ceremonies have, therefore, a double significance which every Elk should bear in mind. And while we reverently dedicate the beautiful memorial as a tribute to the valor and heroism of our brethren displayed in time of war, we should also rededicate ourselves to the no less patriotic services of peace.

The grandeur and beauty of the stately structure will be an enduring evidence of the honesty and sincerity of the tribute that will carry its convincing message to all who shall behold it. But the proof of the honesty and sincerity of our pledge for the future must be found in our daily lives. And if they be lived in honor, in spiritual cleanliness, in fraternal loyalty, in patriotic devotion, and in high and noble American citizenship, the pledge performed will match the tribute, grandeur for grandeur, beauty for beauty.

It is to this double dedication, in its fullest

and finest spirit of remembrance and of fraternal reconsecration, that the Order of Elks summons its members to Chicago in July.

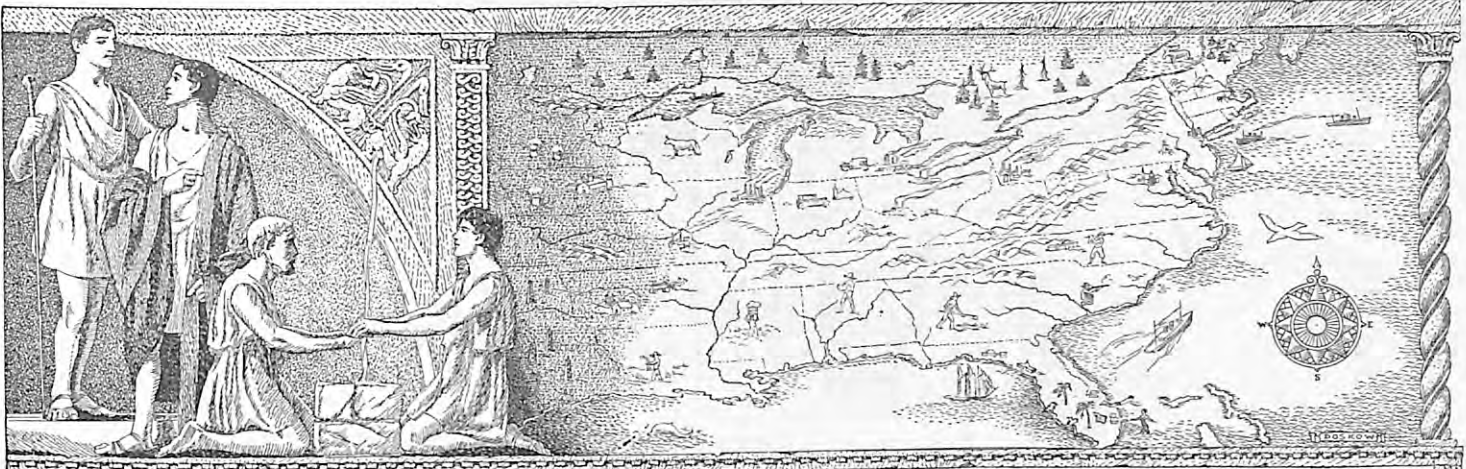
THE CHAPLAIN

ONE of the most frequently repeated statements about the Order of Elks, and one quite generally misunderstood, is that it is not a religious organization. In the sense that the Order does not have any technical religious character or purpose, in the usual acceptation of the term, the statement is correct. But it would be more accurate to say the Order is non-sectarian. For in the broad sense of a belief in a Supreme Being, to whom all men owe the duty of reverence and devotion, and upon whom all men are dependent for their creation and preservation, a belief which involves the acknowledgment of the universal kinship of mankind, the Order of Elks is religious.

It is in recognition of this fact that the Constitution provides that there shall be a Chaplain for every subordinate lodge; that the Statutes provide for his appointment and term of office; and that definite ritual functions are assigned to him in every ceremonial of the Order. No session of a lodge is formally opened without the prescribed prayer by the Chaplain. No fraternal ceremony is conducted without his invocation of divine approval and blessing.

The purpose is obvious, yet often overlooked. In practical effect the sole object of the Order is to promote those conditions which are naturally assumed to be pleasing to that Supreme Being in whom every Elk believes. In seeking His approval and benediction there is necessarily implied a desire and a purpose to deserve it by appropriateness of attitude and conduct. And the brief devotional part of our every ritual is designed to attune the hearts and minds of all present to the true spirit of the occasion.

It follows that the office of Chaplain is one of real importance and that the service to be rendered is of the highest dignity and of peculiar significance. The atmosphere of every fraternal occasion is very largely dependent upon the personality and demeanor of that official and the manner in which he performs his duties.



He need not be a regularly ordained minister. Quite usually, and mayhap preferably, he is not. But he should be a man of dignity, of good deportment, and one chosen for his special fitness for the duties of the office. And it is essential that he should render his part of the ritual with sincere reverence and a devotional bearing. This requires that he should do so from memory. The desired effect is materially impaired by his use of the book; and it is wholly destroyed by a careless, perfunctory manner.

And it should be borne in mind that the Chaplain is but the devotional leader and the spokesman for all those present. Every true Elk in attendance should put himself in mental and spiritual accord with the invocations. This does not mean the mere momentary assumption of an air of solemnity, nor the feigning of a lugubrious piety. But it does mean the maintenance of attentive dignity and of a mental and physical attitude of reverence and devotion. Without this no Elk ceremonial, from the opening of a lodge to the rendition of the funeral ritual, can adequately fulfil its designed purpose.

THE REAL OFFENDERS

IT IS a source of sincere regret to the great body of our membership, that the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Trustees have found it necessary, in the interest of proper discipline, to suspend the charters of several of the subordinate lodges for deliberate infractions of positive law. It brings a feeling of fraternal chagrin to realize that considerable groups of members, in disregard of their definite obligations, and in the face of repeated official warnings, have deliberately offended against the laws of the Order and of the Country.

However, the exercise of the authority to administer such discipline will be heartily approved by the members of the Order generally, as will the imposition of even more severe punishments in other like cases which may indicate a recalcitrant refusal to profit by the examples that have already been made. The Order must exact obedience to constituted authority from every subordinate lodge, be it large or small.

But it may well be considered whether or not the suspension of a lodge charter adequately punishes the real offenders. It is quite generally true that where a lodge is guilty of disobeying

the law, the real responsibility rests upon a few individuals, sometimes including the officers, who have conspired to bring about the illegal conditions. It is believed that this has been accomplished in most cases without the active approval, or even actual knowledge, of the majority of the Lodge members.

In such instances proper procedure against, and punishment of, the guilty individuals would not only be justified, but would seem to be the most effective method of reaching the real offenders. That course, in future cases, is commended to the consideration of the Grand Lodge Officers in authority.

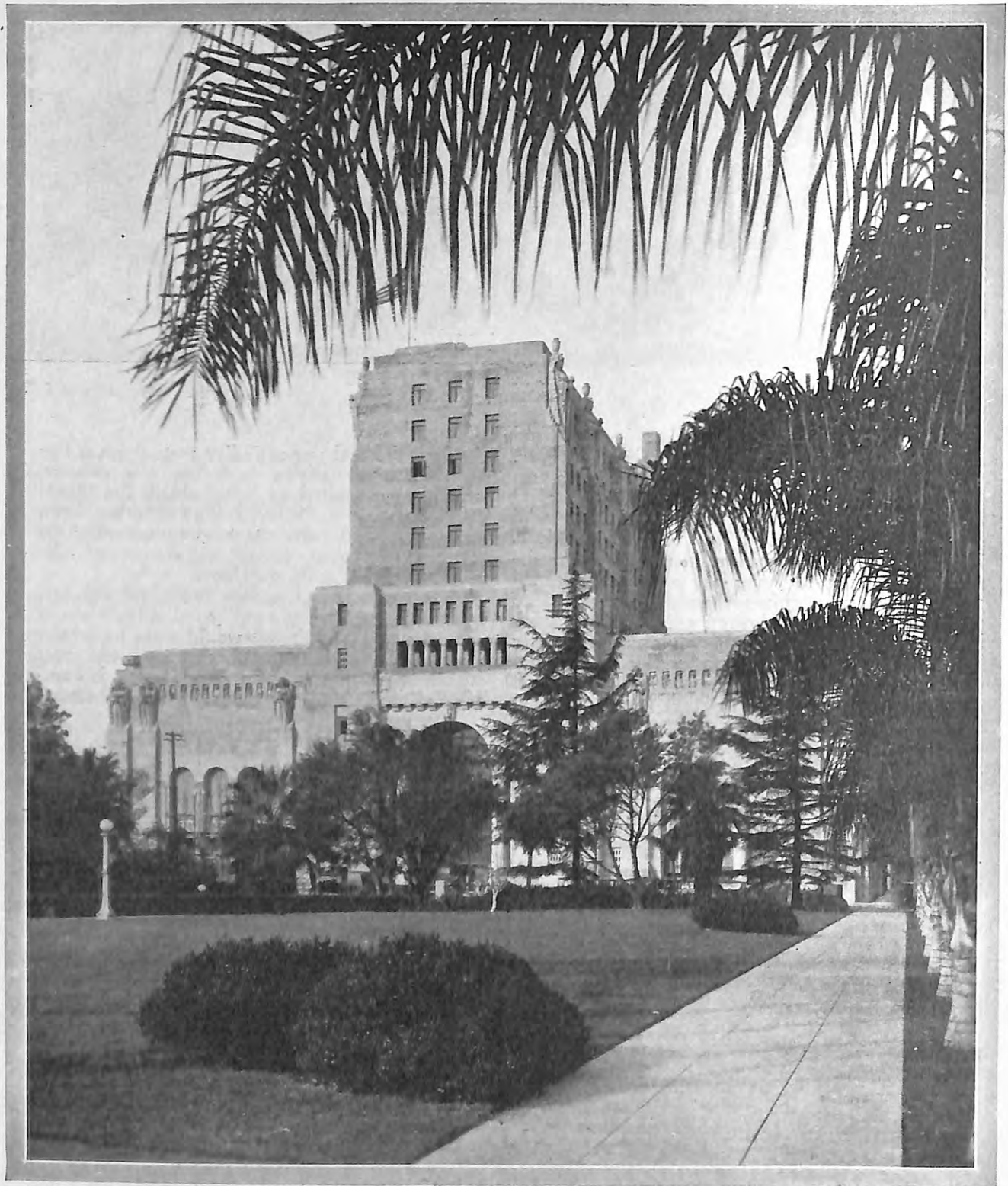
ELK SCHOLARSHIPS

ELSEWHERE in this number of the Magazine will be found an appreciative editorial comment from an influential newspaper, highly commending a proposed movement for the establishment of scholarships throughout the country by the Order of Elks. The suggestion is a very interesting one. Its importance is obvious. The subject has been discussed in the reports of several Grand Exalted Rulers; but no definite plan has been submitted to the Grand Lodge for its consideration and no action has been taken by it, beyond the encouragement of local lodge activities.

Provision for the adequate education of young men of promise, who are capable of receiving its full benefits but who are unable to secure its advantages without assistance, is an obligation upon those who are able to render that assistance. It presents an opportunity for benevolent and fraternal service that has a peculiar appeal to an organization such as ours; for it is character building and man-making in the highest sense.

This is a subject which the Grand Lodge might well consider with a view to undertaking some activity of a national scope. There are many problems involved to be carefully studied; there are grave fraternal dangers to be avoided. But it is possible that some acceptable plan can be formulated under which the Order could perform an outstanding service to thousands of deserving young men, in a way not only to reflect great credit upon itself but also to insure its own greater growth and prestige.

The idea is commended to the Grand Lodge as worthy of serious consideration.



PADILLA

The New Home of Los Angeles Lodge

THE photograph above shows one of the largest, most beautiful and most impressive Lodge Homes in the Order—that of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, recently completed at a cost of more than two and a half million dollars. It will be dedicated this spring.

Overlooking Westlake Park, in one of the finest residential sections of the city, the tip of its flagpole 200 feet above the ground, the white mass of the building towers, serene and dignified, dominating its surroundings.

A plot of ground 214 x 148 feet is covered by the magnificent structure. The Grand Hall, with its 53-foot vaulted ceiling, has the dignity and spaciousness of a cathedral;

135 feet long by 50 wide, it terminates in a flight of broad marble steps leading to a Memorial Hall. The Lodge room, 75 x 135 feet, the beams of its ceiling 47 feet above the floor, contains the largest pipe organ on the Coast, installed at a cost of \$50,000.

On the left of the Grand Hall are the main dining-room, the spacious lounge, and a palm-shaded *patio* where meals will be served outdoors. A large banquet hall is on the second floor, and six private dining-rooms and a grill on the fourth.

A glass-covered, sun-lighted swimming-pool, 100 feet long by 40 wide, provides for aquatic sports. Its 208,000 gallons of water are continuously circulated under pressure

through a battery of sand and gravel filters and then sterilized by oxygen. For the further recreation of the members there are billiard and game rooms, a completely equipped gymnasium, hand-ball courts and six standard bowling alleys. For resident and traveling Elks there are 160 guest rooms, each with a private bath or shower, and all modern hotel accommodations.

A building within a building is the section for women guests. Its reception-rooms, dining-rooms and dressing-rooms are reached by a separate entrance and separate elevator; nothing has been left undone to provide both a comfortable and a beautiful meeting-place for the families and friends of members.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Eastern Trip

Judge Atwell Honor Guest of New York Lodge at Order's 58th Anniversary—Makes Other Important Visits

DURING the month of February many important visitations to Lodges in the East were made by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Chief among the functions honored by Judge Atwell's presence was the banquet celebrating the Fifty-eighth Anniversary of the founding of the Order conducted by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. This event was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Commodore Hotel in New York City on February 15 and surpassed in every respect similar functions of previous years. Lodges from all over the country were represented among the diners, and a host of distinguished members, Grand Lodge officers, and men prominent in the civic and professional life of the city contributed to the brilliant success of the evening. Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; several Past Grand Exalted Rulers; members of the Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Forum as well as members of the various Grand Lodge Committees were in attendance. The toastmaster of the evening was William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, who introduced the after-dinner speakers. In addition to Judge Atwell, those who addressed the gathering were Charles M. Ertz, Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge; Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; Hon. Joseph A. Lawson of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49; and Dr. John E. Dearden, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1, who delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

The banquet was an unqualified success and a fitting commemoration of a great day in the history of the Order. Too much credit cannot be given New York Lodge for the way in which plans for such a large banquet were made and executed and for the way the entire event was conducted. William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, was assisted by the following members: Arthur V. Dearden, Louis H. Hyman, Thomas F. Brogan, Dr. John E. Dearden, Ten Broeck Morse, H. Warren Hubbard and Charles M. Ertz.

ON THE following day the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge, No. 850, where he was royally welcomed by a large gathering of members. That evening, traveling to Boston, Mass., Judge Atwell was the guest of honor at the annual banquet of the Massachusetts State Elks Association given in the Copley-Plaza Hotel. More than 700 Elks, representatives from Lodges throughout Massachusetts and other New England States, were present to greet the distinguished guest. There was a brilliant gathering of the State's prominent personalities which included several Grand Lodge officers and members of important Grand Lodge Committees, as well as the officers of the State Association. The presence of the ladies on this occasion contributed much to the pleasantness of the function. A feature of the evening was the awarding of the trophy presented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson for the best exemplification of the ritual by a Massachusetts Lodge. This handsome cup was won this year by Northampton Lodge, No. 997. A memorable evening in the annals of the Association was brought to a close by the Eleven O'Clock Toast given by Edward M. Davis, Past President of the Association.

On February 17 the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Waterville, Me., Lodge, No. 905, where he was greeted also by representatives from Lodges in the surrounding territory. A large banquet was tendered Judge Atwell at which many distinguished members of Lodges in Maine and other New England States were present. Among those who took part in welcoming the Grand Exalted Ruler were Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Hon. E. Mark Sullivan of Boston,

Mass., Lodge, No. 10; Vice-President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, P. J. Garvey; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Dr. P. L. B. Ebbet and Hiram Willard, and Rev. Arthur Buckner of Waterville Lodge who was the Toastmaster. The banquet was a delightful and successful affair in every way. An unusually fine musical program added much to the enjoyment of the diners.

On the following day Judge Atwell went to Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, No. 97. Exalted Ruler Henry S. Murch, Jr., and Past Exalted Ruler Fernando W. Hartford, chairmen of the reception committee and a committee of Past Exalted Rulers, met Judge Atwell at the station and escorted him to the Rockingham Hotel, where he was received by the Past Exalted Rulers and officers of the Lodge. After luncheon, Judge Atwell was taken for a tour throughout the historical points of interest in the city. At five o'clock a large group of members gathered at the Home of the Lodge on Pleasant Street, where Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell held a public reception. A buffet lunch was later served in the grill room after which brief remarks were made by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. E. A. Macdonald and Past Exalted Ruler Hartford.

MAKING his only official visit in Vermont, Judge Atwell on the following evening was the guest of honor at a reception and banquet tendered him by Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916. Representatives from Lodges in Bennington, Brattleboro, Montpelier, Rutland and St. Johnsbury were present as well as a group of members from Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621. Judge Atwell delivered a most interesting address before the diners who also had the pleasure of listening to Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, No. 924. Following the banquet a fine entertainment in minstrel style was presented before the gathering.

Arriving in New York City the following day, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, the largest Lodge of the Order. A committee composed of the officers and past officers of Brooklyn Lodge met Judge Atwell at his hotel in Manhattan and with a special motorcycle police guard, escorted him to the municipal radio broadcasting station WNYC. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an address over the air, which is printed elsewhere in this issue, and a concert was rendered by the famous Glee Club of the Lodge. Following this Judge Atwell was escorted to the Home of Brooklyn Lodge where a reception was held in his honor and welcoming addresses were made by members of the Lodge. A concert by the Glee Club and members of the Minstrel Troupe added much to the festive spirit of the occasion.

Over 500 were present at the banquet which followed and speeches were made by several prominent members. Exalted Ruler Fred G. Schafer, the toastmaster of the evening, introduced the speakers among whom were Judge Atwell; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; former U. S. Senator William M. Calder; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath; Supreme Court Justice Edward Lazansky; Murray Hulbert, Member of the Grand Forum; and William E. Fitzsimmons, President of the New York State Elks Association.

The evening was a fitting testimonial to the Grand Exalted Ruler and to the enterprise and loyalty of the largest Lodge in the Order.

On the following day, February 21, Judge Atwell was the honor guest of Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, Crisfield, Md., Lodge, No. 1044 and Cambridge, Md., Lodge, No. 1272, at Salisbury, Md. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a large meeting of representatives from these Lodges in the afternoon at the Arcade Theatre. After the meeting, an informal dinner was given at the Wisomico Hotel in his honor,

at which the Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and their wives were present.

The joint meeting and the dinner were both delightful occasions, especially so since it was the first time that a Grand Exalted Ruler had visited any of the Lodges on the Eastern Shore.

A great reception awaited Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell the following day—Washington's Birthday—when he visited Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, and was the guest of honor at the Lodge's annual banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler held in its handsome new Home. Preceding the banquet in the afternoon, Judge Atwell witnessed the initiation of a class of 300 candidates and delivered a brief address following the beautiful exemplification of the ritual by the officers of Philadelphia Lodge. The banquet that evening was a most brilliant function at which Lodges from many States of the Union were represented and in which many of Pennsylvania's and Philadelphia's most prominent citizens took part. Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow was the toastmaster of the evening and introduced the following after dinner speakers: United States Senator George Wharton Pepper; Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania David J. Davis; Mayor of Philadelphia, W. Freeland Kendrick; Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, J. U. Sammis and Joseph T. Fanning; and Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell. Throughout the dinner there was excellent music by the Lodge's string band and several delightful instrumental and vocal solos. The Eleven O'Clock Toast delivered by Louis N. Goldsmith, Past Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia Lodge, brought the eventful evening to a close.

Another great welcome awaited the Grand Exalted Ruler on the following day when he was the honor guest at the annual banquet and dinner given by the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest District at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh, Pa. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener was the Toastmaster and the speakers of the evening included, besides Judge Atwell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters; Charles H. Grakelow, Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2; George J. Kambach, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and John B. Sweeney, President of the Southwest District Association. The large ballroom was crowded with representatives from the more than twenty Lodges comprising the Association and the presence of the ladies on this occasion added much to the brilliance of the evening.

ON FEBRUARY 25 the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28. A reception was tendered him in the afternoon at the Hotel McLure and that evening, preceding the large banquet, he witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates. The banquet was attended by more than 500 members from the Lodges of the Tri-State district, and a number of distinguished speakers welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler. Hon. Tom B. Foulk, Past Exalted Ruler of Wheeling Lodge, acted as Toastmaster, and the speakers included Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters; Dr. L. N. Reefer, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Judge John J. Coniff. Judge Atwell's address was warmly received by the diners and he was given a great ovation at its close. The evening was the most brilliant event ever staged in the history of Wheeling Lodge.

February 26 saw the Grand Exalted Ruler at Columbus, O., where he was the honor guest at a banquet given him by Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37. A most distinguished gathering was present, including Judges of the United States Court of Appeals, United States District Court, the Chief Justice and members of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio; Judges of the Court

(Continued on page 76)

“HE · WENT · ABOUT · DOING · GOOD”

Radio Address

*Delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler
William Hawley Atwell in Connection With the
Annual Banquet of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22,
Broadcast from Station WNYC*

“THE time allotted me and the presence of the listener, in spirit, rather than in body, challenge me.

“As the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, it has been my delight to travel from ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, since the early days of last July. The contemporaneous reading of the nation’s press during that same period and during such traveling was likewise my delight and pleasure. This contact with the people and this daily scanning of the photograph of what had happened on the day and night preceding, within our nation, has confirmed my conviction that the people of America, at heart, are safe and sound and righteous. That there may be sporadic instances of law-breaking in spectacular ways, and that such occurrences are displayed to the minutest detail, has caused the timorous to conclude that the people at large may not be trusted, and that the people at large are wickedly inclined. Such judgment is unjust. Such judgment is untrue. Such judgment is cruel in its ignorance.

“There is a demand for tolerance in legislation, as well as in thought. There is an earnest, sincere thirst for fellowship and agreeable association. There is the finest sensing of those who need and of those who have not.

“The creation of charitable institutions, the magnanimity with which the incomplete charity program has been received, are but the fruiting of this determination of the people to help that part of themselves who need assistance. The universal acclaiming of the heroism of a Fried, and his associate, Miller, and the men who manned the life-boats for the rescue of those in peril, is an unanswerable confirmation of what I have just said. America loves a fighter; but she would prefer an Edison to a Napoleon; a Pasteur to a Von Moltke, a Miller to a Kaiser—a Savior to a destroyer!

“In the dominion of thought and legislation we find the people coveting and clamoring for the jewel of tolerance. Socrates once exclaimed, after having heard an exposition of his opponent’s views, “I do not believe in anything you have said, but I would maintain your right to say it with my life.” “Tolerance is the apology which intelligence makes to its own fallibility,” said another.

“Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side in humanity’s cause if our creeds agree? Shall I ask the friend, true and tried, if he kneels at the same altar with me? From the hectic girl of my soul shall I flee to seek more orthodox kiss? No, perish the laws and the rules that would make me measure valor, truth, and love by standards like this.’

“AN ORGANIZATION in which all religions—Jew, Catholic, and Protestant—unite for the relief of the needy; an organization that hugs to its bosom the holy Bible, while it holds high and sacred, and as a thing altogether lovely, the flag of the nation—has found the general solvent for men’s differences—the key to the temple of good feeling! Such an organization is the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Such an organization fosters tolerance, grows good fellowship, and loves and relieves distress whenever found.

“God bless the Elks!”

February 20, 1926



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

Florida State Elks Association Meets April 6 and 7

PLANS have been perfected for the annual convention of the Florida State Elks Association which will be held at Fort Myers under the auspices of Fort Myers Lodge, No. 1288, April 6 and 7. The Lodge has made elaborate arrangements for the entertainment of the delegates from the various Florida Lodges, as well as visitors from all Lodges in the country who may be in this vicinity during the convention.

During the past year the Lodges in the State have shown great growth and prosperity. Five new ones have been instituted and the total membership throughout the State will show an increase of nearly 4,000 at the end of the present Lodge year on April 1.

A hearty welcome to all Elks visiting Florida to attend the coming convention is extended by the Association.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge Beautifies Its Lodge-Room

Visiting Elks who have had the pleasure of attending Lodge sessions at Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, have always credited the Lodge's members with having a very comfortable and "homey" Lodge-room. Just recently the beauty of it was increased by the hanging of three portraits of our country's greatest patriots, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson. These paintings are handsomely framed and greatly admired by all who view them. A beautiful silk flag of regulation size attached to a staff surmounted by a flying eagle, has also been placed at the Station of the Exalted Ruler.

Red Oak, Ia., Lodge Holds Impressive Dedication of New Home

The dignified and beautiful new Home of Red Oak, Ia., Lodge, No. 1304, is now occupied by its members. The recent dedication was a most impressive event despite the fact that snow-bound roads prevented a number of the expected speakers from being present.

The services, held in the afternoon, were conducted by Dr. F. G. Cluett, Sioux City Lodge, No. 112, President of the Iowa State Elks Association, assisted by officers of Red Oak and other Iowa and Nebraska Lodges. The dedicatory address was made by James C. Murtagh, Past Exalted Ruler of Waterloo Lodge, No. 290. Following the ceremony, a class of candidates was initiated, after which members and guests sat down to an elaborate dinner in the banquet hall. Exalted Ruler E. M. Woodward acted as toastmaster and among the speakers were Dr.

Cluett, Mr. Murtagh and Otto Nielsen, Secretary of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. Dancing in the new ballroom wound up the festivities.

The Home, one and one-half stories high, and 84 x 46 feet, is built of brick trimmed with white stone and presents an appearance of great dignity and grace. On the main floor are a reception-room, two large lounges and the fine lodge-room, 60 x 32 feet. The basement contains the billiard and game rooms, a gymnasium and showers, and the banquet hall.

Many Prominent Members Present At Banquet of Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge

Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge, No. 292, recently tendered its Past Exalted Rulers a large reception at a special meeting held in their honor. Many prominent members of the Order in the State were present including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sydney M. Jones; Carl Riggins, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association; William F. Schad, Past President of the Association; Edward Mackay, State Association Trustee; Lou Uecker, State Association Treasurer; Harry Kieffer and H. W. Nankervis, both Vice-Presidents of the Association. A banquet, an excellent bill of entertainers and an initiation were features of the program.

Plymouth, Mass., Lodge Holds Brilliant Function

The annual Ladies Night held by Plymouth, Mass., Lodge, No. 1476, one of the important events of the social season, was this year an unusually brilliant success. More than 400 members and guests took part in the Grand March headed by Exalted Ruler Dr. E. Harold Donovan, guests of honor and officers, which preceded the dinner served at beautifully decorated tables in the banquet hall. An orchestra provided music during the dinner, which was followed by a splendid vaudeville entertainment, after which the floor was cleared for dancing. One of the most interesting features of the evening was an old-fashioned quadrille, which delighted both participants and onlookers.

Oconto, Wis., Lodge Has Highly Successful Band

The Elks Band of Oconto, Wis., Lodge, No. 887, organized a year ago by Past Exalted Ruler Carl Riggins who is also President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, is continuing its success in giving concerts in Elk Lodges throughout the State. The thirty artists composing the band, made their maiden trip to the State Con-

vention in Superior last year where they received first honors. Since that time the band has visited fifteen Lodges in various parts of the State, giving concerts and assisting in the exemplification of the ritual. All trips have been made at the urgent invitation of the Lodges visited. The band has also given numerous free open-air concerts in various communities and charitable institutions. It will be the nucleus of an All-Wisconsin Elks Band of 200 men which the State Association proposes to organize under Prof. A. V. Enna, a member of Green Bay, Wis., Lodge, No. 259, as Director.

Bedford, Ind., Lodge Has Banquet And Interesting Meeting

Past Exalted Rulers' Night was observed recently by more than 100 members of Bedford, Ind., Lodge, No. 826, and the program proved one of the most pleasing and entertaining ever offered by the Lodge in its more than twenty-three years of existence. A delightful banquet, the initiation of a class of candidates and an excellent musical program were some of the features of the evening. Many distinguished members of the Order in the State were present. Will E. Hendrich, President of the Indiana State Elks Association, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lee F. Bays were honor guests of the occasion and both delivered interesting addresses.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates Magnificent New Home

Nearly a thousand members and guests were present at the dedication ceremonies of the beautiful new Home of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253. The fine building which now houses the Lodge stands in the center of a beautifully wooded tract of five acres fronting on the Merrick Road, Long Island's main artery of travel.

The ceremonies were conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath, and were followed by an elaborate banquet. Among the distinguished members of the Order who addressed the diners were Past Exalted Ruler Worden E. Winne, toastmaster; William E. Fitzsimmons, President of the New York State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan; James A. Farley, Past President of the New York State Elks Association, and Exalted Ruler George M. Bird of Freeport Lodge.

The new Home is built of tapestry brick and is Dutch Colonial in architecture, with high-ceilinged rooms and halls. In the basement are a fine bowling alley and showers and lockers, while the first floor contains a large lobby, ladies reception-rooms, grill and main dining-rooms and a beautiful library.



This striking building, the home of Beaumont, Texas, Lodge, No. 311, was dedicated a short time ago

The splendid Lodge-room on the second floor has stone walls, and unusual lighting effects enhance its beauty. Here too are the committee and candidates' rooms, a large game-room and a billiard-room. The third floor is given over to living quarters for members and traveling Elks. A photograph of this beautiful Home is scheduled for publication in an early issue.

Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge to Provide Free Ice and Milk to Needy

Working with the executive board of the Federated Welfare Association of its city, Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge, No. 341, recently staged a successful "Kid's Frolic." The entertainment was conducted as a means of providing necessary funds to carry on the work of the free milk and ice distribution to undernourished and underprivileged children of the city, and to provide warm clothing for the youngsters during the winter time, and a big Christmas dinner every year.

South Dakota State Elks Association To Meet at Madison June 17

The annual convention of the South Dakota State Elks Association will be held this year at Madison, June 17, instead of June 19, as previously announced. Plans are already under way for a record meeting and as the date of the convention is also the fourth anniversary of Madison, S. D., Lodge, No. 1442, many unusual social features will make up the entertainment program.

Henry O. Batten, Tiler of Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, Honored

Old-Timers' Night at Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, No. 97, was dedicated to Henry O. Batten who has served the Lodge twenty-eight years as its Tiler, and who was nominated for the twenty-ninth consecutive term on this occasion. A large number of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers and members were present to pay tribute to their esteemed fellow member and to express their appreciation of his long and faithful service.

Beaumont, Texas, Lodge will Celebrate 31st Anniversary

Beaumont, Texas, Lodge, No. 311, will observe its thirty-first anniversary on July 11 with a celebration and initiation designed to be the most pretentious of its kind ever conducted by the Lodge. Already plans are going forward for the ceremonies and aside from the entertainment features, it is expected that the class of candidates will be the largest ever initiated into the Lodge at any one time. It is the aim of the Lodge to double its membership on this occasion.

With its new Home complete now in every

detail, and with a live and enthusiastic membership, Beaumont Lodge is recognized as the most active organization of its kind in the city, especially in social and community welfare work. Its "Old Ironsides" campaign was among the most successful in the State, and its Christmas program for the poor was the most extensive in recent years.

At a recent meeting the Lodge voted unanimously to become a member of the Texas State Elks Association which was reorganized last year. The Lodge plans to play an active part in the first reunion of the Association at Dallas this May.

Longmont, Colo., Lodge Host To Boy Scout Troops

Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1055, entertained the four Boy Scout troops of the city during the week which celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of the founding of this excellent organization in America. A very interesting program was presented which included addresses to the scouts by the Masters of the various troops and also by the District Executive of the organization. In turn, the scouts responded to the hospitality of Longmont Lodge by giving the members an exhibition drill and signal demonstration which was a revelation of what is being accomplished by the youngsters in this line.

The Elk Troop is the largest in the city, and quarters are maintained in the handsome new Home of the Lodge especially for the youngsters and their scout activities.

Arlington, Mass., Lodge Dedicates Its Attractive New Home

Many hundred members and guests and a number of representatives of the Grand Lodge attended the dedication ceremonies of the beautiful new Home of Arlington, Mass., Lodge, No. 1435. The services were conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. Wesley Curtis, who was assisted by Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, No. 924, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George F. James, and Dr. Lawrence K. Kelley, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. McGann, and the officers of Arlington Lodge. Another distinguished guest who took part in the ceremony was John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

Following the dedication the building was thrown open for inspection, after which the gathering adjourned to the Robbins Memorial Town Hall for the official visitation of District Deputy Curtis, a meeting and initiation.

The new Home, formerly a private mansion of the dignified New England type, is set among beautiful trees and flower gardens. For years these gardens have made it one of the show

places of Arlington, and it is the intention of the Lodge to maintain the property in the same attractive condition.

The house itself was thoroughly renovated, and with its large high-ceilinged rooms and spacious halls makes an ideal Lodge Home.

Membership of Aurora, Ill., Lodge Growing Rapidly

Twice within one month Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, has initiated classes of more than 100 candidates. At the first initiation the ritual was conducted by Louie Forman, President of the Illinois State Elks Association, and both Mr. Forman and George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the State Association, afterwards addressed the members.

The new Home which Aurora Lodge is building is attracting a large number of desirable candidates. More than 70 per cent. of those initiated since the first of the year are under thirty-five years of age, a fact which the officers feel augurs well for the future of the Lodge.

Spokane, Wash., Lodge Entertains School Children

Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, recently made its fifteenth annual trip to the State Custodial School at Medical Lake located eighteen miles west of Spokane. The party was in charge of Mr. Jake Hill, a Trustee of the Lodge, who started the movement fifteen years ago, and who has acted as chairman of the committee every year since then.

Thirty-five members of the Lodge put on an amusing playlet for the children, and presents of candy and nuts were distributed to each of the 840 youngsters present. In addition, the school was presented with some 400 phonograph records.

New District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Appointed

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell has appointed T. L. Andrews of Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge, No. 1208, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Illinois South Central, to succeed William P. Anson, resigned.

Jackson, Mich., Lodge Shows Growth—Will Erect New Home Soon

Because of the need of a much larger building to accommodate the greatly increased membership attained during the present administration of Capt. William Sparks as Exalted Ruler, Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, took definite steps at a regular meeting recently to erect a new Home. The session at which this action was taken was the largest ever held in the present building. A class of 103 was initiated, and every foot of space was utilized. The evening was observed as Past Exalted Rulers' Night, the official chairs being occupied throughout the session by former Exalted Rulers who exemplified the ritualistic work in such manner as to receive very high praise from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter, who on this occasion paid the Lodge an official visit, and delivered an inspiring address.

Jackson Lodge proposes to build a nine-story structure at a cost of approximately \$750,000. The membership of the Lodge has increased during the present year from 1,100 to over 2,500, and indications are that the number will reach close to 3,000 by the first of April.

North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge Observes Twentieth Birthday

North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1011, recently observed its Twentieth Anniversary with an "Old-Timers' Night." Edward J. Cooney, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, presided over the meeting, assisted by other members who were officers in the first year of the Lodge's existence. A noteworthy feature of the evening was the presence of all the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge.

Following the business meeting a large banquet was served to the distinguished guests and members. Past Exalted Ruler Charles F. Martin officiated as toastmaster introducing Hon. Elijah Adlow of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, the speaker of the evening. A number of

other prominent members and Past Exalted Rulers also addressed the diners during the course of the evening.

The secret of the success of North Attleboro Lodge has been that it always has a big project in view. At the present time the membership is working industriously on a \$10,000 charity fund, the income of which will be donated each year to charitable work throughout the Lodge's jurisdiction. About \$2,500 was placed in the fund last year which was the first year that the fund had been in existence.

Green Bay, Wis., Lodge to Be Host To Wisconsin State Elks Association

At a recent meeting of the officers and trustees of the Wisconsin State Elks Association it was definitely decided to hold this year's convention in Green Bay on September 17 and 18. Success of the convention will be practically assured, as the officers of the Association are now visiting all the Lodges in the State with a view toward boosting it and spurring every Lodge to begin making preparations for the event at once.

District Deputy McCoy Honored On Visit to His Own Lodge

Large delegations from many New Jersey Lodges, including East Orange, No. 630; Dover, No. 782; Bloomfield, No. 788; Montclair, No. 891; Irvington, No. 1245; and Nutley, No. 1290, were present when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Allen R. McCoy paid his official visit to Orange Lodge, No. 135, his home Lodge.

An innovation in the usual procedure took place when Mr. McCoy, on entering the Lodge-room, was presented to the assemblage by Exalted Ruler William H. Kelly, of East Orange Lodge. Following the initiatory ritual and the regular Lodge session, Mr. McCoy complimented the officers on their excellent performance after which refreshments and a social session were enjoyed by the members and their guests.

Towson, Md., Lodge Wins Ritualistic Contest

The annual ritualistic contest of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association was won by Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469, whose team was awarded the beautiful cup donated by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. Charles Stewart, of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470. Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, host for the occasion, won second place, while the other competing Lodges were Annapolis, Md., No. 622; Hagerstown, Md., No. 378; Wilmington, Del., No. 307, and Baltimore, Md., No. 7. The competition was spirited throughout, a fraction of a point only dividing the leaders.

Samuel H. De Hoff, President of the Association, presided, and the judges were Dr. James J. Garvey, Past Exalted Ruler of Alexandria, Va., Lodge No. 758; Herbert S. Larrick of Winchester, Va., Lodge, No. 867, Past President of the Virginia State Elks Association; and Harry F. Kennedy, Secretary of the Virginia Association and Exalted Ruler of Alexandria Lodge.



This comfortable, attractive Home is occupied by Macon, Mo., Lodge, No. 999

Mount Pleasant, Pa., Lodge Offers Prizes to Honor Students

At a recent meeting of Mount Pleasant, Pa., Lodge, No. 868, the members decided that the Lodge should award two prizes for scholarships to the students of the Mount Pleasant High School Class of 1926. The first prize, \$50 in gold, will go to the class valedictorian, the student having the highest scholastic standing in the class. The second prize, \$25 in gold, will go to the student with the second highest standing. The money for the prizes will be paid out of the treasury of the Lodge.

The decision to make these awards is in line with the desire of Mount Pleasant Lodge to follow the suggestion of the Grand Lodge in fostering scholarships and helping in the development of our future citizens.

Work of California Association Outlined in Official Bulletin

Official Bulletin No. 1 of the California State Elks Association, which has recently been issued by State President John J. Lermen of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, contains the appointments to the various committees and an outline of the work of this active organization.

Two new committees, Forest Fire Prevention and the Elks Charitable Sanatorium, are now at work. The first has, as its immediate purpose, a campaign of education, first for Elks and then, through them, of the general public, to the end that there may be a better appreciation of what the fire menace means to forests of the State, and its attendant effect upon the water supply.

The second is investigating the possibility of

establishing somewhere in California a sanatorium for the care of indigent sufferers from tuberculosis.

At the convention to be held in Santa Monica next October there will be all the events which have contributed so much to the enjoyment of these affairs in the past—ritualistic, band and drill-team contests, and baseball, golf, bowling and trap-shooting matches.

Camping Ground Offered to Oregon Elks by Portland Member

A generous proposal has been made by A. E. Sanderson, a member of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Mr. Sanderson offers to deed to the Oregon State Elks Association ten acres of beautiful timber land to be used as a camping site for Elks and their families, if the Association will spend \$1,500 on the tract within the next two years. The land, which lies near Wheeler, Ore., and is in the midst of a fine fishing and hunting country, is part of a forty-acre tract belonging to Mr. Sanderson. A committee from the Association was considering the acceptance of the gift at the time this number of the magazine went to press.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Honors Charter Members on Fortieth Anniversary

Special honor was paid the "Old-timers" of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, at the celebration of its fortieth birthday. Old tunes, old songs and old dances held prominent places on the program, and there were many interesting talks on the early days of the Lodge and discussions of its present and future. An unusual feature was the presence of three members who had been personally acquainted with President Lincoln, and who recounted briefly their contacts with the great emancipator. The Omaha Elks Band played a number of well-applauded melodies, and there were several selections on the Lodge organ. Mayor James C. Dahlman was Chairman for the evening, and more than 500 members were present at one of the most successful events in the history of the Lodge.

Hudson, Wis., Lodge Celebrates Its 25th Anniversary

With Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler David Gardner, Jr., as the guests of honor, Hudson, Wis., Lodge, No. 640 recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. A large number of members and representatives from Lodges in Stillwater, St. Paul and River Falls were present. A banquet, an initiation, and a well-selected musical program were among the features of the evening. Following the Lodge session interesting addresses were made by Judge George



The dedication of this new Home of Red Oak, Ia., Lodge, No. 1304 is reported on page 39 of this issue

Thompson, a charter member of the Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills, and District Deputy Gardner, each of whom was introduced by Exalted Ruler Melvin Peterson, who presided over the meeting.

Illinois State Elks Association to Meet in La Salle, August 10-12

The Illinois State Elks Association will hold its 1926 convention in La Salle, August 10, 11 and 12. These dates were set at a meeting of the Trustees of the Association held recently in the Home of La Salle, Ill., Lodge, No. 584.

One of the features of the convention will be the final of the ritualistic contests for the Charles A. White Trophy, now held by Carlinville, Ill., Lodge, No. 1412. District contests will precede the final, these to be held under the direction of Truman A. Snell, State Ritualistic Chairman. Individual cups will be awarded to each district winner in these events.

Gala Banquet Marks Twenty-ninth Anniversary of New London Lodge

Celebrating the twenty-ninth birthday of New London, Conn., Lodge, No. 360, members and guests met recently in the ballroom of the Mohican Hotel for a gala banquet and entertainment.

Exalted Ruler Walter T. Murphy, acting as toastmaster, introduced the guests of honor, among whom were Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter of Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 10, and Mayor William C. Fox of New London Lodge. Following the dinner and addresses by the distinguished guests, came an excellent entertainment by performers from Boston.

Defiance, O., Lodge Active In Civic Affairs

Defiance, O., Lodge, No. 147, is an integral part of the community life of its city. Its fine auditorium is frequently used for meetings by many civic organizations, and it has recently fitted up a basket-ball court in its gymnasium for the high-school team. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles T. Lawton, on the occasion of his official visit, complimented the Lodge highly for its public spirit and the excellent charitable work of its Social and Community Welfare Committee.

New Home of Renovo, Pa., Lodge Scene of Many Activities

The new Home of Renovo, Pa., Lodge, No. 334, has been the scene of many enjoyable social

functions since its opening a short time ago. The new year was ushered in by a party that was attended by over 300 members and ladies. Another popular event was "Family Night," at which a picnic supper prepared by the ladies was followed by cards and dancing. Recently the Lodge conducted a stag night and smoker with a number of boxing bouts. The new bowling alleys of the Home are in almost continuous use by the members who have formed a bowling league of eight teams. A Bowling Committee is now active in sending challenges to various teams in the vicinity.

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Sees Boy Scout Exhibition

Boy Scout Troop No. 11, of Bellingham, Wash., which is sponsored by Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 104, gave officers and members a fine exhibition of their training a short time ago. The youngsters demonstrated first-aid and emergency arm-ambulance work, knot-tying and scout rules and ideals. Following this the boys were presented on behalf of the Lodge with a framed charter and purple and white neckerchiefs. The weekly drills of the Troop in the basement of the Home are unusually attended by a number of interested Elks.

Ohio State Elks Association Outlines Program for Year

President Blake C. Cooke of the Ohio State Elks Association has outlined a program of activities which should give Ohio one of the strongest and most effective State Associations in the Order. A series of ritualistic contests between Lodges is planned, the Big Brother work is to be expanded, a Speakers' Bureau established, and in August there will be held a convention which is expected to surpass in numbers and spirit any previous undertaking by Ohio Elks. A headquarters for the Association will be established in Chicago during the Grand Lodge reunion, at which the officers and member Lodges intend to impress upon the visitors and delegates the strength and alertness of the Order in their State.

Welfare Committee of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Has Active Season

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, is in the midst of a busy season. Among its recent activities have been the presentation of an artificial Sunlite lamp to the crippled children's clinic of the General Hospital and the gathering together of a group of artists from

among the most popular entertainers in the city. Several joint programs of these artists and the Western New York Moose Band have been given under the auspices of Rochester Lodge at St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's orphanages, and at other homes and sanatoria for children. An unusual entertainment was the dance given by the committee for the blind of the surrounding country.

Crippled children in Monroe County have been greatly aided by Rochester Lodge, many of them being supplied with corrective appliances as well as receiving medical and surgical care. For his generous work among these little unfortunates Dr. Thomas Buck of Rochester was recently given a life membership in the Lodge.

"Old Ironsides" Drive in Hawaii Successful

The "Old Ironsides" campaign has gone over the top among the school children of far-away Hawaii. The quota of \$560, or four cents from each child attending the Big Island schools, has been successfully raised, according to reports from W. J. Stone, Past Exalted Ruler of Hilo Lodge, No. 759, and secretary-treasurer of the drive committee.

Guard of Honor of Boston, Mass., Lodge Holds Annual Banquet

Two hundred members of the Guard of Honor of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, and their friends attended their third annual "get-together" banquet at the Hotel Lenox. Music was furnished by the Guard's own orchestra and glee club. In his address at the banquet, Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Kane highly commended the Guard on the fine work it has done in behalf of the Lodge.

The Guard is a valuable asset of Boston Lodge and assists at its many private and public functions. Recently it escorted the officers and members to the annual reception given in honor of Alvan T. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts, at the State House.

Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Succeeds in "Old Ironsides" Campaign

Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, recently completed the campaign among the school children within its jurisdiction for the saving of "Old Ironsides." The campaign was highly successful, the quota assigned the Lodge being over-subscribed by a considerable sum.

This Lodge has also been active in many other fields of endeavor. It has a committee which has laid out a far-reaching program for work among the crippled children of the district, and a Social and Community Welfare Committee that is doing many laudable things for the poor and needy of the city.

Ogden, Utah, Lodge Has New Home—Plans for Silver Jubilee

At the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE goes to press Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, has completed plans for the dedication of its new Home sometime during March. In addition to this major activity, Ogden Lodge has been particularly active during the past months in many fields. A large circus was conducted by the officers and members early in the year which netted close to \$4,000 for the Building Fund. A committee was also appointed which will have charge of the Lodge's Silver Jubilee and the convention of the Utah State Elks Association to be held July 5 to 10. It is planned to have the Jubilee begin with a patriotic celebration on July 5 commemorating the 150th birthday of the United States. There will also be a registered trap-shoot, intermountain golf tourney, league baseball, rodeos and other forms of entertainment. The members of Lodges on the Pacific Coast as well as from the intermountain country who are anticipating visiting Chicago for the Grand Lodge convention, are urged to spend two days in Ogden for this celebration and then leave for Chicago on Saturday night, July 10, which will enable them to arrive in Chicago in time for the opening of the convention.

Ogden Lodge is growing rapidly in membership, large classes of candidates being initiated



The recently acquired Home of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494

regularly. It has an Elks Band of thirty-three musicians, all of whom are members of the Lodge. A drum corps and drill team are also being organized and should prove valuable assets to the Lodge.

**Kansas State Elks Association
To Meet at Iola**

At a meeting of the Kansas State Elks Association held recently at Lawrence, Kans., Lodge, No. 595, it was decided to hold the annual convention this year at Iola, November 10 and 11. An interesting feature of the entertainment program will be a terrapin race. Each Lodge will have an entry, the winner to receive a prize of \$25 in gold which is the entrance fee charged each Lodge becoming a member of the Association.

Iola celebrates Armistice Day annually and the Kansas Elks will participate this year in its big parade, many Lodges having already signified their intention of entering floats and marching with their bands. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Griffin is chairman of the Iola Armistice Day Celebration Committee and his Lodge, Iola Lodge, No. 569, is making special arrangements for the observance of the event.

**Eight Brothers Are Members of
Worcester, Mass., Lodge**

With the initiation into Worcester, Mass., Lodge, No. 243, a short time ago of Walter J. Lavigne, an interesting record was established. Mr. Lavigne is one of eight brothers, all of whom are now members of Worcester Lodge. There have been other families of brothers all of whom have been Elks but never, it is believed, as large a group as the Lavignes. The first of the family to join was George G. Lavigne who was initiated sixteen years ago and is now Esteemed Loyal Knight. The others are Oscar D., Narcisse J., Joseph W., Henry J., Arthur D. and Elliot P. Lavigne.

**Pottsville, Pa., Lodge Plays Host to
Two District Deputies**

Pottsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 207, enjoyed the distinction recently of being host to two District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers. District Deputy Fred J. Wahl was present in his official capacity and District Deputy J. G. Thumm was the guest of the Lodge. Representatives of Lodges in Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Ashland and Tamaqua were also present so that the occasion took on the nature of a real "Old Home Week" gathering. A large class of candidates was initiated, the ritualistic work of the officers calling forth much praise from the District Deputies. Following the Lodge session, an elaborate supper was served the new members and visitors.

**Worcester, Mass., Lodge Dedicates
Memorial Organ**

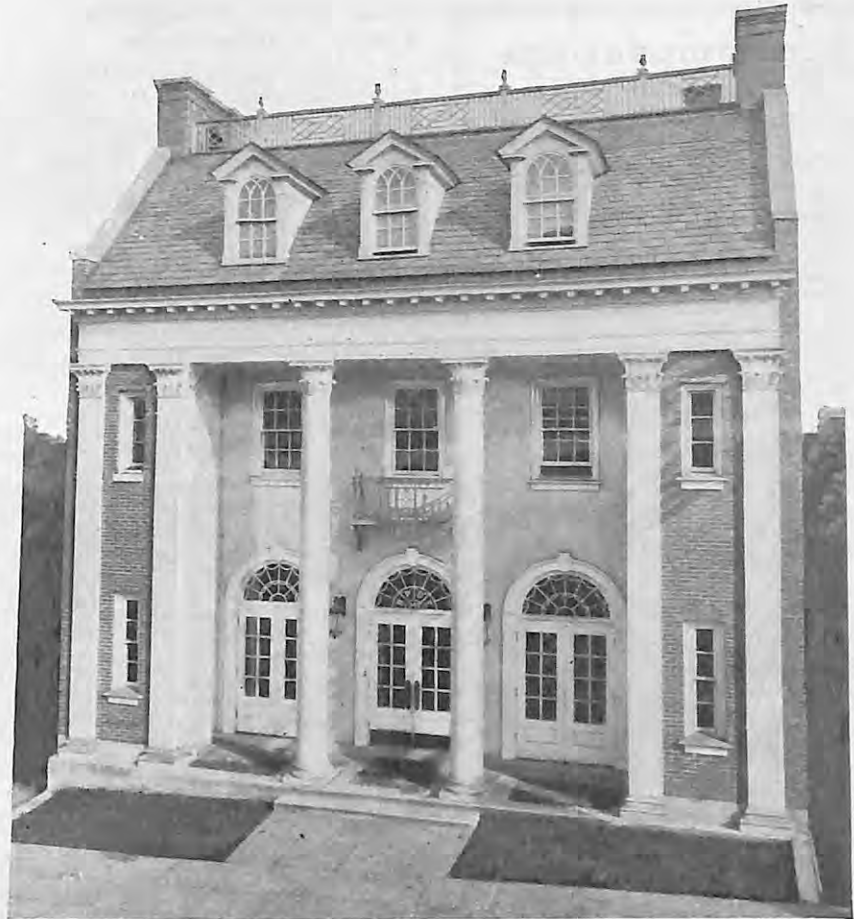
The magnificent pipe organ presented to Worcester, Mass., Lodge, No. 243, by Theodore T. Ellis in memory of Past Exalted Ruler Joseph O'Keefe, was recently dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

Past Exalted Ruler John F. McGrath, acting as chairman, introduced Mr. Ellis, who then made the formal presentation of the organ to the Lodge. Exalted Ruler Frank L. Swank made the speech of acceptance and was followed by Mayor M. T. O'Hara who delivered the chief address.

The organ recital, the first number of which was "The Star Spangled Banner," was broadcast from Radio Station WTAG, as was the rest of the program. At the conclusion of the recital there were a number of quartette and solo selections, followed by a buffet supper and vaudeville entertainment. The event was one of the memorable occasions in the annals of Worcester Lodge and fittingly marked the appreciation of Mr. Ellis' generosity.

**Elkhart, Ind., Lodge Has Active
Membership**

Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425, is already engaged in plans for welcoming the annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association



Members of Du Bois, Pa., Lodge, No. 349, own this stately Home

which will meet in its city next August. Special committees have been appointed and excellent work is being done too, by the Ladies' Auxiliary which numbers close to 150 members. Elkhart Lodge is also carrying out a generous program of social and community welfare activities. Recently it completed plans for equipping the children's ward and also a private room for children in the new wing of the General Hospital. The ward will provide facilities for eight children and the private room for one. Close to \$1,000 will be spent by the Lodge in this work.

**Myron A. Whidden, Oakland,
Calif., Lodge Secretary, Dies**

In the death of Myron A. Whidden, Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, lost a Secretary who served for sixteen years and six months without once missing a meeting. Mr. Whidden, who is succeeded in office by E. H. Grandjean, was a charter member and Past Exalted Ruler of Oakland Lodge, and one of the best-known and best-loved Elks in California.

**Newark, N. J. Lodge Celebrates
First Anniversary of New Home**

Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, held the largest meeting it has had since moving into its present magnificent Home when it combined a celebration of the first anniversary in the new building, a reception to Past Exalted Rulers and the nomination of officers for the coming year.

The feature of the evening was the unveiling of a beautiful bronze tablet, 36 x 24 inches, commemorating the erection of the Home and carrying the names of the Building Committee. Following the unveiling ceremonies conducted by Exalted Ruler Daniel McCarthy the members were entertained in the main restaurant of the Home while the officers, Past Exalted Rulers and guests were tendered a dinner in one of the smaller dining-rooms.

The speaker of the evening was John W. McGeehan, while others who addressed the gathering were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Allen R. McCoy, Francis P. Boland and Edward M. Carter; President William K. Devereux of the New Jersey State Elks Association and Daniel Junk, senior surviving Past Exalted Ruler, who held office forty years ago.

**Swimming Championships in Pool
Of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Home**

One of the important athletic events of the winter season, the Central Amateur Athletic Union Swimming Championships, was held under the auspices of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46. The races, including a number of open events as well as the championships, were swum in the splendid pool in the Lodge's Home. Gold, silver and bronze C. A. A. U. medals were awarded to winners in the championships and silver cups to those victorious in the open events which included a number of races for both men and women swimmers.

**Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge
To Build New Home**

At a recent meeting of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, the plans for a new Home, submitted by the Ways and Means Committee, were adopted.

The new building will have a frontage of 81 feet on Main Street and Washington Avenue, and 200 feet on Pier Avenue, and will be of five stories and basement, constructed of brick and reinforced concrete. In the basement will be parking space for the automobiles of members, and on the first floor will be eleven stores as well as kitchen, grill and banquet-room.

The Lodge room on the second floor will be 76 x 80 feet with a 16-foot stage. On this floor there will also be a memorial hall, a spacious lounge, library, secretary's office and committee-rooms.

The third floor will contain billiard and social rooms, ladies' parlor, radio-room, band-room and several committee-rooms. The Lodge-room will extend through this story giving ample ceiling height. A gymnasium, with spectators' gallery and shower and locker-rooms, will occupy much of the fourth floor. The remaining space, and the fifth floor, will be given over to living-rooms. On the roof it is planned to erect a thoroughly equipped convalescent ward with six beds and a sun-room, for the use of members only.

The estimated cost of the building will be \$350,000 assuring the membership of Santa Monica Lodge one of the most luxurious Homes in the West.

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
 Decatur, Ind., Lodge No. 993
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
 Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892
 Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 538
 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165
 Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200
 Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485
 Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616
 Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13
 Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
 Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
 Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291
 Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319
 Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
 Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
 Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654
 Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
 Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301
 Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
 Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
 Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761
 Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
 Middleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
 Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
 Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46
 Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
 Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773
 Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487
 Olympia Wash., Lodge No. 186
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39
 Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60
 Pensacola, Fla., Lodge No. 497
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11
 Plymouth, Mass., Lodge No. 1476
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 780
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142
 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100
 Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943
 Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24
 Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
 Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge No. 794
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
 Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
 Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge No. 449
 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.

Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Host To Gov. A. Harry Moore

The Charity Ball of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, was made memorable by the presence of Governor of New Jersey, A. Harry Moore, a member of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, who was accompanied by his military aide, Major W. A. Higgins. The Governor, who was escorted to the ballroom by Exalted Ruler William J. McCrea, Jr., and other officers of the Lodge, received a rousing greeting and in reply made a short address in which he urged those present to visit him at Sea Girt next summer, assuring them of a hearty fraternal welcome.

The ball, the first formal affair to be held in the Lodge's new Home, was a striking success, both socially and financially.

Members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Entertained by Children

Before an enthusiastic audience of many hundred Elks a group of children from the Los Angeles Orphanage presented a delightful entertainment at a recent meeting of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99.

This entertainment, which has become an annual event, is in token of the youngsters' appreciation of the Lodge's Christmas gifts. The numbers presented this year included a group of old-fashioned dances, a drill of "The Wooden Soldiers," a number of musical selections and the recitation, in verse, of an address of thanks.

Houston, Tex., Lodge Completes Active Year

One of the most successful years in the history of Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151 has just drawn to a close, and if the same interest is maintained in the next few years, Houston is destined to have one of the leading Lodges of the South.

To begin with, the features of its Flag Day observance included the presentation of small American silk flags to all aliens who had been naturalized in the last two or three years, and of large regulation flags to every play-ground in the city. Later, these flags were raised with appropriate ceremonies by the various neighborhood organizations through which they were donated. Entertainments were provided during the year at the orphanages, the old folks Homes, the tuberculosis hospital, and elsewhere. An endowment fund for the education of worthy children was started, and to-day the Lodge is sending a young girl to school. Two Boy Scout troops are being sponsored and a number of scouts were sent last year to the Summer Camp.

Recently another elk has been secured and presented to the City Zoo, replacing one which died, making altogether four of these animals given to the Zoo. Through the Social and Community Welfare Committee, the Elks of Houston have erected a club and headquarters building for the Girl Scouts on a tract of park property secured from the city.

The Lodge room has been refurnished and modern seating arrangements installed for the comfort of the members. The Good of the

The recently dedicated Home at Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240



Order Committee has been very active and provides an entertainment feature for each session. The membership of No. 151 has been increased fifteen per cent during the year, and a very active interest is being manifested in the Lodge sessions, as evidenced by an average attendance of approximately one hundred members at each meeting for the forty sessions held during this fiscal year.

District Deputy McGovern Honored On Visit to Own Lodge

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. McGovern paid his official visit to his home Lodge, Corning, N. Y., No. 1071, he was greeted by some 300 members and visitors, among whom were four Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers—John T. Osowski, John T. Gorman, Ivan A. Gardner and Harry L. Bogart.

The meeting, which was addressed by Mr. McGovern and the Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers present, was preceded by a dinner for the visitors and followed by a social session and a number of acts of excellent entertainment.

Will Rogers Tells His Own Story Of Visit to National Home

When Will Rogers, the famous comedian, recently visited the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., the event was reported in these columns. Since then the following copyrighted anecdote by Mr. Rogers has appeared in newspapers all over the country.

"The worst joke I heard to-day was told me by Charles L. Mosby, Superintendent of the Elks Home at Bedford, Va. I met him when I was out there to see those wonderful old fellows, and he must be a regular Guy, for he has been there a long time and has that place looking like a Park Avenue Hotel. I never saw anything as up-to-date and clean and pretty as that Home. It has the most wonderful location in the World and the shape it is built in it looks like anything but an institution of any kind. It looks like a gentleman's estate.

"I never enjoyed myself as much as I did out there, and am certainly glad I went out. If any of you readers are ever in reach, why not go out and see those great old fellows.

"Well, Charles had a story. He told me a story of an old 'way-back-in-the-mountains Virginian.

"He brought his boy in to school to a little country schoolhouse. 'This here boy is arter learnin', he announced. 'What's yer bill of fare?'

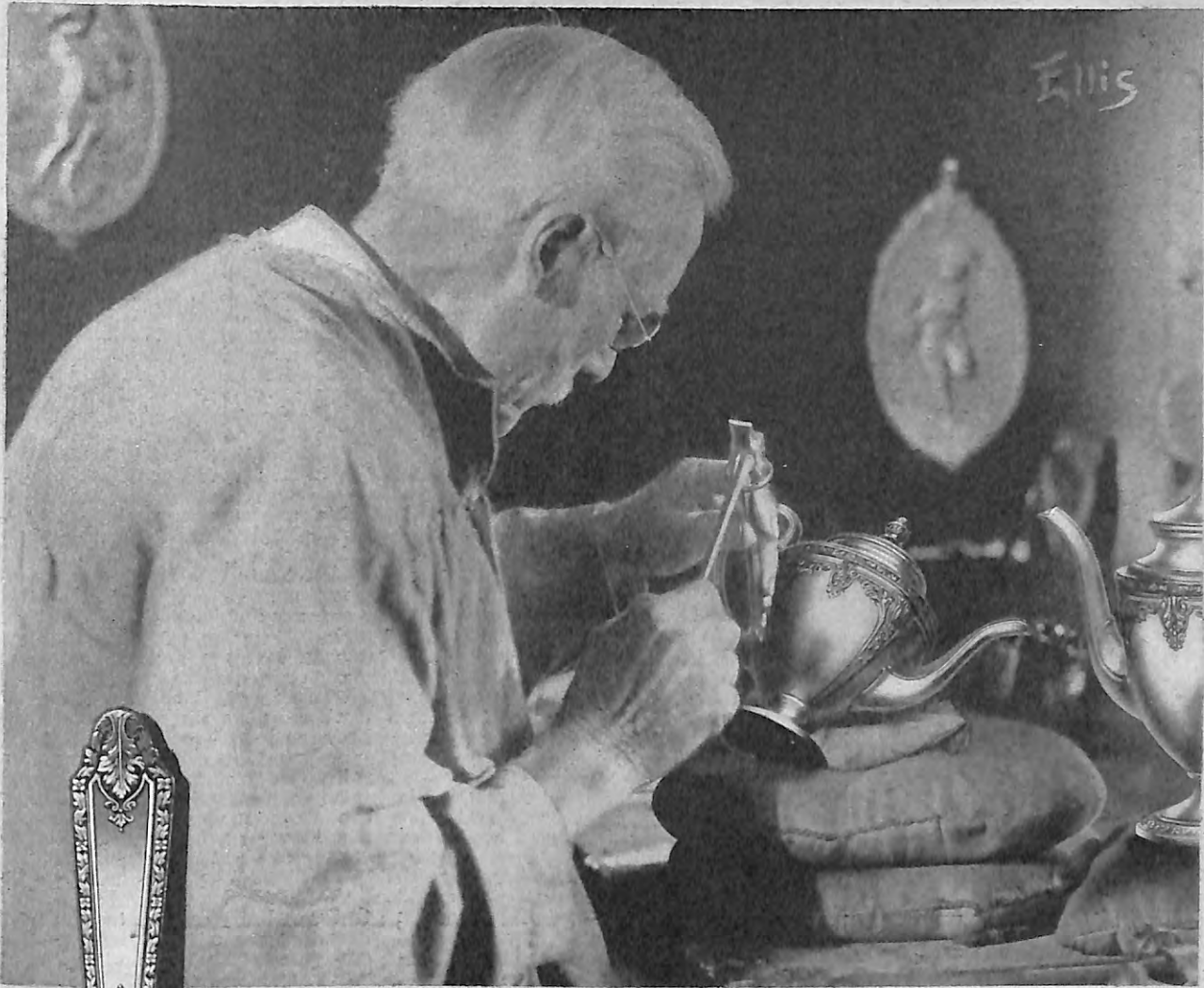
"'Well,' replied the teacher, 'we have Geography, Arithmetic, History, Trigonometry, and—'

"'That'll do,' replied the old mountaineer. 'Load him up with that triggonometry. He's the only poor shot in the family.'"

Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge Will Invite Grand Lodge Reunion for 1927

At the Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago next July a committee from Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, will invite the 1927 Convention to meet in its city.

This committee has been hard at work for
 (Continued on page 67)



Fred E. Coppage, for 29 years a Gorham Master Craftsman, chasing a Cinderella Tea Pot

CINDERELLA

The Master Craftsman's newest production

CINDERELLA PATTERN

Tea spoons	6 for	\$9.50
Dessert knives	6 for	\$21.00
Dessert forks	6 for	\$20.00

In five short months this latest achievement of the Master Craftsmen has grown from an artist's conception to one of Gorham's most favored patterns.

Of exquisite grace and delightful decoration—to see Cinderella is to understand its phenomenal reception. Your jeweler will gladly show you Cinderella.

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Quick-bulky full of MOISTURE! Williams lather softens the beard

LOOK in your shaving mirror tomorrow morning after you've lathered with Williams. Notice how moist the thick, clinging lather is.

Here's what Williams does:—

First it lifts the waterproof oil film from the beard.

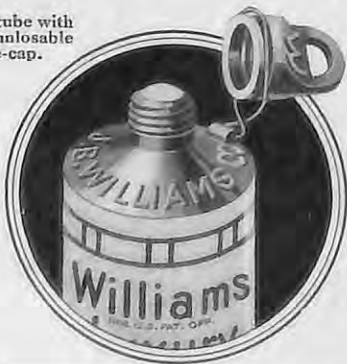
Then its tremendous moisture saturates the beard, softening it for smooth, easy cutting.

This pure white cream is absolutely free from coloring matter. It is the result of three generations of specializing in shaving soaps.

Send the coupon—or a post card—today, for a week's trial tube—free. The large-size tube is 35c. The double-size tube costs 50c and contains twice as much.

AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—A scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle free. Write Dept. 124.

The tube with the unlosable hinge-cap.



THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. 124, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial Size has no Hinge-Cap.)

Elks 4-36

'Feather-Duster'

(Continued from page 23)

throw your hat in the air, loosen your collar, an' holler 'Hooray!'

"That evenin' we were joshin' along to the clatter of knives an' forks, the Kid handin' it out hot to 'Tiny' Smith, a big, rough lumberjack who fought along Mason's lines. We were all laughin', and as for 'Tiny'—he didn't care what came his way, as long as several pounds of meat and potatoes came with it. All at once I noticed 'Tiny' gapin' over our heads. He gives me a smart kick on the shins. I turns. So did the others. And a dead silence fell on the long table—the breathless kind that nothin' less than one of nature's wonders can shake down.

"I can describe a fight for you, but the words with which a beautiful woman is reduced to paper are beyond me, despite the fact I'm Irish. 'Tiny' said, later on, that her eyes had the softness of black velvet an' the depth of a Canadian lake—which was pretty good for any man, let alone 'Tiny.' Jack Martin, the welter, whispers, 'Man, look at that hair, like a pile o' copper in the sun!' An' it was. Harry Spencer—son of old 'Cotton' Spencer—a wild, lovable youngster who thought the sun spun 'round me an' the Kid, did better than the rest of us.

"Small, an' dainty, an' kind of chiselled, without the hardness that word implies,' he murmurs, afterward.

"As for the Kid, he just looked, all eyes, an' I could see the breath came a little faster through his lips. When he turned 'round again, he rolled his eyes up in mock anguish, but he didn't fool me. I guess I took in all the things the others did, not overlookin' the clean, fresh pink of her skin, an' the tiny dustin' of freckles down the straight little nose. When I say that Madge Evans could get away with freckles on her nose, you will have a faint idea of just how good she really was!

"Well, the rest of that meal was finished in whispers, but the boys did an awful lot of lookin'. An' afterward Dennis introduced her, an' we sat on the steps, with the May breeze soughin' through the pines, lookin' (accordin' to Dennis), 'like a bunch o' gorillas 'round a pink angel.' But he was there himself. An' Miss Evans was quite composed, an' not at all in proper awe of the comin' world's champion or his handsome an' distinguished manager!

"NEXT mornin', strange to say, all hands were up bright an' early, with none of the usual grumblin' about turnin' out in the middle of the night. But we ate our ham an' eggs alone, for Miss Evans, Dennis remarked, left every mornin' for school at seven sharp. It was a long drive, an' her horse was no Man O'War.

"But she was home by five, an' after supper—when she wasn't readin' or correctin' papers—she used to sit around an' visit. She could stand us all on our ears, too, when the kiddin' started. We loved to hear her laugh—she had no polite titter, but a full, delighted whoop. Just the way a youngster laughs. She'd throw back her head, close her eyes till all you could see was the long dark fringe of lashes, and let it first bubble, then fairly burst from the round white column of her throat. The boys were always schemin' up ways to make her laugh, an' it wasn't so difficult, once we got acquainted, except for the Kid.

"You see, his experience with women had all been one way—they had chased after him, from shop-girls to society matrons. He had always been kind of scared of 'em. But this girl went the other way. I suppose she figured he expected her to fall like a ton of coal off the Woolworth Buildin', an' decided not to. Women are mean, that way, you know!

"I could see it workin', in his mind, like yeast. He buckled into his trainin' an' once, when Miss Evans happened home as the boxin' was startin', he like to cut his sparrin' partners to ribbons for her benefit. Just showin' off, as a youngster will, you know. But all she said that evenin' was:

"Do you have to beat up your friends so badly to get into condition, Mr. Farley?" And he turned peony red, for he had put on a whale of an exhibition, one to warm your heart. It began to make him fretful, I saw, an' he didn't tear into his food as he should have. I was worried.

"Jim Mason, over on Sugar Hill, had managed to meet her, too. Jim was, as I have said, hard

as nails, but not a bad fellow with men. And he had a big red automobile—those were the days when every automobile was red, and carried a brass bulb horn the size of a slide trombone. He and his rat-faced manager, Andy MacClary, used to come wheezin' along past our place an' take Miss Evans for a spin.

"Say, I took it upon myself to tell her, 'you've got a lot of nerve to go out with those birds. MacClary's so crooked that if he fell over he'd rock himself to sleep! And Jim Mason is no choirboy, either. Of course, it's none of my bus—'

"Thank you, Mister O'Sullivan,' she darts, an' me just havin' taught her to call me 'Dan' two evenin's before, when the boys were in the village. 'I'll pick my own company, if it's all the same to you! May I ask, by the way, what choir you sang in, yourself?' Mr. Burns didn't mention that to me, at all.'

"OFF she stalks, cheeks flamin' like poppies, an' her firm little chin in the air.

"Four weeks slid by, an' Kid Farley looked like a million dollars, physically. He had those long, bandlike, muscles; flexible as a strikin' serpent, strong an' tireless. It was a beautiful sight to watch their play beneath the satin skin, an' the sports writers used to fill whole columns with reports as to how he was shapin' up. They all agreed that he'd be the best heavy since Bob Fitzsimmons' day—if he packed a knockout punch. Most of 'em, after watchin' him step around, allowed us better than an even chance to snag the title, unless he fell foul of Mason's bone-crushin' wallop. An' that's one thing that didn't worry us a mite. They could see, however, that Kid Farley had somethin' on his mind. So I cooked up a big yarn about an offer he had recently received to go in as partner in a tremendously wealthy cannin' concern up north. I let it be understood that he was goin' through with the fight at great financial sacrifice, an', naturally, it worried him a little.

"Durin' the first week in June he got so silent that even Harry couldn't snap him out of it. So, after a day or two of serious meditation, I decided to put it up to him.

"Tim, I says, careless like, 'let's take a stroll along the ridge trail. It's cool there.' When we had gotten half a mile out, I flopped on a mossy bank. The Kid stood moodily, hands in his pockets, lookin' at the leaf mold he was turnin' up with the toe of his boot. He had the troubled look of a boy who has got somethin' wrong with him, an' don't know what it is, or what to do about it. But I knew, or thought so.

"Tim, I says, pickin' out each word slow an' easy, 'you an' I've hit it off pretty well for three years, haven't we?' He nods, shootin' a quick glance at my face. I goes on.

"You've had no reason to question my judgment, or my knowin' what was good for you, have you, son?"

"No,' he answers. 'You've been my best friend, Danny.'

"Well, then, with the chance to sit on Easy street for life less than two weeks off, would you trust me enough to give me one more promise, Tim?"

"I looked at him hard, an' I think he guessed something of what was in my mind. But the results of the last three years were before his eyes, an' he hesitated only a second.

"I think he imagined, blindly, as a youngster will, that an older man can clear up his difficulties simply because he has seen a bit more of life. He even seemed a trifle relieved by givin' me his word, as though it would put some of the burden on my shoulders from now on.

"I forget just how I put it, but I told him what a disturbin' factor a pretty face was apt to be to any man, let alone one in our present situation. An' I could see that he was impressed. So I finally spiked him by askin' him not to see Miss Evans again till after the fight, even to the extent of eatin' his meals in our rooms. After that I told him I didn't care what he did—even if he wanted to go so baffy as to marry the girl. Though, if you'd seen her, you'd have wanted to go just that baffy yourself.

"Kid Farley knit his brow, snipped his strong
(Continued on page 48)

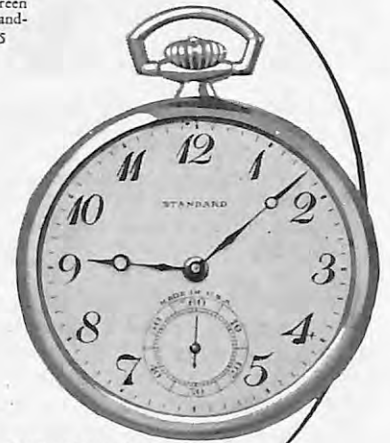
7-jewel Keystone Standard; handsomely designed nickel case; raised numerals on dial; \$10



15-jewel Keystone Standard; white or green rolled plate case of beautiful design; attractive gift box; \$15



15-jewel Keystone Standard in the famous Jas. Boss 14K white or green gold filled case; handsome gift box; \$25



7-jewel Keystone Standard plain, sturdy nickel case of excellent proportions; satin finish metal dial; \$8.75

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A Saving of \$1.65!	\$6.65

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



"Feather-Duster"

(Continued from page 46)

white teeth through a handful of wintergreen leaves, an' finally stuck out his hand.

"O. K., Dan," he grins, an' adds an old Irish clincher to it, 'an may this hand wither away if I break me word!'

"For the next two days neither Kid Farley nor myself set eyes on Miss Evans. If she noticed our absence from the dinin'-room she remarked it to nobody. I told the other boys that we were goin' over our plans, an' wanted quiet. Trainin' went on, harder an' faster, with everybody steamed up an' jumpy as the big day drew near. I had to import new sparrin' partners, but the Kid had them eager to quit after two or three sessions. An' the same sort of reports filter out of Mason's quarters, save that Andy MacClary swears his man is offerin' rewards to a partner who will last six rounds, an' nobody has claimed it yet. You know, all the usual bunk that is broadcast before every big scrap.

"On the fourth evenin' I had to go down to the telegraph office. Well I remember that night. Soft an' still, just a few puffs of warm air carryin' the scent of honeysuckle an' sweet fern across the fields. The peepers all tryin' to outpipe one another in the high grass where the brook widened out into a silver sheet to catch the moon an' stars. A faint haze, shot with fire-flies, hung just low enough to change familiar scenes into the purest romance. I sighed—rollin' a cigarette by the gate—without knowin' why, save that it all kind of brought a lump into my throat, somehow. Suppose it's the unreality of such times, an' the knowin' they can't last? I don't know now, any more than I did that night, but it hits me like that.

"As I leaned there, sort of drunk with the beauty of it all, I heard a small voice from the stone wall to my right.

"Good evening, Mr. O'Sullivan, isn't this glorious?"

"She was in white, soft clingin' stuff, with a dove-gray scarf ripplin' down across her shoulders. The moonlight simply bathed her, seemin' to touch a thousand tiny sparks of light from her hair, leavin' her eyes blacker an' deeper than ever. She sat, light and straight as a flower, on top of the old wall, smilin' at me kind of mockin', with a dimple playin' hide an' seek in her cheek. I must have been gapin' like a greenhorn, for she says, lightly, 'No wonder you look as though you'd never seen me before. If I weren't such a lady—and above such thoughts—I'd be tempted to accuse you, and Mr. Farley, of deliberately trying to cut me.'

"I moves up beside her, still gapin', an' as I looked into the pure beauty of her face my heart kind of swelled up till it reached my throat, where it stuck. I couldn't say a word, but my eyes must have given me away, with the moon in 'em, for Miss Evans suddenly grew serious an' looked off down the road. An' so bright was the light I could see somethin' beatin', right fast, beneath the white satin of her throat, when she turned her head.

"CUT you?" I whispers, leanin' closer, 'Never in all my life have I seen anythin' half so lovely as you are this minute, Madge.' An' that speech came straight from the heart. But the man who couldn't have made it, or a better one, must have lacked eyes entirely.

"I was accompanyin' it with the natural gesture of tryin' to take her slender little hand, as it rested on a stone atop the wall beside her. There's no tellin' what might have happened had I not stepped on a round rock—naturally havin' no time to notice the earth with an angel before me—an' fallin', literally at her feet. That cracked the spell, an' Madge tipped back her head an' whooped joyously, rockin' back an' forth as I floundered up, brushin' the grass from my knees. But I couldn't laugh, somehow, though ordinarily I can have one on myself with the best of good humor.

"I never expected," she says, eyein' me demurely beneath her long lashes, 'to have so standoffish a man as yourself at my feet, Mr. O'Sullivan. But I guess I have the rock to thank for it!'

"Before I could answer, the sound of voices came to my ears, down the walk from the house. An' without thinkin' why, unless it might be

some wild notion of sparin' the Kid's feelin's, in case it were he, I said, 'See you later, Madge, if you will,' an' slipped off through the golden-rod an' down the road. I looked back, an' there she sat, one little hand at her throat, surprise an' a kind of a hurt look strugglin' on her face.

O'Sullivan narrowed his keen eyes on the dark ribbon of road ahead. Small knots of muscle stirred along the lean jaw as he clamped solidly on his cigar. The humorous brackets vanished from the corners of his mouth.

"What I am tellin' you now," he said, slowly, "is the inside story of a great fight. If you look back into the newspapers of that date, you will merely find the announcement that the impendin' heavyweight battle between Jim Mason, champion, an' Kid Farley, challenger, had been postponed due to injuries suffered in trainin' by both principals. This is what happened, an' 'tis known to not more than a dozen people to-day:

"HARRY SPENCER tells me that after I left, he an' the Kid are loungin' on the steps, Harry pickin' out a few chords on his banjo, an' the Kid experimentin' with his fluky tenor. The rest of the boys, even to Dennis Burns, had got hold of an old hound an' gone off coon huntin'. Well, Harry says that after awhile he looks up an' sees Kid Farley strainin' his eyes at somethin' white down the road. His face was kind of twisted up, an' his knuckles showed white on the porch railin'.

"What's up, Tim?" asks Harry, startled.

"Oh, nothin', I guess," replies the Kid, his voice a bit strained an' unnatural. He steps slowly down on to the grass. 'Go ahead, give us "Apple Blossom Time in Normandy"—I'll be back soon.' Off he saunters down the walk, straight an' springy as a saplin'. Halfway to the picket fence he turns an' calls to Harry, 'Where's Dan?' Harry tells him I've gone to the telegraph office, whereupon he squares his shoulders an' goes on.

"Harry tinkles out a few more chords, then, kind of uneasy, gets up an' strolls after the Kid. Harry was no fool, he had a pretty shrewd head behind his gold glasses. An' he idolized the Kid, an' me along with him. Well, he gets down near the road, an' there he sees the Kid talkin', dead serious, with Madge Evans, beside the wall. She was smilin', he says, but seemed a bit uncomfortable, an' kept glancin' off down the highway. As he was about to butt in, she said somethin', an' they moved out through the goldenrod an' onto the road. The moon was as bright as day, as I said, an' they were walkin', step by step, the Kid holdin' her arm.

"Harry felt uneasy, he couldn't have said just why, an' was kind of skulkin' along in the shadow of the stone wall, beatin' whether or not to make it a crowd an' earn the Kid's displeasure, or to light out after me. All at once he hears a distant roarin' an' snortin', an' a white beam of light shoots up over the hill ahead. As he listens, the headlights of a car stare over the crest, an' down it swoops.

"The Kid an' Madge step to one side, an' the headlights pick 'em up. Down thunders the car, an' grinds to a coughin' stop about twenty feet off. Two men were in it. Harry says he could almost hear Andy MacClary whisper, so quiet was it when Jim Mason shut off the motor. "There was dead silence for a minute, then Jim an' Andy get out.

"Hel-lo," says Jim, over polite, walkin' up to the two. Harry says his shadow, in the moonlight, looked as big as a house. Andy snickers, 'Why, it's the Queen, Jim!' Jim nods, smilin'.

"Why, so it is, an' the Kid himself, as they say.' He plants his great fists on his hips, an' looks hard at Madge under his thick brows.

"I thought," he says, in a voice that had a file in it despite the slow drawl, 'that the Queen told me she wasn't goin' out with anybody, especially me an' Mr. Farley, until we had kept our little date on the fifteenth. An' here I just happen by—'

"Kid Farley steps up, lips smilin', but two chill blue fires in his eyes. He speaks soft, too, but with an edge on every word.

"I guess I can explain that, Jim. I wasn't aware that Miss Evans was tellin' anybody what

(Continued on page 50)

"Feather-Duster"

(Continued from page 48)



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she was goin' to do or that it was anybody's business but her own. I butted in on—

"Sa-ay," an' Mason's voice rose a pitch, "when I want you to—"

"—an' I took it upon myself to tag along, uninvited." The Kid's voice rose, too, just high enough to keep itself heard above the other's. "I guess that's about all, an' now get into your little red automobile, Jim, an' take the company along."

"I'll get in when I get good an' ready. But before I forget myself, I want to tell you one or two things. You're young yet, an'—"

"At this point Harry saw that trouble was about to bust like a thunderstorm, so he lights out across the fields an' arrives, sobbin' for breath, in the telegraph office.

"Quick!" he gasps, tearin' at my arm. "May be—too late! Tim—and—Mason—up th' road goin' to be trouble!"

"I'd heard enough, but my mind simply went numb. We legged it across the fields, stumblin' through blackberry tangles, pantin' like wild things. Then I saw the white headlights layin' along the road, an' two dark figures weavin' in an' out.

"God," I sobs, clawin' my way over the wall, "stop 'em, why don't they stop 'em?" I floundered onto the hard white road, somehow, an' slogged toward 'em. My lungs were on fire—I tried to shout, but only a hoarse croak sifted out.

"Jim Mason was well over two hundred, an' the Kid was no lightweight, but they shifted about like ghosts in the unreal light. As I drew near, strainin', I saw Andy MacClary step in an' try to catch Mason's arm. Without even lookin', Jim gave him a backhand swipe that flopped him like a straw man. Then he rushed the Kid, swingin' hard with both hands. But the Kid, white-faced, dances back, sidesteps, an' counters with a one-two that stops Mason dead. While he glares, the Kid darts in an' bobs his head back with two lefts that smacked like a double-barrelled shotgun. Then he's away again, just out o' reach. Again the champ jumps in, but not quite so fast, an' this time he gets in close. His back was toward me, but I could see the quick shift of his heavy shoulders, an' the smash of the big fist over Kid Farley's heart. His guard was a bit high, for Jim had worked him around so the headlights were in his eyes, an' down he went. I thought Mason would be on him, then, for he was a famous rough-an'-tumble fighter, but it must have looked too easy.

"That," he says, hoarsely, 'is a man's punch. 'Tis useful in prize-fightin'!"

"The Kid rolls slowly to his hands an' knees, pressin' his left arm to his side. It was a killin' blow, that last one. I took my eyes off him for a flash as a girl in white sank down beside the road, holdin' her hands over her face. When I looked back, they were at it again. I knew Jim Mason would never get another such openin'. The Kid was hobblin' a bit, round an' round, but showin' his dazzlin' speed with his hands. By the time we staggered weakly to the car he was pretty much himself. If I could have shouted then, or even spoken. . . .

"I caught a glimpse of the Kid's face, chalk-white, set with two blazin' eyes. Almost crazy he looked, but cold, as a man must be to fight with his brain as well as his body. An' he circled Mason like a terrier circles a mastiff, worryin' the life out of him, jabbin', jabbin', jabbin' at him. Then in a flash, came the rarest bit of drama I ever saw, or heard of, between fightin' men.

"Perhaps it was mere bravado on Mason's part. Perhaps he wanted to show off. Or, perhaps he figured to draw the Kid within reach of his murderin' hook again. Anyway, I was amazed when he suddenly drops his arms, sticks out his rockbound jaw, an' snarls, 'Let's see what you got, Feather-duster!'

"I jumps forward with a yell. Too late. All the crazy Irish we'd kept in hand for three tough years swept before the Kid's eyes in a red flood.

"A kind of a sob breaks through his lips. Mostly rage. An' with it flashed the right, round an' up, driven like a steam piston by a hundred an' eighty pounds, runnin' wild.

"Well, sir, did you ever hear the kids, at

Hallowe'en, smack a stockin' full of flour on the sidewalk? That's the way that wallop sounded. An' Jim Mason crumples up, an' he falls *backwards*, for the first time in his life. A man's got to be hit pretty hard to fall that way, you know. I remember, yet, wonderin' if he were dead, so still he lay, with the headlights white on his face.

"I looks up, at a low moan beside me. An' there's the Kid, cold sweat runnin' down his face, squeezin' his right between his thighs.

"Let's see it, Tim," I mutters. 'Twas worse than I feared, even. Both middle knuckles jammed back nearly an inch, mere flat puffs, swellin' as we looked. Meanin' broken bones beneath, an' the remainin' two bashed up for good measure. I tries to straighten the fingers out, gently, but now they're all the same length, an' they won't straighten, either. I'd fooled with enough varieties of busted hands to know that they never would again, too. We were through."

O'Sullivan sat back, relaxing with two or three long pulls at his cigar. He had eased the car to a stop before his handsome white Colonial house. It was late, but the upstairs windows still glowed orange. I smoked silently. Presently he inspected his cigar, and sighed. He went on, nodding slowly, eyes dreamily fixed on the white house, and beyond.

"Yes, we were through, but 'twas a gorgeous exit. The world's champion knocked stiff by a man who was not supposed to be able to crack a plate!

"That night, I'll never forget it. One long nightmare. Andy MacClary telephones, an hour later, that Mason's jaw is fractured in two places. I tells him our little difficulty, an' that I think we'd better get together, an' frame up our stories so they click. Which we did, while the Doc was shakin' his head an' doin' what he could with the Kid's smashed beetle of a hand. Andy gives it out that Jim had slipped as he was crankin' his car, an' been smacked by the crank, an' I allows Kid Farley had hurt his hand slayin' a new sparrin' partner.

"The burstin' of my bubble," said O'Sullivan, "left me with no heart for the game. So the Kid an' I hit for New York early next day, an' wound up our connection inside of a month, while he was takin' treatment. But to this day he shakes hands with his left."

"What became of him?" I asked, eagerly.

"Oh, he's a well-to-do canner now. We get together about eight times a year, when business brings him down from Newfoundland. Did I tell you how he got a start?" I shook my head.

"Harry Spencer was pretty much all heart, even if he was old 'Cotton' Spencer's son. An' the old man worshipped him—when he wasn't tearin' his hair over him. Anyhow, within a week he saunters in, real embarrassed, an' hands me an envelope.

"Openin' it after he left, on his orders, out flutters a check for twenty thousand bucks, drawn to my order, an' signed by old 'Cotton' himself. A little note, in Harry's jagged hand, reads: 'Leaving for South to-night. The Governor seems in earnest about me learnin' the cotton business, at last. The enclosed is one of the terms of the agreement reducing me to a workingman, Danny. Split it fifty-fifty—it's a ridiculously low price for a ringside seat to the grandest fight ever staged! Write to me, both of you, and good luck. Harry (the worker).'

"Well, we split," concluded my companion, smiling, "an' Tim buys out the whole cannery, instead of a part."

"And what," I made so bold as to ask, "did you do with your share, Mr. O'Sullivan?" He shot a quick glance at me, threw back his silvery head, and laughed.

"Two things. I got into the automobile business, just when it was startin' to pay. An' I got married."

As his laugh shattered the suburban quiet, the front door of the white house opened. Framed in the golden square was a girl, white-skirted, with a sweater of singing yellow. Slim, rounded, with smiling eyes that I knew to be soft as black velvet and deep as a lake in Canada. Crowned

(Continued on page 52)



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"Feather-Duster"

(Continued from page 50)

by a mass of glorious copper hair which seemed to spark 'round the edges, like an aureole, from the light behind her.

"I heard you, Danny," she accused, with a throaty little chuckle. She peered forward, trying to penetrate the curtain of darkness that hung between us. "You come in here, and don't

make any noise. I've just got young Tim to sleep."

"All right, hon'," replied O'Sullivan, in a stage whisper. He looked at me, nodded toward the vision. "Like to meet her?"

"Would I?" said I, fumbling at the door catch. "Would I!"

Discounting Trouble

(Continued from page 20)

invested in the production will not all be lost. It was given out that in one screen drama in which a large and expensive doll figured, this valuable piece of mechanical property had been insured for \$50,000.

When a horse runs away in a crowded street, knocking people down and perhaps winding up with a grand smash through a plate glass window, its owner is liable to damage suits. He may or may not know that there is a "frightened horse" policy, which is based on statistics showing that even in this thoroughly motorized country 20,000 runaways occur every year.

One of the strangest requests for insurance on record came from a gentleman who was about to fight a duel. He wanted to be covered against loss of life or limb and also against the possibility of total dismemberment, but he was unable to find an insurance company foolish enough to take the chance.

NOT long ago a smallpox epidemic played havoc with the popularity of certain seaside resorts. Storekeepers had stocked up in anticipation of heavy summer business which did not materialize. Now they can insure against loss because of epidemics. It is possible also for tradespeople and others to secure protection against diminished business caused by the declaration of a period of national mourning. In England, business men have been insured against the vagaries of politics. During the British elections of 1924, policies were written covering the holders against the success of certain political parties. One firm took out a policy contingent on the possible reduction of the customs duty on Havana cigars.

If you have been a sufferer from the naughtiness of laundries, it may cheer you to know that you can obtain insurance on your silk shirts and other effects under what is known as a "laundry bundle" policy. This gives you the comforting knowledge that even if the laundry people give your things to some one they like better, you will at least be able to afford new ones.

When you go away on a trip, you can protect yourself not only against bad weather, but against the loss of your baggage and other possessions. You can buy a tourist "floater" policy and laugh at trunk thieves. But be careful to lock your hotel door, because if a light-fingered neighbor sneaks into your room and slips out with a suit of your clothes, you will find that your policy does not cover you against that. The thoughtful vacationist, before leaving home, covers his house with a policy indemnifying him in case of damage to building or contents from water leakage—roof or plumbing—and also protects himself from damage suits arising from the personal injury of any other person on his property while he is absent.

Beauty parlor specialists, having been sued occasionally for damages by clients whose hair they have burned off, or dyed pink, by accident, are playing safe these days by carrying insurance against *contretemps* of the sort. Their ability to secure such policies depends a good deal on their skill and reputation. The beauty parlor client, however, is still without benefit of insurance, so far as concerns coverage against mishaps of this kind.

Golfers and other sportsmen have been quick to see the value of the special forms of insurance now issued for their protection. Incurable slicers and hookers, who have lived in dread of hitting players on parallel fairways, may now feel secure at any rate from loss by suit on the part of the persons hit. If some company could only put out a policy insuring men against slicing or hooking, there'd be millions in it.

The usual golf policy covers the player to the amount of \$150 damage to his clothes and equipment in case the club-house burns down, in addition to taking care of the personal liability feature.

An interesting case of odd character was that in which a man who had held a position of responsibility in a large concern for some years foresaw the danger of being turned out of his job in the event of a change in the management of the concern. He applied for insurance which would provide him an income in such an eventuality. The insurance company investigated his record and issued the policy. Similar in intent is the writing of group insurance to cover bodies of workmen against destitution due to unemployment.

The next time you have to go to law, remember that if you win your case in a lower court, but fear that the decision may be reversed in a Court of Appeals, the thing to do is to insure against such reversal. This is being done more and more.

"Freak covers," observed an insurance man to whom the subject was broached, "are all very well in their way. They're interesting as curiosities and draw public attention to our business. But as in the case of the foreign steel concern which bought a lot of raw material in this country and stored it here and wanted it insured against sinking of the ground, from weight, many of the most unusual policies are of benefit only to the few persons directly involved. There is one form of insurance, however, which, while it is still so new that hardly one man in a hundred has used it, offers protection of so practical and necessary a nature that every business man can use it to advantage.

"You have surely read newspaper accounts of fires," he went on, "that ended up something like this: 'The damage was estimated at \$100,000 but the loss was fully covered by insurance.' That sounds as if everything were all right, and that the owner of the building had nothing to worry about. But as a matter of fact the loss covered by fire insurance is only part of the total damage. Sometimes a very small part, at that. Take a factory fire, for instance, in which the damage is only \$10,000, and suppose for the sake of argument that the only thing injured by fire is a very delicate machine, made specially for that plant and indispensable to its operation. And suppose, further, that the machine in question can not be duplicated in less than ninety days. Would you say that because the \$10,000 loss represented by the destruction of that machine was fully covered by fire insurance, the manufacturer had no'ing to worry about? I should say not.

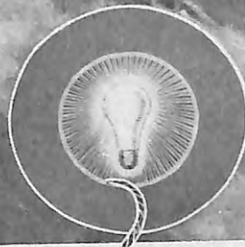
"What's going to happen to him and his business during the three months it takes to replace that essential machine? Assuming that he has a big organization—officers, superintendents, foremen, auditors, secretaries and typists, clerks, buyers and salesmen—how's he going to keep them together, unless he pays them? And where will his profits go, and his stockholders' dividends, while he is paying them? And how can he meet his bills, his taxes and insurance premiums and the interest on his loans? His fire insurance money won't do that for him.

"That's where this comparatively new form of policy comes in. It's called Use and Occupancy insurance, or, a better name, I think, Business Interruption Indemnity, and it offers protection against loss during the time a business is wholly or partly at a standstill. The manufacturer or merchant figures out, or rather the underwriters figure out, from his books, the amount of his

(Continued on page 54)



The Graybar quality tag—under which 60,000 electrical products are shipped.



**The light
in the
window**

A BEACON in the night, a signal of safety and welcome! Home seems all the cozier where Sunbeam Mazda lamps shed their soft, clear light.

For Mazda lamps and everything electrical look to Graybar as the logical source of quality supplies for

office, factory, store and home.

The tag above identifies more than 60,000 electrical products distributed the country over by Graybar Electric—successor to Western Electric Supply Department in name and in a half century's experience.

Discounting Trouble

(Continued from page 52)



Champion X—exclusively for Fords—packed in the red box, 60¢

In Canada 80c

DEPENDABILITY

The greatest thing about a Ford is the way it keeps going, even under the worst conditions. The dependability of Champions—which have been standard Ford equipment for 14 years—is an integral part of Ford dependability.

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.

CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine
Toledo, Ohio



annual net profit. They then write him a policy that covers his fixed charges and his net profits, so that, even if fire brings his business to a dead stop, all he stands to lose is that group of customers who will not or cannot wait for him to resume deliveries. This branch of insurance has been extended to embrace not alone manufacturers, though it was originally started for them, but department stores, garages, hotels and in fact any business which suffers loss through interruption due to fire, lightning or explosion."

An instance of the working of this insurance occurred in New York, where fire broke out in the basement of a restaurant, due to a lighted cigarette left in a locker. The fire was confined to the basement, but damage was done to the premises upstairs by smoke and water and eighty days elapsed before the place could be reopened for business. The owner was paid during that time, under the terms of a Use and Occupancy policy, for the profits lost while his establishment was idle.

Business interruption insurance also protects individuals gaining their living in other ways than manufacturing or storekeeping. A taxi driver, for example, was cruising along in search of fares, when out of a side street shot a private car, hell-bent and heedless of the taxi's right of way. The cruising cab was badly twisted up by the impact, but the driver was not seriously hurt. He brought suit for the damage done to his chariot and not only that but, under the terms of his policy, he sued also for the loss of income involved during the time said vehicle was laid up for repairs.

The insurance companies receive many requests for coverage from persons who desire to be relieved of all labor, thought and responsibility.

"One business man wrote in," said the manager of a large company, "asking to be insured against any loss in his operations. We could not figure out any basis for issuing a policy broad enough to enable a fellow to sit back and not worry about whether he was going ahead or behind during the year, so we had to decline the proposition."

For the most part, however, business interruption indemnity is founded on rational and serious considerations. There is, for example, what is known as "outside power" use and occupancy insurance. This provides that the manufacturer who buys his electric current from an outside station can be indemnified for loss due to the idleness of his factory because of the breakdown or destruction of the plant supplying that power, if it is the result of fire, tornado, or earthquake.

Another form of this type of coverage is called

"contingent" use and occupancy, which works as follows: The Doe Company, let us say, markets a household appliance which it assembles in its own plant from parts made by other concerns on contract. Its ability to do business depends on the regularity with which the various parts-makers keep their delivery schedules. Should one of them fall down, it would tie up the Doe Company, at least until a substitute parts-maker could be found—not always an easy matter. Ordinarily, since the Doe Company's overhead would have to be met and its profits would be lost, during the delay, defection of a parts-maker might deal it a serious blow. With a "contingent" use and occupancy policy, however, the Doe Company would be indemnified against such loss.

Business interruption indemnity takes so many forms, and terms vary so according to the nature of the enterprise covered, that it is impracticable in this article either to attempt an enumeration of all its branches, or to give detailed explanations of the bases on which it is written. It may be well to state, for the benefit of those interested, that businesses having seasonal peaks and depressions of trade can secure it as well as those whose income is steady the year 'round.

The availability of such insurance suggests the wisdom for every business man of looking into the subject to ascertain what protection, in addition to the usual fire and burglary forms, he may be able to secure. He may find ways of saving money, potentially at any rate, of which he had not dreamed. Here is an illustration:

Suppose a corporation pays a \$10,000 premium for fire insurance. And suppose, further, that within a short time it has a small fire. The loss is covered by the policy with a wide margin to spare. In fact, it would have been covered by a much smaller policy, with a premium of only \$2,500. The corporation is out, therefore, two-thirds of the premium, or \$7,500; for after the fire it is necessary to re-insure and pay a premium all over again. This \$7,500 of unexpired premium could have been saved, by insuring it at the time of buying the policy, for a relatively small additional charge. A simple idea, yet known to relatively few.

There's a bit of advice printed in the theatre programs that runs like this: "Look around now and choose your nearest exit." It would make a good motto for business offices, large and small. Every avenue of escape from a possible tight place is worthy of investigation. The tight place may, perhaps, never materialize. But sometimes it takes only one to put a concern out of the running.

The Man Who Burned a Hole in His Coat

(Continued from page 33)

"Was you scared?" And she says, "A little. But I didn't want to stop."

So we drove along, keeping to the river-road, and after a while we come to where a creek emptied into the river. It was muddy under the bank like it always is but up on top the grass was thick and green and the sun come through the leaves of the trees and made it pretty. I left the car aside of the road and we got out and went and set down in the shade.

I took the auto robe and spread it out on the grass and we set on that and et our lunch and drunk our ginger ale. "Just like old times, Minnie," I says, and she says, "Yes, Will." But it wasn't like old times. There was something missing and we both knowed it.

Well, after awhile we got to talking about it and I asked Minnie what she thought it was. And she says, "I don't know. It ain't just because we're older, and haven't seen each other for twenty years, though that's got a good deal to do with it. It's something we had, and lost, and maybe won't never have again."

"You can call it happiness if you want to," she says, "But it was more'n that. It was the secret of happiness," she says.

"I'd give a lot," I says, "to know what it was. To be able to put it in words and say it so as to keep it always."

"Yes," Minnie says, "It would be mighty sweet to find it again, and know we'd found it, and have it to look back on the rest of our lives."

Well, we'd finished our lunch by then, and Minnie says, "Don't you want to smoke, Will?" And I says, "I was just thinking of a cigar," and she says, "Wait!" she says, "I got something for you," and she took out of her coat pocket a little package tied up with a yellow ribbon that looked faded.

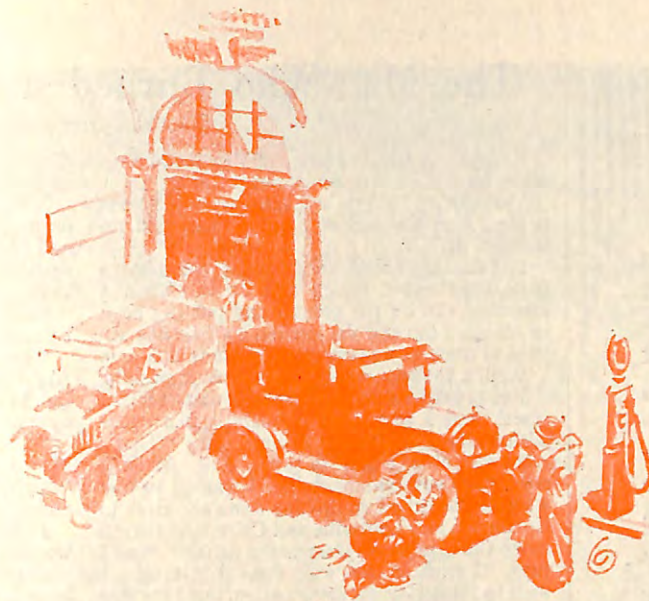
"Open it," she says.

So I untied the ribbon and opened it, and there was my old pipe and tobacco pouch I thought I'd lost twenty years ago. My briar pipe and the beaded pouch I bought from an Indian pedlar when I was a young man just starting out in the hardware business. I knowed them both the minute I laid eyes on them.

"You left them on the mantel that last night," Minnie says, "the night you come to tell me you was going to marry Annie. I guess you forgot them. I been keeping them for you ever since."

"Minnie," I says, "that's wonderful, Minnie!" "There's some tobacco in the pouch," she says, "I don't know as it's any good, but maybe if you smoke it, it'll bring back what's lost," she says, smiling at me.

(Continued on page 56)



... and the word went around —
get Silvertowns... They Pay Their Way

WHEN Goodrich with Silvertown introduced the first cord tire to America, tire beliefs and values were given a new ideal of performance and economy.

Overnight, Silvertowns raised the standard of tire service.

On speedway, highway, and remote trail Silvertown performance won the whole-hearted tribute of the man at the wheel, and a phrase was coined
“Get Silvertowns, They Pay Their Way!”

Every Goodrich Tire a Cord . . .
 Our vast tire making equipment is given over exclusively to cord construction. Whenever you see the name Goodrich on a new tire, it is a cord tire . . . and a matchless one.

Full recognition of it by motordom, full credit for Silvertown’s matchless traction and endurance, have manifested themselves in a universal demand for Silvertown Service on every type of car.

And for every driving purpose there is a Silvertown. For utmost comfort and secure traction, there are Silvertown Balloons—for general usage and economy, Silvertown Standards—for profitable bus and truck operation, Silvertown Heavy Dutys.



... Get Silvertowns, They Pay Their Way!

Goodrich Silvertowns

“Best in the Long Run”

The Man Who Burned a Hole in His Coat

(Continued from page 54)

BETWEEN the smokes Chew Beech-Nut Gum. Comfortable. Satisfying. Leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. New, fresh flavors—Wintergreen, Spearmint, Licorice and Fruit. A package costs 5c. Convenient to carry in the pocket.



Beech-Nut Gum

HARD little sugar candies—very refreshing—Orange, Lime and Lemon. The flavors are natural flavors. Beech-Nut Fruit Drops are entirely pure, genuinely good. Couldn't taste better, couldn't be better—so far as quality is concerned. The price is 5c.



Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

"Maybe it will," I says. "I've heard that when an Indian wanted to remember anything he'd forgotten he'd go and set down and smoke a pipeful of tobacco and like as not he'd remember it."

So I took my old pipe and filled it with tobacco from the beaded pouch and lit it. Then I stretched out on the ground and put my head in Minnie's lap and she stroked my hair like she used to when we was sweethearts a long time ago.

Well, a towboat went by on the river pushing a fleet of empties and kicking up water with her wheel, and I says, "Steamboats is like ducks with white tails," and Minnie says, "That's what you always used to say, Will." And she says, "Do you remember how I wanted to buy a shanty-boat and go drifting down the river to Cincinnati and Louisville and Cairo, and maybe down the Mississippi clear to the delta?" And I says, "I wish to God we'd done it, Minnie. I used to think it was a crazy notion, but I see now what a fine thing it would've been. You and me living in a shanty-boat and selling our goods to strangers, seeing the different States and the skylines of cities," I says, "and seeing new faces and strange sights like cotton growing in the South and the niggers picking it," I says, "or like the coal-mines up Kanawhy, that's dug into the sides of mountains. There's real mountains up Kanawhy," I says, and Minnie says, "Well, I guess it's too late now, Will." And I says, "Yes, I guess it is."

SO I laid there with my head in Minnie's lap, and smoked my old pipe, and after awhile the sun got around to where it was shining right on me and I never moved, it felt so hot and good. Maybe it was the hot sunshine, and maybe it was the taste of the pipe, but anyway I got to thinking back to the time when Minnie and I was young, and all at once I knowed what it was we'd lost and I told Minnie what it was.

The words just popped into my head, they must've been something I learnt when I was a young one, maybe they was potry or a part of some piece I learnt at school, but they come to me and I says them and they was right. They sounded strange and good, like when you hear Shuberts "Serenade" played in the dark or like fine singing at a funeral.

"Of earthly joys the joy in life is most divine." Well, when I says that, Minnie's hand stopped moving over my head, and she was so still it was like death. Death in sunlight.

"Minnie?"

"Yes, Will."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, Will. I heard."

"Well," I says, "that's it. That's what we had, and lost. The joy, the joy in life." And I kept saying it over and over. "The joy, Minnie, the joy in life! I had it with you, and I lost it. I throwed it away for my success in the hardware business, and for being a part of the bigger and better Riverburg." And I laughed, it all seemed so crazy and mixed-up and worthless.

But Minnie, she says, "Hush, Will. Don't laugh like that," she says. "It hurts me when you laugh like that." So I didn't laugh no more, and after awhile I says, "I love you, Minnie."

And she says, low and quiet, as quiet as the river flowing under the willows, "I love you, Will."

Well, I never moved nor stirred for a minute, then I jumped up and I pulled Minnie up with me, and I kissed her. Nor it wasn't the grown man in me kissing the woman in her, it was the boy holding the girl in his arms, and kissing her for the joy and sweetness of their two lives touching each other.

It was the life in us rising up and putting on its funereal finery, like trees in autumn, and being young and warm again before it come to its end.

I stood there holding Minnie in my arms and I kissed her and I was glad and proud to be a man, though I knowed it meant blindness and struggle and being lost and being alone and holding a funeral in your body and giving a shout now and then to show you ain't afraid. Well, I felt like shouting then, I wanted to cry out, "Look at me! Look at me standing up here and holding this woman in my arms in the sunlight on the bank of the Ohio River in the year

of our Lord 1925!" And all the time I knowed it was just a way of saying good-bye to her.

Minnie knowed it too, and after we'd kissed each other she stepped back and looked at me, and I looked at her, and we was just two middle-aged people that hadn't seen each other for twenty years.

"It's getting late, Will," she says. "We better be starting back."

"Yes," I says, "I guess we better be starting." And I began to pick up the odds and ends of our lunch, and the ginger-ale bottle that was left over and the auto robe and my overcoat.

"There's a red-bird in that tree," Minnie says as we walked towards the road, and I says, "Red-birds is getting scarce in this part of Ohio," and we got in the car.

I drove slow going back to Shantyville, and we just rolled along without saying much to each other. In twenty minutes or maybe half an hour I pulled up in front of the drug-store and Minnie got out and I got out with her, and we went up the stairs to her flat.

"Here, Minnie," I says, "you keep this extra bottle of ginger-ale," I says. "You might like it." And she says, "All right, Will," and she took it, and I unlocked her door for her.

Well, then I didn't know what to say, so I says, "Good-bye, Minnie," and put out my hand to shake hands with her. But she just stood looking at me, and all at once she throwed her arm around my neck and pulled down my head and kissed me.

"Good-bye, Will," she says. "I'll always have this to look back on." And then she sort of choked up, and turned around and went in her room, and closed the door after her.

I stumbled down the stairs and got in the car and started it without hardly knowing what I was doing. But when I got out on the road a piece, I see a sign-board that says, "To Riverburg, The City of Homes," and I begun to think about Annie.

It was most dark when I got home. I drove the car in the garage, and closed the door and padlocked it and then I sneaked in the house the back way, through the kitchen. The girl was out, it being Sunday night, and there wasn't a light anywhere, but when I got to the hall I heard Judy playing the piano in the parlor and she was playing Shuberts "Serenade."

Well, I went up-stairs, and I felt tired and old. There wasn't a light up-stairs neither, nor a sign of anybody, but I sort of knowed I'd find Annie in our room, and when I walked in there she was sitting by the window in the dark.

"Is that you, Will?"

"YES, Annie," I says, and I walked over to her and put my hand on her shoulder. I could feel her tremble, and I knowed she was crying, though she didn't make no sound. "It's all right, Annie," I says. "It's all right."

"Oh, Will," she says, "I didn't know as you was ever coming home again."

"It's all right, Annie."

"I thought maybe you'd gone for good, I don't know why I should've thought such a thing, but I did. And I blamed myself for not being more patient with you—"

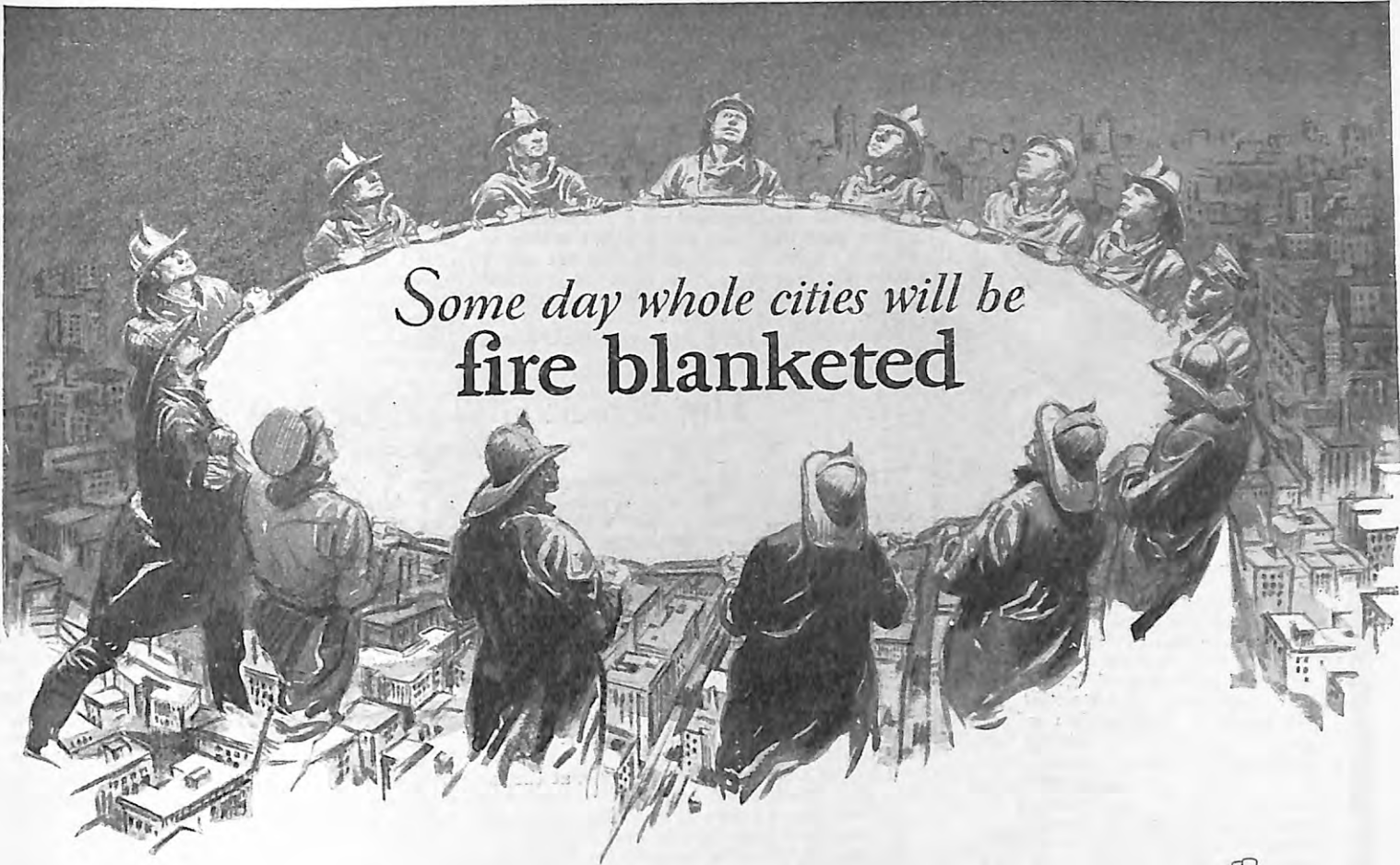
"Annie, Annie," I says, and she took my hand and held it against her cheek, and her cheek was wet and hot like she had a fever.

"I ought to've been more patient with you when you burned that hole in your coat," she says. "I ought to've knowed what it meant to you—the first new suit of clothes you've had in five years."

"It ain't nothing," I says. "It's all right," and it was on the tip of my tongue to tell her I'd been wearing the suit all day. But I didn't, because all at once I realized she didn't know I had on the suit and somehow I just couldn't tell her. I don't know why it was, but I didn't want her to know I'd been wearing it.

Well, Annie went right on talking about it, she says, "To-morrow morning first thing, I'm going to take that suit out of your closet and send it parcels post to Cincinnati, to that place where they do weaving. I got the address this morning after church from Joe Eberhart, and I told him if he ever says anything to you or jokes you about it I'll never speak to him again."

(Continued on page 58)



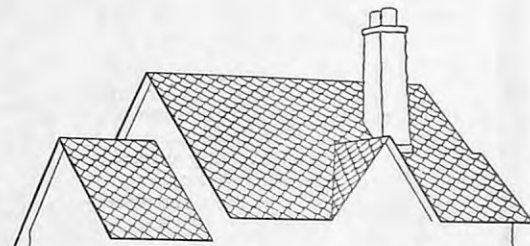
—Something to remember

PERIODIC destruction of whole city areas by fire leaping from roof to roof has conclusively proved that the fire-safe roof is a public as well as a private concern.

In the face of ever increasing fire losses, city authorities are demanding fire resistant roofings by ordinance. They are protecting themselves against conflagrations such as destroyed millions of dollars worth of property in Salem, Chelsea, Pasadena and other American cities. More and more they are insisting that the roofs of their cities be blankets of protection against fire.

Naturally, Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings and shingles more than meet such requirements of fire-safety. In addition they meet the most exacting demands of the owner for permanence, appearance and economy.

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What Kind of Asbestos Roofing?
This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced asbestos ready roofing or hexagonal asbestos shingles	Flexstone roofing No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings \$3,000-\$7,000	Hexagonal asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings \$7,000-\$25,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles or colorblend—appropriate colors
Dwellings \$25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough texture colorblend—five-tone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard or excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

Re-roof for the last time When re-roofing an old house, you can lay either hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles right over the old roof. This saves tearing off the old shingles which remain in place to insulate your home against heat and cold.



Crude Asbestos as it comes from the mine

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INSULATION
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PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

Until you have a
JOHNS-MANVILLE
ASBESTOS ROOF

The Man Who Burned a Hole in His Coat

(Continued from page 56)

Then she got up and sort of rubbed her cheek against mine, and she says, "I'm going down now and fix up some supper. I told that girl to leave everything. She's so shiftless, it's easier for me to do it alone. I'll call you when I'm ready for you, Will." And I says, "All right, Annie, and she went out of the room.

The door was open, and I didn't bother to close it. There was nobody upstairs but me. I guess Alice was out with her beau and Judy was in the parlor playing that piece, so I started to undress.

First I took off my overcoat and laid it over a

chair. Then I took off my new suit. I hung the coat and vest on a coat-hanger in the closet. Then I took off the pants and I put them in a pants-hanger and hung them in the closet.

All that time I'd been sort of listening to Judy playing Shuberts "Serenade" downstairs, and now I went to the door and listened for the end of it. The end is the sweetest part of it I always thought, and I stood there in my underclothes listening and thinking how pretty it was and wishing I could make up a piece of music like that, so as people would know how I felt about things even after I was dead and gone.

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 10)

The women picked up their babies, and ran into the houses. The mischievous children who had been running parallel with my path through the bushes, and making gay faces at me, suddenly disappeared in the undergrowth, and lay quiet as chickens when a hawk sails into the sky. The Manila men, in their slack trousers and open shirts, the loin-cloth clad Papuans, the bearded Binghis from the mainland, in all sorts of white-man rags, stood up where they were lounging and smoking each under the shade of his own granadilla vine and mango tree, and stared with set faces. It was far off sunset as yet, but a film of darkness seemed to have crept over the pale merry sky.

I looked along the street, and saw, at the far end of it, Herod Pascoe stalking.

He was not a pretty figure. Thirteen years, that had done their best for me, had done no good to him. Now he was near the fifties, and showed it in every line. He was too fond of eating. In spite of exercise, his stomach hung before him like a sack, and his neck and face had melted into one. He drank too much, though no one had ever seen him drunk; the slow constant nipping had made his face shiny red, and the red hair above—still unfaded—seemed to increase the ugly color of nose and cheeks. His eyebrows were growing huge and bristly, his teeth were yellow. No, certainly Herod was not wearing well. I had thought as much any time these five years, but to-day it struck me with more force than usual.

Down the village street he came, and the kindly little brown folk fled before him. Herod did not overwork his people; did not underfeed or underpay them, and in this he was better than many employers of the day, who made the indenture system stretch a good deal farther than any Government had intended. But nevertheless, the Manilas and the Binghis and the Japs and the Papuans, and their wives and their children down to the last staggering baby, hated Herod Pascoe, owner of the finest shelling fleet in the Straits, and master of Farewell. He had a rough tongue and a heavy hand; he would knock a diver insensible with one of the man's own lead weights, as soon as the dress was off, if the catch had not been to his liking; he would curse the fiercest of the Australian aboriginals, learned in all white-man villainy, till they were gray and trembling. He was hard on the women; the men were all that mattered to him. I have known him take a girl from her husband, and give her over to another to end some local dispute. I have heard of his bartering a pretty woman child as pay to a Jap, when the latter threatened to go back to Japan, and leave his section of the fleet uncaptured.

I suppose it was a disappointment to him, as usual, when he saw the inevitable scatteration. If so, he took no notice. There were bigger things on his mind that day. He saw me a long way off, and shouted my name. I think he had followed me from the house.

"What's the matter?" I asked, strolling toward him at leisure. I liked Herod's company; I could not forget—nor shall I ever forget—his personal kindness to myself.

"Let's get out of this damned village."
We got out of the damned village in a minute or two, walking as if no such thing as a hot season had ever been heard of. We struck the empty beach; it was blazing under a vertical sun, and the flour-white coral sand burned one's

eyes. I can see him now, a tall, ungainly figure in a dust colored silk suit, his panama cocked fiercely on one side, his gray eyes glaring out of his red face, beneath red, sweat-streaked hair.

I thought he was going to choke; he seemed unable to speak for a minute. Then he burst forth into a string of curses directed against a well-known shipping and general agency firm. I gathered that Messrs. Hogg Jamieson had had the misfortune to offend him seriously, but for quite some time I could not make out how.

"Shut your head, Herod," I said at last, impatiently. "I want to know what they've done."

He swallowed this; sometimes—not always—he would take more from me than he would take from anyone else. "They've sent me the wrong captain for the new boat," was what he got out at last.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's not the man I arranged to have. It was Bill Williams who was to come. You know Williams. Well, they've sent me a—a—well, see for yourself. There he is; strolling round the island as if it belonged to him. There he is—what do you think of him for a ship's captain—for my new schooner with the new oil engine in her? Eh? Eh?" He was as angry with me as if I had done it all—whatever it might be. That was one of Herod's pleasant ways.

"I don't see any captain," I told him. "I see a white boy walking on the beach. What's he doing here?"

"That's the captain. That's the captain!" He exploded again. "They've given him a contract, and they say they were lucky to get him, as the shipping strikes have upset everything so that good men can hardly be had. Men!"

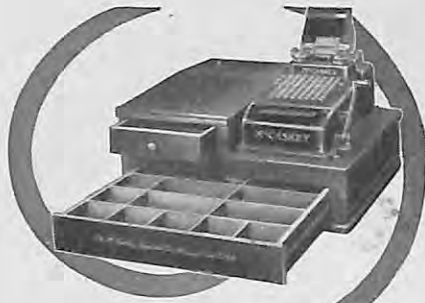
"You can get out of it, Herod. Probably he isn't—"

"He is. He is. He's got a master's ticket, the little hound. I can't get out of it; they were acting as my—never mind. I'll make him get out of it. I'll—"

"Do be careful; we're almost on him. He'll hear you." I was rather at a loss to account for Herod's fury. I knew him to be something of a hermit; visitors were not wanted, not even tolerated, on Farewell Island, and nothing but the need of a qualified master mariner to run the new boat in and out of various ports, would have induced him to break his rule of "no stranger." Still, he had broken the rule; Bill Williams, a rather tough old shellback, had been engaged, and Herod had been expecting him for weeks. I could not see why there should be such a fuss because Hogg Jamieson had been obliged to substitute a younger and probably better man. We were close upon the newcomer now, and I could see that he was no boy, after all; probably twenty-five—a lean, active fellow, with a little of the shellback stoop about him ("Sailing ship trained" thought I "and all the better for it"), very pleasant blue eyes in a narrow good-looking face with more than a touch of breeding about it; a cheerful, whimsical, laughing way about him when he spoke.

Well, the new young captain was very young, and very bright, with all the varnish still unscratched; but I didn't see what there was in that to make Herod "snake-headed," as the Australians say. I am astonished now to think how blind I was. Looking back, it seems as clear as daylight.

(Continued on page 60)



The Year's Biggest of Opportunities— —Is It For You?

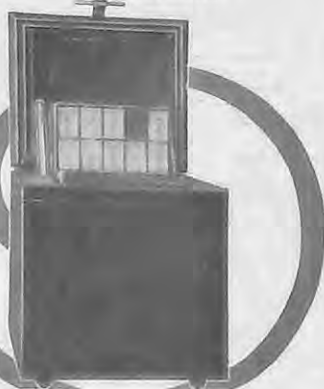
A position with one of the strongest national sales organizations in the country has been opened to a few men as a result of the pronounced growth of our business. Substantial and widespread distribution of our cash register and adding machine combination systems, credit registers and salesbooks—due to the rapidly increasing demands for this profitable type of modern equipment—have made the past three years the peak business years in the company's history.

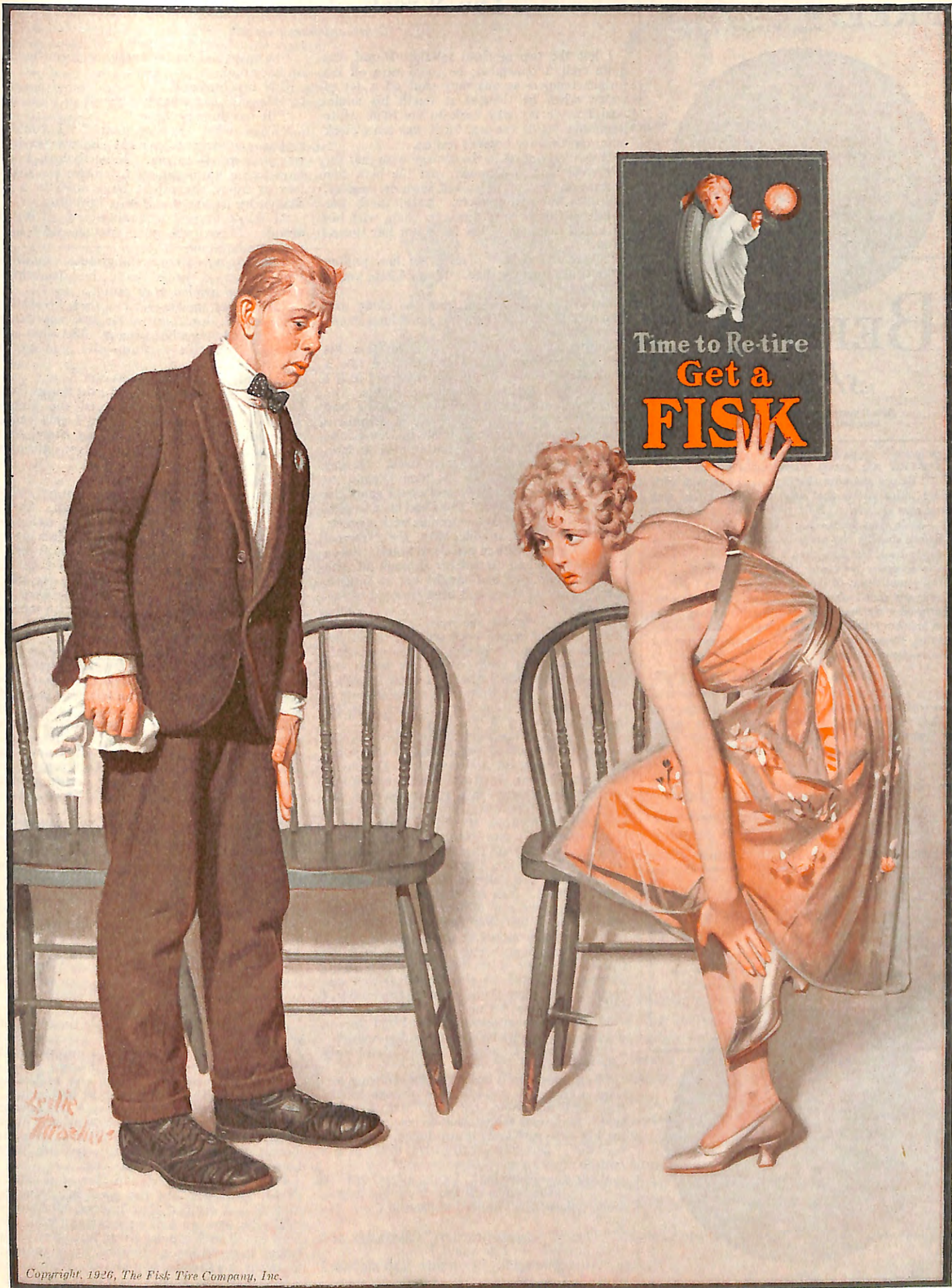
Consequently we offer real opportunities to a few men, opportunities which include an exceptionally satisfactory commission arrangement wherein the commissions are advanced weekly. We want—

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- Men who have organizing ability—
- Men who have either sold or have held other positions in business—
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Write us in confidence, sending full particulars as to experience and present location. Appointment will be made for a personal interview

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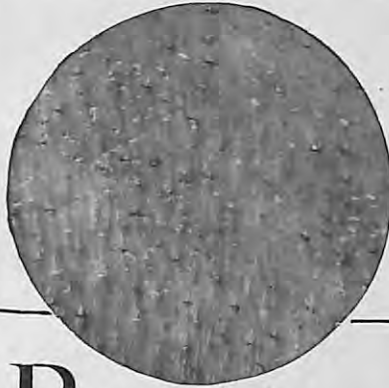




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Actual microscopic view Torn pores have had chance to partly heal.

HERE are actual photographs of the skin. Before and after shaving. And you men with tender skins know that after shaving the face feels worse than it looks. (Hair spikes your razor didn't get—wide open pores—torn skin!)

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Daily mutilation of tender skins demands this: A cream that cools and soothes . . . as you shave. That's why we made this new shaving cream.

A brand new cooling, soothing ingredient in Ingram's Shaving Cream does away with the necessity of hot towels—fancy lotions.

7 Shaves—FREE

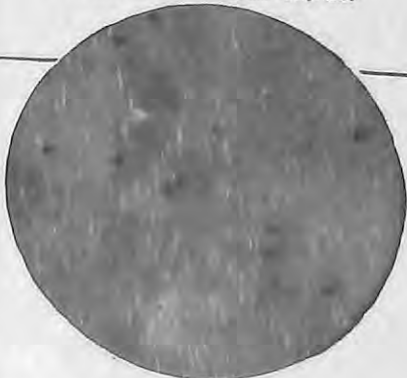
Ingram's Shaving Cream is being used by thousands of men with tender skins. It's proved itself. But note this: Don't buy. Accept it at our expense. Be sure of it. Write me today—ask for your sample tube containing 7 cool shaves. Free.

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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 Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 58)

I left the two of them talking—Herod was quite civil, I remember; he could turn off his furious tempers as one may shut off a jet of water, when he thought it worth his while. And I made my way back to my little white hermitage beside the sea, for it was ten o'clock now, and time for Laurie's lessons.

It was very quiet in the cottage with just the salt wind blowing through, and the high tide hushing on the sand. I walked down the passage, and into the sitting-room. Late! there was Laurie, sitting in my big planter chair, with her back and the brim of her big straw hat turned to me.

"Come on, girlie," I called to her, pulling down books from the shelf. "Sorry I kept you—Mrs. Pascoe!"

Herod's wife had risen from the chair, and instantly I saw that there was something wrong—terribly wrong.

During all these years, his carelessness, his coldness to Susan Pascoe had festered like a thorn in my mind. I have drawn Herod ill if I had not suggested that he could be lovable. His wife loved him; since the day when he had carried her off, in a whirlwind of impulsive passion, from her vicarage home in Devon, she had never faltered in her faithfulness to him. But Pascoe's impulse had spent itself. He was capable of constancy to his men friends, to women—so far as I knew, and could guess the history of his life, never. There had been trouble in his early married days—trouble with a pretty dark girl or so; trouble with the "eternal triangle" as met with in mainland hotels. Susan Pascoe's pride had carried her through all with shut lips; her love had taught her to forgive. Lately, I think, there had been no need of forgiveness.

But to-day—to-day she stood in my cottage, where she had scarce ever set foot in all my thirteen years on the island; her face was white as the sea-beaten sand outside the walls; and she had come to me for help. I knew it when I saw her, and I knew Herod was at the bottom of her trouble. Yet I could scarce think of it, for looking at her.

Every time I had seen Susan Pascoe in the course of those years, her grace had struck me afresh. It was a thing always new. One could not define it; one could not say that here and here was the charm—in a slight ankle, in the sway of a tall long waist, in the way that neck and arm harmonized, as chords harmonize in lovely music. It was something that included these, and ran beyond them; as if it were rooted, not only in the fine proportion of limbs and muscles, but deep down in the character of the woman herself. You felt that no one who had not the steadfast soul of Susan Pascoe, her self-restraint and her fine patience, could have walked and moved just as she did. . . .

All this was in my mind, subconsciously; I saw the delicate wave of her dusk-brown hair at the parting, and noted the gleam of silver that was beginning to show there, even in the midst of my amazement at seeing her.

She spoke almost instantly, but I had time to wonder many things before I heard her saying: "Mr. Polson, I know you're my friend—will you help me?"

"You need hardly ask," I said, drawing forward a chair. I was full of a strange delight that had no name, or none that I would give. She was asking me to do something for her—she was here, in my house, the "born bachelor's" hermitage, sitting in my chair, as if—as if—

What was she saying? I must attend to that. . . . ashamed to tell you. I can not help it. I can't sleep, I'm troubled night and day. I—I—

"There's someone coming," she said; and then hurriedly—"I'm afraid."

"Afraid?" I said. "Of what? Tell me how I can—"

"It's not 'what,'" she broke in, and then suddenly went dumb; her eyes alone spoke. They looked at me with something like horror half-concealed in their transparent depths.

"Of whom, then?" I asked, hurriedly also, for now I could hear footsteps, a good way off upon the hard-shell path that led to the house. Laurie was coming.

She answered me resolutely, as if she had made up her mind.

"Of my husband."

"Herod? But what has he—"

"He has done nothing."

"Then what do you fear?" I could not realize any weight in what she was saying; it was just words to me. Nevertheless, I would have had a hand cut off to relieve the slightest fear or fancy she might have spun in a mind shaken by isolation and long brooding.

"I don't know," she answered. "But I'm afraid. Things are going wrong—and I have never understood—"

The footsteps were coming close. Susan rose to her feet. I would have died to help her, whether she needed it or not.

"It's about Laurie—" she said, breathlessly. "No, no, I don't mean he has any fancy—No, I don't know what I mean. But what is she? What? And this captain—did you see him to-day?"

"Herod? Yes. He's—put out."

"Something's happening," said Susan Pascoe. Her intent gaze almost bored me through. Then her eyes dropped. "No, I was wrong," she said. "You're so much his friend that—No, I see he hasn't. But if you see light at any time—give it to me."

I wrung her hand.

"You know," I said. It was the only phrase that I could find. It seemed enough. She said "Yes," comprehendingly, and then walked out of the back door, just as Laurie's dancing step came down the shell pathway to the front.

"Hallo, Daddy Bertie!" I heard her call. It was her cheeky, laughing name for me. I had always let her call me what she liked, ever since the day, more than thirteen years ago, when the dark-eyed baby of two had been presented to me as my future pupil. One of the first words she learned (from hearing Pascoe talk to me) was "Bertie." "Pa Bertie" she made it later, when it became clear that Pascoe wanted no such name from her. He taught her to call him "Uncle," and Mrs. Pascoe "Aunt." Perhaps I had my own opinion about Herod's reluctance to claim the title of father, even in jest; perhaps Susan Pascoe had. She never said. She was kindness itself to the pretty wif, always, and Pascoe gave little Laurie anything and everything that a child could desire. Nevertheless—

Well, I was fond of the kiddy myself; very fond. I don't think—never having known love—that she missed it.

She came in that morning, as she always came, like a breeze, her brief flower-colored skirts flying behind her, her hair worn in a school girl pigtail, swinging as she moved. It was black hair, delicate and glossy as crow-feathers, and her eyes were dark and long, with beautiful eyelids, fine as curved shells. Her lips were as red as young lips generally are, and she carried them gaily apart as if she were sure of laughing at something by and by, and wanted to be ready. . . .

She was a beautifully made young thing; without the curious Botticelli-grace of Susan Pascoe, she was yet eminently graceful in her own way—a more fleshly way, if I may put it so. She had a dancing step when she walked; she swayed from the waist, just a little—just so much as a woman who is also a gentlewoman may. I have called her a woman, and that is what, in spite of her childishness, she was. Tropic flowers bloom early, and we judged Laurie, then, to be about sixteen.

Long since, I, and Susan Pascoe, I have no doubt, and probably the gossiping labor folk as well, had decided that Laurie, whatever she might be, was no half or quarter caste. It is hard to tell with a mere baby, but when the girl begins to grow into a "flapper," you guess, and when she is a woman, you know! Her character told us. Laurie wasn't especially interested in boys. That is where the dark drop talks. . . .

There were no white lads on the island, and seldom, very seldom, Laurie was taken to Thursday Island settlement by the Pascoes. But the sons of the Manilas, some of them with a touch of white in them, taken God-knows-where—and the younger Japs, who were quaint, attractive folk in their yellow way, might well have

attracted the interest of an ordinary girl, starved of natural friendship and companionship with the opposite sex. Philippine people are extraordinarily good-looking when young. . . .

She was, at sixteen, a child-woman, or a woman-child; hard to say which. "But the woman's in it," I said to Susan once. "When she awakes—"

"I don't know how that will come about," was Mrs. Pascoe's answer. "She never sees anyone here, and one has to chaperon her like a dragon at 'T.' I said something to Herod once, and . . ."

"What?"

"I shall never say anything again. No, he didn't answer. Not in words, at least. Herod can talk without talking—you know."

Laurie came in with her books and her bundle of exercises. I did not fancy she had seen Susan Pascoe going out; but if she had, it would probably not have interested her. I think she found all of us grown up folk a little shadowy. Do you remember how it was with you?

She was not shadowy, at all events. She breezed into her chair, flung down her books, and began to whistle, looking as lively as a grasshopper, and as full as mischief as an egg is full of meat. I waited for her to stop whistling, but she did not stop. She took the end of her immense plait of hair, stretched it across her teeth, and gave an imitation of someone playing wheezily on an accordion.

"Come on, Laurie," I admonished, using a schoolmaster tone that was not natural to my voice—and well she knew it!—Where's your French translation? Have you looked up a few of the words this time?" She was as well educated, God bless her, as most girls of sixteen, by this time; I had seen to that—and Susan Pascoe's school of manners could not have been bettered at court. But a scholar, in type or intention, Laurie was not, and there was a certain wildness, a hint of strange blood, about her, that not even that gracious and graceful lady could educate away.

To-day was clearly one of the wild days; there would be no teaching Laurie. I looked at her for a moment, then picked up my field-glass and little geological hammer.

"Come on," I said. "We'll make this our nature-study morning."

"Oh, Daddy Bertie," she exploded, rising from her chair in one swift curve, like a jet of water. "You do understand me!"

Laurie was in the doorway, dancing on one foot.

"Daddy Bertie," she called over her shoulder as she spun, "Daddy Bertie, who's the darling boy?"

They were simple words enough, but they took me straight in the solar plexus, and I gasped for breath. In that moment, many things became clear to me that had been dark before—so many, indeed, that I refused to acknowledge most of them, thrusting them hurriedly out of sight. One or two kept their place, and would not be denied. That Herod Pascoe had feared just the thing represented by Laurie's question, was sure. Why he feared it was less certain; still more puzzling, Susan Pascoe's terror. But I had those two facts to go upon, and as Laurie's guardian for the moment, it behooved me to answer prudently.

"My dear girl," I said, "what have you to do with any strange youth? And if you had anything," I hurried on, conscious of her wish to interrupt, "It would be Mrs. Pascoe's business to introduce him, not mine." I desired, frantically, not to be mixed up in it at all. In what? I didn't know then, but I felt—I felt the oncoming of the cyclone of events and tragedies, from which those half dozen careless words of Laurie's were the first flying drops of rain.

"Oh," she said, pausing in her dance, and looking at me with a new expression in her soft eyes. Somehow, they seemed to me to have grown steadier. "So you would not introduce us if we met?"

"He is only your uncle's new captain, and I don't even know he's going to stay," I said, my words tumbling out all in a hurry. "And if he did, he would be on the schooner all the time, and—"

"I saw him just as I was coming up to the cottage," she interrupted. "Uncle Pascoe said his name was Bill Williams, and he was almost as old as he was himself. At least, he said that

(Continued on page 62)



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If you go to your dentist at least every six months for a thorough inspection of your mouth he can prevent serious teeth decay and detect the first trace of dangerous gum infections. It is better to see him in time than to suffer needless pain and take chances with your health.

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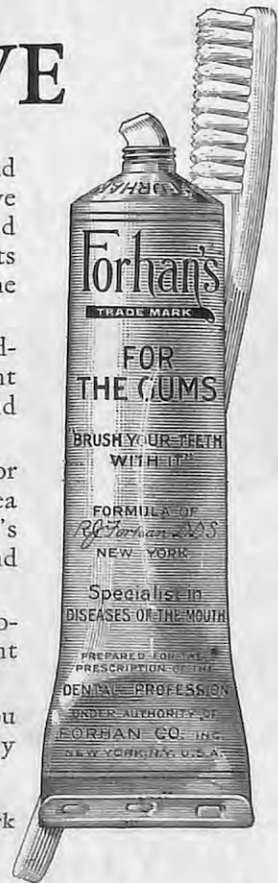
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 —that's the point

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 61)

yesterday, before the launch from T. I. came in. But I think he must have been telling taradiddles for fun. He's quite young, and I'm sure his name is nothing so silly as Bill. I bet it's Derrick, or Donovan or—Amyas, like people in books."

"No, merely Paul," said a voice behind us. I don't know which of us turned quickest. I think it was myself. We had moved a little in, and were standing in the passage that ran through the cottage, very near the landward door. The voice had come from that door.

In the doorway, as I swung round, nearly colliding with Laurie, I saw what I expected to see—the young captain of Pascoe's auxiliary schooner.

Viewed near at hand, he was a more personable youth, even, than I had thought when I saw him on the beach. There was no mistaking the air of quiet competence he wore, the look of good breeding about him. "He'd been to a decent school before he went to sea," I thought. "And he must have brains, to command a ship at his age. That is the new kind of merchant sailor, I suppose. One has heard about them." All this went through my head in a moment, even while I was making up my mind to say rather severely—"What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" For, of course, he needed a snub; it was no part of a master mariner's duties to come nosing round my cottage . . . a vulgar word, yes, but a good one. . . .

The young captain looked not at me, but at Laurie, while he answered—

"I'm out for a walk; taking a look at the island, and I was attracted by your bonzer little cottage. Then I heard this young lady asking what my name was. Please let me introduce myself properly—Paul Bowen, master mariner, in charge of the *Susan*."

"I'm Laurie," said the girl; and I saw her flush to the roots of her black hair. I guessed what she was thinking. She went by the name of Pascoe, when a surname was needed, but all of us knew it was not hers, and none of us—unless Pascoe himself—knew to what name, of all the millions of names in the wide world, she really had a right.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss Laura; I've heard about you," said Bowen.

"What have you heard?" she asked shyly. She could call this sailor a "darling boy" when he was half a mile away from her, but in his presence, she seemed scarce able to speak.

"Everything charming," he answered, so patly that I was sure he kept something back. Quite undisturbed by my elderly presence he sent a shot of blue fire straight home to the dark eyes behind me. It was clear he agreed with the general verdict.

"Come in," I said as hospitably as I could, abandoning for the time all thought of lessons. "I must introduce myself also; I'm Mr. Pascoe's schoolmaster. You know he runs quite a good little school here for the children of the natives, and I teach it. Also I'm Miss Pascoe's tutor."

We were in the bare, whitewashed sitting-room now, and Laurie was complicating matters by refusing to sit down; flitting like a butterfly all over the room, and incidentally obliging the courteous young captain to remain on his feet. I, with the schoolmaster's privilege, had seated myself comfortably.

"So you arrived just this morning," I said. "And have you seen your ship?"

"If she were visible, I shouldn't be here," he answered. "They didn't expect me, and the native captain—Tom, I think they call him—had taken her out."

"Tom won't take it kindly that you're displacing him."

"Probably not, but as Mr. Pascoe means to deal direct with the Southern markets, it's necessary to have a European."

"Well, I hope you like Farewell Island. It's a bit out of the way for a young fellow like you, but Mr. Pascoe has a very fine shelling business."

"My ship's what matters to me. I hear she's all right." His eye lightened a little. "Yes, the business must be a good one, as you say, to need her. Do you get many pearls?"

"That's just one of the troubles. You know it's the custom to let the divers keep the pearls; case of 'needs must'—you couldn't prevent their

getting them. Most employers buy them from the divers, and trust to making on the second sales. Well, here—Mr. Pascoe wants to run his fleet on the principles of taking the pearls himself, direct, and to do that he'll have to be all over the place all the time—he, or someone responsible."

"From what I've heard of the shelling business here and in Broome," remarked Bowen thoughtfully, "I should say he's barged up against a flat impossibility."

"Maybe. Will you have a drink?"

"No, thanks; not in the morning."

"Coffee?"

"Thanks very much."

"Laurie, will you make us a cup?"

"I can't think of troubling Miss—"

"It doesn't trouble the child. She makes it for me nearly every day. Laurie's quite an accomplished little girl." I was trying my best to stress her childishness, but I did not think my best went far—to judge by the way Paul Bowen kept looking at her. "Good Lord," I admonished myself, "don't be fussy—what does it matter? These young sailors fall in love with every pretty face they see—a sweetheart in every port . . . we all know that." But in spite of all, I felt troubled.

Laurie went out to the kitchen, silently. Her wild spirits had evaporated; she was as still as a lagoon wave that has spent its rippling impulse, and comes quietly to rest upon the sand. Captain Bowen and I kept up a desultory conversation till she returned. He had much self-command for so young a man; he never showed by word or look that he was disappointed to lose the little beauty's companionship, almost as soon as won. But when she came back, he sprang from his seat to take the cup she handed, and I knew—though the back of his head was turned to me—that he gave her a long, long look. Laurie did not meet it; her eyes never rose from the tray she was carrying. Nevertheless, her creamy skin flushed and her long eyelashes trembled, as if the voltage of that look had somehow made itself felt.

Young Bowen stayed no more than a few minutes, after the coffee was drunk. I think he felt that his surroundings were not all friendly. At all events, he excused himself, and went.

Laurie left not long after. I thought I saw her rose-colored dress moving and shining among the wild fig trees on the beach, but I could not be sure. Certainly, she had no reason for being on the beach at that hour of the day. . . .

Herod came in to see me that evening; I had rather expected he would. When things were going well on the island, I saw little of him; but troubles or losses of any kind generally brought him up the shell path after dark, to lounge his incredible length in one of my long chairs, smoke, drink a little more than he need have done, and grind out the tale of his misfortunes.

"Bert," he began, setting down his glass on the sand. "You're a queer sort of a fish. I don't believe you ever wanted a lot of money. I don't think you ever were drunk in your life."

"I like money in moderation," I said. "And I like wine a little—and good."

"That's what I mean. You like a bit of everything, not a bite. I want the full of my mouth and more. I want everything there is and all there is of it. In some ways, Bert, my life has simply been hell."

"For the most successful sheller up North," I said, "you talk oddly."

"Why do you suppose," he crashed at me, "that I bury myself—me! with my abilities!—in this damned hole of a place? It was to make money. I got in early, and was lucky, and kept on. I've made money. But look here, did you ever sit down and figure out how much capital a man wants before he can retire and live like a gentleman, even in—"

He seemed to check himself a little—"in any part of the world. Five per cent. to be safe—you want five thousand a year—and it takes a hundred thousand to give it to you, and you want another ten as loose cash—and shell at a hundred and eighty a ton, costing you near a hundred to raise—and the years running by you like the posts on a railway line. It's not good enough. If that dashed young cub they've sent me.—('Now we're getting to it,' I thought)—can't squeeze

those beggars and make them cough up their pearls, where'll I clear his blank salary. Of course, I stand to get a better price for shell by shipping it direct—but it's the pearls, my boy, that ought to pay and should be made to."

"Yes," I said pacifically. "But no one in T. L., except the potty little men who do their own diving, ever does get all the pearls or even most. You know that. There's no way out. And I should have thought you would be satisfied."

"I'm not," he said, and there was more emphasis in his plain speech, a good deal, than in his swearing. "And I mean to show I'm not. That little cub won't want to keep his contract, when I've had him a couple of voyages. He's not the sort for the work. To make those beasts of divers give over the pearls, you've got to put pressure on. Bill Williams was the man—"

"Is he the Williams who got into trouble blackbirding, years ago?"

"Yes. Just the man I wanted. Not this new-fangled kind of captain who wouldn't know a belaying pin had any use besides making ropes fast to. He's standing in the way of my making good money. Money! By God, Bert, I could fall down and worship it; I could eat it and drink it, when I think what it means. And that thing—that Paul Bowen, whom I could break across my knee—"

"I think you'd find it difficult; he's no babe in arms."

"To stand between me and money!" He seized his glass and flung it crashing down the stony beach. "No, he goes. He goes damned soon. Now, come in and let me beat you again at chess. You're the best safety valve that ever a man had. Don't mind what I say too much; I'm only letting off steam."

"Yes," I thought, as we went up the beach again, "but you haven't lost your self-control quite as much as you want me to think. You want to force a card on me. What card is it?" For the life of me I could not see. I could only understand that Herod meant to dismiss his new captain, legally or illegally, because Bowen wasn't the man to squeeze the divers. That was plain enough; I agreed with Pascoe's conclusions, if not with his opinions. As for Laurie, it seemed she did not come into the business at all. . . . Was that what he wanted to impress on me? If so, she was probably the heart of the whole matter. I knew Herod.

(To be continued)

It's the Little Things that Count

(Continued from page 16)

through his wicket, and he fancied that it was while he was fussing about this indignity that he had made the fatal error in his count. It was a nuisance. Other paying tellers had complained of it.

"You don't find that chance of getting into business for yourself, do you?" the old man began. "No, and what's more, you never will. The only place where those chances still exist is in story books. They still repeat the old fakes about opportunity, and about fortune lying in every man's grasp, and all that, but I know better. Now listen to me. What you want is a good salaried job, isn't it? Perhaps you can find one and perhaps you can't. But I'll tell you what—while you are waiting for one, you can work for me at the same salary the bank used to pay you."

"What's your line of business?" asked Ellison. "Me? Well, I'm an analytical chemist. You'll like the line well enough. You can help me in the laboratory, be my secretary and read to me. Begin? Why, Monday morning at 9."

"I've got a job!" yelled Ellison, bursting into the flat that night. "Dad, tell the surety company to go to blazes. I've got a job at the same salary the bank used to pay me."

"What's the line?" asked the brother, cynically.

"Analytical chemistry," said the youth, and flung down the old man's card.

Carl Wissenberg,
722 East 9th Street.

"I don't see no chemistry on that," said the brother, sniffing.

"Shut up," said Ellison. "You don't know anything about these things, and you're always making trouble."

(Continued on page 64)

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\$200 a Week
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Men—Women—get out of stuffy offices, stores and fume-filled factories.

I did, and I now earn \$200 a week as a Real Estate Specialist. If you want to learn the secret of my success and use my amazingly resultful system, mail coupon at once for a free copy of a new book "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

It shows you how to get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience; how you can build up a profitable, independent business of your own, and make more money than you ever before thought possible.

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"Increased my earnings 200%."—A. J. Bennett, Michigan.

FREE BOOK

It's the Little Things that Count

(Continued from page 63)



Fishin' in a Well

ONE of the funniest sights is a great big man tryin' to hold on to the little handle on a fishin' reel and grindin' for all he's worth.

It's like they used to wind up the "Old Oaken Bucket". 'Taint fishin', that's all.

There's only one real way to fish and that's to play your fish on your finger tip. Then you get the real thrill. You feel every jump, every turn.

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REELS

Of course you must have a Martin Automatic Reel, then you don't need to bother about the line. You pull in some line, touch the brake lever and zip—it's wound up. No snarls, no knots, no line caught in the bushes or layin' in the bottom of the boat. If you want to pay out line, just touch the lever and strip it off. No trouble—it works like a top.

Yes Sir—When you fish this way, you really fish. It's sport, and an Automatic doesn't cost much—a Number 2 model that holds 90 feet of G line only costs \$6.00 with a line protector (\$5.00 without it).

You can't lose anything because if you don't like it you get your money back.

If your dealer can't show you a Martin, we will send you a catalog free of charge.

Martin Automatic Fishing Reel Co., Inc.
100 Main St. Mohawk, N. Y.

Your children's health will be safeguarded by having a

Tycos Fever Thermometer in the Home

If your Dealer cannot supply You, write
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Canadian Plant, Tycos, Bldg. Toronto
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

SAY! LISTEN!

A NEW PAIR OF PANTS MATCHED TO YOUR COAT AND VEST. Just doubles the life of your suit. We can match almost any suit. 70,000 patterns. Sample is sent for your O. K. before making. All made to measure. Send piece of cloth or vest for matching.

ACME PANTS MATCHERS
Dept. N 20 W. Jackson, Chicago
Enclose return postage if vest is sent.

ROLLAND C. GATES, member of the Elks: Information sought by his wife as to his present whereabouts or last known address. Disappeared from Atlantic City and New York about fifteen years ago. Communicate with Hazel Gates, c/o Gluck & Pilatsky, 1482 Broadway, New York City.

Monday morning at nine o'clock he was hunting for 722 East Ninth Street, and was rather astonished to find that it stood in a row of dingy tenements whose present squalor completely obliterated their former identity as mansions in bye-gone days. The old man had been dressed with such care and good taste that Ellison had expected to find him in at least a modern office building. He searched the row of battered letter boxes on the dirty wall, found convincing evidence that Wissenberg abode on the top floor, and climbed, albeit without enthusiasm. The old man met him at the landing.

"Punctual!" he said. "Good sign. You'll do well. Only, watching the little things of life is still better. Come in."

Ellison went into the flat and was conscious of a sudden sense of astonishment. At the top of the forlorn house permeated with squalling children and conglomerate odors, the old man dwelt in substantial rooms equipped with hand-made furniture of artistic design, excellent rugs on the floor, excellent pictures on the walls, an amazing sideboard and in the front room no end of book cases and books.

It appeared that in these attractive quarters the labors of Mr. Wissenberg's secretary were not to be onerous. He was to read the morning newspapers and clip from them items of three kinds, first, all matter relating to banks, banking and finance; second, reports of inventions; and third, accounts of scientific discoveries. These clippings he was to arrange neatly on Mr. Wissenberg's desk. The morning would probably be consumed in this work. In the afternoon he was to work in the laboratory, and finish by reading to his employer from works in the bookshelves.

Noon came before the new hand had completed the survey of the newspapers. "Let's have luncheon," said Wissenberg and rang a bell. There came in then a tidy colored woman, whom Ellison had not before observed, and yet she seemed to be part of the establishment, for she proceeded to set the table and place forth the food. "Drink?" said Wissenberg, and opened the sideboard, disclosing a battalion of bottles. "No? Well, this isn't the bank, you know. However, suit yourself. There's about everything here if you do get thirsty."

"You seem to live in comfort here," Ellison could not avoid saying.

"Why, yes," said the old man, "pretty fair—pretty fair. And I ought to. Hard work, you know—analytical chemistry. Very exhausting. Must restore the depleted brain tissues with plenty of the best food," and he helped himself to the oyster crabs and winked at his secretary.

After luncheon he lolled in one of the great leather upholstered chairs and smoked cigarettes while Ellison somewhat laboriously plowed through the books the old man indicated. After an hour of science he read novels, and at five o'clock he started home.

The next afternoon he was inducted into the laboratory, a separate apartment at the rear of the flat, and the old man pointed out and described many instruments and bits of apparatus with which he said he conducted his experiments.

"When do we start with these things?" said Ellison, as they were going out.

"Next to watching little things and next to punctuality," observed the old man judiciously, "the first rule of success in this life is never to be in a hurry. We will begin our exhaustive studies in the wonderful science of chemistry when you have mastered the rudimentary text-book that I shall now commend to your attention."

But even after that momentous addition to his store of knowledge it struck Ellison that the experiments were of a merely elementary character and in no way related to the business of getting money from other people, which his mentor frequently held up to him as a proper object of life. They analyzed common salt and proved its constituents in the manner prescribed by the text-book. With sulphuric acid and copper they produced a high order of copper sulphate. They tested for gold and silver and found none, as a rule. Beyond any question they had a good time and Ellison felt that his money was easily earned, but what puzzled him was that the old man's business seemed a thing

so secure above the shifting currents of commercial chance that he hardly ever referred to it. They had no customers for the product of their laboratory; the business letters that he answered were of the most casual kind, and so far as he could discover his employer never had a caller. But there was peace at home and the face of the carpenter lightened.

Vacations were numerous in that easy-going establishment, for the old man had a habit of leaving town for two or three days at a time, "to look after my plants," he once said with a grin. But there was no other evidence that he was either a manufacturer, a confidence operator or a seedsman, these being the three chief classes to whom plants are of business importance. Once he went for two weeks to Cleveland. Ellison called at the flat daily in his absence, but as there was little for him to do, passed the time chiefly in reading the old man's books.

"Hello!" he called out as he was reading the papers a day or two after Wissenberg's return, "what do you know about this? Here's a case about like mine," and he pointed to a despatch from Cleveland headed "Bank Shortage Mystery" and relating that in one of the prominent banks of the city, under circumstances that precluded any chance of fraud, collusion or error, \$10,000 had mysteriously disappeared.

"Ah!" said Wissenberg, as with glittering eyes he read the item, "no prosecution, nobody discharged, nobody ruined. Must be wise people in that bank; don't try to find a scapegoat for what is no doubt their own fault. Ellison, if they had been like that at the Hallett, you'd never have lost your job. But then, I'd never have had a first-class secretary."

Winter and spring passed in these agreeable pursuits and summer was coming on. One day Wissenberg announced that he was going to Chicago to be gone a week, and that Ellison might take advantage of the opportunity for recreation and rest from his exacting labors, as the old man said, and smiled. He need not bother to come to the flat as there would be nothing to do, and after a week's rest he could easily catch up the arrearages that might accrue.

The next night the housekeeper from the Wissenberg establishment called at the Ellison flat and handed Ellison a large envelope marked "Private and confidential; read when you are alone." He made himself quite alone in his room and, opening the envelope, read a letter that began, as if mockingly, "Dear Mr. Secretary" and continued after this fashion:

"You have often heard me speak about the advantages of watching the little things as you go along. I am taking this opportunity to impress upon you once more the practical wisdom of this advice. Never forget it. There are some other practical admonitions that will help you to succeed in this world, but I think I need not mention them. They will be apparent enough to you after you have read this letter.

"I like you and think you are a fine, manly fellow. I leave you the furniture of my flat, what is left of the books and what is left of the laboratory. You can do what you please with these.

"I am also going to leave you something else that will show you how I trust you, and at the same time prove to you the wisdom of my advice about little things. I know you have wondered how I live so well when so far as you could see I had no business, no occupation and showed no evidence of owning property or having investments. I will now explain to you this mystery, and at the same time show you how you can live as easily and as well. I was unintentionally the means of doing you an injury. I will repay that a thousand times. You will see before you lay down this paper that I am reposing in you an extraordinary confidence. I have watched you with great care since you have been with me. I know my trust is not misplaced.

"I have been all my life an inventor and discoverer, but I have received practically no reward for my inventions. I have devised more than fifty valuable improvements in current methods in different lines of manufacturing, but I have always been deprived of my just returns for these benefactions to mankind. When I had

(Continued on page 66)

Give Me 5 Days and I'll Give You a Magnetic Personality Let Me Prove It — FREE!

I CAN so magnetize your personality that people will be drawn to you at once, irresistibly.

I can make you a magnet of human attraction so that you are popular everywhere, in any society.

I can show you how to use the amazing principle of magnetic control to win quick and conspicuous success in your business or profession.

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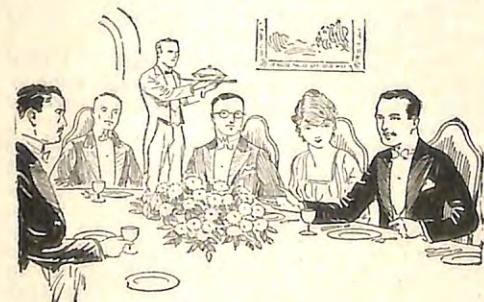
I can give you a glorious new magnetic personality so that you can influence the minds of others, attract people to you instantly, be popular and well-liked wherever you go!

Let me prove it. Give me 5 days, and if in that time you do not experience a new surge of personal power, if you do not find yourself making friends wherever you may be, if you do not discover yourself on the road to happiness, wealth, success—guided by my principles of personal magnetism—the test will cost you nothing whatever. You are the judge.

What is Personal Magnetism?

You have it—everyone has it—but only the exceptional man or woman knows how to use it.

Personal magnetism is not a fad or fancy, not some sudden



You will be astounded to see how popular you quickly become—how people are drawn to you. Never again will you feel lonesome at a party—forgotten in a crowd! You will be—MAGNETIC!

discovery or some new psychological theory. It is you, your manner, your self-made magnetic. It is a force as irresistible as the force of the actual magnet, drawing a bit of steel to itself. No leader of men has long survived without it. No great orator or musician or actor can hold audiences spellbound without it. No salesman, no business man, can win an outstanding success without it. Personal magnetism! It is your greatest



Think what personal magnetism will mean to you in business, in your contact with men and women. You will win! You will get what you want!

capital—greater by far than wealth, than good looks. It is you, made magnetic! It is you, with a personality so fascinating and irresistible that people are drawn to you as steel is drawn to a magnet!

My Method Releases Your Personal Magnetism

No long course of study. No tedious mental exercises. Not the slightest inconvenience or self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities—and makes you almost a new person from what you were before. A principle that never fails to work, because it conspires with Nature to make you the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

Not Hypnotism—But Magnetism

Please do not mistake my method for hypnotism. Its laws and its results are exactly opposite. Hypnotism deadens—magnetism imparts a joyous exhilaration to body and mind. Hypnotism paralyzes the will—magnetism animates, inspires, sharpens and strengthens the mental faculties.



The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large size volume under the title of "The Cultivation of Personal Magnetism." This book gives you the key to a magnetic personality in only five days—or it costs you nothing. That is my free proof offer to you.

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All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism" for 5 days FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3.00, in full payment, or return it without cost or obligation.

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Address

City State



"Don't blame your razor blades — blame yourself," said Sherwood. "It's up to you old man."

"What do you mean, it's up to me?" snapped Mason.

"Why! you can have keen blades if you want them. A few turns in a Twinplex Stroppler and those same blades you swear at will shave like a dream."

"But it's new blades I'm kicking about," said Mason. "Why should I strop a new blade?"

"Why shouldn't you?" asked Sherwood. "Razor blades have delicate, sensitive edges, easily affected by temperature changes and other conditions after they leave the factory. You've got to give them a good stropping just before you shave."

"Never thought of that," replied Mason. "Will Twinplex smooth them out to their original keenness?"

"You bet it will—just a few turns will do the trick," said Sherwood enthusiastically. "Just shave once with a new blade stropped on Twinplex and you'll never again shave with an unstropped blade."

FREE A New Blade TWINPLEXED

Name your razor and we will send you free a new blade stropped on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade. For 15 years Twinplex Stropplers have been sold at leading stores all over the world. They're guaranteed for 10 years. You can buy one on approval if you like. Ask your dealer for one. Single Edge \$3.00. Double Edge \$3.50 and \$5.00.

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1637 Locust Street, Saint Louis

London
New York

Montreal
Chicago



Twinplex Stroppler

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

It's the Little Things That Count

(Continued from page 64)

invented a machine that cheapened production in some staple line it always happened that some great corporation dominating that line would not introduce my patent because to do so would entail expense and disarrange dividends. At the same time they always wanted to control my patents lest some one else should get them and use them. Therefore, when I sold my patent on a royalty basis, I soon found that my machine was not being used. When I tried to sell it outright I could get only a trifling part of its value. Once when I invented a machine that could not be ignored, I made a contract for a royalty on every machine sold and those with whom I was dealing never sold one machine, but only rented them so that I received nothing from that invention.

"UNDER these circumstances I made up my mind to prey upon the rich since the rich preyed upon me, and this is where my rule of watching little things stood me in hand. Banks and bankers think they have been very smart in providing against every chance of loss. They have not been smart at all because they have overlooked just that vital point that the little things are in reality the big. You thought you were unjustly treated at the Hallett; you thought you had made an error but the bank was cruelly severe in discharging you for it. The only error you made was in thinking you had made one. I can vindicate your accuracy as well as your honesty, if you think it is worth while. I do not. At least, here are the facts about your case:

"Years ago, pursuing my life-long habit of observation that had enabled me to invent so many things for the advantage of the race, I noticed that at practically all banks the custom of the paying teller was to place the checks he cashed on a spindle or to cast them into a drawer at his side, not usually entering the amount until the close of the day's business. Then all the paid checks would be gathered, entered and charged against their respective accounts.

"If, therefore, a check, after it had been paid, could be abstracted from this pile on the spindle or in the drawer it would never be entered against the account on which it had been drawn, and while the money it called for would have been paid out there would be no way in which to trace the payment.

"Of course, no one could possibly abstract or make away with one of these checks after it had been paid, but there was plainly a chance for something else.

"Did you ever notice that old newspapers, for instance, become in a few years so brittle that at a touch they crumble into powder? That observation gave me my clue. I knew what made the newspapers crumble; it was the chemicals used in preparing print paper from the wood fibre. All that I needed then was time to experiment with those chemicals and others. I found that I could produce a solution that after a month would reduce a sheet of ordinary writing paper to a little heap of dust. By steadily increasing the proportion of my principal ingredients, I finally mastered the problem so that I could time the destruction of any paper as accurately as a gunner times the explosion of a shell, provided only that I knew in advance the resisting power of the particular kind of paper on which I was experimenting.

"From some of my patents of which I had not been wholly robbed, I had a small income; nothing in comparison with what I was entitled to, but still an income. Having some acquaintance in the chemical trade, I secured introductions and opened an account at a bank. Then, with great trepidation, I made my first test. I slipped in a check for \$20; a check that I had treated with my solution and timed to disintegrate in two hours. For greater security, I did it in the morning, and I was careful to approach the paying teller's window when there was a line of customers waiting that many checks should at once be placed over mine. Two days later I had my account made up and was delighted to find that the device had worked. The check was not returned to me and there was

no trace of it in my account. I had the money and yet my account had not been debited.

"Being now assured of the success of my scheme, I went warily to work. I put in a treated check for \$100 to cover current expenses and proceeded to Bridgeport, where, with the help of good introductions, I opened an account in a prominent and busy bank, which was the best kind for my purposes. I stayed in Bridgeport long enough to slip in a check for \$200 and returned to the city.

"I now cashed in New York a treated check on my account in Bridgeport and timed it for twelve hours, so that it would disintegrate after it had left the possession of the New York bank. This was for \$15,000, and caused a stir and almost litigation between the two banks; the famous case of the mysteriously lost check.

"I now cashed in New York a treated check on the Bridgeport bank for \$5,000. This went through easily and showed the advantage of diversifying my operations as much as possible. I, therefore, moved to Philadelphia, deposited \$6,000 of my last harvest and lived there in comfort for a year, occasionally slipping in a treated check and always successfully avoiding exposure. I found it advisable sometimes to get a friend to endorse a check and cash it at his bank instead of my own. This lessened the chances of discovery, which were small anyway.

"You will now understand why your friend Sharpless lost his position, why the overconfident Weinstein went the same way, and why you got into trouble. Of course, I was sorry when you told me about the misfortunes of all these young men as well as your own, but I had been robbed and swindled all my life, and I was entitled to even the account with the financiers—no matter who might be hurt. When I learned that the surety companies must make good every defalcation or shortage in the bank's accounts, I was at first a little disappointed, but I investigated the surety companies and found that their stockholders were chiefly holders of bank stock, and after that I did not care what might be the results of my operations.

"AS I said in the beginning, I like you and trust you, though I have learned not to trust anybody too far. I have all the money I need for the rest of my days and no longer relish the excitement and bother that always attend the operation of my little device. You are young and have your way to make. On the enclosed sheet of paper you will find the chemical formula for the treatment of the check paper, with a table showing accurately how the proportions should be varied to govern the time limit. If you are careful and work my plan cautiously you can live in comfort all your days. Don't put in too many checks at any one bank; that is the rule of safety. Good-by. I am on my way to a spot I have picked out in a remote corner of the earth where I can spend my days in security and peace. There is no chance that you would betray me, and if you were to do so I could never be caught, for I have already changed my appearance so that I can not be recognized, which is another little secret of mine.

Yours faithfully,

CARL WISSENBERG—so-called."

Ellison looked at the enclosure. It was a sheet of paper covered with elaborate formulas headed respectively "For Two Hours," "For Three Hours," and so on. At the bottom was this:

"N. B. Be careful to dry thoroughly before you write on the paper."

He studied the formulas and saw that they seemed comparatively simple although some of them would require reference to his chemistry text books.

He returned the enclosure to the letter and the letter to the envelope and sat for a time thinking. Then he went to bed. The first thing he did when he woke in the morning was to take from under the pillow where he had placed it the envelope containing the old man's letter and formulas. It was empty except that in one corner was some gray and black dust that looked like ashes from a cigarette.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 44)

some months investigating the convention facilities of Cincinnati, and discussing the question with other local organizations. It has already completed preliminary plans with the Convention and Publicity Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, from which it is receiving the closest cooperation.

If its invitation is accepted Cincinnati Lodge plans a drive which will add from 500 to 1,000 new names to its roster, and this, together with the other carefully thought-out plans and their magnificent Home, gives the members assurance of their ability adequately to meet the honor of entertaining the thousands of officers, delegates and visitors.

Staten Island N. Y., Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

The beautiful new Home of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, in Oakwood Heights on Amboy Road and Clark Avenue, was dedicated recently by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath. Among those who assisted the District Deputy in the ceremony were Philip Clancy, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1, and present Secretary of that Lodge; Arthur V. Dearden, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1; Exalted Ruler William S. Jones and several Past Exalted Rulers of Staten Island Lodge. The dedication address was delivered by George J. Houtain of Staten Island Lodge.

Following the dedication, a banquet was given that evening in the new Home. Over 200 members were present, among them a number of invited guests from Lodges in New York City, Brooklyn, Newark, Yonkers, Bronx, Jersey City, Weehawken and Niagara Falls. Past Exalted Ruler J. Harry Tiernan of Staten Island Lodge acted as Toastmaster, and many speeches congratulating the Lodge on its achievements were made during the course of the evening. Among those who spoke was Hon. Joseph V. McKee, President of the Board of Aldermen of New York City.

The new Home of Staten Island Lodge was formerly known as "Oakwood Arms." It is a most attractive building with beautiful grounds covering nearly five acres. The extensive remodeling and refurnishing done by the Lodge after acquiring the property have resulted in a Home that is exceedingly comfortable and equipped for all purposes of the membership. A large Lodge room, 56 x 57 feet, a ball-room with a seating capacity of 650, a number of large private dining-rooms and 17 living-rooms are some of the facilities of the building. There is also a good baseball field on the property and the grounds are ideal for outings. The property was purchased by Staten Island Lodge some time ago for \$78,000.

Albany, N. Y., Lodge Suffers Real Loss in Death of Mayor Hackett

In the passing of William S. Hackett, Mayor of Albany, N. Y., Albany Lodge, No. 49 has lost one of its most active and lovable members. At the time of his death he was a Trustee of his Lodge and had held that office for several years previously. He was always vitally interested in the welfare of Albany Lodge and was a faithful and unselfish worker for the development of the Order throughout the State. In public life he was an outstanding figure, and his record of four years as Mayor revealed him as an executive of marked ability. His death is a real loss to Albany Lodge, his city, and to the country at large.

Carries Message from Grand Exalted Ruler to Porto Rico Lodge

Before Past Exalted Ruler Henry W. Bridges of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, embarked for a cruise with Mrs. Bridges to Porto Rico and other ports in the West Indies and Central America, he was notified by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell of his appointment as representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler to deliver a message of felicitation to San Juan,

(Continued on page 68)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

P. R., Lodge, No. 972. In this connection the Grand Exalted Ruler sent the following telegram to San Juan Lodge:

"Dear Brothers—Judge Henry W. Bridges of Staten Island, City of New York, Past Exalted Ruler, journeys to your possessions. He leaves here February 25th and will arrive March 1st. Wishing, myself, to make an official visit to you, I find that I shall probably be denied that delight, so I hereby commission and appoint Brother Bridges to deliver a message of felicitation. We are proud of our Island jewels. May you find in our great Fraternity that richness which constantly demonstrates our love for each other and for our great country. I am, Brothers, earnestly yours, (Signed) William Hawley Atwell, Grand Exalted Ruler."

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Presents Miss Helen Keller to Large Audience

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, recently conducted one of the most remarkable meetings ever held in its auditorium when it sponsored the appearance of Miss Helen Keller. Miss Keller, known throughout the country for her courageous fight against her double handicap of blindness and deafness, appeared before a large gathering of members and prominent citizens of the city in behalf of the American Foundation for the Blind. Her story, told to the audience by her teacher, Miss Anne Sullivan, was a moving account of heroism and achievement in the face of what seemed insurmountable difficulties. More than \$1,500 was donated by the audience for the advancement of the great work being done by the American Foundation for the Blind in whose cause Miss Keller is touring the country.

Bismarck Elks Band Preparing For Summer Concerts

The fine Elks Band of Bismarck, N. D., Lodge, No. 1199, recently gave a concert and entertainment in the city auditorium which was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience. The band is planning a series of open air concerts to be held during the summer months, and the proceeds from this entertainment were placed in the fund which will defray the expenses.

Mid-Winter Meeting of Washington State Association Held in Tacoma

With an attendance that rivaled that of the annual convention, the Washington State Elks Association held a most successful mid-winter meeting for which Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, was host. The outstanding subject of discussion was the Convalescent Home for Crippled Children to be erected probably next summer by the B-U-C-K-S, an association of Washington Elks who have grouped themselves together under the name of the Birthday Utopian Crippled Kiddies Service.

State President Hale R. Nosler announced that a trophy, offered by Past Presidents of the State Association, will be awarded to the Lodge that wins the final ritualistic contest to be held at the annual convention next June at Tacoma.

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Holds Unusual Initiation

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, on the occasion of its Past Exalted Rulers night, initiated a large class of candidates, each one of whom had been proposed by a Past Exalted Ruler. Seventeen Past Exalted Rulers including the first and the last were present at what was one of the most successful and best attended meetings Holyoke Lodge has ever held, nearly 400 members turning out for the occasion.

Hood River, Ore., Lodge Suffers Loss of Charter Member

Hood River, Ore., Lodge, No. 1507, recently suffered the loss of one of its best loved charter members, Earl A. Franz, Jr., who was fatally injured in an automobile accident. Mr. Franz was very active in the affairs of his Lodge and played a conspicuous part in the social and civic

life of the community. His fellow members attended the funeral services held at the Riverside Church, and the ritualistic ceremony was exemplified by the Lodge at the graveside. Mr. Franz is the first member of Hood River Lodge to pass away since the Lodge has been in existence.

Daring Rescue by North Adams, Mass., Elks Saves Cambridge Member

To be blown from a snow-covered mountain top during one of the worst blizzards of the winter, to have his hands, feet and ears frozen and to face death from exposure in an almost inaccessible log cabin, was the experience of John J. Williams, of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. That he was rescued from his perilous position was due to the devotion and resourcefulness of two members of North Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 487, Ralph Underwood and Walter Lewis.

Mr. Williams was motoring over the Mohawk Trail and had reached the top of Whitcomb Summit when he stopped to aid the driver of a car which was stalled in the snow. While shoveling around the wheels a sudden increase of the northwest gale that was blowing literally hurled him over the side of the peak, from where he rolled for more than a mile.

It was after dark when Mr. Williams recovered consciousness to find both hands frozen. After a three-hour struggle with the blizzard during which his feet and ears were also badly frost-bitten, he regained the point on the highway from which he had fallen. Word of his plight was got to North Adams Lodge and Messrs. Underwood and Lewis, realizing that the roads by this time were impassable to automobiles, procured a snow plow, behind which they forged their way up the nine-mile grade to where the injured man lay. He was taken to the Curran Memorial Clinic in North Adams, where Dr. George L. Curran, also a member of North Adams Lodge, administered treatment. The rescue, undertaken in the face of the greatest difficulties and hardship, was a fine exemplification of Elk spirit.

Past Exalted Rulers of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge Associate

Past Exalted Rulers of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, No. 274, recently formed an Association which will work for the betterment of the Lodge and take part generally in its activities. The officers of the Association were elected as follows: Louis Lunsford, Chairman; Will J. Weller, Vice-Chairman; Frank E. Anderson, Secretary; and James Albers, Vice-Secretary. The Association members will meet at the Home of Muskegon Lodge the first Tuesday of every month.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Uses Magazine to Increase Membership

That copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE are useful in arousing the interest of desirable candidates has been proved by a number of Lodges. The Bulletin of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, prints the following comment, which we believe will be of interest to all Lodges anxious to increase their membership: "Are you reading the fine stories and other items of interest now appearing in THE ELKS MAGAZINE? If not you are overlooking some fine reading matter. After you are through with the magazine wouldn't it be a good idea to hand it to your friend who is a prospective member? Show him a real magazine which reflects the standing of the Order of Elks. The big manufacturers are spending large sums of money by advertising in the magazine, which proves it has the confidence of the big business men of our country."

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge Shows Growth—Now Owns Attractive Home

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, in the comparatively brief period of its existence has shown a remarkable growth and prosperity. Instituted on July 1, 1924, with a membership of 132, with a single room to serve as a Home, the Lodge now has over 300 names on its rolls and owns a large, commodious building. The Home is most attractively designed and furnished, a

feature being the large Lodge-room with a seating capacity of 325. This room, located on the third floor, is finished in mahogany woodwork and paneling, and is adjoined by a small ante-room and paraphernalia-room.

Since its institution Ticonderoga Lodge has taken a prominent part in all community affairs and has become a strong factor in the life of the city. Its doors are always open to traveling members passing through the district and they can be assured of finding true Elk hospitality.

Roanoke, Va., Lodge Organizes Male Chorus

Another evidence that music is becoming one of the important activities of the Order is found in the announcement of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, that it has organized a male chorus of sixteen voices within its membership. Roanoke Lodge recently purchased a handsome large pipe organ which, in conjunction with the new singing organization, will give the Lodge facilities for presenting some splendid musical programs. Arrangements are in fact being made for the presentation of a large and varied concert in the near future, in which the chorus and the new organ will have prominent parts.

Unique Entertainment Greets District Deputy at Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Woodlock paid his official visit to Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, he was the guest of honor at a unique entertainment which followed the regular meeting.

"Italian Night" was celebrated by the Lodge with a repast of Italian dishes and a program of entertainment, which included vocal selections by a well-known grand opera singer. The party was in charge of the Italian-born members of Bridgeport Lodge and was one of the most successful in its history, more than 400 members being present and enjoying the splendid performance.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Active In Work with Children

Two recent indications of the interest of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, in welfare work among children were the Father and Son Banquet held on Lincoln's Birthday and the Fashion Show and Carnival held last month to raise funds for its children's camp.

Many hundred Elks and their sons attended the fifth annual Father and Son Banquet and the elaborate program which accompanied it. There were musical selections by the Lodge band, an harmonica contest, a newsboys' contest, a one-act play by Boy Scouts, two rounds of boxing and an address by Judge James M. Fitzgerald of the District Bench. The Fashion Show and Carnival, produced in cooperation with an Omaha department store, was held in the municipal auditorium and netted a considerable sum for the support of the camp where the Lodge expects to care for sixty children next summer.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Has Excellent Degree Team and Orchestra

The degree team and orchestra of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, are in considerable demand by sister Lodges of the region. A recent visitation of these organizations was to Indiana, Pa., Lodge, No. 931 where they assisted in the initiation of a class of candidates. The attendance was large, many coming from distant Lodges to witness the expertness of the Reynoldsville team. At this initiation some additional effects consisting of tableaux and electrical displays in connection with the ceremony, made the setting distinctively impressive.

The members of Indiana Lodge left nothing undone in the matter of entertainment and hospitality toward the visitors.





Cherryvale, Kans., Lodge Joins Kansas State Elks Association

The members of Cherryvale, Kans., Lodge, No. 989, recently voted to join the Kansas State Elks Association at a meeting which was attended by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Griffin of Iola, Kans., Lodge, No. 569.

(Continued on page 70)

AMERICA'S BEST-KNOWN SHOES

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Each year millions of men decide by choosing W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

Cherryvale Lodge has shown excellent progress during the last year and has been active throughout its community. Many improvements have been made in its Home, a new entrance being recently constructed which adds greatly to the attractiveness of the building.

Mothers' Home at Veterans Hospital Dedicated

The Mothers' Home at the Livermore Veterans' Hospital, at Livermore, Calif., has been dedicated and formally presented to the Government by the Lodges of the East Bay Cities which were responsible for its construction. This adjunct to the hospital is striking evidence of the sympathetic understanding of those Elks who have charged themselves with the welfare and happiness of the veterans. By means of it mothers visiting their sons may be comfortably housed on the hospital grounds instead of having to trust to lodgings at inconvenient distances. The funds for the building were raised early last year at a great bazaar held in Oakland.

Vocational Luncheons in San Francisco Lodge Proving Success

So popular have the vocational luncheons held in the Home of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, proven to be, that the Social Committee is not only planning to continue them, but has also inaugurated a series of dinners along the same lines. The first of these, the Commission Men's Dinner, was a great success. There was special music for the occasion and a varied entertainment which provided many surprises for the members present.

Work on Home of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Progressing

The fine new Home of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, is rapidly nearing completion. Located on the corner of Livingston Avenue and Carroll Place, it occupies one of the finest sites in the city. Consisting of three stories and basement and built of mottled tapestry brick laid in white cement, it will present a beautiful appearance.

On the first floor will be a large lobby, a lounge, dining-room, grill, billiard and game rooms, and the bowling alleys. The second floor will be occupied by a board of directors' room, library, secretary's office, committee rooms, and banquet-hall.

The Lodge-room, on the third floor, will be 44 x 65 feet with a ceiling 20 feet high. The interior architecture of this beautiful room is Greek, with twenty-two massive fluted columns around the walls. Ante-rooms, coat-rooms and so on will occupy the remaining space.

Great care is being given to the interior finish and the furnishings, and when their new Home is opened, probably about July 1, the members will occupy one of the finest buildings of its kind in the State.

Active Entertainment Committee in Alexandria, Va., Lodge

The Entertainment Committee of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, is providing the members with a lively and varied program. Since the beginning of the year some special feature has been arranged every Monday for the members, their families and friends. These interesting evenings are greatly appreciated and will be continued until the first of May.

Dancing Classes of McKeesport, Pa. Lodge to Give Exhibition

The dancing classes of McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136, will close their first season with an exhibition and musicale some time this month. It has been decided that the event shall be in the nature of a benefit for the McKeesport Milk Fund, and the Social and Community Welfare Committee, which is counting on the cooperation of the school authorities, is hoping to hold at least two performances.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Planning Birthday Celebration

The fortieth anniversary of the institution of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, takes place on April 25th, and plans are being laid for an elaborate celebration of the event. The officers and committees in charge are counting on making their birthday party the finest fraternal event ever held in the Northwest.

Lansford, Pa., Lodge Entertains School Children

More than one hundred school children were the guests of Lansford, Pa., Lodge, No. 1337, at a dinner and entertainment held in its Home recently. After a bountiful meal the youngsters enjoyed thoroughly the fine local talent performance which wound up one of the most successful functions of its kind ever held by Lansford Lodge.

The members of the Charity Committee in charge of the party were ably assisted in taking care of their little guests by a number of school teachers who volunteered for the occasion.

At Work on New Home for Woodland, Calif., Lodge

Work on the fine new \$55,000 Home for Woodland, Calif., Lodge, No. 1299, is progressing rapidly, and it is hoped that the building will be ready for occupancy some time in June. When completed the new Home will be two stories in height, of Spanish architecture, with a stucco exterior. The main floor will consist of a large lobby, a club and lounge-room, the Secretary's office and a banquet-hall. On the second floor will be another good-sized lobby, and the Lodge and ante-rooms. The floors and finish throughout the Home will be of hardwood, and no effort has been spared by the building committee to provide for every comfort and convenience of the members.

Bowling Teams Entertained by Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

At the conclusion of the Elks Inter-County Bowling Tournament, the six teams representing Lodges in Hudson and Bergen Counties, N. J., attended a banquet in the Home of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, at which the prizes were awarded to the winners. Several hundred Elks attended the banquet, which was marked by the most enthusiastic praise of the tournament idea. So successful was the event in promoting closer relations between the Lodges, that next year it is planned to invite sixteen teams, one from each Lodge in Bergen and Hudson Counties, to participate.

Henry Houston Tall, Member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, Missing

The family of Henry Houston Tall, a member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, is anxious to obtain information regarding his whereabouts. Mr. Tall disappeared from his home in Indianapolis on January 26, 1926. He is 5 ft. 11 inches tall, weighs about 140 pounds and is 50 years old. When last seen he wore a light gray suit with thin blue stripes; a long dark gray overcoat and dark blue hat. Mr. Tall was horticulturist, florist and landscape architect for the Park Board of Indianapolis. All information regarding him should be sent to Claude F. Johnson, Chief of Police, or to W. G. Taylor, Secretary of Indianapolis Lodge. A reward of \$500 has been offered by Mr. Tall's family for information leading to his recovery, dead or alive.

All Past Exalted Rulers of Lebanon, Ohio, Lodge Are Living

A large gathering of members were present recently when Lebanon, Ohio, Lodge, No. 422, observed Past Exalted Rulers night. W. H. Stubbs, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, presided at the meeting, which was one of the most pleasant held in the Lodge-room for some time. Lebanon Lodge enjoys the good fortune of

having all its Past Exalted Rulers living. Of the twenty-six still affiliated with the Lodge twenty-two were present. During the session each Past Exalted Ruler in attendance gave a two-minute reminiscence of the Order during his administration. After the meeting a reception was held at which the best speakers and singers of the Lodge furnished the entertainment.

Elks and Legionaires Join in Promoting Industrial Exhibit

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, and the Albert J. Hamilton Post of the American Legion combined forces recently and held a highly successful exhibition of Whatcom County manufactures and products.

There were some seventy booths occupied by exhibitors and the Committee in charge provided excellent entertainments during the evenings of the week of the Fair. Half of the net proceeds realized went to the Lodge's fund for the orthopedic ward of St. Luke's Hospital and half to the Post's fund for the care of disabled and indigent veterans.

Alva, Okla., Lodge Celebrates Sixteenth Birthday

Alva, Okla., Lodge, No. 1184, celebrated its sixteenth birthday with a venison banquet at which several hundred members and guests sat down. Among the well-known members of the Order who addressed the diners were Exalted Ruler O. L. Hayden, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Oklahoma Northwest, and Harold L. Street of Woodward Lodge, No. 1355, President of the Oklahoma State Elks Association. After the speaking which followed the dinner, a regular meeting was held at which a large class of candidates was initiated.

Lawrence, Mass., Lodge Will Entertain State Convention

The annual convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association will be held this summer in Lawrence, Mass., and Lawrence Lodge, No. 65, is planning to make it one of the outstanding events in its history.

The final program will be announced shortly. The tentative schedule calls for registration and opening exercises on June 6, with business meetings for delegates and sight-seeing trips for women guests on the following day and, in the evening, the banquet for delegates and visitors.

The third day will probably see further business sessions, a monster field day with a style show, fireworks and a dance in the evening.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

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

Oil City, Pa., Lodge, No. 344. The building of an additional story to its present Home, to be used for Lodge-room, auditorium, banquet hall, etc. The estimated cost of the addition is \$33,000, with furnishings of \$7,000.

Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge, No. 1380. Purchase of a two-story brick building and the erection of an addition thereto. Purchase price is \$7,000 and estimated cost of addition \$7,000.

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Holds Successful Circus

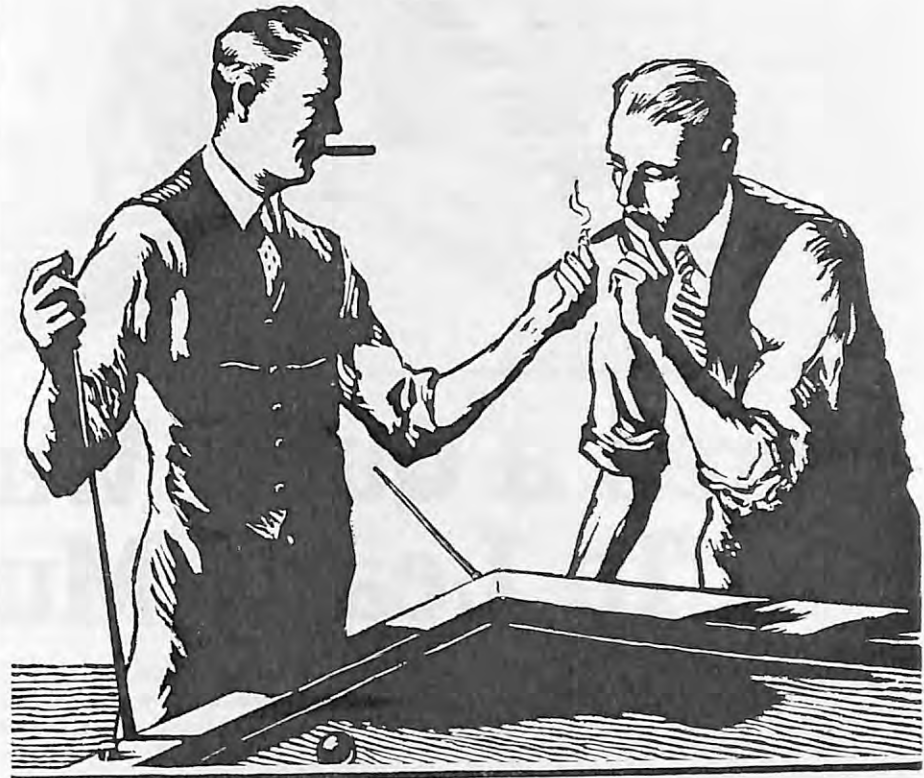
Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, scored a brilliant success with its second annual Indoor Circus. The affair was held in the State armory, and the circus atmosphere was complete. A huge canopy was stretched over the ring and seats, which were of the regulation traveling show type.

To celebrate their success in raising several thousand dollars for their building fund, the members later held a card party and dance.

Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge Sponsors Premier of Member's Play

Many an Eastern city sees revues before they reach Broadway, but Tiffin, Ohio, (Continued on page 73)

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 "Since finishing the course I have been teaching, playing in churches and at recitals, and receiving a fine salary. I have made money, come into contact with new friends, and greatly increased my popularity." Ruth M. Peacock, North Carolina.
 "Since I have been taking your lessons I've made over \$200 with my violin." Melvin Freeland, N. J.

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Best of all no matter which instrument you choose the cost of learning is just the same in each case, just a few cents a day!

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Just think of all the pleasure you've been missing by not being able to play some musical instrument. Instead of being the center of attraction at parties—you've been unnoticed—out of the social picture. While you've been playing wallflower others have always had something to offer. Now you have a wonderful chance to turn the tables—to treat yourself to some real fun—

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

Lodge, No. 94, is perhaps the first Lodge to sponsor the premier, of a play. This was done recently in the case of "Tomboy," a musical comedy by Charles O. Locke, a member of the Lodge. The production put \$1,000 into the Lodge's treasury and was highly popular during its run. Although presented by amateurs, the play's possibilities were revealed, and it is quite likely that the production by the Lodge will lead to its appearance on the professional stage.

Shamokin, Pa., Lodge Acquires Lot for New Home

Shamokin, Pa., Lodge, No. 355, having purchased a plot of ground on Independence Street for \$50,000, will erect a new Home this spring. The lot adjoins the Masonic Home and was purchased from the Stewart estate, the building on the plot having been destroyed by fire several years ago. Shamokin Lodge at present occupies a Home opposite the Reading Depot which it is planning to sell.

Findlay, Ohio, Lodge Members Active In Many Social Affairs

A highly successful charity ball, an initiation attended by the degree team of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, and a return visit to Toledo were among the recent activities of Findlay, Ohio, Lodge, No. 75.

All of the costs of the charity ball were met by donations from members and well-wishers of the Lodge, and every dollar received from the sale of tickets went into the general charity fund. There was an attendance of more than 500 persons in the beautiful Home of the Lodge and the sum raised was a considerable one.

The initiation and meeting attended by Toledo Lodge's famous degree team, and a first rate boxing show. Among the distinguished guests were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles T. Lawton, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George A. Snyder and P. R. McKay, and Exalted Ruler John J. King of Toledo Lodge.

A delegation of Findlay members, headed by Exalted Ruler Richard R. Groves, made the return visit to Toledo, where a dinner and entertainment awaited them. District Deputy Lawton and Exalted Ruler King welcomed their guests and Mr. Groves responded. Past District Deputy McKay also addressed this meeting, and the festivities were wound up with a delicious luncheon.

Baton Rouge, La., Lodge Plans New Home

Plans are being drawn by Baton Rouge, La., Lodge, No. 490, for a new \$250,000 Home to be erected on its present site.

The new building will be thoroughly modern in every respect, with lounge-rooms, billiard rooms and bowling alley, gymnasium, dance floor, grill and game-rooms, and the other adjuncts which make a well equipped Home.

Hornell, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Freedom from Debt

A large gathering of Elks from all over Western New York gathered recently at the Home of Hornell, N. Y., Lodge, No. 364, to help the members celebrate the retirement of the last indebtedness on their Home. It was by far one of the most brilliant and successful events conducted by the Lodge in years. The festivities opened with a meeting at which the distinguished visitors were introduced and a large class of candidates was initiated. Fourteen of the Lodge's twenty-four Past Exalted Rulers were present and occupied the principal stations. The actual burning of the mortgage took place at this meeting, the ceremony being conducted by William H. Murray and Roy Fromer, Trustees of the Lodge.

Following the meeting the guests sat down to a sumptuous banquet in the main dining hall of the Home. The toastmaster of the evening was Past Exalted Ruler Shirley E. Brown, and the speakers included District Deputy Grand Ex-

alted Ruler Frank L. McGovern; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frank H. Mott and John T. Gorman; Fred J. Tuttle, Past Exalted Ruler of Hornell Lodge; William R. Cullen, Past Exalted Ruler of Hornell Lodge and present Secretary of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23; and Louis P. Goldmyer, Exalted Ruler of Hornell Lodge.

Elks National Bowling Tournament Under Way at Indianapolis Lodge

By the time this issue of the magazine appears the Ninth Annual Elks National Bowling Tournament will be in full swing on the alleys of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13. Starting on March 20 and running until April 25, there is every promise at the moment of writing that this year's championships will set new records both in attendance and scores. A feature of the event is the large number of Booster Teams, composed of members of Indianapolis Lodge who have never bowled, or do not do so regularly, who competed for special prizes during the first week of the meeting.

Proposal of Jackson, Miss., Lodge Praised by Newspaper

As a result of the discussion held by officers of Jackson, Miss., Lodge, No. 416, and Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, on the occasion of Judge Atwell's visit to the Lodge last winter, the following editorial on the proposal of the Lodge was published in the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger*:

"There is a movement being quietly put on foot by a number of the Elks Lodges to make as a part of the objective of that Order, the giving of scholarships in each state to worthy boys and girls, the manner of their selection and the details to be worked out later, and by men versed in these matters.

"It is understood that the question has been discussed with Hon. William Hawley Atwell, Grand Exalted Ruler, who visited Jackson not so long ago, and that he is strongly impressed with the idea.

"The life of any organization, national in its scope, depends entirely upon its program being one that reaches and appeals to every unit, large or small, of that organization.

"The Elks are known far and wide for their generosity, for their good fellowship, for their charitable deeds, but in this new plan, they will go much further than that—they will start a movement that will grow and develop as the years go by, a movement that will be felt in every state.

"A member of that organization discussed the proposed annual scholarship for each state in such an interesting way that his statement is here given:

"We believe no contribution to our modern conditions would be so effective, so far reaching in beneficial influences, so conducive towards strengthening and qualifying our future citizenship for the duties and responsibilities that are going to be necessary in a growing and developing country like ours to maintain an ever bright and luminous pathway back to the purposes and intentions of the founders when they created the fundamentals upon which must rest our future greatness and perpetuation.

"The spirit of education has permeated all classes and all communities of our country during the last decade and the progress noted has been nothing less than marvelous; it enters and rivets the attention of the home more profoundly than any subject to-day before us and the prolific expenditure of funds by the Federal Government, States, Counties, and Municipalities, amply attests the devotion of our people to this ambitious project, the elimination of illiteracy and the complete supremacy of our country in educational excellency.

"There is no form of activity that would so thoroughly and abundantly justify the existence and popularity of our Order as entrance into the educational field of development, and its initiation would immediately and decisively bring into the closest working action the Grand Lodge and the Subordinate Lodge, a purpose to

(Continued on page 74)

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Under the Spreading Antlers
(Continued from page 73)

be devoutly desired if our future existence is to remain certain.

"Few are individually able to endow scholarships, but in the memberships of our clubs and fraternal organizations, especially an organization like the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, wholly American and thoroughly patriotic, we can become personally identified with this substantial and appreciated contribution to American educational development, emphasizing the fact that the first business of democracies is education.

"What more inspiring sight could be imagined than a boy or girl holding in their hands a college scholarship of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, leaving their home and school surroundings to enter one of the great colleges or universities certain of an opportunity to receive a higher education; this monument would be more enduring than marble or granite, a matter of as much pride and gratitude to a small jurisdiction as a large one, an equitable distribution of a national program that would reach into all communities."

**San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge
Planning New Home**

San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge, No. 972, with a constantly growing membership numbering, at the moment, approximately 400, is planning to erect in the near future a fine new Home. It is expected that about \$30,000 will be spent on the building and that it will be one of the finest on the island.

San Juan Lodge is extremely active in charity and welfare work and plays a large part in all worth-while community efforts. Washington's Birthday was fittingly celebrated under its auspices in the big American Union Club, where Exalted Ruler Chester W. Seigmund and other members spoke to a large audience.

**Logansport, Ind., Lodge In
Selective Membership Campaign**

Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66, the second oldest Lodge in the State, is actively engaged in a selective membership campaign. Two large classes have been initiated, one of them last month, and everything points to a successful termination of the undertaking.

The Lodge is also planning to remodel, re-decorate and refurnish its fine large Home, a feature of which is an auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,600.

**News of the Order
From Far and Near**

Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, though less than four years old, now has a membership of over 500 in good standing.

The newly organized drill team of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge is making splendid progress.

The homecoming party of McMinnville, Ore., Lodge was a great success and was attended by large delegations from many nearby Lodges.

Lewistown, Pa., Lodge is considering ways and means of erecting a new Home.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge is sponsoring a fine troop of Boy Scouts.

A group of members of the Quaker City Gun Club have recently become members of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge and are planning to take part in the trap shooting at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago.

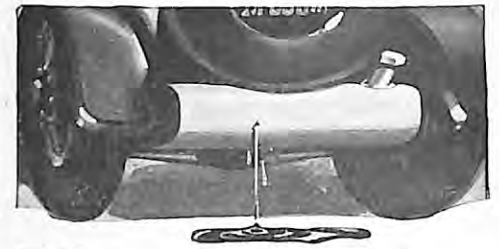
Mount Pleasant, Pa., Lodge recently gave two performances of its annual Charity Minstrel Revue.

Youngsters of Stockton, Calif., escorted by a committee from Stockton Lodge, were the guests of the State-Orpheum Theatre on Lincoln's Birthday.

Plans are being made by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge to hold its 1926 golf tournament on the links of the Winged Foot Golf Club at Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Somerville, N. J., Lodge will hold its annual Charity Ball this month.

Eight hundred members, some of them having belonged to the Order for more than 30 years,



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Half Your
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For every ten gallons you buy you are losing five! You are getting just half the power, half the mileage you should out of your gasoline! For now an amazing new invention—a ridiculously simple little device—makes practically any car give twice its regular mileage—many go 37 to 57 and even 61 miles on a gallon! Already it is being used by over a million satisfied car-owners—on all makes and models of cars.

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The demand is enormous—20 million car-owners want this amazing invention the instant they see it. And now the inventor will gladly send you a sample at his own risk. Write for full details today.

**\$120 in
One
Day!**

I took forty orders in one day and wasn't out long. My Ford runs better than it ever did. I can save half the gas and it pulls better.
—J. M. James.

\$147.50 in One Day

My profits for one day were \$147.50. In one week I made \$280. Yes, I am always on the job—S. E. Herick, Ore.

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attended the Old Boys' Night of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge.

Danbury, Conn., Lodge will hold its great Fair this month, from the 7th to the 10th.

Dr. John W. Perkins, President of the Alabama State Elks Association and delegations from Birmingham and Ensley, Ala., Lodges were present when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Bell paid his official visit to Blocton, Ala., Lodge.

St. Louis, Mo., Lodge recently gave a "Grown Up Kids Party" at which members and guests were required to appear in children's costumes.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge took an active part in the recent drive in its city to raise funds for the local Boy Scout troop.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge recently held its Twenty-first Annual Assembly.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary last month with a gala entertainment.

Medford, Mass., Lodge celebrated Kiddies Day on Washington's Birthday with an entertainment and refreshments in the Lodge Auditorium.

The Theatre Party conducted by the Ladies Entertainment Committee of Cincinnati, O., netted more than \$3,000 for the treasury of the Lodge.

The team of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge won its third leg and permanent possession, of the beautiful Gene Murphy trophy at the recent meeting of the Southern California Invitational Elks Golf Tournament.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Griffin of Iola, Kans., Lodge recently made his official visit to Osawatomic Lodge. Following the initiation of a class of candidates there was an entertainment and a banquet.

New York, N. Y., Lodge netted more than \$15,000 on its recent Charity Ball.

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge gave two performances of its annual charity minstrel last month.

Hackensack, N. J., Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a gala banquet.

A large delegation from Moscow, Idaho, Lodge paid a fraternal visit to Spokane, Wash., Lodge, where they enjoyed an entertainment.

The newly elected officers of the Executives Association of Los Angeles, Calif., are all members of Los Angeles Lodge.

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge recently gave a performance of "The Purple Cap Revue," consisting of ten fine acts of vaudeville.

The minstrel troupe of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge is doing a fine work in presenting for benefits its successful show in various places in its district.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Newark, N. J., Lodge visited the Essex County Sanatorium and entertained the patients.

The District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Idaho and New Mexico are making arrangements for a Western special train to carry members from these States to the Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago next July.

The Bingham Stray Antlers, composed of members of the Order residing in Bingham, Utah, are active in charity work, having recently spent approximately \$1,000 in welfare work and produced a charity show to raise further funds.

Frankfort, Ind., Lodge celebrated with a banquet, entertainment and mortgage burning party the clearing of all indebtedness from its Home.

Exalted Ruler Dr. E. Harold Donovan, Past Exalted Ruler Francis Ryan and other members of Plymouth, Mass., Lodge, were present at Norwood, Mass., Lodge when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George F. James paid his official visit to his home Lodge.

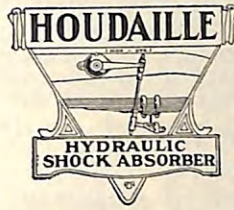
Salisbury, N. C., Lodge has closed a very successful Lodge year and is planning an unusual celebration to mark its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Wooster, Ohio, Lodge recently staged a large celebration, the occasion being the burning of the mortgage on its Home.

Ottawa, Kans., Lodge expects to erect a new Home this year and plans for launching the project are being formulated.

One of the features of Past Exalted Rulers
(Continued on page 76)

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THERE is a Supreme riding comfort . . . greater than you have ever known . . . It is called HOUDAILLE comfort . . . for there's no other word to describe the almost unbelievable gentleness . . . with which HOUDAILLES absorb all road shocks . . . into their liquid cushions . . . This comfort cannot be compared . . . for there's no measure of comparison . . . nor can it be described . . . It must be experienced . . . While it costs more at the beginning . . . it's comfort that lasts as long as the car for HOUDAILLES are built of drop forged steel thru-out, no straps to stretch or break . . . HOUDAILLES won't let you bounce up . . . or jounce down . . . They keep the hind wheels on the road all the time . . . and cut out side-sway . . . They make balloons behave . . . The world's greatest automotive engineers say they're essential to true comfort . . . While Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Cunningham, McFarlan Big "6" and Stearns-Knight Big "6" . . . consider them necessary to these superb cars . . .

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Important Notice to Members

Members are urged to immediately notify their Lodge Secretary of any change in their mailing address and the Secretary is required by the Grand Lodge Law to promptly report all such changes. Only by this cooperation can the members be assured of receiving their copies of the Magazine.

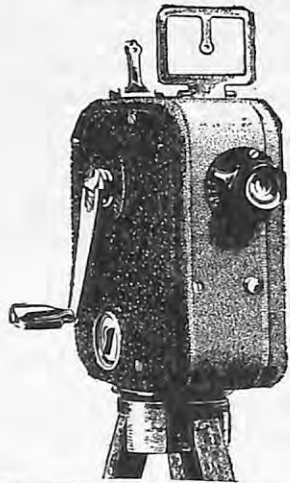
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 75)

Night conducted recently by Gloucester, Mass., Lodge was the presence of the well-known degree team of Malden, Mass., Lodge which assisted in the initiation of a large class of candidates.

A large initiation was one of the features of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter to Lansing, Mich., Lodge.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge is considering a \$75,000 building program.

Lieutenant-Governor Frank G. Allen of Massachusetts, an honorary Life Member of Norwood, Mass., Lodge, recently accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George F. James on the occasion of the latter's official visit to Norwood Lodge.

Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge is planning to expend \$25,000 on the remodeling of its present Home during the coming summer.

At a recent meeting of Kearny, N. J., Lodge, Dr. John E. Toye was presented with an honorary life membership for the wonderful work he has performed for the crippled children within the jurisdiction of his Lodge.

Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge had a unique feature at a recent meeting when a father and his three sons were all initiated into the Order. Past Exalted Ruler William C. Cullen and other officers of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge had charge of the ceremonies.

Members of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, celebrating jointly Past Exalted Rulers Night and its

twenty-fourth anniversary, were served with a banquet by the Ladies Committee.

Kearny, N. J., Lodge gave two performances of a minstrel show for the benefit of the West Hudson Hospital.

The officers and degree team of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, accompanied by a large number of members, visited Baltimore, Md., Lodge, where they exemplified the ritual.

Nine Past Exalted Rulers attended Past Exalted Rulers Night at Monessen, Pa., Lodge. A feature of the evening was the initiation of a class of candidates by the Past Exalted Rulers.

Two hundred guests attended the card party given recently by the Parent-Teachers' Association of Norwich, N. Y., in the Home of Norwich Lodge.

Ontario, Calif., Lodge is planning to build a new Home in the near future.

A large delegation from Birmingham, Ala., Lodge accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Bell on his visit to Bessemer, Ala., Lodge.

Putnam, Conn., Lodge will hold its annual Charity Ball this month.

Meadville, Pa., Lodge is doing extensive remodeling and refurbishing in its Home.

Delegations from Ithaca and Corning, N. Y., Lodges attended the meeting of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge on the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. McGovern's official visit.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Eastern Trip

(Continued from page 37)

of Appeals of the Franklin County District, Common Pleas Judges of the County and other Judges from points throughout the State. The Mayor of the city was also present, and other distinguished men, some not Elks, who came to pay their respects to [the head of the Order.

In the Lodge meeting proper which preceded the banquet, there were present a large number of the members of Columbus Lodge and representatives from surrounding Lodges throughout the State. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was present, as were five of the six District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of the State; the President of the Ohio State Elks Association, Blake C. Cook; and Fred C. Maerke, Trustee of the Association. The initiation of a large class of candidates was one of the features of the evening. In addition to the address of the Grand Exalted Ruler, a delightful short address was made by John J. Lentz, a member of Columbus Lodge and President of the American Insurance Union. The Elks Chorus of the Lodge was another pleasant feature of the meeting.

On February 27 the Grand Exalted Ruler was present in Chicago, Ill., to attend the banquet given in his honor upon the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Chicago Lodge, No. 4. As the Grand Lodge Convention will be held in Chicago this July, the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit had a two-fold purpose. He discussed with the local committees plans for the convention and for the dedication of the National Memorial Headquarters Building on Diversey Boulevard and Lake View Avenue. The dedication of this great Memorial, erected to the members of the Order who served in the World War, will be the outstanding event of the Convention, marking one of the highest achievements of the Order.

The Golden Jubilee banquet was given in the Home of Chicago Lodge and was attended by a host of distinguished members of the Order, public officials, and representatives from many out of town Lodges. W. D. Bartholomew, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Chairman of the banquet committee, acted as Toastmaster of the occasion. The speakers included Judge Atwell; Exalted Ruler Richard S. Barnett; Hon. James H. Wilkerson, Judge of the United States Court; Hon. Edwin P. Morrow, Ex-Governor of Kentucky; and Hon. Maclay Hoyne, former States Attorney. A number of delightful vocal solos by Miss Marguerite Hibbard, formed an interesting part of the dinner program.

This celebration of the Fiftieth Birthday of Chicago Lodge was one of the outstanding events in its long and crowded history, and the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler on this occasion gave additional impetus to the large preparations under way for the Grand Lodge Convention.

The following afternoon, February 28, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Joliet, Ill., Lodge, No. 296. A reception, held in the Home of the Lodge was followed by a meeting at which over 500 members were present to greet Judge Atwell. Dr. William R. Fletcher, Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association, opened the meeting and there were addresses by the Grand Exalted Ruler; Maurice J. Creighton, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge; Senator Richard J. Barr; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank C. Sullivan; and James W. Withers, Exalted Ruler of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331. The Elks Quartet of the Lodge sang several numbers during the course of the afternoon. The meeting was altogether a memorable one for Joliet Lodge, as it was the first time it had been paid a visit by a Grand Exalted Ruler.

On March 3 Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell visited Raleigh, N. C., Lodge No. 735. A large banquet had been arranged in his honor at the Sir Walter Hotel which was attended by the Exalted Rulers of practically every Lodge in the State. Following the banquet Judge Atwell addressed a large audience of members and their friends in the Hall of the House of Representatives. Exalted Ruler William R. Boyle presided, and among those present were District Deputy James D. McNeill and Past Exalted Ruler R. B. Fuller of Durham, N. C., Lodge, No. 568. A smoker was held later in the Home of Raleigh Lodge at which the Grand Exalted Ruler talked intimately to the members about the affairs of the Order. James J. Hatch, President of the North Carolina State Elks Association, also addressed the gathering.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler's visitations everywhere were marked by great enthusiasm on the part of the various memberships. Judge Atwell was impressed by the growth and prosperity of the Lodges in the East and by the spirit of loyalty to the tenets of the Order made manifest by their work in the fields of social and community welfare activity.

Judge Atwell was accompanied throughout his trip by Mrs. Atwell, who was delightfully entertained on every occasion by special committees composed of the wives of members.



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The Functions Of the Investment Banker

By Stephen Jessup

THE designation, "Bankers and Brokers," is frequently seen in connection with the name of a financial firm, but the terms are not synonymous. When you see "Bankers and Brokers," it means that the members of the firm are both bankers and brokers. Some concerns are bankers; some are brokers; few are both. What is the chief difference?

Broadly speaking, a broker is one who buys and sells stocks and bonds as an agent for his customers. For this service he charges a commission. (Reference here is being made, of course, to the broker in securities only; there are several other kinds of broker, such as real estate broker, insurance broker, etc.)

The size of the commission charged by the broker varies in accordance with the type of security he handles for his customer. The usual commission is a little more than $\frac{1}{8}$ of 1 per cent. of the par value of the securities bought or sold. This is simply a rough average. For example, in the case of securities listed on the Stock Exchange the rate of commission is prescribed by the Exchange. On bonds it is \$1.50 per \$1,000 face value. On stocks it varies with the range of prices; the minimum is \$7.50 for buying or selling 100 shares of stock selling at less than \$10 per share; it increases to \$15 per 100 shares for stock selling between \$10 and \$125, and it is \$20 per 100 shares for stock selling at more than \$125 per share. Commissions for odd lots are in proportion. In reporting a transaction to a customer, the broker must reveal the name of the broker to whom or from whom he has sold or bought the stock or bond, as the case may be.

In the case of securities not listed on the Exchange the broker's earnings are not so rigidly fixed. Many firms deal in "unlisted" securities by offering to buy or sell at prices somewhat apart, according to the supply or demand.

The broker, then, brings buyers and sellers together. He gives his customer the benefit of bids and offers on securities from all parts of the world.

Organized security markets, therefore, provide securities which are listed for trading on them the advantageous attribute of marketability—the capacity of being turned into cash on short notice. If it were not for the existence of such markets, and the activities of the brokers comprising them, the investment of money would be a much more permanent matter.

Investment bankers, on the other hand (and the designation of "investment" bankers is used to distinguish them from the regular commercial banks) are somewhat more than simply brokers. They fulfil two outstanding functions: to provide the investing public with ways and means of employing its surplus funds, and to provide business enterprises with the capital required for their operation, development and expansion.

They gather from all over the country tributaries of investment funds and lead them into a

great central stream of capital, from which the large corporations can draw funds as needed.

Thus they are able to advise their clients regarding a wide range of investments; to select the wheat from the chaff; to warn against unsound and spurious offerings from fake promoters; to recommend investments to suit the individual need—a safe medium for the widow or person of limited means; the security offering a little larger interest return (frequently termed the "business man's investment"); attractive opportunities for those of large means who can afford to take reasonable speculative chances.

They not only advise their clients with regard to outstanding bonds, preferred stocks and other securities of existing well-known and well-managed corporations, but also undertake offerings of new securities of such corporations. In making such offerings, the investment banker naturally makes a profit, which consists of the difference between the public offering price and the price received by the issuing corporation. This difference can range from a mere fraction of a dollar to several dollars.

FOR example, when a large city wishes to make an issue of bonds to provide the funds for some public work, such as public schools, roads, etc., it invites bids from investment bankers. The latter, acting individually or in a group, termed a "syndicate," frequently submit varying bids which are based on different factors, such as the prevailing interest rate for money, the current demand for investment securities, the credit standing of the municipality, and so on. These bids in effect offer the city the opportunity to borrow so much capital at an interest rate ranging, let us say, from $4\frac{1}{4}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ %. The bids are at or around par and are carried out sometimes to several decimal points, such as 100.1234, or 99.5678. Naturally the firm or syndicate offering the highest price and hence lowest rate is awarded the issue. The successful syndicate will then offer the bonds to the public at 101 or some similar figure yielding the syndicate a small margin of profit.

The bonds or stock of an industrial corporation bearing, let us say, 6% interest, will be offered by its bankers at a price determined in the same way, but the margin will not be so close. The bankers probably obtain the securities at between 90 and 95, and offer them between 95 and 100, depending on the individual merit of the issue.

Our Government's Liberty Loans were participated in by all investment bankers, as a matter of patriotism. Many foreign government issues have been handled by a number of firms in the leading cities. Important railroad issues are frequently offered by a group of firms, acting in unison. Most corporation securities, however, are handled by one or two firms, or one syndicate. In this way different bankers have come to be identified with different corporations and different industries. Some, for instance, from time

to time bring out large issues of railroad bonds. Several well-known investment bankers concentrate on the securities of copper, oil, sugar and other standard industries. Others handle nothing but real estate mortgage bonds.

High-grade investment bankers frequently buy the securities from the borrowing corporations themselves with their own capital. They thus run the risk of not being able to resell them to the investing public. Part of their underwriting fee is the payment for the assumption of that hazard.

At other times they act as agents of the corporations desiring to raise the capital, and "place" the securities with their clients and correspondents in accordance with a schedule based on the needs of the corporations and the ability of the investing public to digest the securities offered.

In either case, the investment banker assumes a certain moral responsibility for the genuineness and the value of the offering.

He frequently sits on the board of directors of a company that he finances, and helps to make sure that the funds are administered in accordance with sound standards.

Sometimes he goes even further and dominates an enterprise, which may or may not be beneficial to it. Such interference has been known to rob an enterprise of the originality and individuality of its founders and managers. It has tended to drive enterprises to the rocks, especially if such control is associated with inefficient financing, creating more securities than the property and its earning power justify.

In the case of trouble, the solid and conscientious investment banker forms the necessary protective committee or committees and cooperates in the salvaging of the interest of the owners of the corporation's securities.

Bankers are human, just as other professional men, and occasionally are known to make mistakes; in fact, it might be difficult to find one whose judgment has never erred in the securities he has handled or the industries he has helped to finance. But when an investment banker adheres to the standards of his profession and provides sound enterprises with the capital they need in reasonable amounts and on fair terms, he is assisting in the production and distribution of goods; he is at the same time, moreover, helping to create securities worthy of the savings and surplus funds of investors all over the country.

Investment Literature

"Forty-Four Years without Loss to Any Investor," S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail." The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

"Arnold's Certificates," Arnold & Co., Washington, D. C.

"How to Gain Independent Means and a Life Income," the details of eleven plans whereby the investor can acquire financial worth by systematic investment. The Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida.

"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.



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Boom Days of the Orioles

(Continued from page 26)

"Who's like us?"
Ay, who indeed? Where will you find such another ball team, or a similar assemblage of local patriotism that cheered its champions from start to finish with the gigantic strength of sixty thousand lungs?

"In front of the *Morning Journal's* office bulletin board and at every other place in the city where reports of the game were displayed crowds, ranging from hundreds to tens of thousands, stood and watched and cheered from the first to the ninth inning, until an uninitiated stranger might have thought that the whole town had gone mad.

"And as one dispatch after another rolled up the certainty that the Giants would again be victorious there went up from every corps, brigade regiment, and company of that great army, down to the smallest squad, the universally adopted cry of triumph,
"We are the people."

From this brief excerpt of a "lead story" it will be gathered that New York of 1894 was not quite blasé about baseball, also that the baseball reporters of that period were quite equal to the occasion. Oh well, a world series is a world series.

GOING over Mr. Robinson's clippings I came upon that one quite accidentally. Mr. Robinson did not place it on the top of the pile.

"Robbie," I demanded. "How about all of the fight that the old Orioles were supposed to have had? They seemed to curl up in that series, didn't they?"

"Amos Rusie was pitching every other game for one thing," explained Mr. Robinson. "And at that time Amos Rusie was right. We might just as well have had our champagne.

"Now about this business of the brickbats at Baltimore?"

"Come to think of it there was a brickyard near the ball park but that was not our fault."

On the following year the Orioles again won the pennant and met the Boston "Beaneaters" in the Temple Cup Series. This time they won that series and became champions of the world. Again in 1896 and 1897 they were world champions. They spoke of them as the Team of Destiny.

They remained the same "gang" clinging together on and off the ball field. Certainly they differed from the staid and serious young business men who are the baseball players of to-day. Their play outside of baseball was rough and boisterous. They did not go in for golf nor did they Charleston for the good reason that those pastimes were practically unknown.

Robinson told me of one of their pet diversions. They used to race horses in the mornings, hired horses. From the start Robinson had claimed an extra large animal that happened to be fleet of foot as well. He was winning most of the races and considerable money when Joe Kelley, who knew something about training horses "framed" him.

That particular morning the Orioles, who had lost heavily to Robinson, the heaviest jockey in the field, bet with apparent recklessness. Robinson made book on himself against the field. His horse got off to a slow start and finished absolutely last for the first time in the series of Oriole handicaps. The cunning Joseph Kelley had given him three bucketsful of water just before the start. Robinson has regarded the sport of kings with suspicion ever since.

During one of the stays at home a newspaper, anxious for a "stunt," inveigled Robinson to agree to catch a baseball thrown from the highest building of the city into the street. At the last moment it was agreed to substitute a grape fruit for the baseball. In full uniform and with a crowd assembled Robinson waited for "the ball."

It came to him just as the sun glared out between a rift in the clouds blinding the catcher. The grape fruit struck his mask and knocked him over. Robinson rose a little dizzy and raising his hand, felt something moist.

"Am I bleeding?" he demanded. There was a roar of laughter from his team mates. For years afterward anybody who wished to get the goat of Mr. Robinson, as they say, had merely to shout across the field, "Am I bleeding?" It

always was safest for the heckler to get a running start.

It was in the early days of the Orioles that Robinson established a mark that no league ball player ever has equaled. He made seven hits out of seven times at bat.

The feat was achieved on the home grounds of the Orioles on June 10, 1892. The Orioles were playing the Browns in the first game of a double header. The game is worth going into the files for. The following excerpt is from the *Baltimore News* of the following day:

"At no stage of the game were the visitors in the game. They were toyed with like paper dolls, the Orioles fairly overwhelming them with their magnificent onslaught. In the first contest the entire St. Louis team went to pieces in the face of Baltimore's terrific slugging, Crooks, Carrol and Brodie leading in the fielding.

"Getzein, Young and Breitenstein each took a turn at tossing the ball up for the Birds to kill. Twenty-five hits for a total of thirty bases was our splendid record and twenty-five large juicy runs was the result. Fat, jolly Robbie was the king of batters. He stepped up to the plate seven times and every time he stepped up he made a hit, one of them being a double. Shoch was next with five, McGraw third with three. Every man on the team except McMahon had two.

"Mac pitched superbly and held the Browns completely at bay. Toward the end of the game he sensibly let up but even then the hits were few and far between. The score was: Baltimore, 25 runs, 25 hits, 6 errors; St. Louis, 4 runs, 7 hits, 4 errors."

In 1922 when the Giants with a depleted pitching staff were clubbing their way through for a pennant there was a game in Chicago where the score went into the twenties. Some of the players were coming up to bat for the seventh time. I remember that I felt something of a pang at the time. There were two chances that the record of Robinson might be tied. But it did not happen. I was glad that the record stood. I think that it is one of those that will stand forever in the big leagues.

In the part of his life with the Orioles it is necessary to submerge the personality of Robinson. He would have it so. No man of that team claimed any extra credit for himself. But the characteristics that showed in Robinson later in life indicate that he must have been the balance wheel of that organization. With the fire of youth in him held in check by his steadfastness his influence there must have been great.

But we must let him have it his own way. "I was just a cog in that machine, the greatest machine that baseball ever has known."

Just one little incident to show how the Orioles enjoyed themselves off the field. They were in Philadelphia about to board their coach for the field. Von der Host, the owner, decided that he would ride to the baseball park with them. The players demurred, but owners can do what they please about these matters.

They had not gone a block from the hotel when the men and boys of the invaded town began to close in on the coach and to make what Mr. Robinson called "remarks." Instantly John McGraw and Joe Kelley started to reply in kind.

Von der Host started to tell his players not to say anything. Just as he opened his mouth a ripe banana struck it and nearly choked him. Von der Host never rode with his baseball team again. The running of the gauntlet in an invaded town was part of the days amusement.

Like the late Samuel Crane, player and baseball writer, Robinson always mourned the passing of the custom of having the players ride out to the ball parks, dressed in their uniforms and seated in open coaches. "It gave the boys a chance to get in touch with the enemy fans," he said. "Also it kept them on the alert because they had to be quick to keep from getting hit."

The greatest catch ever made in the history of baseball was made by Willie Keeler of the Orioles, according to Robinson and in this John McGraw and all the others concur. It happened while the Orioles were playing Washington.

A ball was hit to right field. It looked like

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a sure home run. In the corner of the park was a low fence topped with five strands of rusty barbed wire. Keeler started back when the ball was hit. He saw that it would just clear the top strand of wire.

He did not hesitate an instant. He thrust his hand through the barbed wire and his arm with it to the shoulder. His shirt was ripped and the sharp barbs slashed into his flesh but the ball was in his hand and he held it again. Pulling out his arm and ripping his flesh, he returned the ball to the infield.

It was instinct. The same sort of instinct that made Mathewson, once hit on the head by a batted ball, pick it up and throw it to first base, putting the man out, just before he lapsed into unconsciousness. That was given one paragraph in the paper I read under the caption of "League Baseball." It happened to be the paper of which I am now sports editor. They did not enthuse so much over the national pastime in that paper then. To-day the same incident would have required a few columns to tell and would have been started on the first page. Now that we are first-paging sports heroes they all seem rather inadequate.

The average life of a great baseball machine seems to be about four years. Then things begin to happen to it. It is my notion that one of the troubles has been that the fans begin to tire of a winning machine and that the attitude of the fans affects the ball club. That was the case with Connie Mack's perfect Athletics and with the Boston Red Sox headed by Carrigan. Even New York becomes apathetic toward winners in time and the tradition is that New York wants only winners.

The great Orioles were scrapped in one fell swoop in the winter of 1898. A new type of hero replaced the baseball hero in that year. It was the year of the Spanish American War and the popular idolatry was switched to the men in khaki. Interest fell off in the Orioles. Baltimore had come to take its ball club as a matter of course.

It was announced that the Orioles had been ordered transferred to Brooklyn in a body. Keeler, Jennings and Kelley reported. Wilbert Robinson and John J. McGraw refused to go. They had business interests in Baltimore and thought that their lives were bound up with that city. It is a strange freak of fortune that Wilbert Robinson who is now a landmark of Brooklyn at first unknowingly tried to dodge his destiny.

IT WAS arranged that Robinson and McGraw take over the Orioles with McGraw as manager and Robinson retaining his post of captain. But the old enthusiasm of the city for its team had died down. The great machine had been broken up. Interest in the Orioles became less and less. For a while McGraw personally financed the team but it was evident that it would not last.

On the final showdown McGraw announced to the directors that he was losing his own money and that he could not continue. That was made clear. McGraw was released to go to the New York Giants and the last vestige of the Orioles passed from baseball history.

Robinson then decided that he was through with baseball and devoted himself to his business. His sunny disposition and his sterling character had made him a favorite in Baltimore. He tried to forget the lure of the game but he could not. It was especially hard when the baseball teams started south for their Spring training. Robinson found himself longing for the sound of baseball talk again.

Mrs. Wilbert Robinson, who always was a baseball fan and quite a baseball strategist, understood. When the Orioles called him back she advised him to go. Then for a few years Wilbert Robinson played with them, the last of the great Orioles, until it was quite apparent to him that he was through with active work as a ball player.

At last he gathered all of his baseball togs and put them in a trunk in the attic of his Baltimore home. He was through with the game excepting for the Old Oriole reunions and the reminiscing. At least he thought that he was through with the game.

"There I was, just an old ball player," said Mr. Robinson. "All through and settled down."

(Continued on page 82)

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Boom Days of the Orioles

(Continued from page 81)

Of course Wilbert Robinson did not know then that his greatest success and his greatest service to the game were yet to come. Only one in a hundred of the baseball players are of use to the game after their active playing days are over. Being a modest man Robinson did not know that he possessed the qualifications that made him not one man in a hundred but one in ten thousand.

They say that it was a turkey that decided Wilbert Robinson's fate. Among the enterprises entered by the former catcher and captain of the Orioles was a poultry market. Mr. Robinson was looking over his stock during the winter holidays. The prize exhibit was a huge turkey.

In some way the turkey got out of its crate. The rotund owner of the market started in hot pursuit. The turkey took to the great open spaces of Baltimore with Wilbert Robinson at his tail.

Instead of helping to head off the bird the bystanders cheered both contestants in the race. Robinson gathered from some of the fragments of their conversation that they were even making an impromptu book on it.

The race was unequal. The turkey had the better racing equipment but there was determination in the face of Wilbert Robinson. Of course it was an obstacle race. The turkey flew to the top of a trolley car. Mr. Robinson always resourceful, knocked him off by the simple expedient of grabbing the trolley rope and canting him off with the pole.

The race ended when the turkey was knocked over by an automobile which crashed into a telegraph pole. The turkey was ruined for market purposes. Not only that, but there were heavy bills for damages.

"That turkey flew away with a year's profits," said Robinson. "That minute I made up my mind to get back into baseball somehow. I could see that there was no future in turkeys."

(To be continued)

By Air to the Inaccessible Pole

(Continued from page 13)

and Major Lanphier agree is the best flying equipment obtainable to-day. There will be two airplanes, both Fokkers, and one of them will be the second largest monoplane ever assembled in this country. This machine is equipped with three 200-horse-power air-cooled Wright motors. These engines present no radiator problems. The three-engined ship is capable of cruising 2,500 miles in a non-stop flight. Furthermore, if one motor should fail, the remaining two are able to carry the plane with a full load; if two stop, the third engine will keep the machine in flight for a sufficient length of time to enable them to make a safe landing. The other Fokker will be equipped with a single water-cooled Liberty engine of 400-horse-power.

The flight of the two planes will be a practical test of the relative efficiency of the water-cooled *versus* the air-cooled engine in cold weather. Each machine will have a much greater flying range than did Amundsen's or MacMillan's flying-boats. While the larger plane is able to cruise 2,500 miles without refuelling, the plane with the single Liberty motor, which has been fitted with extra gasoline tanks, will have a non-stop range of 3,000 miles; the distance from Point Barrow to Spitzbergen is approximately 2,100 miles. The oil tanks and magnetos on the two airplanes will be kept warm by heat from the exhaust pipes, and the machine which the expedition Commander selects for the long flight will be fitted with a Fairchild aerial camera.

Captain Wilkins will have the best navigational instruments in order to fly through fog, snow, and clouds without getting off his course. One of these is a turn and bank indicator, consisting of a tiny gyroscope driven by an air turbine which is operated by the flight of the plane through the air. Another instrument will indicate the speed he is making, and make it possible for him to fly without any reference to the frozen surface of the Arctic Ocean. Still another instrument gives the speed of the airplane over the ground and the drift of the machine due to side winds. An "octant," which



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is somewhat similar in appearance and operation to the sextant used on shipboard, will permit Captain Wilkins to take accurate observations from his moving airplane, regardless of his elevation. A special compass will enable him to determine the direction in which he is flying. Once every hour while he is flying over the polar ice-pack Captain Wilkins will take an observation from the bridge of his air cruiser, using a new system of tabulations specially prepared for his use.

The theory that land exists between Alaska and the Pole has persisted for hundreds of years. The story of a "lost continent" has been handed down from generation to generation by natives of Siberia, and Dr. R. A. Harris, an American geographer, won considerable notice a few years ago by offering Arctic tide-tables as proof of the existence of a large land mass north of Alaska. The hypothetical land of Dr. Harris lies west of the area explored by Stefansson during the field work of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, of which both Wilkins and the writer were members. Within this area also lies the "Pole of Relative Inaccessibility," as Stefansson terms it. By attempting to reach the one objective, Captain Wilkins puts himself in the way of attaining the other.

BESIDES the scientific facts and opinions formulated by Dr. Harris, there are the meteorological observations taken by Stefansson's expedition, which indicate that the prevailing winds along the north coast of Alaska come from a common center or pole. These "wind poles" are usually higher than the surrounding territory, therefore the possibility exists that land may lie somewhere near the center of the ice-pack. Still another reason why land may exist north of Alaska is that the bowhead whale, which is obliged to feed in shallow water, comes northward in the spring through Bering Strait and sets a course to the eastward of Wrangel Island. After reaching this point, his whereabouts become a mystery until he next is seen several weeks later off the west coast of Banks Land, approximately nine hundred miles to the eastward. Where does this leviathan find shallow water in which to feed during this long journey, if not on the shore of the "lost continent?" There is also the fact that geese and ducks have been observed flying directly northward from Point Barrow during the early summer, and returning with their young a few months later from the same point of the compass. Where are their breeding grounds, if not on the land mass now being sought by Captain Wilkins?

While the Detroit Arctic expedition is a scientific one, it is likely to encounter its share of adventures. For instance, there is a legend in the Arctic that the waters north of Point Barrow contain a "Sargasso Sea," in which some of the "phantom fleet" of a hundred or more whaling and exploring vessels which have been abandoned in the moving ice-pack drift about in a never-ending circle. Some of these vessels may have escaped the crushing force of the floes. If so, they can be sighted from an airplane at a distance of twenty-five miles.

During one unfavorable ice year, back in the seventies, thirty whaling ships were caught in the pack and carried away from the Alaskan mainland. Most of the men deserted the vessels and made their way over the ice to shore, but fifty or more decided to stay with their ships. Did these youthful and hardy whalers die from starvation and scurvy, or have some of them survived to this day? Will Wilkins and his pilot have the rare luck of looking down and beholding the sagging ropes and tottering masts of an ice-blocked sailing ship? And will a smooth stretch of ice present itself so that they may land and examine the ship's log, with its history of the drift and the weary days of imprisonment carefully jotted down?

All these things—and more—are possible. One never knows what thrilling story may come out of the polar regions, or when a member of the "phantom fleet," fast in its icy berth, will be carried within sight of Point Barrow. It has happened before; and it can happen again. Amundsen's ship, the *Maud*, frozen fast in the polar pack, drifted several hundred miles to the northwest of Wrangel Island in two years. The sturdy hull of this vessel withstood the crushing, grinding motion of the ice-pack. Is it not possible that whaling ships, less fortunate, may

(Continued on page 84)

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By Air to the Inaccessible Pole

(Continued from page 83)

still be fast in their icy prison, and that Wilkins may sight them from the air?

Since the days of Columbus all efforts to discover a Northeast Passage were unavailing until Nordenskiöld succeeded in 1879. Scores of explorers, including Hudson and Baffin, endeavored to force their way through the Northwest Passage, but it remained for Amundsen to be the first, in 1906, to navigate the tortuous channels north of the American continent. The conquest of the polar regions by ships and by dog-teams has been grimly extended from generation to generation, but a new and immensely improved instrument—the airplane—is now available. A new epoch in exploration is unfolding before our very eyes—an epoch in which the airplane supplants the dog-team. In fact, exploration is altering in all its characteristics because of mechanical progress. It is quite an advance from Eskimo dogs and sledges to airplanes and radio, both of which Wilkins will utilize in his present undertaking. In order to see these changes in their proper perspective, let us go back for a moment to the conditions which existed when Parry, a young Lieutenant in the British Navy, was endeavoring to find a Northwest passage to China.

ONE of the prevailing superstitions a hundred years ago was that drinking water made by melting salt-water ice was a contributing cause to scurvy. But Parry disregarded all precedent and advice when he decided that such water was fit for use. This was perhaps the first revolutionary step taken in exploration during the last century. The secret of making fresh water from salt-water ice, he found, lay mainly in selecting ice cakes at least a year old. The action of the sun's rays on such cakes freed the salt brine, which had frozen the previous winter at a lower temperature than fresh water. The force of gravitation did the rest, causing the brine to drip away, thus leaving a honeycombed cake of fresh ice.

The dread of scurvy was ever present on Arctic expeditions a hundred years ago. In Parry's day, for example, this insidious disease was sure to break out sooner or later on voyages of more than a year's duration. Many and varied were the specific preventives (anti-scorbutics) prescribed by the British Admiralty's medical officers. Lemon juice and lime juice were the favorites, and then came sauerkraut, pickles, and even beer. The medical officer of the expedition lined up the party and administered the dose once a day. It was Greely who came to the conclusion in the eighties that plenty of fresh meat was the only preventive of scurvy, and Stefansson proved this on his most recent expedition.

Twenty-five years after Parry's first attempt to discover the Northwest Passage, Sir John Franklin, of the British Navy, set out with two vessels and more than a hundred men on the same errand. The death of the leader, the retreat of the survivors after both ships had been crushed by the ice, and their complete annihilation, is known as the world's most tragic instance of its kind. Scurvy and starvation cut down the little band as they fought their way toward one of the outlying posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, although they traversed a land of comparative plenty, where Eskimo groups for generations had lived by the bow and arrow. Caribou, seals, polar bears, and musk-oxen were to be found on every side, had these men known it, and had they possessed the strength and the aptitude for hunting. The skins of these animals would have provided them with clothing, shelter, and footwear. The blubber of the seal could have been used for cooking their food and lighting and heating their tents. But the Franklin survivors struggled blindly onward, weighted down with bulky provisions and heavy wooden boats, to their doom.

It cannot be said of the Franklin Expedition that it improved methods of Arctic exploration, although it carried the best equipment obtainable in those days. But the long continued search for the survivors was so urgent as to bring about several revolutionary changes. Lieutenant McClintock, of the British Navy, for instance, is credited with bringing sledge travel in winter almost to the point where Peary found

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it forty years later. Another indefatigable searcher was Dr. John Rae, who with a party of half a dozen men to feed and clothe, searched the country in the vicinity of the North Magnetic Pole for months until he ascertained what had become of the lost explorers, maintaining his party meanwhile by killing animals in the same country where the Franklin party had perished. By cutting himself off from his base of supplies and depending entirely upon his rifle for food, Rae accomplished something which no other explorer had dared attempt. This was a revolutionary step forward; an intellectual achievement. For Rae demonstrated that any one with a good pair of legs, good eyesight, and a rifle could go when and where he pleased, and stay as long as his cartridges held out.

IN THE days of Davis, Baffin, Barents, Hudson, and Bering, explorers were content merely to sail along the shores of strange lands; sledge journeys during the coldest months were unknown. Not until the comparatively modern Peary era, in fact, did it become the accepted practice to travel by dog-team and sledge during the winter. Peary's admirers among explorers agree that it was not his super-marathon to the Pole that was the real accomplishment. It was the improvements in existing methods of exploration which he brought about. He adopted some Eskimo methods and improved others. Nevertheless, he continued to believe that an extensive sledge journey over the sea ice, without plenty of dogs, sledges, Eskimos and food for the return journey, was absolutely impracticable.

At the very time when Peary's almost unlimited resources and large organization of both men and dogs were contributing to his success in reaching the North Pole, and Amundsen's combination of Norwegian and Eskimo methods was being used successfully in his dash to the South Pole, Stefansson, then a young and comparatively inexperienced explorer, fresh from teaching anthropology at Harvard, was proceeding upon original and entirely different lines to traverse the region in which Sir John Franklin's party had perished. Unlike Peary, with his elaborate equipment, Stefansson merely had a sledge, less than a dozen dogs, rifles for the party, cartridges, and matches. His plan was to depend entirely for clothing and food upon the game which the country afforded, as Rae had done in his search for the Franklin survivors. Thus Stefansson came to be known as the Daniel Boone of the Arctic. His method of exploration is a radical departure from the established order, since it enables any one to cut himself off absolutely from his base of supplies, and explore in any direction. Stefansson, therefore, like Amundsen and Peary, is judged by competent explorers not by his discoveries of new people, new rivers, and new lands, but by the method of exploration which he established and proved to be practicable.

Not content with having revived the Rae method of living on the country, Stefansson next demonstrated, by making a trip by dog-team over the ice from the north coast of Alaska to Bank Island, some 750 miles to the Northeast, that he could live by his rifle on the drifting ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean. Bidding his support party, of which the writer was a member, farewell at a point about seventy miles from shore, Stefansson, despite the assertions of Eskimos, whaling captains and a majority of the members of his own expedition that such a trip would be nothing short of suicidal, struck off into the unknown with two experienced men, a sledge, six dogs, and provisions for less than two months. It was more than three months before he sighted land.

Stefansson's real achievement lay in breaking away from the beaten path. His primary object was to determine whether or not land lay between Alaska and the North Pole—the identical mission on which Wilkins is now engaged. The modern facilities which will serve to expedite the Wilkins voyage into the unknown make Stefansson's recent expedition seem almost primitive. He had no radio in those days; he had no airplanes. He made his successful search for new land with dog-teams and sledges. On one occasion we spent ten hours in traveling five hundred yards over the rough ice.

The essential difference between the Stefansson and Amundsen methods is that Stefansson has fared forth determined to make his living by

(Continued on page 86)



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By Air to the Inaccessible Pole

(Continued from page 85)

his rifle, whereas Amundsen, like Peary, Scott, Shackleton and others, always believed in being well supplied with sufficient food for the outgoing and returning journeys. The methods of Amundsen and Stefansson are different, but their expeditions, and the expeditions of Peary and Nansen, have been remarkably free from casualties due to incompetence, and these explorers undoubtedly have done more for the advancement of Arctic exploration in the past twenty-five years, simply by improving existing methods, than other explorers accomplished in the previous century.

And Wilkins, in his journey by air to the "Inaccessible Pole" and over the top of the world to Spitzbergen, will, I venture to predict, prove to be a worthy follower of Stefansson.

Personalities and Appreciations

The Father of Prosper Fair

WE HAVE been hearing many pleasant things about the two stories by Bertram Atkey in the series entitled "Down the Wander Ways with Prosper Fair," which appeared in our February and March issues. And just as we were on the point of sitting down to indite these columns we received a letter from the author himself. Here it is:

"Our friend, Mr. F. A. Jones (Mr. Atkey's New York representative) has sent me on two copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE containing the first of the Prosper Fair stories and I want to say that I think you have produced this tale beautifully. I am delighted with the drawings and proud to be associated with such a distinguished looking magazine as THE ELKS. Quite apart from the business side, I do hope that the stories are liked, as I feel, with you, that they are the kind of tales which are meant for your magazine.

"My people and I have been looking at the reproductions of some of the Elks Lodges and reading the news items concerning these. We have nothing to compare with such an organization as The Elks on this side and we are full of admiration for the beautiful lodges they have built apparently everywhere. There seems to be such a delightful comradely tone about The Elks that one is almost inclined to envy those on your side associated with it. It will be a source of real pride and pleasure to me if Prosper pleases you all."

Before Mr. Atkey turned to writing as a profession, he had tried in many other ways to wrest a fortune from the world. His earliest effort was at real estate and surveying, in which pursuits he was not a conspicuous success. He next tried dealing in clay, gravel and sand; made bricks and flower-pots and grew very weary of that. Abandoning the country, he went to the city, where he became in turn clerk, canvasser, comedian, advertisement writer, agent, trade journalist, reporter, sporting writer, assistant editor and editor. And while he was doing all these things, and before, in the clay, sand and gravel period, he was writing fiction in his spare time.

As so often happens when a man who is an editor also writes, or vice-versa, Atkey arrived at last at the point where he had to decide whether he wanted to devote himself entirely to writing or to editing. He decided to write. To-day he is considered one of the very best of English short story writers.

Wilbert Robinson in Baltimore

IF IT could be said that one team had influenced the game of baseball more than any other, the old Baltimore Orioles



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"In the heart of Philadelphia"

would receive the unanimous nomination as the team that had done just that. And in this issue W. O. McGeehan, dealing with the Oriole phase of "Robbie's" baseball career, points out how "inside baseball" really originated with the famous Baltimore club. Every lover of the game will find absorbing reading—and some interesting pictures—in this month's instalment of McGeehan's chronicle of Robinson's busy and successful life.

As we go to press with this issue, Mr. McGeehan is down at Sarasota, examining Mr. McGraw's 1926 consignment of ivory, or what's left of it. When he returns, if he has not been too terribly weakened by the combined efforts of lying under a palm tree and watching other men chase baseballs under a hot sun, he is coming to this office to discuss the possibility of writing another sporting biography for us. The man whose career he wants to write of is very famous indeed. But, beyond saying that he is not a baseball, or football, or golf character, we shall disclose no more at this time.

The Lure of the North

THE number of arctic expeditions setting out this Spring in an effort to fly over the top of our poor old hemisphere is astounding. Polar exploration by airplane is by way of developing into an international sport. There is undeniably a certain sporting aspect to such undertakings. Certainly the men who enlist in them face a sporting chance of being rather uncomfortably marooned a long way from Forty-second Street. It speaks well for the virility of our much maligned age that so many persons exist who are willing, for very little material gain, to risk their lives in order to satisfy the curiosity—both idle and scientific—of a public which has been wanting to know what the Arctic contains ever since Mr. Copernicus discovered that the earth is round.

In this issue there is an authoritative article concerning one of the attempts being made to explore the unknown land—if land there be—just this side of the North Pole. Burt M. McConnell, author of the article, is singularly well qualified to write on the subject by virtue of many months spent in arctic exploration with Stefansson, and with Captain Wilkins, the leader of the expedition in question. He sets forth very clearly what the Wilkins essay is all about; what its value is likely to be; and what problems and obstacles confront the exploring party.

Looking at the map reproduced with the article, the casual observer is apt to think to himself that it should be no trick at all to fly from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitzbergen. The distance by the polar route seems comparatively short. And so it is. The danger lies in the appalling inhospitableness of the area over which it is necessary to make the flight. We saw a motion picture recently, made during the Amundsen attempt last year, which showed the tremendous labor involved in hacking a smooth track, 600 yards long, out of the rough ice, so that Amundsen's plane might take the air again after a forced landing. And we want to say that any men who, knowing Arctic conditions from experience, are willing to try flying over the Polar ice fields, deserve all the encouragement, admiration and honor they can get.

Our best wishes for good luck go with Captain Wilkins and with all the other men about to embark on Arctic explorations.

The Grapevine Telegraph

THE other day newspaper men in New York held a telephone conversation with newspaper men in England. A marvelous accomplishment—not of the newspaper men,

to whom long-distance talking is said to come naturally—but a marvelous accomplishment of the engineers who made the feat possible. It is the last word in civilized communication. And aside from explaining the basic force, electricity, which men can control though they do not know what it is, experts can make the entire process of transoceanic telephony relatively comprehensible to the average lay mind.

There still exist, however, methods of communication in use by savage races which have never been satisfactorily explained. The generic name for this kind of communication is "grapevine telegraph." It is known that the ancient Greeks sent and received signals by means of torches and that our own Indians used fires for the same purpose. Yet messages are sent and received in the South Sea Islands and in Africa without the aid of any apparent physical means. The beating of native drums and gongs, the sounds of which travel many miles is a common method of tribe-to-tribe communication. But when no torches, beacons, smoke-pillars, carrier-pigeons, drums or gongs are used and still messages fly ahead of the fleetest courier, there's a mystery indeed. So far, no white person has come forward with a proved solution. But there have been many authenticated cases of this mysterious power of communication.

We were talking the other day with a man who had spent many years in India, a trained observer, familiar with the tricks of the native fakirs and somewhat scornful of them. We asked him if it were true that there existed some unexplained method of communication among the people and, if it were true, whether he had a theory as to the possible nature of the method. And he told us the story of an uprising that took place several years ago, news of which reached the natives of a certain city some hundreds of miles away, long before the first dispatches from the British garrison reached the authorities in the same city—despite the fact that the dispatches were sent post-haste by couriers riding night and day on relays of the fastest horses obtainable. "There was no telephone and no telegraph then," he said, "and no living creature, except a bird, could have traveled faster than the couriers. And yet the news of the uprising was known by the native population a full day before the courier arrived. Explain it? Nobody could, except the natives, who wouldn't. We know it wasn't beacons or any of the obvious primitive methods of telegraphy. But we know, too, that the message was sent and received. My own theory is that it was done by telepathy. That may be right and it may not."

All this because in Beatrice Grimshaw's story, "The Wreck of the Red Wing," you will come across instances of this seemingly magical communication. And we don't want you to say to yourself: "Oh, here, that's too much to believe, even in fiction."

Miss Grimshaw makes no explanation of the phenomenon, though she, too, allows one to think it a matter of thought transference. We are going to write and ask her to tell us what she knows about it.

Meanwhile, don't fail to begin her story. You will find the first chapters in this issue—if you've not already found them.

"It's the Little Things that Count"

LAST month, under the heading "We Commend to Your Attention," we wrote a paragraph about a story by Charles Edward Russell entitled "The Case of the Paying Teller." The story appears in this issue, but under another title, which is printed at the head of these observations.

(Continued on page 88)



"Which Man Shall I Promote?"

WILL your employer think of you when the next good position is open? Will he say, "There's a man who is training himself to handle bigger work," or will he pass you by as just an ordinary routine worker?

Do not try to fool yourself. Your employer is watching you more closely than you may think. He's constantly checking up on your work, your abilities, your ideals, your aspirations. Stored away in the back of his mind or filed away in black and white, are his impressions of the kind of man you are and the kind of man you want to be.

He's willing and anxious to pay you more money the minute you prove that you are worth more money. But he can't take chances. When he promotes a man, he wants to be sure he will make good.

Decide now—today—that you are going to be ready when your chance comes. Choose the position you want in the work you like best—then train for it. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the International Correspondence Schools.

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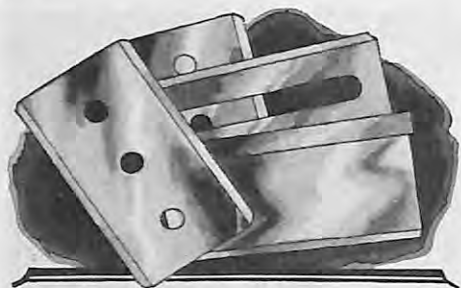
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TRADE MARK
OUTING CLOTHING

Personalities and Appreciations

(Continued from page 87)



Why Throw Away Your Razor Blades?

Every dull blade can be made to do the work of dozens of new ones!

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced, dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the Ingersoll Dollar Strop; an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades. It has only been on the market for a little over a year—yet it has given priceless shaving comfort to nearly a million men.



The Ingersoll

DOLLAR STROPPER

is based on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to bring the edge of the blade automatically in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring the keenest cutting edge. It will last a lifetime and is so simple to use that a child can operate it. Sharpens any make of blade and makes each blade good for three hundred shaves, saving you \$5 to \$10 a year on razor blades.

Ten Days' Trial

If you have not had the strop-ner demonstrated to you and cannot get it at your dealer's mail the coupon with \$1 and we will send you the complete outfit, including patent strop-ner (blade holder) and fine leather strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shave you ever had, return it and we will return your \$1 at once. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. Mail the coupon if your dealer cannot supply you.

DEALERS

This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval—in fact, it is sweeping the country. Dealers are cashing in heavily. Quick sales, quick profits. Every man a prospect. If interested in dealer's plan, check square in coupon.

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I enclose \$1 for which please send me the Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Outfit in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

Make of razor used.....

I am interested in Dealer's Plan

We were reading proof on the tale when we were impelled to make the change. "The Case of the Paying Teller" might be applied to any one of a dozen yarns involving the minor functionary of a bank. But the title we have put on this story accents the lesson it contains so perfectly and fits so aptly that we consider it unquestionably a better designation.

We do not, as a rule, like stories that point morals. Usually a writer who tries to make a story a sermon in disguise produces something which is neither a good story nor a good sermon. It is perhaps unfair to Mr. Russell to advertise the fact that there is a moral in this particular yarn. But there is. It is unobtrusive, however; never made to seem more important than the story itself. And it is brought out in the ending with a fine ironic twist.

Charles Edward Russell's name has been before the public for more than twenty years. Newspaperman and publisher to begin with, he has been a successful writer, lecturer and student of affairs ever since. In 1910 and 1912 he was Socialist candidate for Governor of New York State. He was a member of the special diplomatic mission sent to Russia in 1917, Commissioner to Great Britain for the U. S. Committee on Public Information in 1918 and a member of the President's Industrial Commission in 1919. Mr. Russell is the author of some twenty books, including works of fiction, biography and economic and sociological studies.

We find we can not think of Mr. Russell without thinking also of his son, who until the movies swallowed him up, was one of the most brilliant of the younger American short-story writers. (Maybe you remember "Where the Pavement Ends," "The Passion Vine," etc.). Editors of magazines have been trying for several years to tempt Mr. John Russell back into the fiction fold but, so far as we know, without success. We take this occasion to grumble at him publicly for abandoning the great and difficult art of writing for the lesser and easier artisanry of the screen. (Hollywood papers please copy.)

A Glimpse of a Tragedy

THERE is an unusually fine piece of work in this issue: Dana Burnet's story, "The Man Who Burned a Hole in His Coat." It is simply told, sincerely conceived and—to us—moving.

As we think about the story, we suddenly doubt the wisdom of having labeled it "for people whose hair is beginning to show gray." Not that they won't appreciate it, for they will. Many of them will see in it a sharpened reflection of themselves. And they will grin and bear it, for there's nothing else to do.

The story should, however, have been directed to the attention of young men and women, just starting on the great adventure into life. Read it yourself, and if you agree, pass it on to your son or daughter. It might help one of them, some time, in his or her attempt to decide which way happiness lies. That is a question every individual is forced to answer for himself. Advice concerning it is usually futile, firstly, because the person advised does not want to listen and, secondly, because the person offering the advice is only guessing anyway.

Giving other people advice on the pursuit and capture of happiness is one of the

favorite pastimes of man, most commonly indulged in by those who themselves have failed in the quest. It is a curious example of perverse reasoning that persons who have made a mess of their own lives should be among the first to undertake the guidance of others. But we are growing pensive and didactic, and this is not the place to be either.

Those Lodge Pictures

FOR several months now we have been brightening the pages of "Under the Spreading Antlers" with photographic reproductions of subordinate Lodge Homes. Everybody likes to see them. Members of the Lodge whose Home is portrayed are glad to have its picture in the Magazine, because of pride in their achievement in having erected it. Members of Lodges who have as yet not attained the dignity of a Home of their own like to see these pictures, because they receive from them suggestions that can be put to use in the planning of that Home just around the corner which every Lodge hopes and expects to build in the near future. The pictures of attractive and well-planned Homes impress persons who do not belong to the Order of Elks—as witness, for instance, what Bertram Atkey, who lives in England, says about them in the letter quoted earlier in this department. Furthermore, the possession of hundreds of fine Homes, in small communities as well as in large ones, is another of the features which distinguish the Order of Elks from all other American fraternal organizations.

The importance of the physical aspects of the Lodge Home: its equipment, furnishing, convenience and completeness, is obviously being recognized more and more throughout the fraternity. In the design of new buildings and the remodeling of old ones, attention is being paid to details which a few years ago would have been left more or less to chance. The fact to be borne in mind is that money is the least of the ingredients that go into the erection of a thoroughly satisfactory structure. Imagination is the important ingredient. It costs no more—in fact, it frequently costs less—to build a beautiful, well-planned Home than to put up an ill-considered, uncomfortable, unsatisfactory eyesore.

Last month we wrote to the Secretaries of a number of Lodges, pictures of whose buildings we had not published, asking for photographs suitable for reproduction. Their response was prompt. They sent us a great many pictures. Many of these, unfortunately, were not photographs suitable for reproduction, but colored postal-cards from which it is not possible to make good cuts for use in the Magazine. We have no intent to criticize the Secretaries who sent us postal-cards instead of glossy photographic prints; not being in the publishing business they were unfamiliar with the requirements of half-tone reproduction. We thank them for their good intentions and their evident wish to cooperate. We take this opportunity, however, to request those who sent us postal-card pictures of their Lodge Homes to send us now plain photographs, without color, printed on shiny photographic paper. If the Lodge has no such photograph available, we suggest that it would be worth the Lodge's while to have one made for this purpose.

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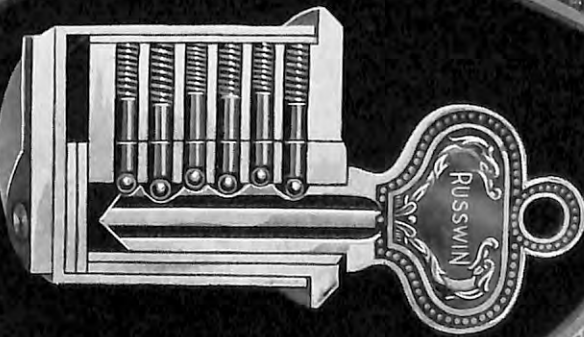
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