

# The Elks

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OCTOBER, 1926

Magazine

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This Month: Opening Chapters of Octavus Roy Cohen's Dramatic New Novel, "The Outer Gate," and Many Other Splendid Features





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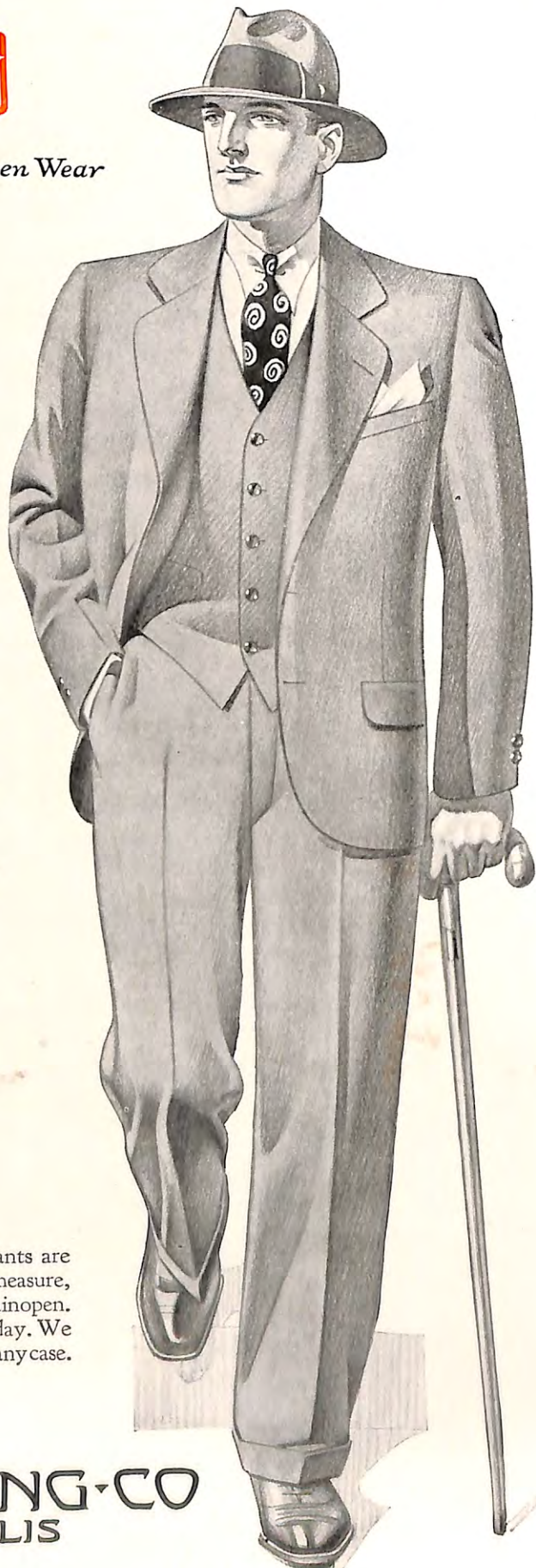
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Volume Five  
Number Five

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

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

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Editor and Executive Director

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50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

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

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

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# Personalities and Appreciations

## The Outer Gate

IN THIS issue you will find the opening chapters of a splendid new serial, as absorbing, in its own way, as "The Iron Chalice" and written by the same author, Octavus Roy Cohen. "The Iron Chalice" was so successful as a serial; it was so thoroughly enjoyed by our readers and has lingered so clearly in their memories, that we find ourselves using it as a standard by which to judge other serials. The new one, beginning this month, is a better story in many respects. Because of the nature of its plot, "The Iron Chalice" partook somewhat of the character of a stunt story. "The Outer Gate" is what is known, in the writing profession, as a "straight" story. There are no tricks in it. But there's a lot of very gripping interplay of emotion, together with romance, action and the ever-fascinating atmosphere of a lurking underworld.

Just as this issue was going to press, Mr. Cohen paid us a visit and outlined the theme of still another serial. We are not going to tell you any more about it now except to assure you that the recital of the bare outline of the story held us in breathless suspense for two hours. It will be published in this Magazine some time during next year.

## Funiculi, Funicula

THIS paragraph has to do, not with the old song ending in the words above, but with an experience of Roy Cohen last spring at Nice. He was stopping at a hotel on top of a hill which could be ascended in two ways, or rather, in three: on foot, by taxi up a long and very winding road, or by means of a funicular railway. One very rainy night Mr. Cohen descended from the hotel into the town to mail a letter and, trying to get back again, lost his way. He wanted to find the funicular railway. He didn't want to walk up the hill to the hotel because of the rain, and he didn't feel like taking a cab. And so, speaking in what might be termed pidgin French, he stopped the first person he saw to inquire as to the whereabouts of the funicular. Very affably this person told him, in a mixture of French and sign language, what kind of an arrangement a funicular is. "This would have been interesting," Roy says, "if I could have understood it and if it had been what I wanted to know. But I couldn't, and it wasn't, and so I thanked him, and after he had gone on I tried some one else." Half a dozen other people all mysteriously met his inquiries with voluble but valueless descriptions until, finally, some one came along who spoke English and could direct him. Up in his hotel at last, he consulted his phrase book and discovered that he had been asking his informants not "Where is the funicular?" but "What is the funicular?" It's surprising what a difference a few sounds make.

## Some Good Things to Come

BACK in the early days of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Richard Connell wrote for us two extremely ingenious mystery stories. He is better known, perhaps, as a writer of humorous stories than of mystery, but when he does turn his hand to the latter kind, he always produces something out of the ordinary. In an early issue we shall publish one of his latest mysteries. It is baffling because it is logical—which makes it very unusual indeed. Keep your eye open for it: "The Mystery Lover," by Richard Connell.

Ben Lucien Burman, journalist and novelist, has written a series of true stories of mysteries solved by our Intelligence Service during the war. He secured these stories personally from the men who actually had charge of the cases unraveled, and, being true, they are

stranger and more fascinating than fiction. The first one, "The Bayonet in the Wall," will appear very soon. Mr. Burman sailed for Europe recently to gather material for a novel, and while there he is going to try to secure from the Police Chiefs of London, Paris and Berlin details of the most intricate mysteries ever solved in those cities. If those cases are as interesting as we believe they should be, they will appear next year in this magazine.

Holding a very high place in the affections of American readers is a genial, happy-go-lucky character known as "Wildcat." He and Lily, his mascot goat, have won undying fame for their creator, Hugh Wiley. And it is a great pleasure to be able to announce that the first Wildcat story written for THE ELKS MAGAZINE will be published very soon. It is one of the best, and you mustn't miss it. Watch for the title "Plated Goldfish." The story will be illustrated by Tony Sarg.

His name isn't really Holworthy Hall, but Harold O. Porter has made his reputation as a writer under that *nom de plume*, and it is as Holworthy Hall, therefore, that we introduce him to you as one of the latest additions to our distinguished list of contributors. You will enjoy his story "A Matter of Terms"—it's a business story, rather different from the usual run of business stories. Coming soon.

## The Value of Winter Vacations

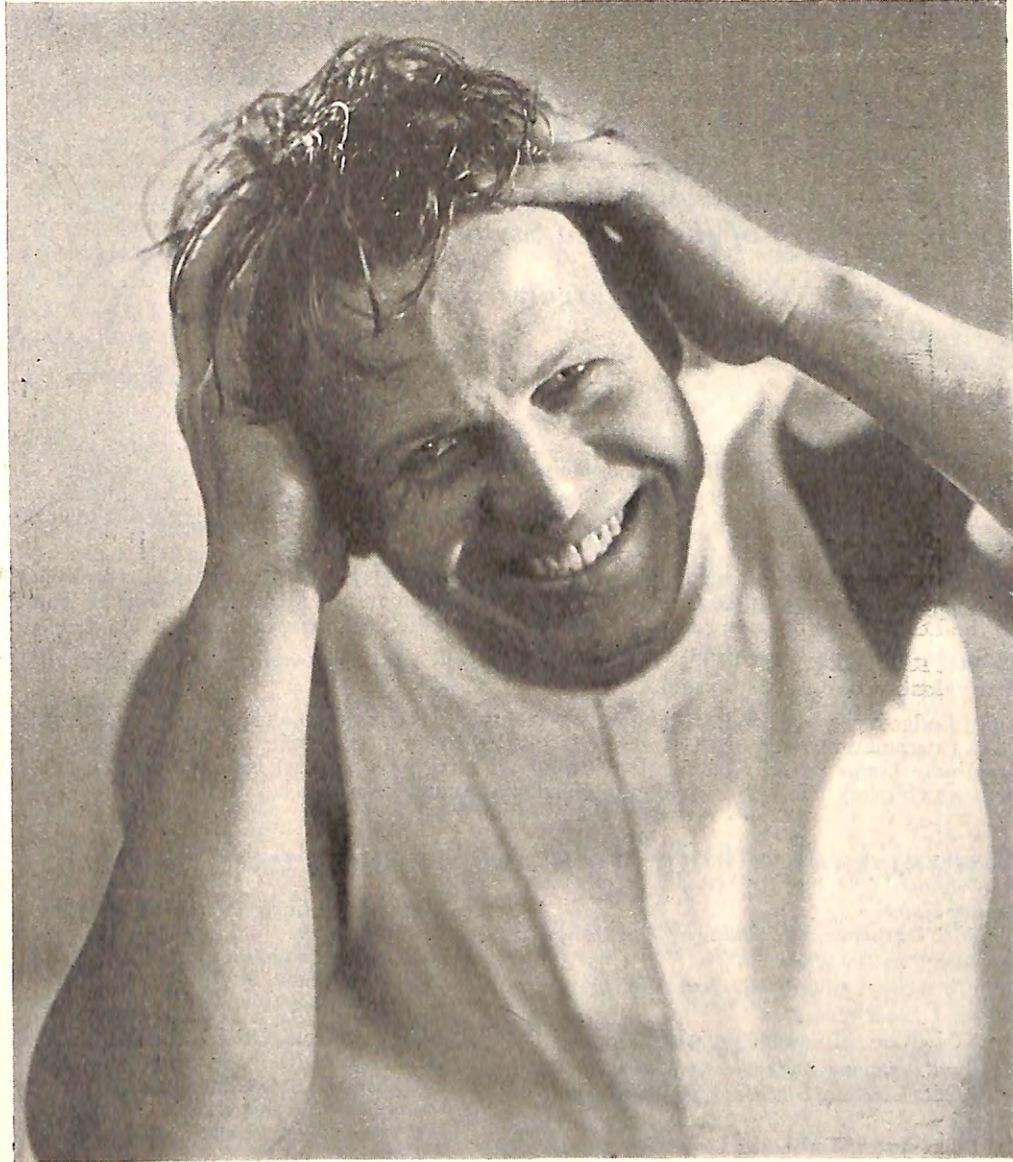
DURING the last few years thoughtful men and women have come to realize, more and more, that it is just as important to take a vacation in winter as in summer, if not more so. The idea that winter is the season for an unbroken spell of labor has been more or less exploded. A good thing, too, for everybody. Two vacations are better than one for many reasons. In the first place, the person who has worked consistently for eleven and a half months needs more than a mere two weeks in which to rest and rebuild his expended energy. In the second place, living through the winter months places more of a strain on the system than does living through the summer. One need only consult the mortality tables and the statistics on illness to verify that fact. More people lose time from their work on account of minor ailments—colds and the like—in winter than in the warm months. It is safe to say that if everyone could take even so short a time as a week off during January or February, the mortality and illness figures for winter would drop very sharply.

It should be borne in mind also that very few men or women who play golf or indulge in some other form of outdoor exercise during the summer continue their exercising during the winter. With their favorite game or outdoor activity cut off by weather conditions, they do nothing to keep themselves in trim physically. The poisons of fatigue, of too much food, and of office air, which in summer are worked out of the system through the medium of exercise, are allowed to accumulate. The mind becomes jaded and efficiency impaired. At such times a vacation, even a short one, taken before the symptoms of a run-down condition make themselves manifest, will usually avert a situation in which an enforced vacation becomes necessary.

It is not possible, of course, for all to take a month or so from business in mid-winter. For those who can, however, we recommend travel. For those who of no more alluring trip than THE ELKS MAGAZINE tour to the West Indies, Panama, and the Caribbean, leaving New York on December 28 of this year. Anyone taking this trip will be amply repaid in health, pleasure, good-fellowship, and the ability to plunge into work again with renewed vigor. You will find more details of this trip on page 81 of this issue.



# DANDRUFF?



## Here's good news for you—

IT'S a fact: Listerine, the safe antiseptic, and dandruff simply do not get along together. Many were incredulous when we first announced this. But the word is fast going around from the lips of those who have found how wonderfully it works.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease and that annoying white shower on dark clothes is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—falling hair, possibly baldness.

Try Listerine for, say, one week, every night and learn for yourself how remarkably it works.

The use of Listerine for dandruff

is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is wonderfully refreshing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick. Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics. And it is not greasy or smelly.

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

Official Circular Number Two

Philadelphia, Pa.  
September 11, 1926

**To All Elks—Greeting:**

Many names presented, recommendations given, followed by fullest consideration and much thought, make possible Official Circular Number Two announcing the appointments for this administration. A note of regret that it was not possible to announce the appointment of all so willing to serve, but now that appointments have been made, the wholehearted cooperation of every Elk in each district will bring to a realization the results we all so much desire.

The underlying thought of our membership in the Order is to play our parts in making possible the high ideals toward which we strive in the maintaining of the honorable record we have established. To my representative, the District Deputy, your most helpful cooperation, for *Elkdom must advance*.

**KNOW YOUR ORDER BETTER.** Working together will make this possible. Accomplishing this makes for a higher valuation of our membership.

Cincinnati Lodge No. 5 will send out a bulletin pertaining to the program and arrangements for the Reunion to be held in Cincinnati in 1927. As Grand Exalted Ruler, I would appreciate it very much if the Secretary of each Subordinate Lodge would read this bulletin in full when received, as I believe it will contain valuable information which every Elk who is coming to Cincinnati should have.

## Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1926-1927

- |   |   |
|---|---|
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"Know Your Order Better."

Fraternally yours,

*Chas. H. Kelov.*

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:



*Fred Robinson*  
 Grand Secretary.



# WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM-

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

**P**ELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America.

I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by any one of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in

the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) Ben B. Lindsey.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century, it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well rounded lives. 550,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

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personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

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Iron Chalice"—*



## The Outer Gate

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrations by Ralph Pallen Coleman

### CHAPTER I

SUNSHINE poured bravely in through the barred windows and traced a sinister pattern of parallel black lines on the concrete floor. It brought into sharp relief two faces—strikingly similar in their expressions of stark knowledge, yet graven with lines which marked an age difference of thirty years.

Robert Gordon Terry—prisoner number 28179—stood facing the warden. In his right hand was the official document which had come to free him, yet his face exhibited no elation. Three years in the penitentiary had taught him the lesson of repression. He stood silent, motionless, agate eyes focussed on the corner of the warden's desk. He seemed shorter than his height, thanks to the slight stoop developed by three years of penal servitude, and his white prison clothes were ill fitting and hung about his slender frame in grotesque folds.

From outside the office came prison sounds; the incessant, maddening whirr of looms and spindles in the cotton mill, the jangle of iron-wheeled barrows, the clank of machinery and tools, and now and then the punctuation of a harsh-voiced order. For three years Bob Terry had known no other sounds—save the ghastly repressed laughter

of Sunday when all work ceased and the prisoners had nothing to do but sit around the prison yard and try to stare through the grim gray walls into the rich, verdant world beyond.

Bob Terry was free. The miracle had occurred: The paper which the warden had given him was not a pardon. It was far more than that—it was an acknowledgment from the State that the crime for which he had been tried and convicted, had been committed by another man. The State was very regretful of the error which had swept the young man into the penitentiary for three young and formative years, and the State now granted him the liberty which it should never have taken from him. The soul of Robert Gordon Terry was twisted into an ironic laugh, but he had learned to keep such emotion from reflecting in his face.

The warden was puzzled—and not a trifle disappointed. In all of Simeon Mason's twenty-odd years of prison experience he had never seen a man who accepted freedom this way. The warden leaned forward and tapped on the desk top with long, tapering fingers.

"You understand what that means, Terry?"

The dead eyes looked up slowly. "Yes, sir."

The warden spoke softly. "Don't you care any more than you seem to?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"You are not sure?"

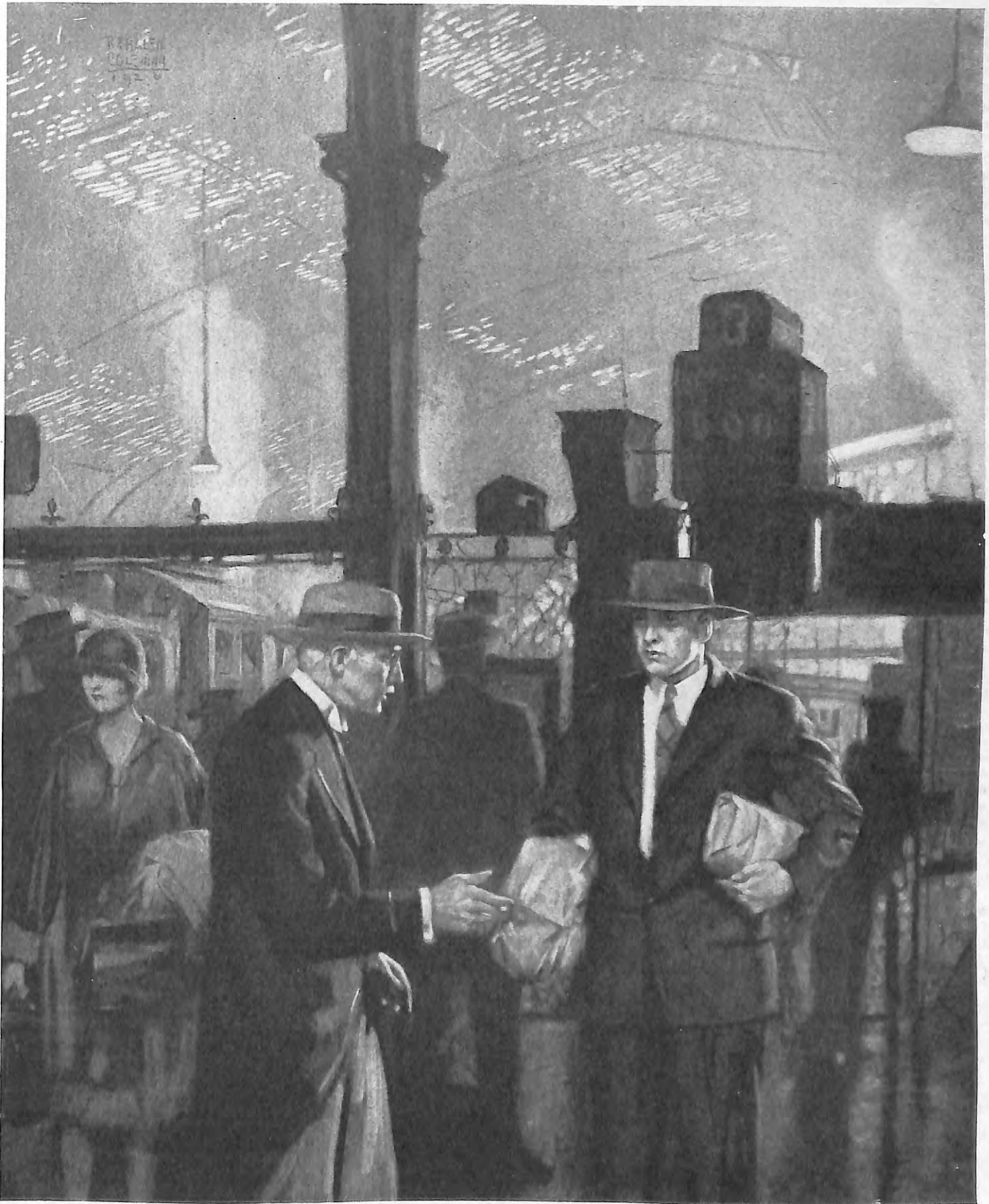
"No, sir."

Simeon Mason shook his head. Here was something new—and more than a little disturbing. But Mason was interested. In his simple, untutored way he was a keen student of psychology and he had a thousand human subjects in his laboratory.

HIS mind flashed back over Terry's record. Crime; embezzlement; sentence, five years; deportment in prison, fair; visiting friends, none; letters, none. From a prison standpoint—a most excellent inmate . . . yet the warden knew that in the three years since the iron doors had swung open to admit this prisoner there had been a slow corrosion taking place in the young man's heart.

Three years taken from his life. Three years of association in terms of equality with convicted criminals. Three eternities, during which ghastly impressions and fierce bitterness had been seared into the very soul of him—the more so because he was innocent of the crime for which he had been sentenced. For three years Bob Terry, high strung and





supersensitive, had been a number, a thing to be pointed out to visitors—a lifeless, sexless thing, deprived of everything save the privilege of thinking. And thought had only made things worse. The warden was speaking again.

"You should be glad, my boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you should realize that you are lucky. It is unfortunate that you were sent here unjustly. But it is also fortunate that the State discovered its mistake. The world knows already that you did not commit this crime."

*The old man, awkward and embarrassed, held out his hand. "Will you take it, Bob?" The boy hesitated, concealing the hatred he felt toward this man*

"Yes, sir."

The prisoner's voice was flat and toneless. He stood rigid, immobile eyes never leaving the corner of the warden's desk.

"You're taking it pretty hard, Terry. I can't say that I blame you. It would be absurd to claim that the State has been fair—it is ridiculous to promise that it can ever atone for this injustice. You [have spent

three years in this prison—and unfortunately, prison—whether justly or unjustly imposed—has a way of leaving its mark on a man.

"You see, my boy, I understand certain things about you which perhaps you yourself do not know. I know that you are doubly bitter because you should never have been sent here in the first place. I know that you are crammed with false ideas and thoughts which have been born in the prison atmosphere. But the State was not entirely at fault: occasionally it must do an injustice in its effort to be just. You have been the



rare victim . . . and now the State is sorry and will do what it can for you. And I want to beg you to leave this bitterness behind. . . ."

The prisoner looked up, and while he spoke quietly, there was a tinge of satire in his words.

"The State is very kind to me."

Simeon Mason bit his lip. "I'm afraid you don't understand."

"No, sir."

"We are anxious to help—"

"Yes, sir."

"And I personally—"

"I understand, sir. I have appreciated your fairness. That is sincere, sir."

"Thank you, Terry. My job isn't an easy one . . . some wardens are too prone to forget that their charges are human beings. At times I think my weakness is that I am too conscious of that fact. But my problem isn't the thing of interest. I just wanted to give you this letter—and to tell you that any time the going gets a bit rough and you feel you'd like to talk things over—"

"Thank you, sir." They faced each other in silence. The warden was baffled. Until this moment no hint of emotion had been betrayed by the young man. Then: "May I go, sir?"

"Yes."

The young man turned away and Mason extended the letter which he held. "Just a second, Terry. This is for you."

"For me?" Bob Terry accepted the envelope gingerly. It was his first letter in three years. He glanced curiously at the address. Then he betrayed his first symptom of emotion.

His face darkened beneath the prison pallor, his once-powerful figure stiffened and his fingers involuntarily contracted. He tossed the letter on the desk.

"I don't want it!" he exclaimed harshly.

"You're not even going to read it?"

"No."

"It is from Peter Borden."

"I know it. The damned old hypocrite wants to say he's sorry. He wants to undo in a sentence or two the thing he did in action. To hell with him and his letters. . . . Oh!" Terry pulled himself together. The prison fear of three years gripped him. "I—I beg your pardon, Captain. I—I didn't mean to—"

Simeon Mason laughed. "Don't apologize. You're not a prisoner any longer."

"Yes, sir. I forgot."

"About the letter from Mr. Borden—"

"I don't want it, sir."

"Hadn't you better read it?"

"I don't think so."

"I do. Come now, Terry—don't be foolish. Put this in your pocket."

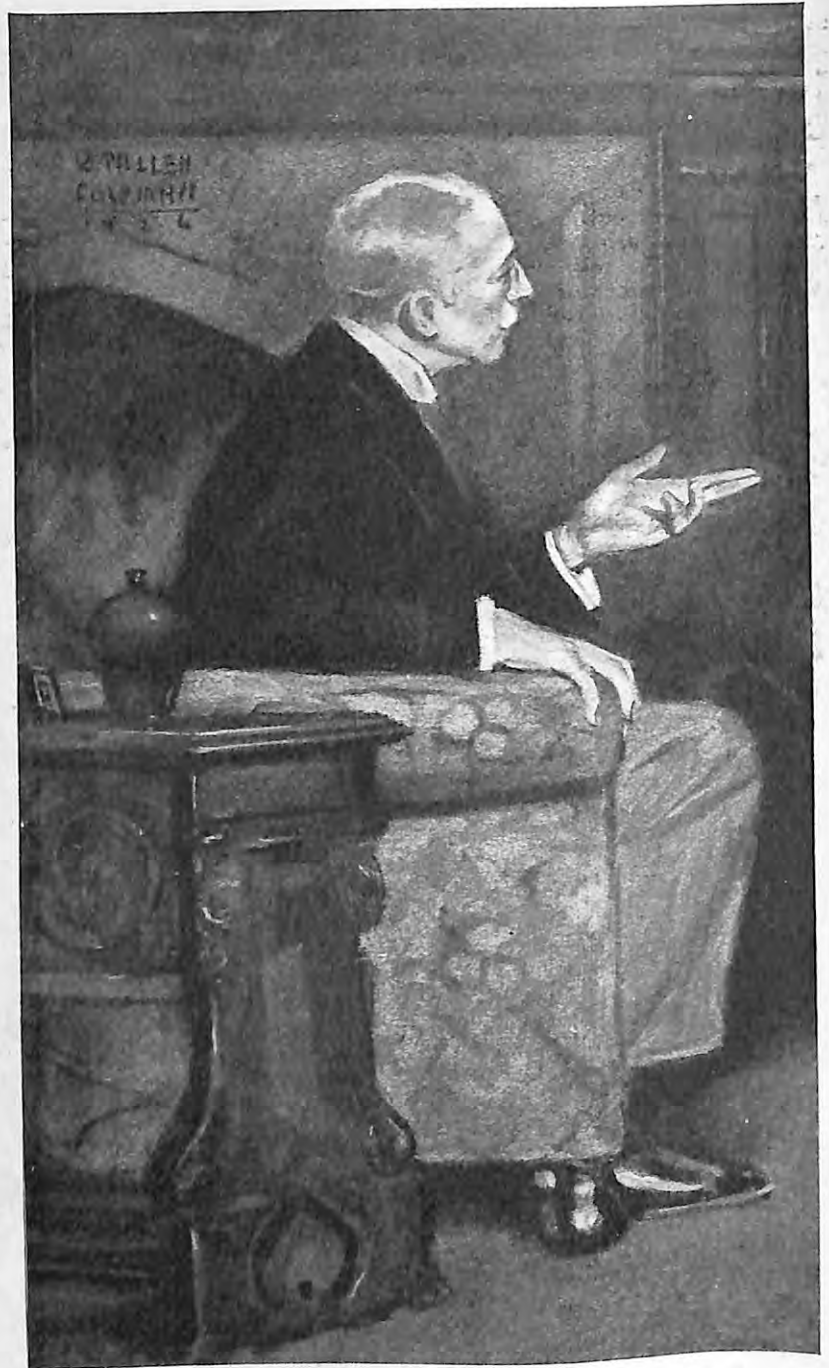
"Very well, sir." The mask had settled on the prisoner's face once more. "I'll take it." Terry balanced the letter in his hand and shifted uncertainly. "When may I leave the prison, sir?"

The warden rose and dropped a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder. "Any time, Terry. Can't you understand? You are free."

## CHAPTER II

**BOB TERRY** walked down the main corridor and stopped at the barred door of his cell block. The turnkey entered the block with him and then unlocked the door of Terry's cell. Instantly the convicts nearby grew rigid with interest. They knew what it meant, this giving a prisoner access to his cell before four o'clock in the afternoon. They had seen it before, and it always im-

*"Bob," he said, "I wish to have a talk with you—I realize you cannot go back to where you were when I made my ghastly mistake, but now the time has come for me to offer what I can to atone to you for what happened"*



mediately preceded the departure of one of their number for the outer world.

They stared curiously at Bob. Some were envious; others—not even knowing Terry—were merely glad for him. But most of them did not care. They had learned that nothing which concerned the outer world was for them and it was beyond their comprehension that there were people who could come and go as they pleased.

But there was one convict whose interest in Bob Terry's actions was keen and personal. This man raised his herculean frame from the floor where it had been stretched, and shuffled toward the young man and his escort.

Todd Shannon was a tremendous man, and a picturesque one. The sun, filtering in through the sinister bars of the cell block, illumined a fine, deeply graven face set with eyes in which there was little of evil and much of humor. But most particularly it lighted his shock of flaming red hair—hair which fell about his ears and created a devil-may-care impression. It was only when one saw Todd Shannon in his moments of brooding that it was possible to understand why he was here.

Now there was nothing but radiant good-

cheer in the man's face, and Bob Terry—looking up to meet the jovial eyes of the huge convict—started forward with hands outstretched. Even now, however, the bonds of three interminable years were not to be cast aside, and he spoke in a whisper.

"It's come, Todd."

"You're goin' out?" The big man's bone-crushing grip tightened on Terry's arms.

"Are you, honest, kid?"

"Yes. And I wish—"

"Well, dog-gone your hide! Kid, I'm happy about that. Pardon?"

Bob shook his head and a smile played bitterly about his oldish-young lips. "No. Freedom. They've discovered I wasn't guilty."

**SHANNON** whistled softly. "Now didn't I always tell you things would work out thataway? Didn't I, huh? Boy! I'm glad for you. 'Twont be so long before I'm out, too. And then—" He looked toward the open cell door and then turned pleadingly to the turnkey.

"Listen Cap'n—please, sir. He's my buddy. Can't I go into the cell with him an' say good-by?"

The guard, who was distinctly human at



times, nodded cheerful assent and the friends, one brawny and huge and cheerful, the other ten years younger, and smaller and hopelessly bitter, entered the cell.

Bob Terry seated himself on the iron cot. He looked at his surroundings through new eyes. For three years he had occupied a room like this; for the past fourteen months this very cubicle had been his home.

Todd Shannon watched his young friend silently. There was genuine affection in his manner and concern was marked in fine lines about the corners of his mouth. They were as different as night and day . . . yet in three years a bond of friendship had been cemented between them. They had shared each other's whispered confidences, hopes and bitterness. But it was Todd who had been the more understanding because he was a philosopher, and Bob Terry was too young and too bitter to be that.

It was Shannon who spoke first. "I'm sure glad, Bob; awful glad."

"I know you are, Todd. It seems kind of queer—"

"Sure. I remember when they let me out three months ahead when I done my first stretch: seemed like there was a trick in it somewhere and I'd be hauled back . . .

but there ain't no catch in this thing of yours, kid. 'Tain't even like a pardon."

"No." The boy laughed harshly. "When I tell people that I've been in the pen for three years I'll also explain that I was innocent. Oh! what a damned rotten mess it is—"

"**N**OW, kid—that ain't no kind of a way to talk. There ain't no use makin' things worse than they are. You'll be leavin' here in a few minutes—"

"For what?"

"Well, I dunno. I ain't got any special ideas of how they'll treat a feller like you which has been in jail, but never really done nothin' to be put there. Of course, if you had really been guilty, I could tell pretty well—and I'm admitting that it ain't made no ways easy. But maybe with you they'll kind of hand you somethin' on a silver platter. . . . But anyway, Bob, you listen to this." Todd Shannon edged closer and dropped one tremendous hand on his cell-mate's leg. "Things might be awful hard. I dunno. But I do say if you run into any snags there's one feller you can go to see an' mention my name to, an' he'll turn things upside down to help."

"John Carmody?"

"Yeh. You've heard me talk about him, and you think you know something—but, kid, you don't." Shannon was speaking with reverential passion. "This Carmody is a wonder. He's not only got the city right in his fingers, but he can do most anything he wants in the State. And there ain't a criminal lawyer in the world no better than him."

"Did he defend you?"

"Now, Bob—quit! I know what you're driving at. Sure Carmody defended me—and sure I'm in prison. But I was guilty. They nabbed me red-handed, and what John Carmody done for me was to get me seven years instead of twenty . . . and I'll be getting out in about six months on account of some work of his at the Capitol. And if you find the going rough—"

"What makes you think I will?"

"I dunno, kid. I hope not, but you never can tell. Carmody will do a heap for you."

"Why?"

"Oh! lots of reasons. For one thing he's a friend to any guy who gets it in the neck. That's his business, see; defending us guys that do something the law says we shouldn't do. And I guess just like any other busi-



ness it pays him to be in strong with us. Get it?"

"More or less. But I still don't see why Carmody should bother to listen to my troubles when he doesn't even know me."

"He will, though. He's that kind. There ain't anything too much trouble for that feller. He's politics, he is, and he knows where the votes come from. Don't ever hold no office himself, but he's the bimbo that says who does."

"Politician. . . I've heard that."

"What you've heard about John Carmody don't go. The town's all full of two kinds of folks. One kind thinks he's wonderful an' a real human bein', an' the other kind regards him as a sort of a—a—whatcha-callit?—leopard?"

Bob smiled faintly. "I understand. But I'm afraid I won't hunt up Mr. Carmody."

"You got to. . . Well, anyway, you'll meet him. That's sure."

"How is it sure?"

"On account of Kathleen."

"Your niece?"

"Uh-huh. She's Carmody's private secretary, and of course when she tells him that you and me was cellmates, he'll want to meet you."

"I see. Well, if it'll please you, Todd, I'll do it. I don't much like the idea, though, of hunting up your friends. I feel as though I want to get off by myself."

"Sure you feel thataway now, son. But wait 'til you git out and see folks all around you talking and having friends an' bein' free an' easy. That's the time you'll yearn for someone to let off steam to. I know, kid, 'cause I've been there. And it's a good thing to let off steam, too, and not keep it bottled up inside. That's mostly why I'm sending you to Kathleen."

"I'll go. And I'll tell her what you told me."

"You do. She's a great girl, Kathleen. Not my kind. She's my sister's kid, see. Real cute, I think. And straight—but she understands that everything in the world ain't cake and ice cream. You and her will get along swell."

The barred door of the corridor swung back and the first of the convicts returned from their meal. They sat around on the floor and smoked cigarettes, and a group gathered outside the cell containing Bob Terry and Todd Shannon. They stared curiously, but asked no questions.

Terry rose and moved to his wooden chest at the foot of the bed.

"I'll get packed, Todd. You've missed your lunch—"

The face of the giant grew very soft for a moment.

"Yeh," he said, "And I'm gonna miss you—an awful lot."

CHAPTER III

BOB TERRY'S packing was a pitifully simple process. He placed everything on a prison shirt which he spread on the stone floor. Then he looped the four corners and tied them. He rose, smiling bitterly. "My trunk is ready, Todd."

"Uh-huh. I'm mighty glad you're goin', kid. We've been great buddies."

"And we will be again. I'll be waiting when you get out."

"That'll make coming out a heap nicer."

"And you'll let me know when?"

"Yeh. Not by writin', though. I don't trust letters. Kathleen'll know, an' she'll tell you."

The shadow of a frown flitted across Bob's forehead. The constant mention of Kathleen annoyed him. He didn't want to know the girl, or even to see her. Of course Todd Shannon had been too good a friend to give offense to . . . and so Terry was determined to see the woman once and then forget about her.

Then the siren split the quiet air. The prisoners crowded into the main corridor and thence into the courtyard en route to the cotton mill. Todd Shannon hung back with his young friend. He was more upset than he cared to admit. He was fond of Bob Terry, and had planned to greet him on the outside when the prison should eventually give the young man up. But this thing had changed everything and Shannon feared for the lad who was now going into the outer world as alone as when he entered the prison.

Shannon knew what was awaiting Bob. An ex-convict is a person generally feared and never trusted. Small likelihood that the world at large would know Bob Terry as the man who had been victimized by a gross miscarriage of justice: they would not know or care that he was guilty of no crime and that society at large owed him an unpayable debt. People would only know that for three years he had been an inmate of the State penitentiary . . . the bar sinister of penal servitude was indelibly engraved upon him.

Side by side, with measured steps, the ill-assorted pair walked down the long main corridor to the heavy door which gave access to the executive offices. Now that the moment for separation had arrived there seemed a great deal to say—and no words in which to say it.

They stood facing each other at the corridor door—Big Todd Shannon dropped a huge paw on the shoulder of his young friend.

"G'bye, Kid."

"Bye, Todd."

"See you at Kathleen's when I git out."

"Yes."

"And—and don't take things too bitter, Bob."

"I—Oh, hell, why shouldn't I?"

"Now listen—"

"I'll be good." There was a sneer on Terry's lips as he looked up. "So long, Todd."

Their hands met. Then, without another word, Bob Terry turned away. The

Carmody shook himself together. "Kathleen, I want to talk to you"



turnkey swung back the gate for him and he walked straight toward the warden's office.

But he was not unobserved. Todd Shannon bulked against the corridor bars, staring at the pathetic figure moving toward the door—and freedom. And Todd saw clearly. He saw more than the slender, slightly stooped young man of twenty-eight; he saw more than the thin, deeply lined face, topped by black hair which was prematurely silvering at the temples. He saw through the garb of prison white into the seared soul, and he shook his head apprehensively.

"The kid ain't healthy in his mind," he told himself sadly. "He's all bottled up, and he's bound to break loose. I hope he sees Kathleen and Mr. Carmody. They'll straighten him out if anybody can."

Bob entered the Warden's office and stood motionless. The kindly man smiled a greeting and designated an old blue serge suit on his desk.

"This is yours, Terry. If you take this, we give you some money. Or if you prefer you can have a new suit and no money. You see, those are regulations for all departing prisoners, and the rules have made no provision for men who never should have been sent here in the first place."

"I'll take my old suit, sir—and the money."

"If you'd rather have the other, I can lend you a little money."

"THANK you, sir. I'll get along with my old suit. Style means very little to me right now."

He stepped into a little room adjoining the office and a few minutes later reappeared. The old suit, which had fitted so snugly when he entered prison three years before, now hung loosely upon shoulders which had acquired a stoop, and the youthful jauntiness of cut which had been Bob Terry's pride in the old days now seemed a ghastly caricature. The warden rose and faced him.

"You're going out, Terry. We all know you've been badly used. But don't let it eat on you. Give the world its chance to atone for this injustice."

The young man's eyes were veiled. He was restless and miserable. He didn't want preaching. He was grateful for the kindness of the man and for his intentions, but all he desired now was to be let alone. In a second his entire cosmic scheme had been disarranged. All of these three long years he had planned bitterly for a future where the taint of embezzlement and a prison term would hang over him. Now he found himself going forth into the world absolved of guilt and there had not been time to readjust his perspective—and somewhat sullen—silence to the warden. At length the voice stopped. Terry spoke without looking up.

"Thank you, sir."

"You haven't even heard, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. . . ." The warden sighed. "I can't say that I blame you very much." He reached into his pocket. "Here's a ticket home. The bus is outside and will carry you to the station. Good-bye, lad."

"Good-bye, Warden. You've been very kind."

(Continued on page 54)



# Our Annual Madness

—the World Series

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by George Shanks



THE annual madness that we call the world series is magnificent, but it is not baseball, for anything may happen in a world series, and does. The hero of the season may become the goat of the world series, and a player who has been glued closely to the bench during the season may emerge from the series wearing a crown of laurels on the ivory brow where once the wreaths of wild raspberries twined.

For a week more or less the world series occupies all of the attention of the nation. Mr. John A. Heydler, expressing a bit naively how closely the world series grips the country, made a point that would tend to have criminologists wish the world series lasted the entire year.

"It has been shown by statistics," said Mr. Heydler, "that while the world series is on there is a marked falling off in crime." We are left to infer that the burglar does not occupy himself in burgling while the world series is on, but that instead he watches the score boards, or waits for the extras, and that the refining influence of the national pastime at its height turns his mind to thoughts of a better life. Certainly it occupies the uncriminal classes—of which there must be some, despite the police reports—for its duration.

World series baseball is tense, unnatural baseball. Weirder things happen in the short course of a world series than in the long drawn season. There is the hysteria that comes from the crowds and infects the players. Also the minds of the players are upset to a certain extent by the financial considerations. In these days of extensive stadia the difference between the winners' end and the losers' end is several thousand per man and this is no small sum to a thrifty professional. It often means a new car.

The officials have thrown all sorts of safeguards around the world series, particularly with the view of checking any cupidity on the part of the players and to allay any suspicions on the part of the fans. Even the fans are more than usually unnatural during a world series, and the air is filled with rumors as well as applause.

It was figured out that if the athletes shared in the profits of all of the games it would be to their interest to have as many games as possible played in the world series. Consequently, the magnates have ruled that the ball players share only in the profits of enough of the contests to win the series in straight games. Even if the series runs the full seven games (at one time it was nine) the players share in the profits of only four.

To prevent any chance of players in other teams conniving to make any one certain team win in the league, the second and third teams in each league share in the players' end of the world series. This is not so much because the magnates distrust the athletes, but because the rumors will fly during a world series and during the close pennant races that are preliminary to the series.

The worst scandal that ever hit baseball came in a world series when it developed that practically an entire team had been reached by a gambling ring. Some of the experts noticed strange things in that series. The White Sox were heavy favorites, but they were losing. Still, these strange occurrences did not excite any great suspicion, for strange things always happen in a world series and the better team the year round does not always win. Even when Charles Commiskey confided in the National Commission that he thought his team had sold out on him, it was taken as an alibi on the part of the "Old Roman."

Up to that time the faith in baseball was implicit. It was regarded as the one professional sport that could not be corrupted. Moreover, it was felt that it would be impossible to throw a world series even if the will were there. The average baseball fan is an expert and the sort of expert who can not be fooled. And yet a world series was thrown before grandstands packed with experts and it was not discovered for almost a year.

There was much trepidation among the men who have their money invested in professional baseball when these revelations were made, but after the first burst of indignation and the thousands of threats never to see another baseball game, the fans reached the conclusion that it never would happen again.

But, of course, there are lingering suspicions. There was that world series between the Yankees and the Giants at the Polo Grounds before the Yankees had a home of their own. The game had gone to extra innings and a fine pitching duel was in progress. The sun was high over Coogan's Bluff and it looked as though there would be another hour of daylight.

Suddenly the umpire in chief, Hildebrand,

raised his hand. "Game called on account of darkness," he said. There was an ominous hush as the players trotted off the field. It seemed that the thousands could not believe their ears. When it dawned on them what had happened there was one loud roar of rage. They pointed to the blazing ball of a sun over Coogan's Bluff and they screamed their wrath.

One extra game in a world series meant nothing to the players. They realized that, but it meant an extra day's gate receipts for the club owners and the "war chest" of organized baseball. Obviously this was a plot of the "Baseball interests."

THEY looked about them for some one upon whom to vent their wrath. There was the white head of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the newly appointed high commissioner of baseball, as prominent on this occasion as the helmet of Navarre—if not more so. The crowd surged around the judge somewhat incoherent but very vehement.

The startled and discomfited commissioner heard cries like this: "Judge are you going to stand for this?" "Judge, do we get a square deal?" "Judge, give us our money back." "Robber." "Swindler." The judge was not enjoying himself a bit.

The tumult increased and the judge was forced to make them understand in dumb show that he was going to do something about it. He did. He called a hasty conference of the officials of the two clubs and he declared that they would have to give the proceeds of that game to charity—every penny of it. The magnates demurred but it was obvious that it would have to be done.

Even Christy Mathewson, who was watching that game as an expert, declared that he thought that Hildebrand did right in calling the game when he did. "The shadows at the Polo Grounds at that time in the afternoon are very tricky," Mathewson told me. "If the game had continued, one or the other of the pitchers would be getting the worst of it on this account. I know how those light effects work there." But even the corroboration of Mathewson would not have made Hildebrand's decision seem plausible to that crowd that afternoon. The ruling of Judge Landis established him and reestablished the faith of the crowd.

The striking instance of the season's hero becoming the goat of the world series was Roger Peckinpaugh, the almost perfect shortstop, whose father before him was a great baseball player. Only a few weeks before the series, Roger Peckinpaugh had been voted by many competent and discerning judges to be the player who was of greatest value to his club in the American League.

He was the hero of the Senators. All through the long gruelling season his fielding had been of the character that made him





known as the almost perfect shortstop. It was the legend that any ball hit within reaching distance of Peckinpaugh was his. He was at the top of a long, successful and faithful career.

**Y**ET the almost perfect shortstop made eight errors in that one world series and that is a world record. It seemed that he could do nothing right. Nearly all of the chances that he missed were easy ones. A sand lot shortstop could have gobbled them up, yet every play seemed difficult for this finished infielder. He was in the best of condition when the series started too.

Peckinpaugh can not explain it himself. Never before or since has he looked so bad. There is no explanation apparently. It is, as they say, "One of those things. Just one of those things that will happen in a world series."

With a world series lost, the greatest of the popular idols of the game does not amount to much. In that last game of the world series of 1925, Walter Johnson, standing on a mound of sawdust snatched from a neighboring blind pig, was pitching an epic in the rain, but it was a losing epic.

As he walked toward the dugout after each inning two or three of the players would rush up to wrap him in a sweater and a mackinaw to keep the famous soupbone from being affected by the elements. They wrapped it up with great tenderness and solicitude. The endurance of that soupbone meant the difference of several thousand dollars.

Finally he came back after the final effort. The game was over, nobody cared then. Nobody, not even the bat boy, came out of the dugout with a sweater. Walter Johnson, with the famous soupbone exposed and bare, knelt in the pelting rain and saw the Senators lose the ball game. With the battle lost there was no thought for the wounded. That is why it is the national pastime. It reflects the national life even in its cruelties and its thoughtlessness.

There was the last game of the series of the year before. It seemed like a certain victory for the Giants. The Senators were depressed. Walter Johnson seemed to have attacks of the "jumps." It was his first world series and though he was a veteran of something like nineteen years he was suffering from the stage fright that comes in the first world series.

A ball was hit toward young Lindstrom of the Giants. It was an easy out. Lindstrom was set for it. Suddenly the ball was deflected by a bit of loose turf and went by him for a hit.

It was something that would happen in a world series, but, of course, it could not happen again and certainly not in that game. Again an easy one was hit to Lindstrom. The Washington fans groaned. The ball mysteriously rose and bounded over



the Giant third baseman's head, again deflected by a bit of loose turf. Lightning does not strike twice in the same place excepting in a world series, where there are exceptions to all rules. These two freak hits won for the Senators and spoiled all of the "master minding" of John Joseph McGraw. You can not master mind against fate in a world series. The combination is too strong.

The greatest all the year round players have been known to do some particularly dumb things in the course of a world series game. There was the hectic series of 1912 between the Giants and the Red Sox. In the deciding game three of the best players of the Giant line-up collaborated on a costly piece of absent-mindedness.

A high foul was hit inside first base and within easy reach of any of the three players, who were Mathewson, Chief Meyers and Fred Merkle. All three watched it as though spellbound. Each member of the trio expected that one of the others would go

after it. They waited as the ball started to descend, but none of them moved in the direction of the ball until it was well on the way to earth.

In the stand the fans were screaming. John Joseph McGraw was dancing up and down in a rage on the coaching line. Finally, all three started after the ball, but it was too late. If each member of the trio had no thought that the others were after the ball it might have meant the game and the series to the Giants. But there were three of the brainiest players of the Giants simultaneously stricken with terrible dumbness merely because it happened to be an easy play in a world series. They may have been meditating over the possible profits which went glimmering even as they meditated.

It was in this same series that Snodgrass, the great outfielder, made the historic muff. There was no reason for it. It was an easy chance but he muffed it. Since that time it has been forgotten that Snodgrass was a



great outfielder. He is remembered only as the man who made the famous muff.

He knew that this would be the case and reconciled himself to it immediately. Next day when he was asked to autograph a baseball for one of the fans he wrote on the spheroid, "Fred Fifteen Hundred Dollar Snodgrass." The money was the amount figured to have been lost by each of the Giant players as the result of that muff.

Something happened to Johnny Evers, the fiery Trojan, in one of the world series games of 1914 that John can not live down. More than any other player in the game Johnny Evers seemed to have the faculty for concentration on his work. It would be much easier to catch the weasel asleep than the Trojan. Yet John was caught napping.

Eddie Murphy was on third base and not asleep. Evers had the ball in his hand at second and was peering intently at it as though gazing into a crystal. Murphy started for home. The crowd shouted at Evers, but he stood looking down at the

ball, day-dreaming, over what he never would say. When he finally looked up, Murphy had sneaked home on him and had tied the score. George Stallings of the Braves had turned a deep purple with rage.

As it happened the Braves won four straight games in spite of this, but John never forgave himself. Now those Braves seemed to demonstrate that a world series gives no indication of which is really the better baseball team. The Braves rushed through the series. Stallings was proclaimed the "Miracle Man." But next season the Braves cracked. They have not won a pennant since, and the "Miracle Man" is now managing a minor league baseball club.

It was in one of the world series games of 1917 that Heinie Zimmerman, christened "The Great Zim" by Charley Dryden, achieved his prize feat of foolishness. Eddie Collins of the White Sox was trapped between third and home. Zimmerman had the ball.

"Bet you can't catch me, Heinie," called

Collins mockingly over his shoulder. Zimmerman grunted angrily. He accepted the challenge. Putting on all speed, he started to chase Collins with all the grace and agility of a hippopotamus trying to run down a hare. He chased Collins right across the plate with a run. The Giant fans held that it was very unethical for Collins to take advantage of the earnest simplicity of Heinie Zimmerman.

It was in the world series of 1912 that Hooks Wiltse, a pitcher, had to be thrown in at first base in an emergency and distinguished himself by fielding that even the real first baseman might not have been able to show. Wiltse was on the bag with the bases filled with runners and the Giant rooters filled with panic.

The first ball was hit toward Wiltse. He reached out and speared it. Then he flicked the ball to the plate and choked off the runner sliding home from third. For the rest of that series Wiltse, the pitcher, was a marvel at first base. It was one case where the substitute outplayed the man for whom he was substituting. Wiltse always was about the greatest of the fielding pitchers and he showed it even in the stress of a world series.

**T**HERE have been cases of heroics in world series as well as striking bone-head plays. In 1904, in the world series between the Pirates and the Red Sox, Bill Dineen, now a mere umpire, was a pitcher.

Before the series, the pitching hand of Dineen had become blistered in a fire. When the series started, his hand was raw. But William had to pitch. He pitched and won two games with his hand in this condition. He pitched so well that it was suggested to him that he keep the hand peeled, but William did not see making that sacrifice to his art.

There was Walter Pipp, who went into a world series with the Yankees against the Giants with his ankle sprained and swollen. All night, between games, his father, Colonel Bill Pipp, sat up with him, putting hot compresses on the swollen ankle. Pipp just managed to hobble through the series.

The brightest and yet one of the most tragic pictures of a world series to me is Casey Stengel, then with the Giants, staggering home after making a home run inside the Yankee ball park in a world series. As he rounded third Casey pulled the famous Charley Horse. He just staggered across the plate ahead of the ball. It was his finish as a big leaguer, but it was a glorious finish, a home run in a world series, even if it was his last home run in the big time.

The world series is glorious, but it is unnatural baseball. But whether it is real baseball or not you will have considerable difficulty in starting a move to have it abolished by act of Congress. The baseball fans demand their annual week of insanity.







FROM "MEN AND HORSES," BY ROSS SANTEE  
COURTESY OF THE CENTURY COMPANY

## Looking Westward

### Thrilling Pictures of the Old Frontier and the Ranges To-day

By Claire Wallace Flynn

A NEAT little round-up of western books has brought us such pleasurable and profitable reading these past few weeks that we want to pass along the glad tidings about them.

It is great fun, and not a bad idea, educationally, to take our reading in section groups, as it were. A certain part of the world or a certain era in history becomes more truly and intimately ours if we concentrate on it—read everything we can lay our hands on about that particular subject—rather than pick up books at random on this and that.

Do you remember a couple of months ago when we went to sea in this department, what a grand time we all had? Personally, I wouldn't have cared at the time if, speaking from a literary standpoint, I had never sighted land again. Yet, here we are this month completely won over to the Western Life, and ready to take the first transcontinental flyer out to those open spaces where men, we are assured, are indeed the he-gentlemen that Providence intended them to be, and the wide ranges stretch far and away without any traffic laws to impede one's happy progress.

The books make up a motley collection to be sure—grave and gay—but they belong to us all in a very deep sense. Truly American in subject and in form, they give us gorgeous pictures of vanished heroism and daredevilry (see the books about Custer and Jesse James), and unforgettable acquaintance with wranglers, busters, broncos, and tempting impressions of love as it is enterprisingly loved along the Rio Grande.

#### *The Story of The Little Big Horn*

By Lieut.-Col. W. A. Graham, U. S. A.  
(The Century Co., New York.)

THIS past June saw the fiftieth anniversary of Custer's Last Fight, which brought to mind again that tragic chapter of our history. On June 26 last, the Seventh Cavalry camped on the old battle-field in Montana, and the now friendly Sioux came and smoked the pipe of peace. Around Custer's grave, and those of his lost command, rode his one-time regiment; the flag fluttered over the rolling country which once bristled with hostile savages, and taps were sounded in commemoration of the heroes who perished in trying to make the West safe for the white man.

We were all intensely keen to read again the story of Custer in our histories—but the

accounts we found there were meager and unsatisfactory.

Then we happened upon Lieutenant-Colonel Graham's sterling book, "The Story of the Little Big Horn," and the epic of Custer was ours at last, told as fully, perhaps, as it ever will be, for there were no surviving eye-witnesses of the battle. The

*"JOE runs hiz 'Double Circle' Ranch and  
Slevie owns thuh store  
Whar once thar stood thuh honkatonk with bar  
and sawdust floor.  
Jest look at Main Street stretchin' out. We  
paped her down last year.  
We celebrates with round-ups now. That ain't  
no more Frontier.*

*Sure! now and then we hankers some tuh hear  
thuh rifles crack.  
But Progress don't respect men none; thar ain't  
no turnin' back.  
Thar's still a billion acres, son, a-stretchin' mile  
on mile  
A-waitin' for thuh man with guts who wants tuh  
make hiz pile."*

*"From "Singing Rawhide,"  
by Harold Hersey*

only living thing left on that field when Lieutenant Bradley, one of Custer's scouts, came upon the scene of desolation the day after the fight, was "Comanche," the mount belonging to Captain Keogh. Custer and the two hundred and twenty-five officers and men who rode with him against thousands of Indians had all perished.

Lieutenant-Colonel Graham dislikes the word "massacre" which has so often been connected with the battle of the Little Big Horn. He says:

"For half a century the battle of the Little Big Horn has been known as the 'Custer Massacre.' It is time that another name be given it, for it was no massacre. On the contrary, it was a bitterly contested combat to the death between the armed representatives of two civilizations, each of which fought after the manner of his kind. The simple truth is that in this, the greatest battle ever waged between the red men and the white, between the receding and the advancing race, the red men had the victory because they exhibited that day a greater proficiency in the art of war than did the chosen representatives of the white men. Warfare, however it be savage, is not massacre when the conquered go to their deaths with arms in their hands."

That this was real warfare and not savage

annihilation Graham's book tries to bear witness. To prove his point he takes pains to show that the chief cause of disaster was the lack of correct information as to the number, the organization and the equipment of the enemy.

The general idea current in the famous Seventh Cavalry at the time was that the Indians would try to escape when the troops forcefully attacked them. But this, Graham shows dramatically, they did not do. Custer divided his regiment, cutting his strength in two, thus proving that he had no idea of the number of the tribes facing him—and so lost everything.

A large portion of Graham's book is devoted, necessarily, to the parts that Captain Benteen and Major Reno took in the campaign. Their conduct has been bitterly assailed by some, and controversy has never been stilled about the case. For half a century search has been made in every conceivable quarter for testimony concerning "Custer's Last Fight," and courts of inquiry have been held, but until now the findings, and the whole story that weaves itself around the gallant and dashing Custer—whom the Indians called Yellow Hair—has never appeared as a complete narrative.

The book is absorbing, and calls for a wide and enthusiastic reading. Although it is authentic history, it has all the lure of frontier romance and gives what we consider an amazing picture of western military and Indian life half a century ago.

Taking its place beside Thermopylae and the Charge of the Light Brigade, the Battle of the Little Big Horn was altogether one of the most stirring and heroic sacrifices of the world.

#### *Men and Horses*

A perfectly bully book is Ross Santee's "Men and Horses" (The Century Co., New York), in which the writing and the drawings—both by Mr. Santee—vie with each other for first place in our hearts.

Ross Santee has in this vivid and vigorous collection of stories, sketches and descriptions, put together a fascinating sort of motion-picture of the Southwest.

Native characters with their most salient points emphasized, flashing glimpses of broncos, wranglers, punchers done in telling strokes; little homely, human incidents, and the "talk of the frontier town" in its own irresistible vernacular—all are here.

The title of this fine volume—"Men and  
(Continued on page 94)



FLORENCE VANDAMM

*"The Donovan  
Affair"*

*THIS is a third degree scene from the latest mystery melodrama by the prolific and chameleon-like Owen Davis. The gentleman in the waistcoat (Robert T. Haines) is being asked certain embarrassing questions by Police Inspector Killian (Paul Harvey) as to one or two murders that have been committed in the house. Besides the murders, the play is enlivened by a mysterious cat's-eye ring, by mysterious letters, by mysterious scufflings and similar ingredients. Of its kind it is very good, but when it's all over, it's all over*





FLORENCE VANDAMM

J. P. McEvoy has fairly crammed "Americana" with keen, yet kindly satire in a most refreshing manner. One of the happiest moments in the revue is an after-dinner speech to the Rotary Club delivered by Mr. Charles Butterworth shown above

Chicago has put its seal of approval on "Le Maire's Affairs." It has speed, pulchritude and humor, to say nothing of such headliners as the perennial Sophie Tucker, Lester Allen, and Ted Lewis (below) who leads his famous "Merry Musical Clowns"

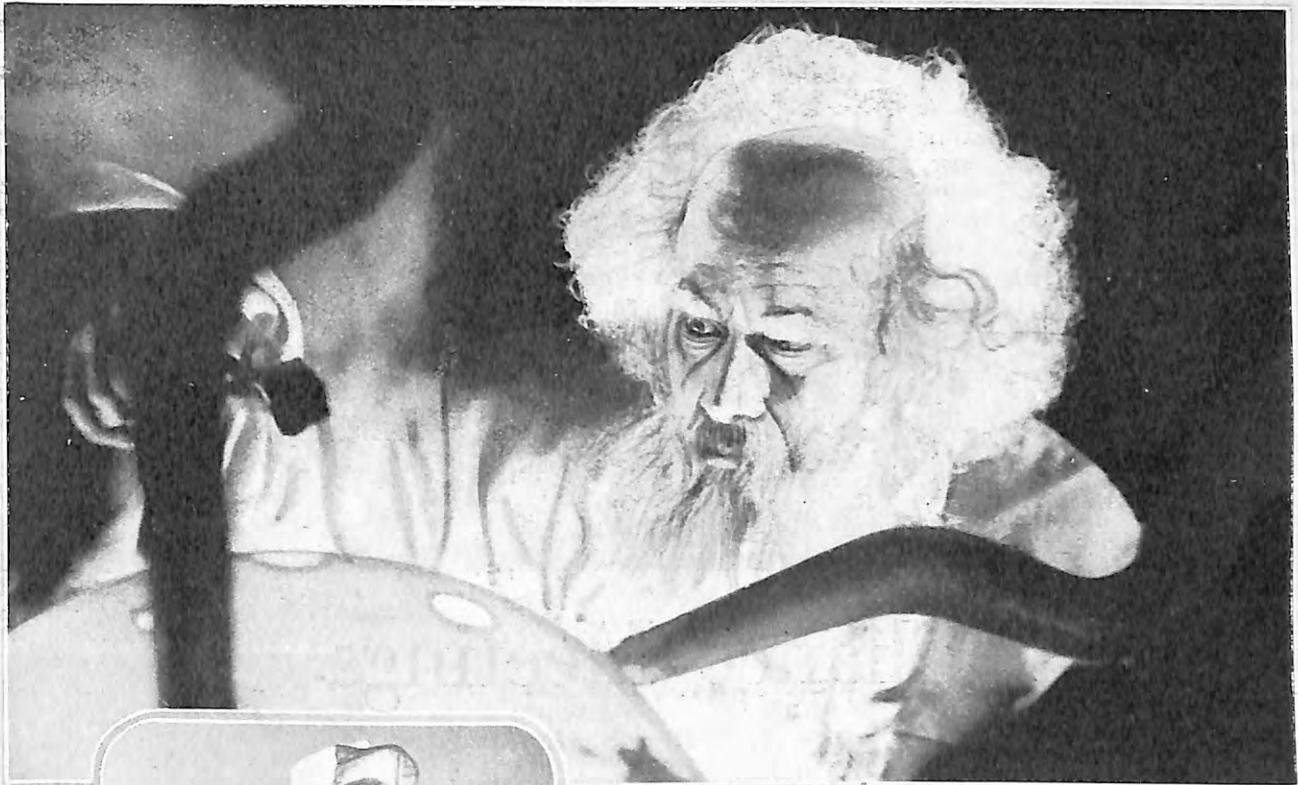


ABBE, LONDON

The seeming idleness of this picture is just a pose with Dorothy Gish. She has finished two pictures in England and is hard at work on a third. The first, to be released here about January, is "London," a story written especially for her by Thomas Burke, the author of "Limehouse Nights." Then there will be "Tip Toes" with Will Rogers, and lastly "Mme. Pompadour"



HAYHUFF-REIGHTER



FLORENCE VANDAMM

If you like heart-throb drama, arm yourself with the proper tear absorbers and go to see "The Jazz Singer" when it comes to your home town, as it will in the course of the winter. This is the play which Samson Raphaelson fashioned out of his short story, "The Day of Atonement," George Jessel (above), recently recruited from vaudeville, does excellent work in the title rôle

Glowing advance rumors are abroad concerning the newly imported German film "Faust" in which Gosta Ekman (above) plays the title rôle. Emil Jannings is in the cast as Mephistopheles, and his contribution to any film is well worth seeing as every fan already knows

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



NICHOLAS MURRAY

The Empress Charlotte, in private life Clare Eames, who shares the limelight with Alfred Lunt and Margalo Gillmore in "Juarez and Maximilian." This is a modern historical drama by Franz Werfel, whose "Goat Song" was one of the very high lights of last season. What fare will follow "Maximilian" on the Theatre Guild schedule can not yet be told—they are pondering over a long list of foreign and domestic plays



**I**T CAN'T happen—yet it does. all the time! Taboo in fiction, in real life the fortuitous chance, the long arm of coincidence, directs many of our steps. Is it luck—or the inexorable working out of destiny? In any case, Mr. Hiatt tells here of some of the lighter pranks of chance



## Chance Meetings

By Walter S. Hiatt

Drawings by W. Fletcher White

**I** WOULD call it the paradox of the Improbable Probability.

What would you call it?

Every one of you has had the unusual experience of surprising meetings, "by chance," with acquaintances or friends, such as this:

Late, one night, I was walking home through a silent street of New York. At a corner a man hopped out of a taxi.

"Hey, there!" he shouted at me.

I looked, recognized a friend from whom I had parted two years previously in a lonely Russian town. He had just returned home, having been traveling ever since, across Siberia, China, through India. We had met on this deserted street corner. How? Why?

"How extraordinary!" we exclaimed. It was.

I've often wondered just how extraordinary might be the experiences of other people in respect to such chance meetings. These experiences have so piled up on me that I to-day realize there is no place I may go, city or country, at home or abroad, I will not find some friend or acquaintance waiting for me. Consider this incident. I was passing through Tiflis, in the Caucasus mountain region of South Russia, in 1921. An American aviator, out there for the Near East Relief administration, gave me lodging for two nights. A year later, and 2,500 miles distant, I got on a Paris subway car, and rubbed elbows with him.

"Extraordinary!" we exclaimed, had lunch together, wished each other good-luck, and parted.

Three months later I walked aboard a London tube car, and there stood the aviator. Again we commented on the unusual coincidence that threw us together, and separated. Two weeks later, I was dining in a restaurant far from the city's business center, near Hyde Park. The aviator sat down opposite me. How? Why?

It falls within the experience of many to leave a friend, say,

on a Michigan farm, and next meet him in New Orleans, to meet one at a Chicago convention, part apparently forever, and next walk face to face with him in Nashville, Tennessee, or on some country road, anywhere.

"How extraordinary!" we invariably exclaim at such chance meetings. It is.

The mathematical chances of two friends or acquaintances meeting without design in such a city as New York are 1 in 18,000,000, if we try to form a loose equation, formulating all probable and possible factors.

So that is why I would call it the paradox of the Improbable Probability. It is a problem that defies mathematical calculation. The truth is that we can't go anywhere any more—if we ever could—without seeing or being seen by friends or acquaintances. The explanation does not necessarily lie in the fact that people travel more, because the population of this country and the world is increasing so rapidly as to offset the travel numbers.

"In a town where thou knowest nobody, do whatever thou wilt," runs the Turkish proverb. But where find such a town nowadays?

It has long been the commonplace of criminal fiction, if not sound tradition, that the best place to hide is in a big city. Yet a big city is no longer, if it ever was, a good place in which to hide. Put in terms of police investigators, the odds are 3,000,000 to 1, in theory, that the hidden will stay hid.

But they don't. They can't.

Cast up your own experiences and you will agree with me, so far as chance meetings are concerned, as to this truth.

Even while I was preparing this article, I came face to face in New York, on the street, with a man from whom I had separated

four years ago in Constantinople. He told me how he too had been meeting about the world and in the same chance manner with other old acquaintances.

There's something uncanny about the way people are thrown together who by all the laws of calculation should not meet. In theory, so say the mathematicians, if all the factors could be computed, two friends living apart in this world have just one chance in 1,125 billions to meet by chance. That is infinity. And you and I go along meeting old friends unexpectedly every day.

It's a mystery problem that belongs to the erratic philosophy governing love, luck, fate, destiny.

While this chance is a happy one that throws friends together, adds charm, magic to their pleasure of slapping each other on the back, makes small talk for years, cements friendship, particularly if the marvel is repeated, public men often take another view of the matter.

They are known to and know not hundreds nor thousands, but hundreds of thousands of people. Unless their self-possession is cast-iron, or they have the ready fun of a Roosevelt, such shafts of chance annoy them. It is told that before Wilson became President, in crossing the continent during his campaign, he met or was met by the same man twice. At the third chance meeting, on a Hudson River ferryboat, when they came face to face on an empty upper deck, Wilson turned to the man with a heavy shadow of suspicion in his voice and said: "Three times is a charm," and walked away in high dudgeon.

As I see it, this problem that affects you and me, persons of an average number of friends and acquaintances, has nothing to do with those other coincidences, frequently chronicled as extraordinary in the newspapers, of fathers and sons, brothers and sisters meeting after ten, twenty, fifty years. There is a logical reason for their meeting, and



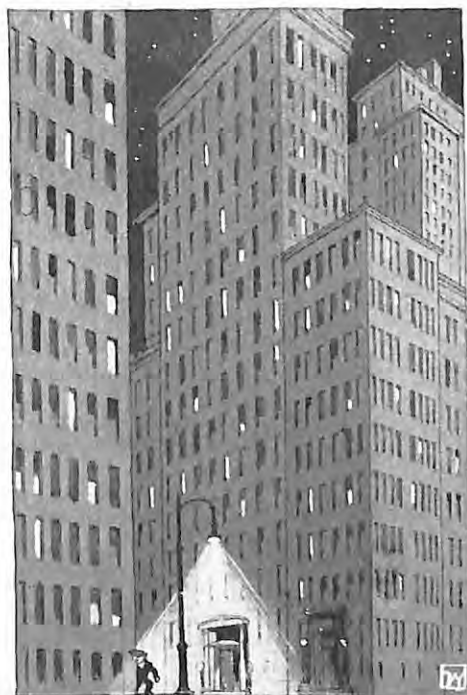
they conduct long searches through definite channels. With the newspaper, the radio, the help of police and other officials, there is no good reason for any persons to-day to stay apart who wish to meet. The beautiful story of Longfellow's "Evangeline," of two lovers who seek until death for each other, could hardly be written to-day.

But our own problem, that of the Improbable Probability, works indeed very deviously.

If there is any personal seclusion in this world that prevents chance meetings, it certainly exists for kings. During the World War my duty took me daily and at all hours from my hotel on the Corso, in Rome, to the American embassy. Along the way lies the palace of the King, who was frequently there, when the battle front at the north was quiet.

I passed there perhaps hundreds of times, lingered on the piazza with its sparkling fountain that looks from the palace across the city roofs to St. Peter's. Though the King was constantly coming and going, not once by chance did I see the King.

It became a little game with me. Too, when I was at the army front and at the same time as the King, I still missed him. For three years this natural curiosity was



A big city is no longer a good place to hide

unsatisfied. Then, the day the war was ending on the Austro-Italian front, in a shower of shell, the air thrilled with joy the end had come, when millions of men were on the forward march, roads jammed with horses, carts, cannon, I was in at this finish, was caught in a swirling backwater of soldiery, went up a lane to find a way around to get closer to the retreating Austrians, though still holding the river Piave with an artillery screen of fire.

In this lane I was blocked again, stopped, and looking about, saw within a dozen feet the automobile of King Victor Emmanuel. The King bowed pleasantly, smiled his serene, affable smile, and that was that.

There, too, was General Foch, supreme commander of all the armies of the Allies. During the war I planned to meet him, to behold a man on whom was certainly then centered the attention of the world, who was great beyond, above greatness. Plans, circumstance, design were again defeated.

Two years after the war, when I had all but forgotten this desire, I was attending a

*It is said if you sit long enough at a certain Paris cafe you will meet every friend or acquaintance under heaven*



public reception expressive of Franco-American good-will, found myself greeting an old army friend, heard him saying: "Of course General Foch will be pleased. General, permit me."

Thereafter, wherever I went, so it seemed, I was receiving the honor of an introduction to the great Foch. Once in a railway coach going to Chateau Thierry, where Gen. James G. Harbord was to deliver a Fourth of July speech, to commemorate this field of battle as a gift from France, I found myself walking into the compartment reserved for General Foch. His aide recalled me. I heard General Foch begin, bowing:

"Ahem! Hum! it seems we have met before." Then with extreme politeness he commented gravely: "One would wonder why this pleasure comes to us."

Why, indeed!

One is afraid to attach too much significance to these meetings or attempt to go far in explanation of them. Take the good that is in them, that's the best one can do. In the days when more people were more certain that marriages were perchance made in heaven, then this chance-making of an acquaintance between two young people of different sexes, or their frequent meetings without design, took on a color quite flattering to our belief that a divinity was shaping our ends.

It can hardly be said that such meetings are confined to people in the same groups of business. In my youth I crossed the Atlantic, met a foreigner, a German tailor, on the ship. Three years later, on a visit to Chicago, I walked face to face with him in the street.

Through the years of war and post-war Europe, I wandered over a territory occupied by three hundred million people. I left in the mountains of Asia Minor Ismet Pasha, at the head of an army in retreat. One day two years later I walked into the Hotel Crillon, in Paris, and there stood my good friend Ismet. One day I met on a station platform at Versailles a man I had known three years previously in Warsaw. It was his first visit to Versailles.

Uncanny it is, explain these chance meetings as you will. I came home after nine years, lost, a stranger, forgotten. Two mornings later I left my hotel, took a crowded subway train in New York and sat down beside a distinguished American I had last said good-by to in Moscow. This was our third unexpected meeting in unexpected places.

"Extraordinary!" we said.

A few evenings later I was taking a lonely walk in the suburbs of this great city, of which it has been said the best way to get lost therein is to move around the corner. It was drizzling rain. Umbrellas were up, I fairly bumped into a writing friend I had last seen fifteen years before in Portland, Maine.

Not long since I sat in the office of an old friend in another city. I had called to see him after many years of separation. "Why, only the other day I was thinking of you, and I'm so glad you have called," he said. "Otherwise we should never have met again. Nowadays we are so rushed, we do all of our business by letter or telephone, never see our best friend though he be across the street or in the office overhead. You know how it is."

"Yes," I agreed, "the world is so big and so lonesome."

I went out, walked half a block, and all but stepped on the toes of an oil man I had last seen in Vienna. Our meeting there had been in the street, as had a previous one thousands of miles distant.

"Extraordinary!" said the oil man. I was silent.

There seems to be no law to govern these "chance" meetings. Merely to be where there are crowds and therefore increase this Improbable Probability by the number of people who pass doesn't circumvent Chance.

It is said if one sits long enough at a café near the corner of the Place de l'Opera and the Grands Boulevards, Paris, one will meet every friend or acquaintance under heaven. I have yet to meet a single person I know at this spot. There is the same saying for the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York. I have crossed there daily for a year on end and have yet to recognize a single passing face.

It is an astonishing fact that there are no two faces alike in all the realm of humanity. It is equally astonishing that among all the millions of faces we see, if that face is once fixed in our memory we retain a picture of it.

But most astonishing of all is this chance of sooner or later meeting a face that has been apparently erased from memory.

There used to be an observing man, a theatre manager, in Newport, Rhode Island, who for this reason would never say "Good-by" at parting. "So long," or "au revoir," or "Till we meet again," were the phrases he used.

Last year I was cutting through Boston Common. The broad back of an Irish soldier friend appeared ahead. I reached out, gently put my hand on his shoulder. He turned, recognized me.

"Why, you left me in Odessa years ago." I put up my hand. "Now, Mike, please don't say it's extraordinary," I begged.

This summer I went swimming at a strange beach on the Atlantic coast, seeking quietness. Just that. On the sands I recognized a Roumanian actress I had last seen in her own country.

I hastened into the water, the ocean itself. There I swam face to face with another forgotten acquaintance.

He spat hastily, gurgled, "Extra"—I didn't hear the rest. I knew. I swam away. And swimming, the name of a play popped into my head: "Lady Be Good!"





*Old Bob advanced to the saloon steps and sloshed gasoline over the floor*

SHERIFF BOB McIVER cleared his throat slowly and tugged at his thin drooping mustache of gray.

"Well, now, would you mind tellin' me just why?" he asked mildly.

His old blue eyes ran from face to face of the county committee: Skellet, the prosecuting attorney; Downing, the real estate man who had grown rich with the boom; and Hendershot, the register of deeds, were the committee, holding the destinies of Twin Lake politics in their hands.

He expected no sympathy or quarter from them. He had been looking for just this thing for two years, now, since the new Company came in and with its long string of camps, its great, modern saw mill, its

## Backfire

### *The Story of A Legal Short Cut That Saved a County*

By Harold Titus

*Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks*

towering chemical plant, started the activity that turned a backwoods community into a bustling, growing, getting-rich-and-citified place. He knew well enough why, after these years of tenure, he was being dropped by party powers but he just wanted to have a reason from their lips.

He looked them in the eye, first one, and then another, and only in Hendershot's did he see any flicker of warmth and that kinship or appreciation or understanding or whatever it was, proved to be of insufficient strength to come to his support, because the man's gaze fell off and it was Skellet who finally spoke.

"Times have changed, Bob; that's why," he said in his benevolent manner. "We're

not a part of the frontier any more; geographically we're still in the north but socially and economically and . . . er, politically, we're closer to the rest of the State than we've ever been.

"We've got new conditions to meet and we figure it's going to take—to be quite frank, Bob—a younger man who can get along with these thousands of newcomers better than one of the old order can."

Bob nodded. "I see," he remarked enigmatically. Then asked, in his flat, everyday way: "Anybody been complainin' 'bout the state of law and order we got now?"

A slight suggestion of challenge was in this and the prosecutor colored a trifle.

"No, Bob; you've kept things quiet. Everybody admits that. But you've been out on a limb now and then. You could get away with that sort of thing in the old days but, I'm telling you, times have changed. You can't handle these outsiders the way you can the natives."

"I SEE," the sheriff said again and his somewhat watery eyes did not move from Skellet's face. In fact, they clung there so steadily through the silence that the other shifted restlessly in his chair. "Out on a limb, eh? Well, I always figured a sheriff's job was to keep a county peaceable and safe. I used law and courts when I had to but sometimes them things are a mite slow; sometimes they won't work at all."

"That, according to the old manner, was admirable, Bob. Nevertheless, it's illegal. The county's gotten over being wild and woolly. People want things done regularly. Besides . . . take the Blackburn case: when an officer resorts to extra-legal methods he's taking a chance. You're lucky, and the county's lucky, that Blackburn didn't file suit."

Old Bob bit down just once on his chew. "He didn't," he remarked casually, but fire was in his eyes. "I didn't have legal evidence ag'in' him, no, but it's seemed lately it's hard to get action ag'in' bootleggers in this county." His voice had slowed to a cadence which was more emphatic by far than increased pitch. "I've tried pretty hard to take care of our own hooch peddlers and I didn't get so far. When this party, Blackburn, come in I aimed to get him out before I took the time to work up a case you'd say 'd hold water."

Skellet removed his cigar with a yank. "Are you insinuating—"

"Not a thing; no, not a thing," the sheriff interrupted drily. "I don't put much stock in insinuat'in'." In his voice and face was mockery.

Skellet settled back in his chair, frowning. "Well, that's one of the things that decided us; this Blackburn matter," he said sulkily, his benevolence gone. "You've been a good public servant in the past, McIver, but . . . the past is past. We're concerned with the future to-day."

He consulted a notebook and his manner was one of dismissal.

Old Bob stroked the chair arm slowly and sighed. Then he rose.

"That's what I wanted to know," he said. "If Wells runs with th' backin' of this committee he'll win and have his chance to show what he's wound on. I s'pose,"—looking into the old felt hat he held—"that by the time he gets through I'll be even more out of date."

He started out with his shuffling gait, stooped shoulders perhaps squared a little, asking no quarter, but as he reached the door Hendershot twisted around in his chair.

"Don't do any fretting, Bob. You'll be taken care of somewhere."

"Well, now, that's what I call downright generous," McIver said and with that stinging thrust closed the door behind him.

He had heard his political death sentence, he knew. In years past he had stood like a landmark in the sheriff's office; he had been fearless, impartial, industrious and he had maintained to a surprising degree the peace of the community. But that was over. . . .

IN THOSE other days—in fact, until within the last few years—a man who wanted office submitted his own qualifications to the voters, flung far in logging camps and a few small villages, in trappers' cabins and on farms cleared in the choppings. But now this county committee was the cabal which passed on candidates and so rapidly had its powers increased under changing conditions that it was, he knew, futile to go contrary to its wishes.

If he had changed as his town and county had changed, things might have been different. But old Bob had not changed. He had gone his old way, preserved his old point of view. He was a good citizen, as a matter of course; an efficient officer without fuss or talk. . . .

Not so with some others who held office. With Skellet, for one. He had come into the county a decade before, young and poor. He had been elected prosecutor because he was unopposed and worked amiably with old Bob. But he was ambitious, eager for change, wanted to have a place in this new order, and when the town grew and the county became less thinly populated he commenced to be fastidious about cases, overly particular about evidence and methods of procuring it, more interested in things outside his profession, particularly alive to politics.

They had ceased to get along so well. Prohibition brought its new problems and Skellet approached prosecution for that form of lawlessness gingerly, especially when men were concerned who possessed influence. Let Bob find some stolid Finn fermenting his own liquor or a woodchopper drunk on the streets, then Skellet was ready to bear down, insistent of making a case, while Bob stuck to his theory of maintaining his personal orders as law enough in petty

affairs. But when McIver waged war on the enterprising, money-making whisky peddlers, men whom he considered fit candidates for jail. . . . Then the fault-finding began.

And, of course, it reached its climax in the Blackburn matter. Blackburn, tall, sullen, tricky, cold, had come to Twin Lakes with the boom and started showing the resident law-breakers how it really should be done. He was clever in his bootlegging; he knew the laws of evidence and had an uncanny way of guessing the sheriff's moves.

So Bob, failing to make a case after a month's work, met him when he came down the hotel stairs to breakfast with his thirty-three in the crook of his arm. The sheriff's words were few; his gestures sparing; but he sat in the dining-room while Blackburn tried to eat and then walked behind the man down to the depot and twitched the gun barrel significantly when the morning train started rolling outward. Blackburn did not have the courage to defy that undersized old man. He swung aboard and brandished his fist and remarked, with epithets, that he would come back and get McIver. To this Bob paid no attention. He stood on the tracks until the train rounded the bend and then walked slowly back to the jail and put away his rifle. The train's next stop was beyond the county limits. He had no fear that Blackburn would return to make good his threats. He had, without the law, eliminated one menace to Twin Lakes' social order.

But now, of course, it was another matter. He had no thought for Blackburn or any other trespasser on the decency of the community. He was thinking of party committees and the new order and of what might happen. . . .

HE DID not run against Wells, the accredited party candidate. He moved out of the jail on New Year's day and took a small house on the edge of town for himself and his wife and found that Hendershot's assurance had been honest. He was taken care of; he was a trapper of predatory animals for the State Game Commissioner, and had the promise of a place as county fire warden during the summer months. He accepted these with no sense of offended pride. He must live and jobs for old men of the old order were not plentiful. . . .

So he trapped wolf and coyote and fox during the season of snow and watched the town take further strides in its transition from village to city; saw more camps go into the timber, more strange faces on street and road and saw the traditional peace of the community go completely and hastily to pot.

For with spring, came Blackburn. He passed old Bob on the street the first time with a triumphant leer. Evidently, he had forgotten or withdrawn the threats he had made and was satisfied with the knowledge that the old man was no longer in a position to give him trouble.

Yes, Blackburn returned and Section Thirty-seven came to life. . . .

So it was known: Section Thirty-seven. An ironic christening, for no township map shows such a division of land and this establishment was non-existent, so far as authority was concerned. Located three miles from town, out toward the far-flung line of standing timber, that row of flimsy buildings branded Twin Lakes as a harborer of renegade and outcast. One of the sprawling structures flaunted a sign which promised chicken dinners, but no such food and nothing to be designated as a dinner was obtainable there. To be sure,



"You'll use nothing of mine," said Blackburn. "Now beat it"



a lunch counter was installed but men did not gather there to eat. They used the pool tables extensively but the busy place was the long bar. Above. . . Well, a heavy door of maple planking with a look-out hole in the center barred the way to all but the elect, and these went through that door and up the stairs to come down again richer or poorer; largely poorer. Another building was a dance hall. . . and it also had its bar with soft drink signs dangling above. . . Other houses; shameful, pitiable places. . .

And now, thought old Bob, what would Wells do with that mess on the one side and the good citizens of the old type who remained the backbone of the community on the other? How would he handle Blackburn, who gave orders to the bartenders, to the men who spent their nights above the saloon directing the flow of gambled dollars? And what would Skellet do to help Wells, if good citizens forced him to try? . . .

But Wells did not try.

It was a rough-looking layout, the new sheriff admitted. It was a catch-basin for money earned in camp and mill, store and office. But, so far as he knew, no laws were being broken by the management. Oh, of course, hooch was drunk there, but where it came from he did not know. The swamps were peppered with stills, probably. So far as he could determine Blackburn sold the soft drinks he advertised. . .

At night the place was a bedlam. Protests were made by substantial citizens who had been so occupied with the boom that they had left politics to those interested and Wells looked serious and Skellet confided his technical difficulties to these petitioners. Arrests were made, the place was even raided, but it was a mild raid and evidence to establish charges of consequence was not forthcoming.

"You wanted a boom and you got it; this seems to go with prosperity," Wells finally flared back when chided. "If you can do more, tell me how."

And this in Twin Lakes where, for twenty years, old Bob McIver had maintained peace with dignity. . .

Bob paid no attention to Blackburn's activities, nor did he comment much when forced to listen to the complaints of outraged citizens. He had a job to do, was organizing the many logging camps into fire-fighting units against an emergency, was daily on patrol in his rattling car, weighted down with shovels and buckets and hand pumps. He was too busy with that job to give heed to any matter which might not come under his jurisdiction.

**H**E WOULD drive by Section Thirty-seven with never a look right or left. Perhaps his mustache bristled a bit and an observer might have noted that he chewed with inordinate briskness when once past; but otherwise he seemed to be oblivious to the existence of the dives.

However, one day he had need of a telephone in a hurry because fire had started in a swamp five miles to the eastward and he drove up to the saloon with car skidding and under jammed-on brakes. He entered and looked about to locate the telephone and was approaching the instrument when Blackburn came through the heavy door at the foot of the stairs.

"Well!" he drawled. "What can you want here, old man?"

Bob eyed him up and down.

"I'm a fire warden," he answered evenly. "I got a smudge back here. I want to use your telephone to get help."

"You'll use nothing of mine!" the black

eyes blazed balefully. "You'll make tracks now. Beat it!"

And Bob went. He had a point of authority to press but for reasons of his own did not bring it to bear. He drove to a farmhouse, got help and by dusk had the blaze out. But he lingered alone to be certain no live fire in root or stump broke out and when he turned homeward it was midnight.

He pulled up at Thirty-seven to watch. He saw Blackburn lead two men to the door and pitch them out, declaring his place was no poorhouse.

"Sucked 'em dry and tossed 'em away," Bob muttered.

**D**IFFERENT, that, from the old days when, if a saloon-keeper let a woodsman go broke in his establishment, he was bound by tradition to keep the man warm and fed and in some measure supplied with liquor until he worked again. But Blackburn, it seemed, was a dollar squeezer.

The bartenders were strangers to McIver. A week later he stopped again at night to look at the place. The bartenders had changed; again, they were strangers. And the end of that week they had changed again.

On patrol he came on a new camp beside a stream and went down the slope to caution the two men there about fire.

"Hello, sheriff!" one cried genially.

Bob frowned against tardy memory. The man grinned and removed his hat, revealing a bald dome above twinkling eyes.

"Randall!" the warden said. "Randall, th' federal hooch hound!"

"No. I'm a stranger from Indiana on his vacation."

"Yeah. . . . I get you. . . ."

Those federal men trusted Bob and they talked for long.

"We're the fourth team in here," Randall said. "Some of your folks went over the

prosecutor's head and complained. We've fallen down so far because Blackburn keeps switching bartenders. Takes four or five days for a stranger to get a drink there; then it's another day to the nearest United States Commissioner for a warrant and by the time we're back to serve it the man who sold the stuff's gone and we haven't a case."

"I've noticed," remarked Bob, "that he's got what you might call a heavy turn-over in bar help. So that's th' racket? And he's always in th' clear himself?"

"That's it. A trusting soul! He sells his bartenders the booze every morning. Sells it, outright! Ten dollars a quart. They get two bits a drink and the velvet's their wage."

"Where's he keep it?" Bob asked.

The others shrugged and wished that they knew.

"If we fall down, McGinn'll follow us. He's got red hair and a scar on the back of his neck. A good lad, Bob; if you can, give him a hand."

Had Bob been able, though, he would have had little time to help. Drouth came and fires became alarmingly frequent. Blackburn's Thirty-seven was on a county road, running east and west. To the northward was hardwood slash for half a mile and beyond it were farms. To the southward the debris of logging stretched for three miles to the standing timber, broken here and there by green swamp. It was tinder, and, as rain held off, evolved from tinder to something in the nature of an explosive.

At dawn, Bob's telephone commenced to ring. Fire on the county road, two miles out. Fire south of Thirty-seven. Smoke coming up at Porcupine ford. . . . Two, three; one morning five fires going at sun-up, and the old warden managed to hold them to small fires but his heart was in his throat with those fires starting in the center of that area of sunbaked slash. . . .

The explanation was easy. All night the saxophones wailed and cards fluttered and men drank in Blackburn's place and when, at dawn, they embarked for farm or camp or town they were drunk. Cigarette butts,



burning cigar remnants, the heels of pipes were scattered with the carelessness of the intoxicated and found ready hold on dried June grass and brush. As the new order had undermined the traditions of peace, so it had stripped these people of their caution with fire.

Yes, the explanation was simple but forestalling the disaster that lurked in every blaze the size of a man's hat was another matter and the warden's moustache took on a perpetual bristle. He was chafing under this grievance against Blackburn.

Others chafed, too; good citizens were galled. McBride, the new minister; Manwaring, the old banker; more, came beseeching Bob.

"Why, you folks got a sheriff; and a prosecutor," he replied in evident surprise. "You got a county committee that runs your politics, too. Me, now; fires is the only disturbance I got authority to put down."

They agreed sorrowfully and talked loudly and held meetings.

Hendershot, of the county committee, came furtively to Bob.

"I guess you know I'm your friend," he began. "I got you your job. Bob, this thing's a mess! There'll be hell to pay out there some night!"

"WELL, ain't you got a sheriff and a prosecutor duly invested with plenty authority?" Hendershot's furtive oath was eloquent and the warden spat energetically. "Tell you, Hen; last winter I found me a coyote playin' hell with a deer yard. Say, he was a slick one! There wasn't any poisonin' him and he knew more 'bout traps than the feller who got 'em up. But danged me if he didn't get his foot in it fin'ly an' he couldn't get it out. When I found him I see tracks where three others 'd come up to watch him an' run around, a wful worried over his fix. But, you know, they couldn't lift a paw to help! He'd sure got his foot in it. . . . Me, now; I'm busy with the job you got me and I sure am grateful!"

"For God's sake, Bob, don't take this thing lightly! I tell you, I

want to be straight but he's got Wells and Skellet hog-tied."

"Traps is bad things for coyotes; other coyotes can't help 'em at all; no sir!" said Bob and rose to answer his telephone.

It was noon; a man was on the wire, stammering with excitement.

"Seems to be burning like hell! Can't you do something before it's too late?" he concluded.

"My job to try. Who're you and where you at?"

"This is Blackburn, sher—warden. I'm at my place."

McIver turned away with a snort. He found that the fire, in a swamp, was more smoke than else and at dusk walked unconcernedly into Blackburn's to use the telephone . . . and confirm a suspicion.

"Is it out?" the tall man asked earnestly and Bob saw panic in his eyes. "You've got it stopped, warden?"

"I expec' I have."

Relief swept the other's face. "That's good," he muttered. "That's fine! Now—er—" He wiped his lips. "There's no use in our quarrelin', Bob, I carry no' grudges."

No, he carried no grudges; not before the fear of fire, the profound instinctive fear of conflagration that is in all men, pronounced in many, and Bob spat casually and said nothing about the early morning drunks who were stringing fire from Porcupine to Mad Cat. It would do no good, he knew; Blackburn's fear would not develop a caution which might cost dollars.

Thereafter was a sort of cordiality between the two, offered by Blackburn, accepted tacitly by McIver.

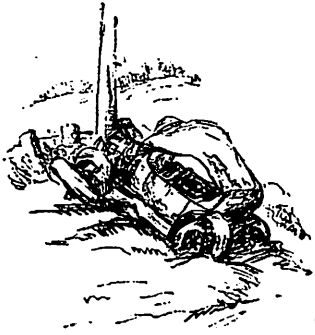
Even when a red haired man with a scar on the back of his neck was found desperately wounded between Thirty-seven and town, that relationship endured. No one knew the man, but old Bob, helping carry him to the hospital, remembered the hair and the scar and dispatched a wire and Twin Lakes was stormed by strange, alert faces. But the federal men could not trace the assassin who had all but taken their companion's life from ambush . . . and the bartenders at Thirty-seven kept changing and people protested and Skellet assured them that he was doing all in his power to make a case against Blackburn and so

far had failed, even with the help of government men. . . . He did not tell what old Bob knew; of his session with a government man who had put the spilled blood of the wounded  
(Continued on page 66)



"Fire coming!" he said hoarsely and licked his lips. In his right hand was a menacing revolver. "Every man here's going to turn out to fight it. Get me! Don't one of you try to hedge!"





# A New Responsibility for Motorists

*What The States Are Doing to Put a Curb on  
Habitually Reckless Drivers*

By Clark Belden

*Drawings by Clive Weed*

**I**MPORTANT problems are raised by the fact that 520,000 persons in the United States were killed and disabled by automobiles in 1925—a daily average of 55 killed and 1,370 injured. War itself is apparently less deadly than automobile accidents. Over twice as many Americans were killed and injured by automobiles last year alone as in the entire World War.

One problem created by the automobile's growing toll concerns the ability of motorists causing these accidents to render adequate financial recompense to the victims or their families. Many of the half million persons injured last year were forced to meet hospital, surgical and medical bills toward which expenses the person who injured them contributed nothing.

Several factors have combined to emphasize the growing importance of the motorist's financial responsibility—or lack of it.

Automobile accidents recently took their place as the leading cause of accidental fatalities. With 20,000,000 automobiles and several times that number of pedestrians forced to use one common spot—our streets and highways—at the same time for many hours each day, this is hardly surprising. Few persons will be startled at the statement of Hon. Robert S. Marx, Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, that to-day "three-fourths of all civil jury trials are concerned with personal injury claims largely arising from automobile accidents."

Another factor that heightens the financial irresponsibility problem rests in the fact that only 16 per cent. of all automobile owners carry liability insurance, ranging from one owner in six to one in three in different states. The fact that 84 per cent. of automobile owners have no responsible financial agency behind them, in case they kill or injure somebody, or damage property, is not in itself alarming. Not even from the viewpoint of potential automobile accident victims—which nearly all of us are. But when we realize that thousands of these persons have in reserve beyond their daily operating expenses hardly the proverbial red cent we, as potential victims, discover that financial irresponsibility strikes close to home—if, indeed, it has not already struck.

We are not surprised that thousands of automobile owners could not—even if they would—pay us a dollar if they disabled us when we discover that one-half of the country's automobile owners receive incomes of less than \$2,000 per year and that one quarter receive less than \$1,500 per year. The automobile has indeed become the poor man's friend.

The problem of the automobile owner who lacks the means of compensating for any injury he may cause has been broadened by the fact that 85 per cent. of the cars sold to-day are purchased upon the instalment basis—in many cases by persons of extremely

limited means. The ability to obtain a new car for a small initial payment coupled with the increasing supply and lower prices of second-hand cars enables people to become automobile owners to-day who formerly contented themselves with trolleys, buses, railroads, walking or not getting there at all.

The universal use of the automobile has altered our scheme of life. The automobile has conquered distance. It has linked city and country. To those of limited environment, it has made possible an enjoyment of adjacent centers. For business, it has accomplished vast practical results. For recreation, it is a veritable life saver. Yet it has brought a problem. A person may be disabled to-morrow for six weeks or six months and have thrust upon him the consequent medical, surgical and hospital expenses—not to mention a depreciated income—without being able to obtain from the person who laid him low even so much as a couple of two-cent stamps with which to mail his checks to the doctor and the hospital upon recovery.

The property-owning motorist usually carries automobile liability and property damage insurance to protect himself from the results of personal injury suits. The more property he has the more insurance he usually carries. The self-preservation instinct—the common sense of holding onto what you have—urges this course. The size and frequency of the automobile liability damage verdicts awarded by juries in recent years has encouraged this tendency. Verdicts of \$10,000 or \$15,000 and higher are awarded so frequently to-day that often they no longer "make" the front page of the newspapers. Nor is it necessary to kill a person for a jury to award such a verdict. Broken arms, legs or ribs alone are often valued as high as that by juries.

The less property a motorist owns the less he is inclined to carry insurance—unless he be the type of individual who visualizes clearly and takes seriously his responsibility to his potential victim. Many persons lacking property, however, do not project their thinking beyond themselves. Some assetless motorists do not fear a \$15,000 injury suit in the slightest. Legally, they have little cause to fear one. Their attitude would be apt to be, in the language of the street: "Try and get it!"

Such a situation suggests the desirability of legislation to protect potential victims of automobile accidents—pedestrians. The more directly temporary disability might affect a pedestrian or his death might affect his family, the more serious the danger to that individual or family. The State seems justified in assuring its citizens financial protection; it now regulates many other phases of the automobile's operation. Of the many administrative and legislative problems brought about by the automobile, that of financial irresponsibility has remained unsolved. Its solution seems beset with perplexing questions.

A characteristic of modern civilization is the theory that the rights of society as a whole are greater than those of any individual or group of individuals. When the acts of the individual are destructive he is held accountable to his fellows. The irresponsible fellow cannot be allowed to run amuck. He must meet his responsibilities. . . . He must conform to the best interests of the entire human group. He must conform to regulations—police, military, legal, fire, traffic, health, sanitary, building, pure food and a host of others.

## II

**D**URING 1924 and 1925, the Legislatures of thirty-eight States considered bills aimed to assure every victim of an automobile accident, or his family, financial remuneration regardless of the financial status of the automobile owner at fault. These bills have called for compulsory insurance. Such is the type of law schedule to go into effect on January first of next year in Massachusetts. It will be tested in a referendum before that date.

Those who favor compulsory insurance claim its great strength to be that it guarantees to all victims of automobile accidents, or their families, the payment of money to offset hospital, surgical and medical bills and a temporary depreciation or permanent loss of income. It is asserted that this is the one objective sought and that its accomplishment alone justifies compulsory insurance.

Another contention of compulsory insurance advocates is that the cost of insurance to any one motorist under this plan would not attain a burdensome figure because it





would be spread among all the motorists of a given State in equal proportion.

Some persons hold that compulsory insurance is the simplest and the most workable solution of the financial responsibility dilemma. A few assert that it is the only feasible solution.

Many persons believe that compulsory insurance will reduce accidents.

It is fair to spread the cost of compulsory insurance among all motorists, according to its advocates, because it is impossible to forecast which particular motorist will have an accident and which will not. The proponents of compulsory insurance state that it is fair to ask motorists as a whole to pay the cost of its operation since the responsibility can not be definitely fixed in advance.

Other advocates state that the payment

*"Sue me!"*

*The number of hit-and-run drivers has been increasing and some way must be found to bar them from our roads*

of damages to accident victims or their families is an obligation directly related to the operation of an automobile as such and that all motorists should be compelled to meet that obligation instead of merely those who possess the necessary funds.

Those who oppose the compulsory insurance idea state that it is unjust in principle because it compels motorists who are careful and who do not have accidents to pay for the damage done by reckless motorists. This places the financial burden of the reckless upon the careful. The opponents claim that compulsory insurance overlooks the fact that automobile accidents are a

matter of personal responsibility and not of mass responsibility. They believe that the responsibility rests on the shoulders of those who do the damage.

It is also maintained that compulsory insurance disregards the fact brought out by the Hoover Conference on Street and Highway Safety that only 5 per cent. of the insured drivers have accidents during one year, or that the average driver has but one accident in twenty years. And that it is possible to discover the identity of this small and reckless minority.

The principle of compulsory insurance is further stated by its opponents to be defective in that certain measures call for payments to accident victims "without regard to fault." It is held that this provision would put a premium on the carelessness of

*(Continued on page 80)*



# Two Luncheons

*The "Present Generation" Comes Up Against—Itself*



By Wayland Wells Williams

Illustrated by Eugene M. Frandzen

THE front door closing snuffed out the hot blaze of noon, and the dim coolness of the front hall enveloped Theodora. She inhaled it gratefully, once; then her mother's voice came quavering out of the dining-room.

"That you, Theo? Luncheon!"

Theo called "Yes, Mother!" and impatiently flung off her hat. How could Mother *always* tell which of the three it was that came in? Claude and Lucia did not close the door so very differently. How could one close a front door differently? Just the technique born of endless years of watching other people. . . .

"Shad roe, and it's getting cold!" came the voice again, sweet but over-intense.

Theo, in front of the hall mirror, with both hands smoothed the glossy dark side strands into greater smoothness. She liked it smooth over the ears.

"Bacon, too," added the voice. Theodora stifled a grunt. It wasn't what the voice

said, it was what it meant. In this case: "Here I plan and plan to have the things you like, and you won't even take the pains to . . ."

But almost simultaneously with the word bacon had come a rattle at the front door. Claude.

"Huh! 'Unch!' grunted Theo, her mouth full of hairpins.

"God!" said Claude, without any meaning whatever. He flung three books and a hat on the hall table and stalked sedately upstairs.

"Oh, yes!" thought Theo bitterly; "*he* can wash. *He* can take his time. *He* doesn't have to hear how hard it makes things when he's late, darn him!"

She put the hairpin back in its place with a vicious poke and walked into the dining-room. Lucia was in her place at her mother's right.

"Hello, Loosh. Sorry, Mother, but I had

*"There are sometimes ways of making things work out. Seems to me this might be made to"*

a million things at the last moment. Well, some cold roe. I hope the tea's hot, anyhow."

"You don't deserve to have anything hot," said Lucia in a voice of melting sweetness and with the friendly spite of seventeen. "You're twenty-five minutes late."

"That'll do from you. Claude's later."

"I'm glad enough to have him at any time," said Mrs. Brigham. "Saturday is the only day in the week he can get home at all."

"Saturday," repeated Theodora, as one overtaken by an unpleasant recollection. "Oh Mother, wasn't this the day of that confounded bridge benefit at the Moodys' Mother, I can't go! I won't!"

"Lucia," Mrs. Brigham was saying, "Just take that roe out and ask Annie to

keep it hot for Claude. Ellen's opening the pears. What, love?"

"Yep, it was the eighteenth," said Lucia, grasping the roe dish.

"The Moodys' bridge, for the benefit of the Orphan Ukrainians, or the Starving Serbians or something," said Theo despairingly. All the taste had gone out of her food. "Mother, I—"

"Oh, the telephone!" moaned Mrs. Moody. "Lucia dear, you're up. It seems as if that thing had been ringing since dawn."

"It's just this," said Theo with icy determination, laying down her fork and taking advantage of the interlude. "I promised Tom Darling weeks—months—ago to go out in his new car with him, and I think he was going to ask some others to meet us for tea at the Crinoline Tavern—anyway it's just a question of whether I am the mistress of my time or you are. And the Moodys are your friends, not mine. I can't stand them, and I can't stand their parties. I suppose you promised them, but Mother, you *shouldn't* . . ."

Her voice failed. She drank some tea. It was lukewarm.

Lucia's voice—the call had been for her—rang out of the back hall: "Oh, *mercy* no! Fifine, you *cat!* As if I'd ever said anything. . . ."

"Theo darling, I know it's hard, but, after all, it was two weeks ago that Mrs. Moody spoke to me, and when I told you, you said all right."

"But now it's all wrong, Mother!"

"THEO dear, I wish I could make you understand . . ." Theo wished her mother wouldn't look so *pathetic*. Her pathos was so ingenuous. There was no affectation or absurdity about it that gave one an excuse for discounting it. "There are such things, Theo, as social duties. Do you want to drop below where your father left you? Don't you see the value of people like the Moodys?—not the mere snobbish social value, for I know you think little enough of that, but simply and solely because they're *nice*."

"If being stupid is being nice, yes!"

"Who's stupid and who's nice?" inquired Claude, swinging his chair out and himself into it with one deft motion. "Well, fodder!"

Mrs. Brigham rose with a quick and general effort that made her clothes creak. She waved away Theo's similar but easier motion and disappeared into the pantry.

Claude buttered a slice of cold toast and thoughtfully munched it. "Well, what's the row to-day?"

"Oh, the Moodys!"

"Croquet tournament for the Rum-Runners' Relief Fund?"

"Just about. Claude, can you stand all that?"

"I can not. They leave me cold. First Church, First National Bank, first in the hearts of their townsmen. Mother swallows it all. Oh, how she'd love to have me sweet on Paula Moody!"

Theodora's jaw fell. "Why no! It's me and Dan!"

"Oh well, why not both?"

"Do you mean to say she's been hinting—"

"Oh, for a year."

"Oh, for a year or a month or a day, crown thy delight with a something contending!" chanted Lucia, dropping into her chair like a rose petal. "That's poetry. Pretty, ain't it? Theo, dear, there's no use your looking like a fish. I can listen to more than the telephone at one time, and I know you're expected at the bridge this afternoon, because Fifine said Christabel said she was there this morning and she saw your name on the list of sweet young things that are going to serve refreshments. Claude's out of it for to-day. He won't have to marry Paula till the next dance heaves in sight, and why don't he ask her? *Such* a sweet girl, *so* kind to her mother and—oh, goody, here's the pears!"

But Mrs. Brigham, crowding carefully through the pantry door, bore only roe, which she set before Claude. She paused a

moment behind his chair and kissed the top of his head lightly. "Hard morning at law school, dear?"

"So-so," said Claude, catching her hand in casual affection.

"I hope you're going to do something nice and restful this afternoon."

"Nice, yes; restful, hardly." Claude abandoned all attempts at affection and helped himself to shad roe. "A game of tennis with Victord Spofford—and the Clyde girls."

THE last words came jerkily, almost with a kind of violence. Mrs. Brigham returned to her chair without a word. Silence reigned for about twenty seconds, and then Ellen entered with fresh plates.

"I see the President's taken a strong stand about Prohibition," said Mrs. Brigham, brightly and instantly.

No response emerged. Lucia repressed a giggle. Theo looked moodily into her lap; Claude ate. The telephone rang.

Silently, premonitorily as it were, Theo rose. She was an accomplished telephoner, and the others could gain nothing from her responses. They fell into a sluggish conversation on the death of the grocer. At last Theodora returned, her lips set.

"What news?" asked Claude.

"Tom Darling. He's going to call for me at four o'clock, and we're going to meet the Lamberts and some others at the Crinoline."

Claude and Lucia looked covertly at their mother. They were with Theo in spirit, but they disliked seeing their mother hurt, except when they found it necessary to hurt her themselves. Mrs. Brigham said nothing and did nothing; merely looked suddenly old.

"Well," said Theo with a not too successful laugh, "that passed off fairly pleasantly!"

"Claude," said Mrs. Brigham after a second, "what do you think of Tom Darling? I should like to hear your honest opinion."

"My honest opinion? That he's—well, a washout. But then I scarcely know him. I never do more than speak to him in the locker room of the country club."

"What do you gather about him from other people?"

"Well, I know that he got fired from St. Paul's, and was on the ragged edge at Princeton when the war came. He was in the Marines, and I believe he did fairly well, though I've heard he spent two weeks in the jug in Bordeaux for getting into a fight with an M. P. I've never heard much about him as a broker, but my feeling is that I'd sooner take my own advice than his. Is that about your idea of him, Theo?"

"No!" said Theo, crisply.

"Well, you know him better than any of us, so I dare say your opinion is worth more than any of ours. Certainly more than mine."

"You've heard what your brother said, Theo." Mrs. Brigham's voice was dispassionate, but bruised. "You know how he talks about the kind of man he knows and likes. Does this sound much like that?"

"Wait!" said Claude. "I know something else. He's got a new four-passenger roadster, painted gray, with red cushions. That's the one really important thing about him!"

"And now," said Theo, calmly bitter. "are you going to ask my opinion of the Clyde girls?"



Claude was helping Paula up the walk. Paula was pale, but she smiled bravely.



*Yawning pasteboard boxes, sprawling wrapping paper, dresses, underclothes and an exhausted breakfast tray composed an orgy of matutinal untidiness. Lucia stood before the mirror, trying on a green frock*

Mrs. Brigham waved the question aside. "I know all about them. It doesn't matter."

"Why doesn't it matter?"

"Girls have to be protected, and men don't."

"Wait till he announces his engagement to Katherine Clyde!" chirped Lucia.

"And you wait till your opinion is asked, young woman," said Claude, tartly. "I can take care of myself. So can Theo. One isn't quite a fool at twenty-four, or even twenty-three. If Tom Darling's the kind I think he is, I trust Theo to find it out before she plights her young troth to him. Meanwhile he may be a pleasant companion, no matter what he is. You can go out in a car with a man you'd be a fool to marry. That's my whole point."

"But the Moodys' bridge, Claude!"

"Not my affair," said Claude, loftily. "But speaking for myself, I dislike having engagements made for me."

"So do I." Claude's defense of her position, and challenge to her independence, gave Theo a kind of exalted calm. "Mother, you got me into this mess. You can hardly blame me for getting myself out of it. I'm going to call up Mrs. Moody. I shall tell her that there's been a misunderstanding, and unfortunately I have another engagement."

"But Theo, Mrs. Moody *wants* you!"

"Then why didn't she write a note and ask me? She's never spoken to me about this, remember! I don't see that she has much kick coming."

THEO went out to telephone. Lucia, humming lightly, sauntered through the double doors into the living room and dropped into a chair with a fashion magazine. Mrs. Brigham returned half-heartedly to her pear; after a moment her shoulders drooped, her hands fell into her lap.

"Oh, Claude dear! You don't know what you've done to me!" Her voice was soft, but there was a groan in it.

"Sorry, Mother." Claude finished his roe and looked unkindly at the empty plate. "But you asked for my honest opinion."

"Only of Tom Darling, Claude! And there's more to the other matter than you said."

"Is there? What?"

"Simply this, Claude. When you've lived as long as I have, you'll see that people like the Moodys are worth while, and people like this Darling man and the Clydes aren't. They don't *wear*. Your father saw it so well. Thirty years ago he came to this town as a young lawyer. He was only twenty-eight, but he had his head on his shoulders. 'We'll never be snobbish,' I remember his saying, 'but just the same we'll pick our friends pretty carefully. The people that give you the best time aren't always the ones you're gladdest to have known after a year or so. It's quite simple; all we've got to do is try and see most of the people we *admire*.' Well, it worked. Ten years after he came here he'd built up one of the best law practices in town and was looked upon as one of the leading professional men in the place. I sometimes wonder if you'll do any better, Claude, with all your modern independence."

"Father was a wise man in his generation. I appreciate that."



"And you think, I suppose, that you're as wise in your own. I wish I could believe it. This post-war foolishness will die down sooner or later, and I think you'll find that the old standards are worth something, after all."

"Perhaps. Could you reach me those cookies? But the fact remains that I don't like people like the Moodys. They're not—oh, good companions. The way Paula Moody acts when you cut it on her—it's like saying, 'Yes, young man, you may put your arm around me because others do it, but remember, it's a liberty!' That isn't the attitude young people take these days. They grab each other and dance off, and there's no thought of impropriety because

there's no thought of propriety. It simply isn't *necessary*."

"What isn't?" inquired Theo, strolling in from the living room, waving a cigarette chin-high.

"Propriety, I believe," said Mrs. Brigham with ironic resignation.

"Hear, hear!" said Theo.

"Ah, well," said Claude, "I can't help standing up for my generation. I believe it's a pretty good generation, all in all."

"While you're standing up for it, then, you might do justice to Dan Moody. Since he came home from the war, in which he didn't do so *badly*, you know, getting the Croix de Guerre and the D. S. C., he's worked with the Boy Scouts till he's got



every one in town cheering for him and he's practically reorganized the Y. M. C. A. And all that's in addition to his work in the bank, where everyone *loves* him. I know more than one woman in town who won't make an investment till she's got Dan Moody's opinion, and he's the only person that's ever made the income tax even moderately intelligible to me."

"And about a year ago," supplemented her daughter, "he called me Theo for the first time, on the porch of the country club between dances, and the effect was as if—well, as if he thought he was *insulting* me!"

"Theo!"

"Well, that was the way *he* took it. If he wasn't afraid of seeming ridiculous,

he'd call me *Miss* Theo, like in novels by Howells."

"All right, Theo. I only hope you marry a man I'd like half as well as a son-in-law."

"Gosh!" said Theo, heartily. "I'd rather marry the doctor!"

Her vehemence obtained a pause, and out of the pause emerged Lucia's dewy voice, from the other room:

"Well then, you can get to work right away, because he's here!"

Theo reddened and laughed; Mrs. Brigham laughed, with greater ease and brevity, and Claude looked sharply at his mother.

"What's the matter? Who's sick?"

"No one, dear. It's just a call." She started to rise, but suddenly checked her-

self. "Let him in, Theo, there's an angel."

Henry Bardoe was not, to do Theo justice, the sort of man one would think of marrying at first sight. He was only thirty-six, but one would have given him eight or ten years more. His stockiness, his heavy mustache, his humorous waddling gait, and above all, his inveterate habit of saying what he liked, all suggested age, or at any rate advanced middle age. His blondness and his muscularity contrasted sharply with the dark, slim vivaciousness of the Brighams.

"Don't withdraw, anyone," he commanded. "My remarks will be of a general, or unprofessional, nature. I know none of

(Continued on page 70)



Having quarreled with Chisum over a matter of money, Billy announced that he was out for revenge, and the first blow that he struck was at a Chisum cow camp



"I MEAN to ride into the plaza at Santa Fé, hitch my horse in front of the palace, and put a bullet through Lew Wallace."

Such was the public pronouncement of William Bonney, otherwise Billy the Kid, in the territory of New Mexico in 1879. It was the only time in history that a desperado had openly announced that he intended to "get" a Governor—Lew Wallace was at that time New Mexico's chief executive—but there was nothing of braggadocio in the Kid's threat. Billy had become the most dreaded outlaw in the Southwest. He had killed a man for every year of his life—he was then in his early twenties—and he had taken a leading part in the greatest of cattle wars. He was the spokesman of a large and active law-defying element which had come perilously near running things its own way. Consequently the Kid's threats were not to be taken lightly.

Lew Wallace, as Governor of New Mexico, had dared to interfere in the Lincoln County Cattle War. He had declared that New Mexico belonged neither to the John Chisum nor Dolan-Riley factions, and that gunmen like Billy the Kid, the Stocktons, and others who were laughing at the courts should be hunted down and hanged, if they were not mercifully shot while being apprehended.

General Wallace came to New Mexico in the Golden Age of the gun fighter. There were other flaming spots on the map, where bad men held forth. Abilene, Dodge City and Hays City, Kan., Sidney, Neb., Deadwood, S. D., Tombstone, Ariz., and Kit Carson and Leadville, Colo., were places where the reckless bravos of the frontier were slow to admit the existence of law. But

nowhere else were conditions as bad as in New Mexico. Judges did not dare hold court in certain districts, so Lew Wallace was frankly told when he was appointed Governor in 1878. United States marshals admitted that they did not dare serve warrants, nor could they find deputies rash enough to undertake the task.

Lincoln County, a territory as large as all New England and a part of New York State, was the scene of a tremendous struggle between cattle interests. General Wallace, tired of campaigning, and seeking a quiet place where he could finish "Ben-Hur," found himself catapulted between the opposing forces.

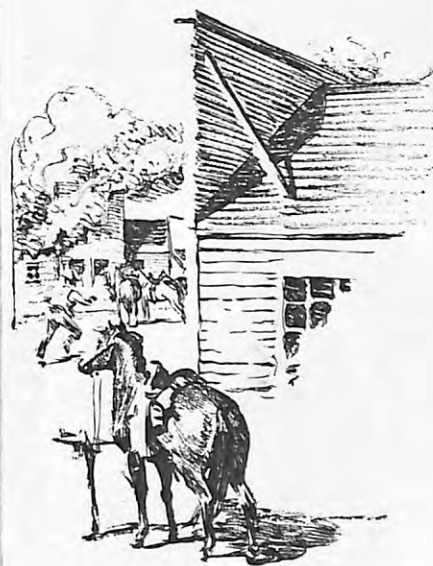
John Chisum, a Texas cattleman, had moved into the Pecos valley and in a short time had accumulated \$300,000 worth of livestock and had driven out most of the small grazers. In retaliation they began stealing cattle from Chisum—not in small numbers but in droves of five hundred or more. Chisum, enraged because of his heavy losses, scoured Texas for killers. He brought in the most desperate characters he could find among the cowboys and buffalo hunters who roamed the plains.

Chisum's opponents, under the leadership of two young cattlemen named Dolan

and Riley, retaliated in kind. They found plenty of armed retainers among the bad men of New Mexico. There was no neutrality throughout the length and breadth of Lincoln County. Citizens had to belong to one side or the other. There were shootings whenever factional forces met. The town of Lincoln was the scene of a pitched battle. Several of Chisum's men were "holed up" in a building in town. The building was set afire, after a three days' siege, and the men were shot down as they attempted to escape. Billy the Kid was among the defenders of the building, and his dash for freedom was successful. His clothes were pierced with bullets, but he rolled into an irrigation ditch and managed to get away.

The Kid, whose main object in life was the shedding of blood, either as a pastime or as a result of oddly-conceived "grouches," fought on both sides in the cattle war, but was chiefly identified with the Chisum interests. Billy was esteemed by the leaders of the range war for his marvelous prowess with the revolver and likewise because of his savagery as a killer. He could kill in the heat of a fight against odds, or he could slay a helpless victim as deliberately as an Apache—as when he shot Billy Moreton, Dolan and Riley's foreman, who was cap-

## The Golden Age of the Gun Fighter



Three cowboys were cooking supper and a fourth was hobbling a pony. Billy rode up to one, asked him if he worked for Chisum, then went into action.

## The Bad Men and Peace Officers of the Old West at the Height of Their Careers

By Arthur Chapman    Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

tured and held till dawn and then slain by the merciless Kid.

This young outlaw had established his reputation as a human tiger before the great cattle war in New Mexico broke out. He made his own law wherever he went. He nursed unaccountable hatreds and was subject to peculiar whims. He had slain three Mexicans "just to see them kick," but that was in one of his lighter moods. He really preferred to match his nerve and skill against men with reputation as gun fighters. At White Oaks, after he had been captured by Pat Garrett, the Kid was chained hand and foot, yet he managed to knock his guard insensible. Seizing the guard's revolver, Billy shot the insensible man. Then he stood at the window and shot the jailer, who was coming to assist the guard. It was then easy for the Kid to make his way outside, where he forced a blacksmith to file off his manacles and chains, after which the young outlaw defiantly rode out of an overawed town.

Nor was Billy the Kid the only problem for the authorities in New Mexico. The Stocktons, Porter and Isaac, brothers with highly developed homicidal instincts, headed a gang of outlaws in which were Tom Garrett, Dixon and Harry Eskridge, and

Billy Wilson—each with a price on his head. The Stocktons raided and killed, and overawed peace officers from Durango, Colo., across the New Mexican line as far as Las Vegas. They made a record as cattle rustlers and man-killers which entitled them to membership in the feudal army of John Chisum, side by side with Billy the Kid.

IT WAS easy enough for Lew Wallace, as Governor, to issue proclamations, putting prices on the heads of the Kid and the Stocktons and such outlaws, but it was necessary to find men who could make proclamations and warrants effective. The Governor, with the instinct of the true novelist, from the first was fascinated by Billy the Kid. There was something debonair about this young daredevil. General Wallace thought it might be possible to induce the youthful Billy to abandon the warpath and come in and "be a good Indian," if a personal interview could be arranged. In some way the word was sent to the Kid that the Governor would like to talk with him. This appealed to the Kid's vanity. He sent back word that he would be at a certain cabin, far from Santa Fé, on a certain midnight.

The meeting was not one that would have appealed to the ordinary individual, and friends of Governor Wallace who knew of the arrangement begged him not to go. The Kid might shoot him down in cold blood, as he had shot others. But this was before the Kid had sworn to get the Governor's life. General Wallace, an old campaigner in the Civil War, had been through too many dangers to shrink from a meeting with the Kid. If he could induce the bandit to accept amnesty and surrender, it would be better than letting things go on as they were. If the Kid were to be hunted down, it would be a long process and expensive in human life.

The meeting was held without undue incident, but it proved to be a failure, so far as any impression on the bandit was concerned. After that it was a war to the death against the Kid, and Billy, enraged at the Governor's determination, made his open threat against the chief executive's life. Lew Wallace lived in the ancient Palace of the Governors at Santa Fé, and he never entered his study in the evening without finding the shutters closed by his devoted wife, "so," the lady wrote, "the bright light of the student's lamp might not make such a shining mark of the Governor writing on 'Ben-Hur.'"

Fortunately for General Wallace, he had Pat Garrett as his henchman. Garrett had made a great record as sheriff. He was tall and silent, and was ice in an emergency—ice and steel. The Lincoln County War was ended, so far as general hostilities were concerned. Governor Wallace had induced President Hayes to declare a state of insurrection in the territory, and this gave





*Smith sprang forward and planted a terrific blow with his fist on the cowboy's chin. Hank went down and out and the marshal took his gun*

opportunity for the use of Federal troops. A few weeks of maneuvering by two troops of cavalry had reduced the war to a smolder which continued for many years but which never again burst into open flame. In the Lincoln County War, the loss of life is estimated at from one hundred to two hundred persons. Among its victims was Sheriff Brady of Lincoln County, who was assassinated by the Kid and other Chisum adherents.

With the cattle interests removed from a war footing, the way was clear for the killing or capture of Billy the Kid. Garrett, fully realizing that there was more than a fifty-fifty chance of his own death, took up the trail. Garrett was one of the individuals against whom Billy had sworn undying enmity. The Sheriff had captured the Kid and three outlaw companions in an old cabin at Stinking Springs, after a siege in which one of the bandits had been shot. Billy had been taken to Las Vegas, where Garrett had saved him from a mob bent on lynching. Billy had been tried and was sentenced to be hanged, but within two weeks of the day set for his execution had made his escape as described.

Billy's ever ready revolver began playing havoc again in Lincoln County and its surroundings. He had fallen out with John Chisum over a question of pay. He announced that he was out for revenge, and the first blow he struck was at a Chisum cow camp. Three cowboys were cooking

supper, and a fourth, Barrett Howell, was hobbling a cow pony. Billy rode up to Howell and asked him if he worked for John Chisum. On being answered in the affirmative, Billy shot Howell dead. As the other cowboys sprang to their feet, Billy killed two of them. Then to the fourth cowboy he said:

"You tell John Chisum he owes me five hundred dollars. I'll credit him with five dollars every time I rustle one of his steers or kill one of his men. If I kill him, the account is wiped out."

For two years after the close of the Lincoln County War, the Kid evaded capture, but the relentless Garrett never gave him much rest. Finally Garrett heard that the Kid was in the vicinity of Fort Sumner. He trailed the Kid to Pete Maxwell's ranch. Garrett roused the ranchman at night, and, sitting on Pete's bed, was asking Billy's possible whereabouts, when the Kid himself, in his stocking feet, entered the room. In his high-pitched voice, Billy called out "Quien es?" as he saw Garrett's shadowy

figure. Recognizing the Kid's voice, Garrett fired, shooting the outlaw through the heart.

Thus ended the career of the youngest and probably the most dangerous of the turbulent spirits defying authority in this Golden Age of the gun fighter. But, however outstanding he may appear, Billy the Kid was not an isolated example of defiance of authority. Such defiance was typical of a time when the law was weak and when almost any man of courage and of skill with firearms could appoint himself his own judge and jury—for a while, at least. The conditions in New Mexico which made it possible for Billy the Kid to flourish so long were common to the whole frontier, though perhaps they existed in lesser degree elsewhere.

Kansas, with the opening of the great cattle trails from the Southwest, found itself faced with conditions which meant a picturesque sort of anarchy unless men like Pat Garrett could be found to humble the revolver-carrying individuals who were setting themselves up as superior to the law, and "getting away with it."

The cow towns of Kansas were the playgrounds of the rough and turbulent spirits who had thrown in with the big cattle outfits that were driving their herds to the Northern market. Abilene, and then Dodge City, at the end of the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fé Railroad, were the nearest shipping points for cattle from the Southwest. New Mexico had its great feud of cattle owners—Abilene and Dodge City were torn wide open by men who were not out to steal cattle herds or conquer great grazing domains for themselves, but who were simply resentful of all authority in general. New Mexico's problem was to deal with bandits and cattle thieves and to dislodge wealthy and unscrupulous cattle owners who had assumed baronial privileges and powers. The problem in Kansas was purely local—to deal with lawless, hard-fighting hordes of cowboys and gamblers, who often quarreled to the death among themselves but who were quick to combine against a marshal or other peace officer.

THE plains of the Southwest, remote from settlements, were the haunts of desperadoes and the training school of youthful emulators of the more notorious of the bad men. The little towns bred gamblers—and nearly every gambler was a killer. He and his kind descended like buzzards on the cow towns where the trail herds were shipped and where the cowboys gathered for a holiday. To be marshal or sheriff at one of these points of cattle shipment meant that one was in constant danger of death.

Abilene, the first cattle-shipping point in Kansas, was soon in the grip of the gun fighters. In two years the number of cattle shipped from Abilene had grown from 60,000 head to 500,000 annually. The "bottoms" were covered with saloons and dance halls, and murders were frequent. Drunken cowboys rode up and down the streets, shooting indiscriminately. The first Mayor of the town, the late T. C. Henry, afterward the first Kansas "wheat king," told the writer of his efforts to find a marshal who could handle the situation. Nobody wanted a job that seemed to lead, like the paths of glory, to the grave.

Mayor Henry asked the chief of police at St. Louis to send two of his best officers to "clean up" Abilene. They came and looked

the town over, and went back to St. Louis on the next train, glad to escape with their lives.

The town authorities had posted bulletins prohibiting the carrying of firearms within the limits of Abilene. These signs were shot to pieces or torn down. Work was started on a jail. The building was torn down before the walls were completed. Work was started again, this time under heavy guard, and the jail was finished and the roof bolted on. The first prisoner was a colored cook for a cow outfit camped at Mud Creek, about ten miles out of town. The cowboys came in and battered down the jail door and took out the prisoner. Then the cowpunchers rode through the town and made every business man close his doors. If he refused, cowboys rode into his store on horseback and "shot up the place."

When things were at their worst, Tom Smith applied for the marshalship and was appointed. Smith had been a policeman in New York City and marshal at Kit Carson, Colorado, an unregenerate town at the end of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Doubts of his success were intensified when it was found that he did not intend to carry a gun in enforcing Abilene's despised regulations.

The first to dispute Smith's authority was a desperado known as Big Hank, with a Texas outfit. Smith asked Big Hank for his gun, which was refused. The men were in the middle of the street and were watched by a curious crowd that expected the marshal's downfall. On Big Hank's second refusal to hand over his six-shooter, Smith sprang forward and planted a terrific blow with his fist on the cowboy's chin. Big Hank went down and out, and the marshal took his gun.

News of this exploit soon made the rounds of the surrounding cow camps. A bully known as Wyoming Frank announced his intention

of succeeding in humbling the new marshal where Big Hank had failed. He went to town, and, not finding Smith, announced that he guessed the marshal had heard of his coming and had "lighted out." But Smith soon came down the middle of the street, as was his wont. Meeting Wyoming Frank, he asked for the cowboy's gun. Frank refused to give up the weapon, and maneuvered for a "draw," but Smith crowded him so closely that he could not "get the drop" as planned. In this way he backed the cowboy into a saloon. Then knocking Wyoming Frank down, as he had knocked Big Hank, Smith confiscated the gun and proceeded to "work over" the cowpuncher with the butt thereof. After Wyoming Frank had begged for mercy, Smith said:

"Now I'll give you five minutes to get out of town."

After Wyoming Frank had disappeared, the saloon proprietor, an admiring spectator, stepped out from behind the bar and said:



Wild Bill Hickock

Smith was led into a trap. At a signal agreed on, the lights were to be extinguished and Smith was to be shot. But Smith realized that danger impended. When the signal was given and the lights were put out, Smith seized one of the gamblers and wrested a revolver from the man. Shots were fired, but Smith was unhurt. When the lights were turned on, three of Smith's opponents were found on the floor, badly wounded. The other gamblers had fled.

Smith went to Mayor Henry's office, in white-hot wrath.

"They tried to assassinate me, Mr. Henry," he said. "Now I'm going after them in earnest."

Armed with his own revolvers, the marshal raged through the town, seeking out the men who had tried to kill him. But the gamblers had fled in alarm and were not seen in Abilene again during Tom Smith's reign in office.

Tom Smith met his death on a mission which rightfully belonged to another. One of his deputies had been assigned to bring in a ranchman named McConnell, living about twelve miles from Abilene, who had killed a neighbor in a quarrel over land. The deputy did not know the way to McConnell's place, so Smith volunteered to go with him, if Mayor Henry gave his consent. It looked like a quiet day in Abilene, so Smith was allowed to go.

McConnell was hidden in a dugout, with a confederate as desperate as himself. Smith went boldly into the dugout after his man. McConnell fired, the bullet striking Smith in the chest and inflicting a mortal wound. Though he was dying on his feet, Smith dragged both men outdoors. The cowardly deputy, on hearing the shot, had fled. Smith, weakened by his wound, fell to the ground, and McConnell's companion, seizing an axe, decapitated the marshal.

(Continued on page 84)



Left to right—top row: W. H. Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson. Bottom row: Charley Bassett, Wyatt Earp, McLean, Neal Brown. An alliance of gun fighters that once carried a Dodge City election

"Here's my gun. I reckon I won't need it as long as you are marshal of this town."

The others in the saloon crowded forward, proffering their guns, which Smith told them to leave with the saloonkeeper till they were ready to go back to the cow camps which surrounded Abilene. From that time on, until his death nearly a year later, Tom Smith was complete master of Abilene. Only once did Smith resort to firearms in the line of duty. The gamblers of the town had looked on the marshal with none too friendly eyes. His strict enforcement of the ordinances had interfered with their business. They were out to "get" Smith at any cost, and some of the bolder spirits among them formulated a plot to assassinate the marshal.



Ben Thompson





*"Just one place I'm going to take a good look at," he said. "a few miles from the house"*

## A Tale from Papua, the Country of the Incredible

# The Vug

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

veranda. Odours of fried onion, the most homelike smell in the world, came creeping to meet her; there was a whiff of wood-smoke, too, and the night wind was beginning to blow up the edges of the leafy thatch into the taffeta-like rustle that meant evening—rest—the end of day. It was home, and Julie had never known home, till she and Terry Henshaw, greatly daring, had come to Lahara on an emerald north-west evening, riding their mules through the bush, the world left behind—five months ago.

Now it was over. The geologist had said so, fat Mr. Forth, sent up by the Government to make a survey of the district. Messages and confirming letters had been despatched through him by the Company owning Lahara. He was sorry to be the bearer of bad news. He hoped they wouldn't mind putting him up for a day or two—while they were packing—it would save his making a regular camp. It was a dashed shame they had to go.

So Mr. Forth—fat, fifty, very much of an office man and very sorry for himself, in that he had to take this tiresome journey through the bush. He didn't (he told the Henshaws, frankly) intend to do overmuch work. There was little use mapping out the Lahara district for minerals. He gave reasons, to which no one listened.

"JUST one place I'm going to take a good look at," he ended. "A few miles from the house. Saw it coming up; I went off the track for an hour to have a look round. There are brecciated strata. . . ."

Julie, while keeping up an appearance of smiling interest, quietly abstracted her attention. She could not away with geological chatter. She had the artist's hatred for all exact sciences; also the artist's cleverness in hiding hates and reluctances, when necessary, from an age whose god is science.

"How very interesting, and how well you tell it! Have some more curry?" she asked him, as soon as the spate of dark, incomprehensible words had ceased to run.

"Thanks," agreed fat Forth. "You have a decent cook here. Decent little place altogether. Hard luck to have to go."

"If they're shutting up the place," said Henshaw from his end of the table, "I shall knock off tapping. The boys can finish what's in the smoke-house now; but from tomorrow, I knock off everything else. No blessed sense

THE nearest motor road was two days away; so nobody wanted Lahara.

Rubber was what they grew there; rubber fluttering a million green fingers against a sky of singing blue. You could almost hear the tunes it played, said Julie, wife of the manager of the plantation that nobody wanted. Because Lahara was not wanted, they had put in Terry Henshaw, newly married, and so poor that he would have taken a half-time job in Hades, rather than nothing. It was almost nothing that he got for ignorantly running Lahara; still, it paid for the tins and the tea, and khaki slops for himself, and blue cotton frocks in which Julie looked the most kissable thing on earth. She was one of those brown women with sweet eyes, and voices that sound like the colour of dark honey; broad shoulders, slim hands, and a way of standing gracefully aslant. . . . You know one. That was what Julie was like.

Terry had married her in spite of the family and everyone, and the family, who had not meant to help the young ex-soldier in any case, made a great point of saying that nothing could now be expected from them. Julie was a concert singer; her divorce had been the most sensible thing she ever did, and she adored Terry. All three items went down on the Dr. side of her account with the family.

"To heaven with the family," said Julie. "Relations are—relations. What about a friend?" A friend had been found, and had offered no less than two jobs to Terry; but one job was impossible, though very well paid, because it meant parting from the Jewel-girl—going to South America with an exploring expedition that would be six months away. The other—pay very poor—was Lahara. "Owners think of shutting up and letting it go back to bush; the transport is eating it," said the friend. "But I daresay I can talk them into holding on." And in the end it was Lahara. And the place was like Paradise for beauty and Paradise for loneliness; far—too far—in the heart of untravell'd Papua. And they had been happy—but happy—

To-night Julie was crying, out alone under the big *Elastica* trees that had been put in before anyone thought of the slim *Para*. (If you want to cry undisturbed, on a rubber plantation, the old *Elasticas* are the place—provided no efficient, modern manager has

had them cut down.) It was near sunset; the singing blue of heaven had deepened to that marvelous green, of which the Papuan bush alone knows the secret; parallel to the enormous unsupported limbs of the *Elastica*, red bars were spreading along the western sky. That very day, when the sun stood above the dark thatch roof of the plantation home, Julie had been singing for sheer joyousness; singing as she never had sung before a concert audience trying to express, with the violin of her voice (a sweet slim voice, like herself) the unheard music of the million little green rubber tree fingers playing endlessly upon the sky. It was full of love, that playing; not love deprecant, plaintive, like the song of the winds in the high forest behind the houses, but love exulting and fulfilled. And she had sung it. And she had felt that the world was a cup of nectar, and that she held it pressed against her lips.

Now the cup was thrown down, dry. For Lahara was to be closed—after all—and Terry must go on the exploring expedition, and she must go back to sing—for six months—for eternity!

People weep over the partings of lovers; but over the parting of a married pair, who will shed a tear? The story is told. The romance is done. Turn to another page. . . .

But Julie and Terry, nevertheless, were breaking their hearts; separately, each trusting that the other did not know; each keeping up a brave face, and a don't-mind-a-bit-about-it attitude; each discussing the news, and the situation, calmly before the other, and then getting out of the way to cry, or to stamp with heavy boots upon the floor of the back veranda, hands clenched, throat hot and sore. They did not know that they were not romantic. Probably they would not have cared, if they had known. They had only one idea between them, and it was—"How can I let you go?"

When Julie had finished her cry (which was a careful cry, subdued and quiet, as became the owner of precious vocal chords) she put on a platform face, nicely smiling, and went back to the house. Lamps were being lit by the boys; the dinner-table—poorly furnished, but bright—shone white and silver on a side





in tapping what's never going to be used."

His lean hard youth, the brightness of his blue eyes—too bright, too mobile, for the eyes of a successful business man—contrasted sharply with the heavy middle-age of Forth; the shrewd, slow manner of the elder man. Forth was said to "know his way about a bit"; to have a little here and a little there safely salted away, enough for an old bachelor who cared for no one but himself. Temporary geologist to the Government, he had done little for the country, beyond office work; but, it was whispered, a good deal for Andrew Forth. . . .

It may be that he was more human than most people supposed; it may be, merely, that the sweet dark charm of Julie held him, as it held most men. At any rate, he made a surprising proposal.

"Why not take the day with me, both of you? Keep your mind off your own bothers. Nice and cool in the bush, and Mrs. Henshaw can be picking wild flowers, while I hunt for vugs."

"For what?" asked Henshaw, laughing at the queer word.

But Julie, afraid of explanations, cut in swiftly.

"Thanks, we should love to. It will be a pleasant picnic, and as you say, it'll keep our minds off our own worries. Where did you think of going?"

"Do you know a curious looking—gorge, I suppose you would call it—a good way off the track to the left, just about two miles from the house?"

"I say, old man," remonstrated Henshaw, "you're not thinking of going there? You won't get anything in the shape of a New Guinea native to go with you, if you do. Why, some of their most extra special devil-devils live in that place."

"You ever been in it?"

"No. Not that I give a damn for their devils, but it would be too much bother; no end of a climb down. And you couldn't get boys to go with you, if you wanted them; the tribes about here would knock your head off your shoulders, if you suggested it. I say, you must have hit up against that kind of thing before; you're not new to the country."

"I have hit up against it," agreed Forth, "but it hasn't damaged me much. I make a point of taking my own boys."

"YES, and my beggars, out in the boy-house, will have filled 'em up with the whole yarn before morning, so that you'll find they won't go."

"In that case," said Forth decidedly, "we'll bring them in with your leave, and camp them on the veranda. For into that place I mean to go to-morrow, with the natives' leave or without it, and I may want my boys to carry specimens."

"Right-o," agreed Henshaw cheerfully. "We'll go."

But Julie's eyes were clouded. "Terry," she objected, "there really is something odd



*Always the trees seemed to grow taller and taller and in the waxing darkness the Henshaws felt more and more as if they were going down into hell*

about that place. Didn't one of your rubber tappers get lost there?"

"Went in after a wild pig, and fell down or something."

"You never found the body. Don't you remember the fuss the Native Affairs made?"

"Boys," said Terry, "get lost hunting pigs every day of the week, somewhere or other, I suppose. There's nothing very wonderful in that."

"WELL, there was that about the sorcerer; they say he went in to prove he was above any devil, and something happened to him."

"What happened?" challenged Terry.

"I don't know," she allowed. "But something did."

"Don't you think you've been in the habit of paying too much attention to native talk, Mrs. Henshaw?" suggested the guest. Julie flushed at an accusation that is held almost insulting among Papuan white folk.

"They interest me," she said, apologetically. "But—of course—there's nothing in what they say."

"Rather not," agreed her husband, who was not minded to lose the companionship of the only white man he had seen for months. "Be a sport, Ju; come along with us." His eyes besought her, and she knew that he was thinking—"There may be not many more days together for us."

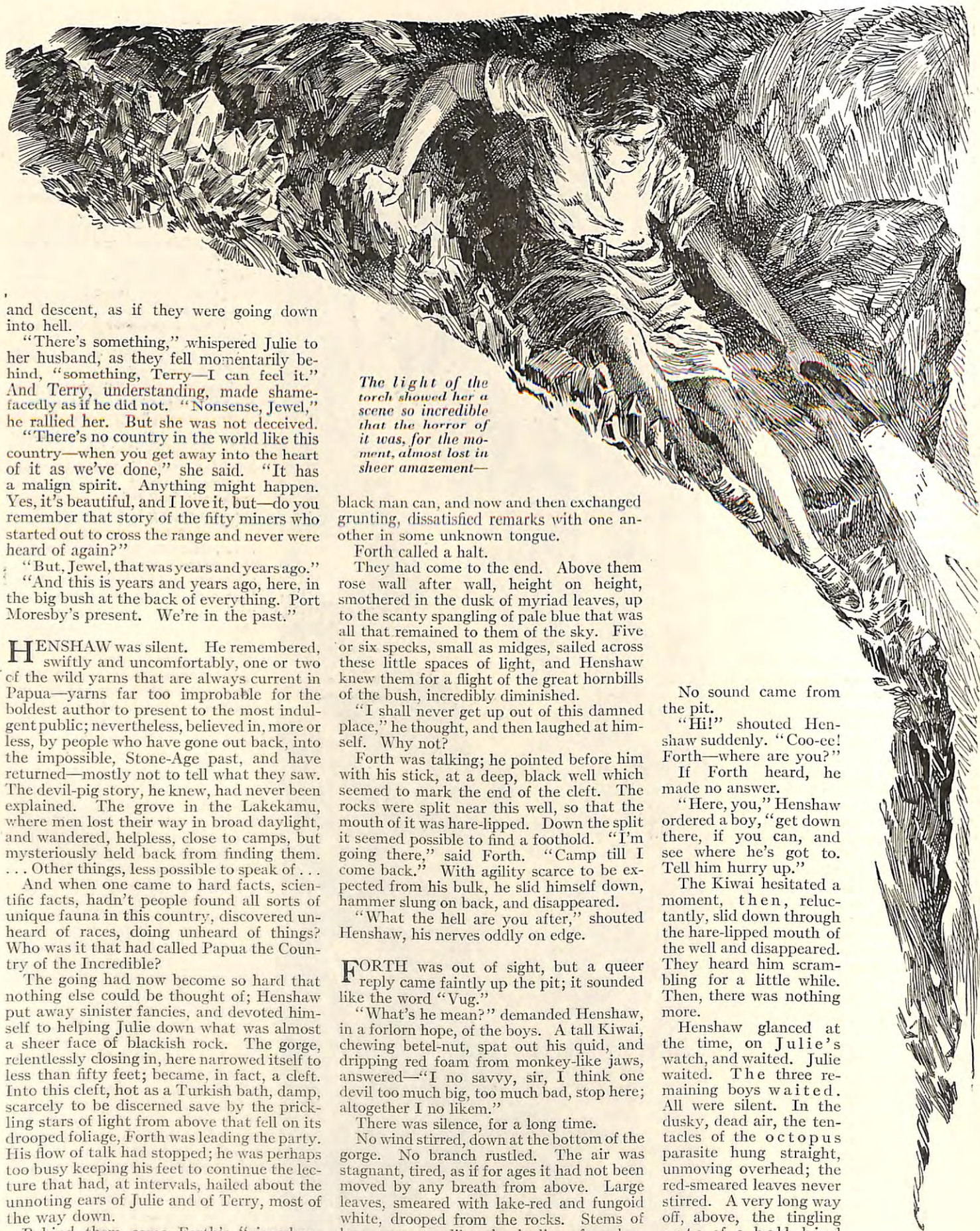
After that, of course, the temperamental Julie would have faced wild tigers.

\* \* \* \*

The path wound down from the top of the table-land—which inoffensive place, as they crossed it, Forth had largely miscalled with breakjaw scientific names. Nobody listened to him; Julie's indifference to the related sciences of geology and mineralogy was hardly more complete than her husband's. But, being well-mannered people, they kept up a little fire of polite agreement and comment, as they went on, down and down, from the sunny table-land top, where hill winds were blowing the green horns of the pitcher plants about, through a gradually thickening dusk of matted trees, into the heat and the gloom of the gorge. They followed a narrow pathway, made seemingly by wild pigs, and sometimes Forth's boys cut the way clear for them, where it dived tunnelwise through deep grass, and sometimes they helped each other down sharp pitches from one level to another. Always the trees seemed to grow taller and taller, spindling up in a despairing sort of way, with immensely long white trunks, toward the ever-receding gleam of happy sky. Always Forth gabbled about faults and stratification and chutes and infiltration and gangue, seemingly insensible to any aspect of the place save the purely scientific.

And Henshaw and Julie, sensitive both of them to every aspect and spirit of the place save the one that obsessed their companion, felt more and more, in the waxing darkness





and descent, as if they were going down into hell.

"There's something," whispered Julie to her husband, as they fell momentarily behind, "something, Terry—I can feel it." And Terry, understanding, made shamefacedly as if he did not. "Nonsense, Jewel," he rallied her. But she was not deceived.

"There's no country in the world like this country—when you get away into the heart of it as we've done," she said. "It has a malign spirit. Anything might happen. Yes, it's beautiful, and I love it, but—do you remember that story of the fifty miners who started out to cross the range and never were heard of again?"

"But, Jewel, that was years and years ago."  
"And this is years and years ago, here, in the big bush at the back of everything. Port Moresby's present. We're in the past."

HENSHAW was silent. He remembered, swiftly and uncomfortably, one or two of the wild yarns that are always current in Papua—yarns far too improbable for the boldest author to present to the most indulgent public; nevertheless, believed in, more or less, by people who have gone out back, into the impossible, Stone-Age past, and have returned—mostly not to tell what they saw. The devil-pig story, he knew, had never been explained. The grove in the Lakekamu, where men lost their way in broad daylight, and wandered, helpless, close to camps, but mysteriously held back from finding them. . . . Other things, less possible to speak of. . . .

And when one came to hard facts, scientific facts, hadn't people found all sorts of unique fauna in this country, discovered unheard of races, doing unheard of things? Who was it that had called Papua the Country of the Incredible?

The going had now become so hard that nothing else could be thought of; Henshaw put away sinister fancies, and devoted himself to helping Julie down what was almost a sheer face of blackish rock. The gorge, relentlessly closing in, here narrowed itself to less than fifty feet; became, in fact, a cleft. Into this cleft, hot as a Turkish bath, damp, scarcely to be discerned save by the prickling stars of light from above that fell on its drooped foliage, Forth was leading the party. His flow of talk had stopped; he was perhaps too busy keeping his feet to continue the lecture that had, at intervals, hailed about the unnoting ears of Julie and of Terry, most of the way down.

Behind them came Forth's "signed-on-boys," men from the far West of Papua, tall, hook-nosed, gloomy Kiwais, never known to smile. Perhaps they looked a little graver than usual, sliding, one behind another, down into the place that seemed the very bottom of the world. Perhaps they had managed a little talk with Henshaw's boys, on the night before—perhaps not. At any rate, they looked blacker than usual as the

*The light of the torch showed her a scene so incredible that the horror of it was, for the moment, almost lost in sheer amazement—*

black man can, and now and then exchanged grunting, dissatisfied remarks with one another in some unknown tongue.

Forth called a halt.

They had come to the end. Above them rose wall after wall, height on height, smothered in the dusk of myriad leaves, up to the scanty spangling of pale blue that was all that remained to them of the sky. Five or six specks, small as midges, sailed across these little spaces of light, and Henshaw knew them for a flight of the great hornbills of the bush, incredibly diminished.

"I shall never get up out of this damned place," he thought, and then laughed at himself. Why not?

Forth was talking; he pointed before him with his stick, at a deep, black well which seemed to mark the end of the cleft. The rocks were split near this well, so that the mouth of it was hare-lipped. Down the split it seemed possible to find a foothold. "I'm going there," said Forth. "Camp till I come back." With agility scarce to be expected from his bulk, he slid himself down, hammer slung on back, and disappeared.

"What the hell are you after," shouted Henshaw, his nerves oddly on edge.

FORTH was out of sight, but a queer reply came faintly up the pit; it sounded like the word "Vug."

"What's he mean?" demanded Henshaw, in a forlorn hope, of the boys. A tall Kiwai, chewing betel-nut, spat out his quid, and dripping red foam from monkey-like jaws, answered—"I no savvy, sir, I think one devil too much big, too much bad, stop here; altogether I no likem."

There was silence, for a long time.

No wind stirred, down at the bottom of the gorge. No branch rustled. The air was stagnant, tired, as if for ages it had not been moved by any breath from above. Large leaves, smeared with lake-red and fungoid white, drooped from the rocks. Stems of long creepers, like the bodies of snakes, coiled and poured themselves through crevices. A surprising vegetable parasite, formed in the likeness of a sea octopus, dangled its ugly spotted tentacles from overhead. These things or possibly others, gave forth heavy smells; sweet, thick perfume, dragging at the senses; odor of dampness and decay; the faint but disagreeable tang of something almost animal. . . .

No sound came from the pit.

"Hi!" shouted Henshaw suddenly. "Coo-ee! Forth—where are you?"

If Forth heard, he made no answer.

"Here, you," Henshaw ordered a boy, "get down there, if you can, and see where he's got to. Tell him hurry up."

The Kiwai hesitated a moment, then, reluctantly, slid down through the hare-lipped mouth of the well and disappeared. They heard him scrambling for a little while. Then, there was nothing more.

Henshaw glanced at the time, on Julie's watch, and waited. Julie waited. The three remaining boys waited. All were silent. In the dusky, dead air, the tentacles of the octopus parasite hung straight, unmoving overhead; the red-smeared leaves never stirred. A very long way off, above, the tingling note of a bell-bird sounded faintly, and died away.

It might have been about ten minutes, before Henshaw lifted Julie's wrist, looked at her watch, and dropped the hand again with a muttered exclamation. Instantly Julie, with the strength of a young tigress, flung both arms round him, and held him.

"You shan't go," she gasped, head down,



struggling fiercely. "There's something wrong. No—no—no!"

"I must," he answered, pulling at her hands. "Don't—Jewel, let me! Jewel!" They wrestled all over the rocks; she held on in deadly silence, and he had to use violence at last to loosen her hands.

Of a sudden, she let go, almost flinging him down. "A boy's gone," she cried. Henshaw, scorched with shame, saw that there were indeed only two natives left. The third, while they were struggling, had silently gone after his mate. The two others, squatting on the ground close to one another, remained still as stones for a minute or two, and then, with one consent, leaped up, and made for the track, climbing like monkeys.

**I**N SILENCE they went at first, but by and by, from far above, came down long howls, growing gradually fainter till the last sound died in distance. It was death-howling; Julie and Terry knew it, but they made no comment.

In the depth of the gorge, they were now alone. Terry unfastened the bracelet from Julie's wrist, and held it in his hand. "Five minutes," he said; she knew, by the tone of his voice, that she could not hope to hold him any longer.

Characteristically, she accepted the situation, while looking about for means to better it. The longest coil of the snake-like creepers helped her. With Terry's knife she severed it; she tested it, and found it tough as leather. He let her knot it round his waist.

"If you must," she said, "I'll hold this, and when you stop signaling, I'll pull. And here!" She took from her hip the little sturdy revolver that, by Terry's wish, she always wore. "Put it in your belt," she said.

With the watch in his hand, he waited. No sound came from the cleft-mouthed pit into which, already, Forth, the big Kiwai, and the big Kiwai's mate, had gone down without a sign. When the minutes were up, he gave the watch back to Julie, patted her on the shoulder, and slid his legs into the hole. She hadn't said another word. Julie never thought of more than one thing, desired more than one thing, at a time. Now, she desired to help her man as much as possible; and she thought of nothing else. Only, as he went down, she called out one brief warning—"Take care of the vug!"

"Vug?" came hollowly up the well, in an inquiring tone.

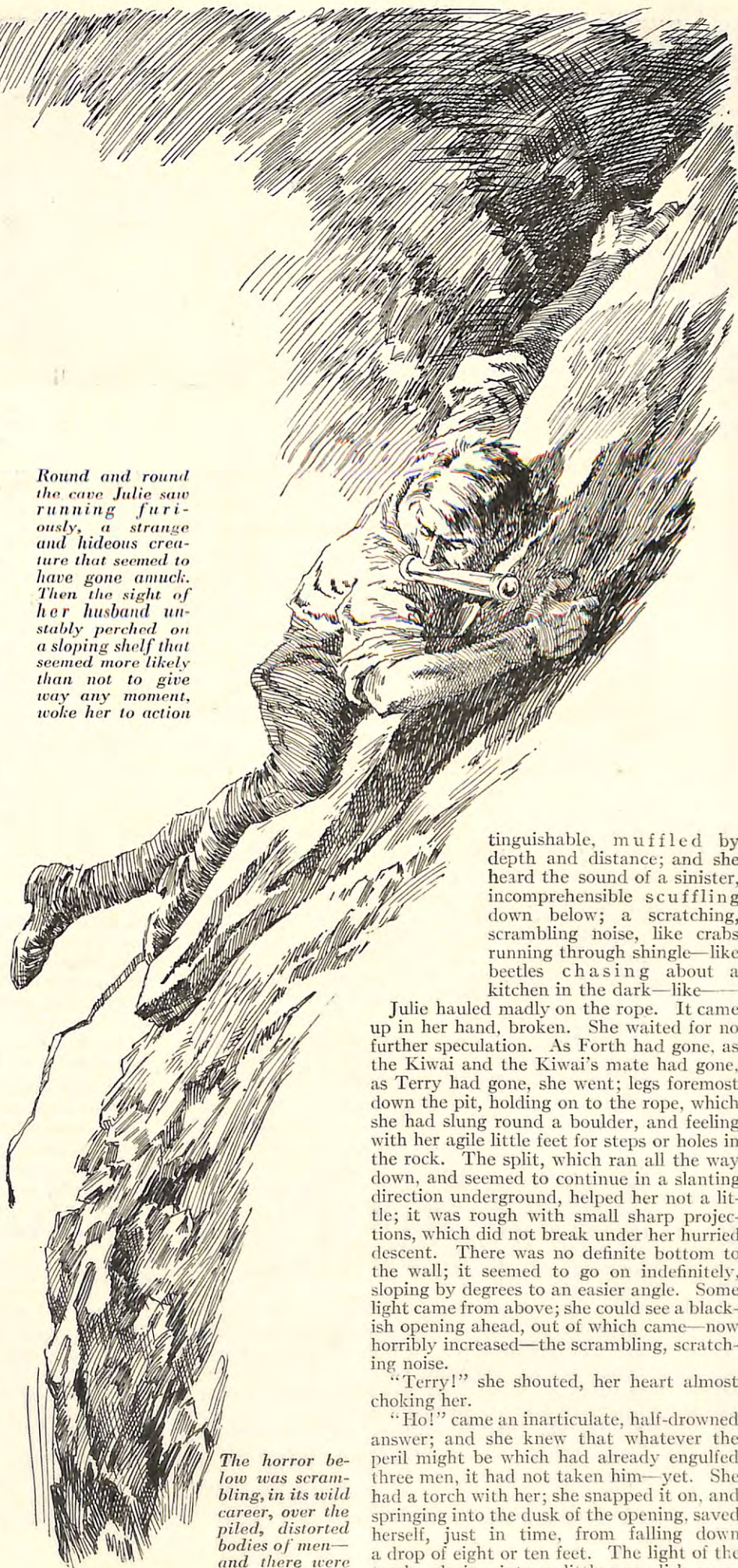
"He said there was one," she shouted. "I don't know what it is."

The echo of Terry's voice died away. The sound of his descent ceased. And now she, who had come into the valley with six others, was alone; two were fled, three gone without trace, and the last . . . ?

She held to the length of bush rope; unloosed it coil by coil, as it was drawn upon from below. Some minutes passed, and she was still paying it out, evenly and carefully.

Then came a sudden tug from below, sharp, insistent, as the tug of a diver at his signal line. Before she had time to gather in slack, and haul, a shot—two shots—three—sounded one upon another, from the heart of the well; Terry shouted something indis-

*Round and round the cave Julie saw running furiously, a strange and hideous creature that seemed to have gone amuck. Then the sight of her husband unstably perched on a sloping shelf that seemed more likely than not to give way any moment, woke her to action*



tinguishable, muffled by depth and distance; and she heard the sound of a sinister, incomprehensible scuffling down below; a scratching, scrambling noise, like crabs running through shingle—like beetles chasing about a kitchen in the dark—like—

Julie hauled madly on the rope. It came up in her hand, broken. She waited for no further speculation. As Forth had gone, as the Kiwai and the Kiwai's mate had gone, as Terry had gone, she went; legs foremost down the pit, holding on to the rope, which she had slung round a boulder, and feeling with her agile little feet for steps or holes in the rock. The split, which ran all the way down, and seemed to continue in a slanting direction underground, helped her not a little; it was rough with small sharp projections, which did not break under her hurried descent. There was no definite bottom to the wall; it seemed to go on indefinitely, sloping by degrees to an easier angle. Some light came from above; she could see a blackish opening ahead, out of which came—now horribly increased—the scrambling, scratching noise.

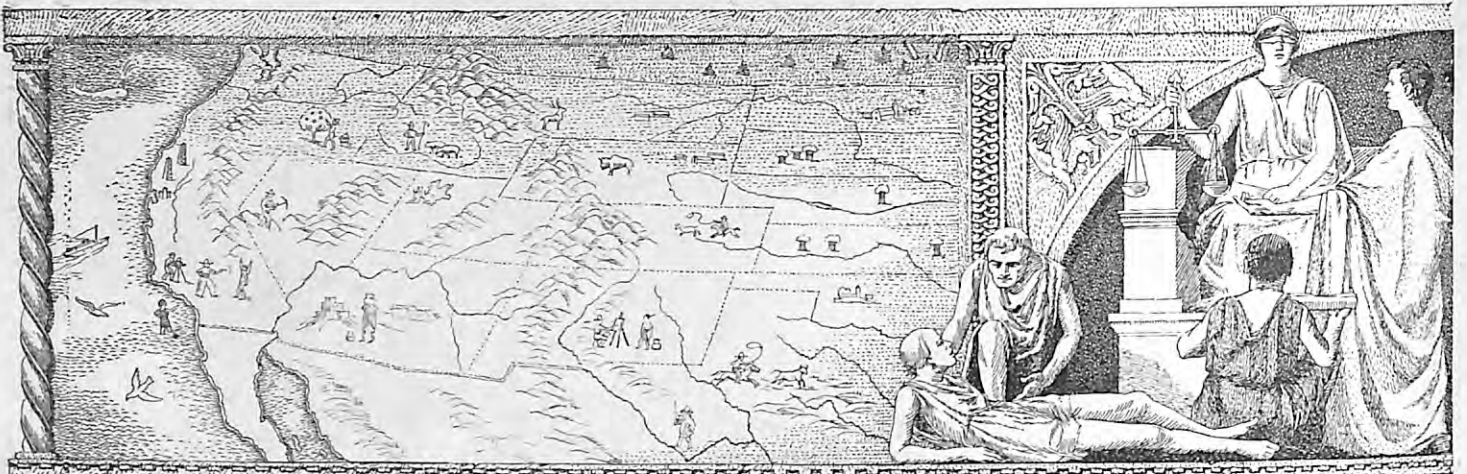
"Terry!" she shouted, her heart almost choking her.

"Ho!" came an inarticulate, half-drowned answer; and she knew that whatever the peril might be which had already engulfed three men, it had not taken him—yet. She had a torch with her; she snapped it on, and springing into the dusk of the opening, saved herself, just in time, from falling down a drop of eight or ten feet. The light of the torch, glaring into a little roundish cave, showed her a scene so incredible that the

(Continued on page 89)

*The horror below was scrambling, in its wild career, over the piled, distorted bodies of men—and there were bones, too, representing many other dead men*





## EDITORIAL

### DISTRICT DEPUTY CONFERENCES

THE conference of District Deputies to be held early this autumn in accordance with a custom now well established, is one of the most important events of our fraternal year. Perhaps no other feature of Grand Lodge activity so definitely reflects its influence throughout the Order. It is, in effect, a school in which the Deputies receive their final training and instruction.

The office of District Deputy is one of dignity and importance. The appointee is the direct representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler and of the Grand Lodge in his District. In many instances he is the only Grand Lodge official who comes in personal touch with the membership in his jurisdiction.

New statutes have somewhat enlarged the scope of the duties of the District Deputies, with reference to the conduct of club houses by subordinate Lodges and in connection with certain proceedings before the subordinate forums. Indeed the office is one that is becoming more and more important each year.

For the most part these officials are chosen from among those who are well acquainted with the conditions in their respective Districts, but who have had little experience in the administration of Grand Lodge affairs. Of necessity they require instruction as to their powers and duties. This can best be received in the manner that has been adopted for the conduct of the conferences, during which the Grand Exalted Ruler and Committee Chairmen address the Deputies on these subjects, as well as upon the specific policies to be pursued and the special services desired to be rendered by them.

At the conclusion of such a meeting the Deputies, at the very beginning of their terms, are well informed as to their duties and better equipped to perform them than they could possibly be under the old method of issuing a brief circular of formal instructions, and then leaving the officers to learn for themselves the many things they should know when they first assume their duties.

But, perhaps, the most valuable result derived from the conferences is the *esprit* that is created,

the enthusiasm that is aroused and the keen interest that is inspired in the Deputies, by their personal contacts with the official leaders of the Order and with each other, and by the realization of the responsibilities they have undertaken and the value of the service expected from them. Thus fired with renewed zeal they enter upon the discharge of their duties promptly in a spirit of enthusiastic loyalty that naturally imparts itself, at least to a degree, to the entire membership.

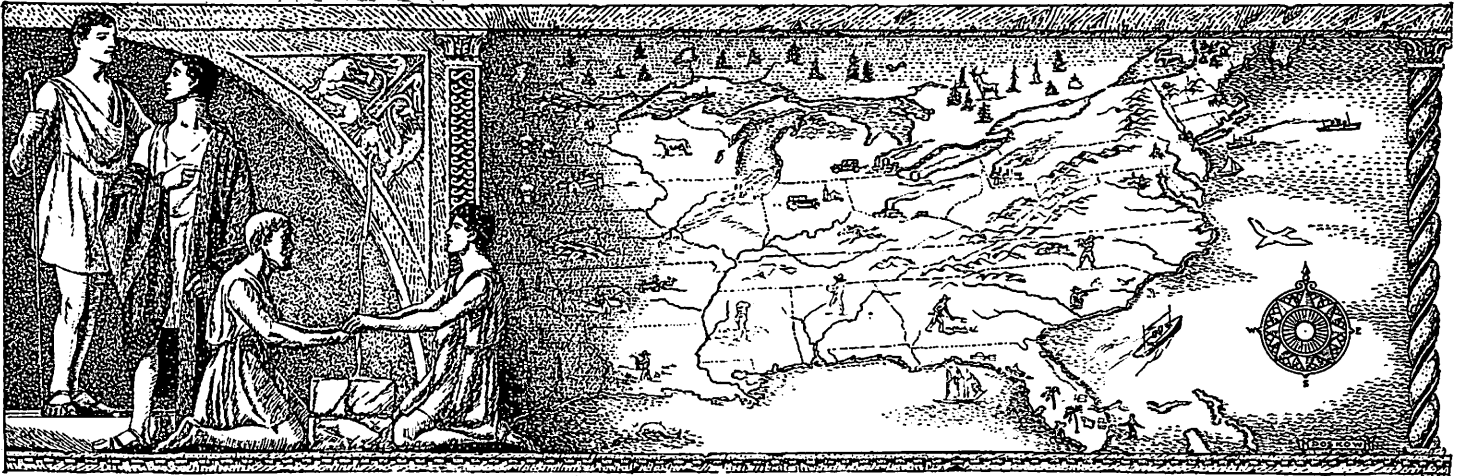
The conferences have so demonstrated their value that they have become a fixed event on the Grand Lodge calendar; and the approaching meeting is commended to the Deputies as an experience they will find thoroughly enjoyable as well as effectively instructive.

### PARADES

IT IS said that the American people dearly love a parade. It may be said with equal truth that they dearly love to parade. Certain it is that a marching pageant has come to be the outstanding public feature of fraternal conventions generally. This is particularly true of the Order of Elks, whose annual parades, upon the occasions of its Grand Lodge Sessions, as well as the sessions of many State Associations, have been growing more and more elaborate and distinctive.

These colorful displays of fine bands, beautiful banners, uniformed marchers, mounted escorts and picturesque floats, may be made to serve a very useful purpose as well as to provide entertainment for the spectators. If they be planned to inspire patriotic enthusiasm; if they appropriately illustrate the charitable and benevolent purposes of the Order; if they give evidence of the size and power of the local Lodges and of the interest and pride of the members in their membership; then they interpret the Order to the public in a manner to win approval and respect.

But it is quite easy for this fine effect to be seriously impaired. If the procession be marred by the antics of grotesque individual participants, whose efforts to amuse are in questionable taste; if it be made up, even in part, of straggling groups of Lodge members without distinctive uniform and who take little pains to preserve any semblance of a proper marching formation; if



there be permitted in the line undecorated automobiles in which members ride merely to "get in the parade"; then the impression created is certain to be less pleasing and less favorable to the Order.

There is something inspiring and heart warming in the rhythmic movement of marching men, in attractive uniforms, swinging along to the stirring music of a splendid band. But there is neither dignity nor impressiveness in a mere walking group in varied dress, who do not even keep in step with the music ahead. And individual clowns should have no place in an Elks parade.

The Elks Magazine makes bold to suggest that future parades should be strictly limited to Lodge members in uniform, moving in proper marching formation, and to displays and floats of a character in keeping with the dignity and prestige of the Order.

#### A TIMELY WARNING

**I**N HIS annual report to the Grand Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell stated that during the year fifty Lodges had submitted plans for new buildings aggregating in cost nearly six million dollars. And commenting on the tendency throughout the Order toward the construction of elaborate club houses, he said:

"The marvelous structures that are being erected by many subordinate Lodges require a vast amount of executive ability to keep them going and paying; and also they require large commercial returns. Commercialism rather than fraternalism may result."

The warning is a timely one. It has been sounded before in these columns. The danger has been recognized by the Grand Lodge which has endeavored to minimize it by requiring the approval by designated officials of all proposed building plans including the method of financing.

It is natural that the members of the subordinate Lodges should desire to be adequately housed and provided with attractive club facilities. It has come to be a distinctive feature of the Order. But there is grave danger that the proper spirit of emulation may give way to an unfortunate spirit of rivalry, that may lead to such ambitious building projects that the financial burden of their maintenance will unduly curtail the fraternal activities which should be the first consideration of every Lodge.

It is impossible, indeed it is undesirable, to dis-

regard the social aspects of membership in the Order. They are important to the Order and the members alike. But, primarily, our organization is a great benevolent fraternity. Its effective operation, as such, depends upon the unselfish activities of the subordinate Lodges in meeting the reasonable demands upon them for community service, not upon the more selfish provisions for the personal comfort and convenience of their members.

A fine club house is itself a splendid instrumentality of community service, if it be soundly financed so that it may be put to effective use as such. But if the strain of its upkeep, and of meeting payments on its cost, is so great as to absorb the Lodge income and prevent it from properly performing its primary functions as a benevolent organization, then it were better if it occupied more modest quarters.

#### NO NEWS

**A**T A home breakfast table some weeks ago, the father of the gathered family, who had been displaying his thoughtlessness by reading the morning newspaper during the meal, gave further evidence of it by petulantly tossing the paper aside and saying: "Shucks! There is nothing in the paper today."

His wife smiled brightly and replied: "I am very glad to hear it." And as he looked at her in astonishment, she continued: "Did you ever stop to think what it means when there is 'nothing in the paper,' as you express it? It means that no dread calamity has visited any nation; that no wars have been declared; that no heinous crime has been committed in your community; that none of your friends have died; that no one has been injured in an unfortunate accident; that no established business concern has failed. It means that the world is at peace and that for a day your whole community has been peculiarly blessed with safety, health and prosperity."

The astonishment faded from his face; and he looked a little ashamed as he confessed he had never thought of the matter in that light before.

It is an old saying that "no news is good news"; but the good wife, in the incident related, has suggested a broader meaning for the old aphorism than is usually attributed to it. In the light of that suggestion there is cause for real thankfulness when the papers contain "no news."



# The American Constitution

*Every Good Citizen Should Know Its History and Its Provisions*

By Hon. Carrington T. Marshall

*Chief Justice, Supreme Court of Ohio*

**T**HE Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has established a reputation for its patriotic impulses and its devotion to the highest purposes of popular government. It is most fitting that our Magazine devote space to a discussion of our constitution, the historic events which led up to its adoption, and the wonderful development of the nation under the beneficent guidance of that basic document.

The Declaration of Independence was not a compact; it was not a charter of government; it contained no pledge of Union or of cooperation between the colonies or of the individuals of the Continental Congress who adopted that instrument, except in the last paragraph thereof, which stated: "And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Separation from the Mother Country was one thing, the organization of a new government was quite another thing, as later events proved. The first effort at cooperation, and therefore the first charter of government, if such it might be called, was the "Articles of Confederation." The first signatures to that document were subscribed more than two years after the Declaration of Independence, to wit, August 8, 1778, by the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York, and the last signature was that of Maryland, on March 1, 1781.

Even after the Articles had gone into effect, they were almost without value so far as a binding union was concerned, because there was no central authority which could compel action on the part of any of the Colonies, and at most the Continental Congress could make recommendations which the Colonies might or might not follow. There was no authority to raise armies or to levy taxes to maintain them. By its terms "each state retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence." It was styled, not a charter of government, but a "firm league of friendship." It was sufficient to hold the Colonies together in the face of the enemy, but rapidly fell into decay upon the successful outcome of the Revolution.

The greatest need of this present time is an educated, enlightened citizenship, which will study the problems of statecraft and which will give to the affairs of state the same earnest thought and consideration that it is accustomed to give to its own private affairs: which will study the Constitution, and realize that laws, however safe and sane and salutary, can have but little effect unless they are backed up by an alert, an aroused, and a determined public opinion.

During the war and in the face of the common peril, the Colonies were able to hold together reasonably well, but with the successful issue of the Revolutionary War, they immediately began to drift apart. The same influences which prevented the organization of a federal government in 1776 militated against such a government after the war closed. It was found that the people of the Colonies had very little in common. The charters from the Crown were not identical, and the separate colonial governments organized after the Declaration of Independence were wholly dissimilar. The people had different racial instincts, different commercial interests, in some measure spoke different languages, lived under different economic conditions. Upon the seaboard they were interested in commerce and manufacture. Inland they were interested only in agriculture and mining. Even at that early date questions of commerce and tariff were causes of severe differences.

After the war this common bond no longer prevailed. After the close of the war the old

differences were renewed and gradually increased. Congress had no power to levy taxes, and the individual States refused to comply with the requisitions of the Continental Congress for money. Only a year before the Constitutional Convention, conditions had become so serious that a mob drove the Continental Congress out of Philadelphia, and about the same time Shay's Rebellion compelled the legislature of Massachusetts to adjourn. Another mob overcame the State militia of Massachusetts and compelled the supreme court of that State to adjourn and sign an agreement never again to reconvene. Other mobs compelled all the trial courts of that State to quit business.

Conditions similar in degree and different only in kind prevailed among all the States. Some of the States were threatening to make separate treaties with foreign nations. The western portion of North Carolina seceded, forming the State of Franklin, which is now the State of Tennessee.

Under the influence of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, and others, the States were persuaded to send delegates to a convention at Philadelphia to frame a stronger central government.

**T**HE effort to secure representation of all the States was most difficult. The sentiment in favor of a stronger central government was by no means unanimous. Many of the leading men of that period who had been enthusiastic for the Declaration of Independence were equally determined in their opposition to a federal Constitution. Among this number were Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, and Richard Henry Lee. Each of these great patriots and a multitude of other thoughtful men of that period desired that each State should have its own independent sovereignty, and realized that any central government other than the league of States, which had thereunto existed, would destroy the independent sovereignty of the States and create a central sovereignty of the united government.

It is probable that it was only through the paramount influence of George Washington that such a convention was possible.

The Convention met on May 25, 1787, but was unable to organize until June 9. It was in session exactly one hundred days, and recessed on September 17, 1787, one hundred and thirty-nine years ago. From the beginning to the end of that convention there were fifty-five different delegates, some of whom did not remain until the end of the deliberations, being in disagreement and quitting in disgust.

Of this number twenty-nine were college men, graduates of Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, Columbia, Princeton, Edinburgh, Oxford and Glasgow. Twenty-six were not college men, and this number included Washington, then fifty-five years of age, and Franklin, then eighty-one years of age.

Among the college men were Hamilton, thirty-six years of age, and Madison, thirty-six, who were the most profound thinkers and of the keenest intellect and the most brilliant and learned of the entire convention.

Adams and Jefferson were not members, being respectively diplomats in England and France. Jefferson at that time wrote to a friend in the United States saying, "It will be an assemblage of demigods." The ambassador from France, then residing in this country, wrote to a friend stating, "If all the delegates to the Convention at Philadelphia are present, Europe has never seen an assemblage so remarkable for diligence, for knowledge, and for the disinterestedness and patriotism of those who compose it." Among those delegates were two future Presidents of the United States, three members of the United States Supreme Court,

and the four others who composed the first Supreme Court of the United States were men who were chiefly instrumental in bringing about the adoption of the Constitution.

Thirty-one of the members were lawyers, the others were soldiers, statesmen, business men, and planters.

The men who framed the Constitution, have been called the Giants of the Revolution. They were not by any means novices in matters of government. The fact is that they and their ancestors had lived under constitutional government 169 years, being thirty-four years longer than the people of the United States have lived under the present Constitution.

There is a popular notion that the Constitution was framed after the Magna Charta. The fact is, it has very little in common with it. Only two things worthy of notice were taken from the Magna Charta, to wit, the right of trial by jury and the writ of habeas corpus. But they had been in vogue more than 600 years, throughout England and all the Colonies. Valuable aid was no doubt obtained from the Magna Charta, the English Bill of Rights, the Mayflower Compact, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the constitutions which had been framed by the several States after the Declaration of Independence, many of which had much in common with the Federal Constitution as afterward framed. In 1780 the State of Massachusetts established a constitution providing for three branches of government, which was declared to be a government of laws and not of men.

Comparisons have been made between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, and it is sometimes debated as to which is the greater document; but there is no comparison. It may be said that each is the greatest document of its kind, but they belong to different classes. The Declaration of Independence has nothing to do with government, being merely a declaration of rights and principles containing no pledge except in the last paragraph before referred to.

This pledge was perhaps unnecessary, because the Declaration was a treasonable article, and in the event the Revolutionary War had failed, every signer would have doubtless forfeited his life. The Declaration was the product of a crisis for the purpose of throwing off the oppressive yoke of a foreign ruler. The Constitution was a constructive work of a body of patriots who had come together to found a nation, to perpetuate the liberties for which they had so dearly paid. As a charter of government the Constitution was the first to place law above kings, presidents and governors; above generals, armies and military power; above all earthly authority not exercised under and in accordance with the Constitution.

Its greatest attribute is its simplicity; containing only seven articles, twenty-four sections and less than 4,400 words. It can be read understandingly by any person of average intelligence in less than twenty minutes. It contains no ambiguities, and although hundreds of cases have been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, growing out of its provisions, none of those cases was brought for the purpose of interpreting language of doubtful meaning, but rather to apply its easily understood provisions to the numerous governmental problems which have arisen during the last 139 years.

In these present times of unrest and of crime and of radicalism, surely we can find stability in acquiring a better knowledge of its provisions.

Surely it has earned the greatest compliment that was ever paid to it, when William E. Gladstone pronounced it the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.



This roomy, well-appointed and admirably located Home is owned by the members of Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083

## Under the Spreading Antlers

### News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

#### Boston, Mass., Lodge Will Dedicate New Home This Month

PLANS are being completed for the dedication this month of the magnificent new Home of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. This structure will be one of the most distinctive and elaborate buildings in the Order. Situated in the heart of the theatrical and business district it will tower above every building in its vicinity. Completely furnished, it will represent an investment close to \$4,000,000. It will have many unique features, including an auditorium with a seating capacity of 3,000, a dining-room located on the thirteenth floor presenting a marvelous view of Boston and the harbor, and 335 living-rooms which will be for both members and non-Elks.

#### Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Plays Host to City's Orphans

At the twenty-fifth annual outing for the orphans of the city given by Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, some 450 youngsters were entertained at Riverside Park. Headed by the Indianapolis Newsboys Band, which has assisted at this affair for the last nineteen years, the children formed in line and marched to the park, where all the amusements were opened to them. A bountiful lunch and games and contests filled out a day full of happiness for the little guests.

#### Minnesota State Elks Association Meets in St. Cloud

Attended by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, acting as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, W. C. Robertson, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, all of whom addressed the delegates, and by many prominent Minnesota Elks, the recent annual convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association at St. Cloud was one of the most successful in the history of that body. St. Cloud Lodge, No. 516, had a fine program of entertainment ready, and the citizens generally responded to the spirit of the occasion, decorating business blocks and residences and offering open-handed hospitality to the visitors. At the business meeting on the first day the

following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Chester R. Leech, of St. Paul Lodge, No. 59; Vice-Presidents, William M. Erickson, of Red Wing Lodge, No. 845, O. M. Thurber, of Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395, and James J. Nolan, of Brainerd Lodge, No. 615; Secretary, Lannie C. Horne, of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44 (re-elected); Treasurer, M. F. Sullivan, of Mankato Lodge, No. 225; Trustees, Don Freeman, of St. Cloud Lodge, and John S. Siverts, of Hibbing Lodge, No. 1022. Thief River Falls was selected as the 1927 meeting place.

The meeting was opened with an address of welcome to the delegates and distinguished visitors by Mayor J. Arthur Bensen. Retiring President John E. Regan, who has served for three terms, spoke at length to the more than 300 delegates. The growth of the Association under his leadership has been marked, and it is now in a splendid position, both financially and from the point of view of membership and the support accorded it by the Subordinate Lodges. The appreciation of Mr. Regan's service to the Association was concretely expressed when, on the last day of the meeting, he and Mrs. Regan

finals in the State Ritualistic contest were held, in which the officers of Brainerd Lodge defeated those of Austin Lodge, No. 414, and were awarded a silver loving cup.

The second day of the convention was given over to the various contests and the parade. Bands, drum corps, floats and marching delegations had gathered for the procession and the result was one of the finest spectacles of its kind the city has ever seen. Minneapolis Lodge won the prize for the largest delegation in line, with Little Falls Lodge, No. 770, second. The beautiful floral float entered by St. Cloud Lodge was adjudged the best in the parade, and that of Thief River Falls Lodge, No. 1308, second.

In the contests, the band of Minneapolis Lodge, which won the national Class B Championship at the Chicago Grand Lodge Reunion, was first, and Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395, second. The national Drum Corps champions from St. Paul Lodge scored a double win, being first in both the drum corps and drill contests. In the novelty band contest Little Falls, Thief River Falls and Eveleth Lodges finished in the order named.

#### Marion, Ohio, Lodge Looks Forward To a Busy Winter

Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, was not idle during the summer months. The Lodge rooms and club rooms of the Home were re-decorated in a most pleasing manner, in buff, ivory and green. Its winter activities started with a formal dance early in the fall, and a membership campaign was also launched which is expected to increase the size of the Lodge substantially.

#### Juneau, Alaska, Lodge Travels Far for Initiation

Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, recently conducted a novel initiation of a class of candidates at Sitka, some 150 miles distant. Since boats are the only means of travel from one town to another in Southeastern Alaska, the trip could not be done in less than three days. The Elks of Juneau took advantage of this opportunity to make the occasion an excursion open to members and their families. A boat was chartered and a large number made the trip. Three stops were made en route at small mining camps within the jurisdiction of the Lodge, to

#### Notice to All Lodges

**THE offices of the Grand Secretary, Fred C. Robinson, are now permanently located in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, Lake View Avenue and Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill., and all communications should be addressed to him there instead of to the Congress Hotel, his former address**

were made the recipients of a handsome present, the gift of the Association.

That afternoon the women visitors were entertained at the St. Cloud Country Club and in the evening the Grand Lodge, State Association and Subordinate Lodge officers were entertained at a banquet. Following dinner, the



pick up members living there. On the boat's arrival, the travelers found Sitka decorated in purple and white and its residents prepared to greet the visitors in regal style. After the Lodge session in the afternoon, children's races were held, ice cream and balloons were given the youngsters of the community, and to cap it all a "Purple Bubble Ball" was held in the evening which was attended by practically all the inhabitants of the village. It was a most interesting occasion in every respect and was heartily enjoyed by the visitors and their hosts.

### **Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge Is Growing Rapidly**

Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520, one of the baby Lodges of the Order, is in a flourishing condition and growing rapidly. It takes an active part in the affairs of its community and at a recent initiation, attended by many Elks from near-by Lodges, took in a large group of new members.

### **Washington, D. C., Lodge Host To City's Orphans**

The Orphans' Outing at Glen Echo Park, conducted by Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, was a most successful affair, approximately 1,100 children and their attendants being present. Due to the generosity of Mr. Leonard B. Schloss, manager of the Park, and a member of No. 15, the entire Park, with its many amusement facilities, was turned over to the youngsters without charge.

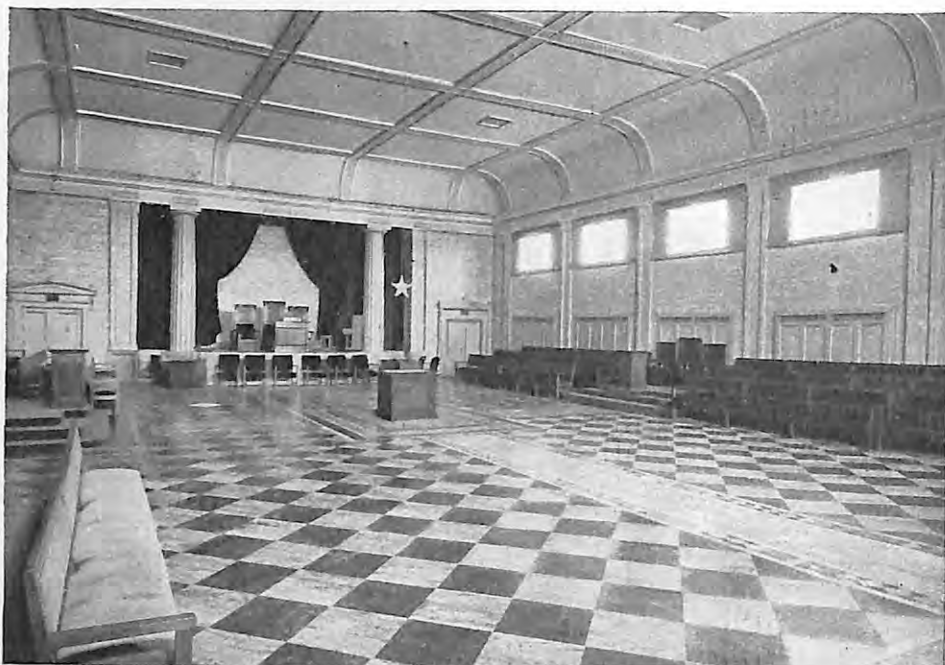
### **Residents of Elks National Home Guests of Circus**

The residents of the Elks National Home were recently guests of the John Robinson Circus when it visited Lynchburg, Va. The residents were taken to Lynchburg by the management where they were entertained at lunch and supper. The best seats in the big top were assigned them, and the old timers had one of the most delightful outings in some time. A few weeks later the Walter L. Main Circus played host to the residents of the Home, and another enjoyable afternoon was experienced.

### **Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow Guest Of Pennsylvania Elks**

The Past Exalted Rulers Association of Pennsylvania Southeast District recently tendered an informal dinner to Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow at the Summit Hotel located on the top of Mt. Penn, overlooking Reading, Pa. There were in attendance Past Exalted Rulers from nearly every Lodge in the District, among them eight Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers from seven different Lodges. Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, who was accompanied by his Secretary, Furey Ellis, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis Goldsmith, delivered one of his customary forceful addresses in which he complimented the Past Exalted Rulers for their work as former officers of their Lodges and asked for their loyal and undivided support of his administration, which was wholeheartedly promised.

Other addresses were made by Past Presidents



*The Lodge room in the new annex to the Home of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839*

of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, Harry I. Koch and E. J. Morris; William T. Ramsey, former Mayor of Chester, Pa., and John K. Stauffer, former Mayor of Reading, Pa. Elwood H. Deysher acted as Toastmaster for the occasion.

The officers of the Association are as follows: President, D. J. Miller; Vice-President, Harry I. Koch; Secretary, Henry A. Sholm; Treasurer, Lawrence A. Gipp.

### **Montana State Elks Association Meets at Butte**

The twenty-fourth annual convention of the Montana State Elks Association to which Butte Lodge, No. 240, acted as host, was a highly successful affair, a number of important policies being decided upon and the social side of the meeting thoroughly enjoyed by the delegates and visitors.

The convention was called to order by retiring President J. M. Montgomery, and there were addresses of welcome by Mayor W. D. Hengan and Exalted Ruler John K. Claxton of Butte Lodge, who was later elected President. Past President Harry A. Galway, first presiding officer of the Association when it was formed in 1903, and Chief Justice Lou L. Callaway, the Association's second President, spoke briefly of earlier meetings. Among the resolutions adopted was one pledging support to the crippled children of the State, and another to erect a memorial at the summer camp at Flathead Lake to the Montana Elks who served in the World War. The team of Kalispell Lodge, No. 725, won the ritualistic contest.

*The handsome new Home of Durango, Colo., Lodge, No. 507, was recently dedicated*



During the business sessions there were entertainments for the visiting ladies, with the wives of Butte members acting as hostesses in the fine new Home of the Lodge, and in the evenings there was dancing. A huge picnic at Gregson Springs wound up the meeting.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, John K. Claxton of Butte Lodge; First Vice-President, George L. Steinbrenner of Missoula Lodge, No. 383; Second Vice-President, Charles T. Trott of Billings Lodge, No. 394; Third Vice-President, Warner A. Hawkins of Helena Lodge, No. 193; Fourth Vice-President, W. W. Payne of Kalispell Lodge; Secretary, R. A. Gibbons of Helena Lodge, No. 193; Treasurer, Fred J. McQueeney of Butte Lodge; Trustee for five years, Frank L. Riley of Butte Lodge; Trustee for two years, Leon E. Choquette of Havre Lodge, No. 1201; Sergeant-at-Arms, Charles Wegner of Great Falls Lodge, No. 214.

### **Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Caring For Crippled Children**

Thirty crippled children were given a delightful day by the Crippled Kiddies Committee of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, a short time ago. Luncheon at the Lodge Home, an automobile drive to the Amusement Park at Atlantic Highlands and free admission to all the amusements made up the program. The day was also the occasion of a business meeting of the Committee and announcement was made that the Lodge had voted an appropriation of \$1,000 for its use.

### **Kansas State Elks Association To Meet in November**

The Kansas State Elks Association will hold its twenty-first annual convention at Iola on November 9 and 10, and not in October as first announced. These dates were selected in order that the members attending the meeting might have the opportunity to take part in the Armistice Day celebration on the 11th, in which Iola Lodge, No. 569, co-operates with the American Legion Post of the city.

### **Fremont, Ohio, Lodge to Have Beautiful Summer Home**

Fremont, Ohio, Lodge, No. 169, recently purchased a most desirable tract of land on which it will establish a summer Home for its members. The property was acquired from the Fremont Lake Club which was organized a few years ago by a group of the city's business men. A big club house was erected at the time on the site northwest of Port Clinton and it served as a social center for club members and their families. A bathing beach permitted access to Lake Erie,

and bathing and boating were features of the club outings. Fremont Lodge is planning to make extensive improvements on the building and site generally. During the winter the club house will be used for dances and next summer the bathing beach will be greatly improved. When all the changes contemplated have been made, Fremont Lodge will have one of the finest summer Homes along the southern shores of Lake Erie.

**President of California Association Honor Guest of Three Lodges**

Three California Lodges, Oxnard Lodge, No. 1443, Santa Barbara Lodge, No. 613, and Ventura Lodge, No. 1430, recently joined in a three-day entertainment to John J. Lermen, President of the California State Elks Association. On the first day there was a grand barbecue for the members of the three Lodges and their families at Seaside Park, Ventura. On this occasion the Band of Oxnard rendered a delightful concert, and President Lermen delivered a splendid address, taking for his subject "Why a State Association?" The afternoon was taken up with a program of sports for old and young, ending with a baseball game between the officers of the three Lodges. The second day Mr. Lermen was entertained at the Home of Oxnard Lodge, the officers of Ventura Lodge taking charge of the meeting. On the following day the three Lodges met at Santa Barbara, where Mr. Lermen conducted the cornerstone laying for the new Home of Santa Barbara Lodge, an event which is described fully elsewhere in this department.

**Roanoke, Va., Lodge Holds Children's Outing**

In cooperation with the Roanoke County authorities and the management of Lakeside Park, Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, entertained more than 200 children from the orphanages of the city at a picnic and outing. All the amusements at the park were thrown open to the youngsters, and they swam, rode on the merry-go-round and otherwise enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. A watermelon feast wound up the day and the little guests returned in automobiles lent for the occasion by members of Roanoke Lodge.

**Alaska Lodges Install Tablet in Memory of Past District Deputy Forrest**

A beautiful bronze tablet has been placed in the lobby of the Home of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, in memory of George Forrest, several times Exalted Ruler of No. 420, and for five years District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Alaska. The tablet was suggested by Cordova Lodge, No. 1483, and the idea was eagerly taken up by Alaska Elks as an opportunity to do honor to the memory of the man who was deeply loved and highly respected throughout the region and whom they describe as the father of the Order in Alaska.



*Members of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, dedicated this attractive, modern Home*

**California State Elks Association To Meet in Santa Monica**

Many delightful surprises are in store for those who will take part in the annual convention of the California State Elks Association which will be held at Santa Monica, October 6-9. The program will include, among many other events, a golf tournament, a trap shoot, bowling tournament, band, drill team and ritual contests, and baseball games. Many distinguished members of the Order are expected to attend the meeting, and nothing has been left undone to make the convention one of the best in the history of the Association.

**Durango, Colo., Lodge Dedicates A Splendid New Home**

The handsome new Home of Durango, Colo., Lodge, No. 597, was dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. E. Wheeler before a large gathering which represented many sister Lodges throughout the State and distant points. The dedication ceremonies were preceded by a sumptuous banquet at the Hotel Belmont which was attended by members of Durango and visiting Lodges. Following the banquet the diners marched to the new Home, led by the Lodge's band. The dedication ritual was ably conducted by District Deputy Wheeler. Rev. Le Moyné K. Wells delivered the oration, and Judge John C. Karel, a member of the Grand

Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, addressed the gathering, complimenting Durango Lodge on its excellent record of achievement.

The new Home, costing over \$100,000, is a beautiful structure and is fully equipped with every modern convenience. Architecturally it adds much to the beauty of the city, and its facilities contribute greatly to the social life of the community. One of its outstanding features is the magnificent Lodge room. Decorated in the Adams period, and furnished in walnut, it is one of the most beautifully appointed rooms of its kind in the State.

**Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge Gives Good Time to Crippled Children**

The annual outing given by Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, to the crippled children of its jurisdiction was a great success. Starting at ten in the morning from the Home of the Lodge, the guests of the day were motored to Bridgeport Pleasure Park, where they were welcomed by the management and given free tickets to all the rides and amusements. Luncheon was served at the Park and a day full of thrills and enjoyment given the children.

**Three Minnesota Lodges Have Large Picnic**

Owatonna, Minn., Lodge, No. 1395, Albert Lea, Minn., Lodge, No. 813, and Austin, Minn., Lodge, No. 414, recently held their combined annual picnic at Elks Park, the summer playground maintained by Owatonna Lodge on the shores of Clear Lake. The attendance was very large, and the program of events included the following features: concerts by the Owatonna and Albert Lea Lodge bands, dancing, with music by the orchestra of Austin Lodge, water sports, trapshooting, golf, baseball, and a number of contests for the children.

It has been decided to repeat the event each summer and to invite other nearby Lodges, such as Mankato, No. 225, and Faribault, No. 1166, to participate. Besides the fact that these picnics prove a day of real frolic to members and their families, it has been noticed that they bring about a better friendly feeling among the citizens of the towns involved, thus making them doubly worthwhile.

**North Dakota State Elks Association Entertained by Fargo Lodge**

The Sixth Annual Convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association was held in the splendid new Home of Fargo Lodge, No. 260, and



*The new modern Home of Trinidad, Colo., Lodge, No. 181*





Hubert S. Riley, Grand Esteemed  
Leading Knight  
Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13



Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Exalted Ruler  
Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2



Hugh D. MacCosham, Grand Esteemed  
Lecturing Knight  
Blackfoot, Idaho, No. 1416



Fred A. Morris, Grand Treasurer  
Mexico, Mo., No. 919



Harvey M. Blue (top center)  
Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight  
Montgomery, Ala., No. 596



Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary  
Dubuque, Iowa, No. 297

Louie Forman (bottom center)  
Grand Inner Guard  
Bloomington, Ill., No. 281



Richard P. Rooney, Grand Trustee  
Newark, N. J., No. 21



Michael H. McCarron, Grand Tiler  
Woburn, Mass., No. 908

# Grand Lodge Officers 1926-27

(Elective)

UNITED  
PHOTO

was productive of a number of interesting pieces of business. The outstanding features were the reports of the Committee on Crippled Children and the Committee on Delinquent Children. Each of these committees was continued for the coming year, and a special appropriation was made for the work of the latter. Jamestown was selected as the place of the 1927 convention and the following officers elected for the coming year: President, A. J. Rulon, Jamestown Lodge, No. 995; Treasurer, A. C. Pagenkopf, Dickinson Lodge, No. 1137; Secretary, G. T. Richmond, Jamestown Lodge, (appointed by the President); Trustee for three years, H. S. Davies, Minot Lodge, No. 1089.

Fargo Lodge tendered a banquet to the officers and delegates at which Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Charles E. Witt, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, and prominent Elks of the State were the speakers. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William G. Owens presented the President's Cup to Exalted Ruler M. J. Orr, of Jamestown Lodge, winners for the second time of the prize for ritualistic proficiency. A service in memory of Frank A. Brown, for thirty-seven years secretary of Grand Forks Lodge, No. 255, was held, at which Philip R. Bangs, Past Exalted Ruler of Grand Forks Lodge, delivered the eulogy.

### *Clinic for Crippled Children Held By Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge*

At a recent clinic for crippled children held under the auspices of Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, at the Cohoes Hospital, 39 children were examined, of whom eleven were cases not known of at the time of the previous clinic. In addition to the youngsters, seven adults suffering from various bone diseases were examined by the doctors in attendance. The supervising physician, Dr. C. D. Reed of Syracuse, N. Y., in complimenting Cohoes Lodge on these clinics, recommended that they be held semi-annually, and expressed his desire to come again.

### *New York, N. Y., Lodge Active In Welfare Work*

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, has spent an active summer. Among its beneficiaries was the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled, to which it made a payment of \$1,000 for the bed endowed by the Lodge. This was done on the first Monday in August, which had been designated as Crippled Children's Day by the New York State Elks Association. It also installed a radio at the Willard Parker Hospital and investigated and assisted a large number of individual cases of need.

### *Four Past Exalted Rulers in One Family Meet in Chicago*

An unusual family reunion took place in Chicago during the Grand Lodge Convention when Daniel Defenbacher, former Mayor of Dover, Ohio, and his three sons, William E., of Chicago, J. F., of Muncie, Ind., and Herbert D., of Columbus, Ohio, each a Past Exalted Ruler of Dover, Ohio, Lodge, No. 975, spent the week together. It is believed that the Defenbacher family is the only one in the history of the Order to include four Past Exalted Rulers, and so interesting was their meeting that Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price introduced them to the Convention from the stage of the Auditorium Theatre. Another point of likeness among the members of this unusual family is that each of the four men is, or has been, prominent in the same business, that of hotel-keeping.

### *San Antonio, Tex., Lodge Begins Remodeling Home*

San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216, has begun work on extensive alterations and improvements for its Home. The addition of one story, and the construction of a new roof garden to cost \$100,000, are called for in the plans. The new equipment and fixtures, calling for an expenditure of \$25,000, will include the installation of a pipe organ, two new elevators and two double bowling alleys.

*One of the best equipped Homes in the South is owned by members of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758*



### *West Virginia Elks Hold State Convention at Martinsburg*

At the eighteenth annual convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association at Martinsburg the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, J. Melvin Ripple, Past Exalted Ruler of Martinsburg Lodge, No. 778; Vice-Presidents, Harry Friedman of Grafton Lodge, No. 308; David Wertheimer of Sistersville Lodge, No. 333; and F. W. Schaul of Mannington Lodge, No. 388; Secretary, Jay Reifer of Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482 (re-elected for the 18th time); Treasurer, Jesse L. Cramer of Parkersburg Lodge, No. 198 (re-elected); Trustees, M. E. Ashcraft of Fairmont Lodge, No. 204, and James A. Dyson of Wheeling Lodge, No. 28. The installation of the new officers was conducted by Mr. Dyson, who is a Past Exalted Ruler of Wheeling Lodge; and Bluefield was chosen for the 1927 meeting.

Dances, automobile trips and other entertainments had been arranged by the convention committees of Martinsburg Lodge, who had long been at work preparing for the meeting, and the many hundred delegates and visitors enjoyed themselves thoroughly. A large crowd witnessed the twilight parade, which included bands, marching delegations and a number of beautiful floats, the most striking of which was the one on which Miss Esther Shaffer, who had been voted the title of "Miss Martinsburg," rode. Various civic and industrial organizations also had entries in the line of march, which was brought up by a long procession of gaily decorated automobiles.

The meeting was eminently successful, registration figures showing more than 500 present, almost double the attendance of last year.

### *Camden, N. J., Lodge Gives Outing And Vacation to Children*

The Crippled Kiddies Committee of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, has been active during the past summer. On one occasion it took forty boys and girls to the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition as guests of the management and of the Mayor of Philadelphia. The youngsters had a delightful time and were generously supplied with ice cream, peanuts, pop-corn, balloons and little souvenir Liberty Bells.

During the summer the Lodge also sent twenty children for a two weeks' stay to the Betty Bacharach Home at Atlantic City. A number of children, too old for the Bacharach Home, were

also guests of the Lodge this summer for a two weeks' vacation at the Children's Seashore House at Chelsea.

### *Southwestern Pennsylvania Elks Hold Joint Outing*

The twenty Lodges comprising the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest District held their annual joint outing recently at Kennywood Park. It was the most successful ever held, the attendance being close to 15,000. Athletic events, a musical and dancing extravaganza, in which the children's dancing class of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, took part, and many other entertaining numbers were on the day's program. A massive silver loving cup was presented by the Association to Braddock Lodge in appreciation of the wonderful exhibition furnished by the children of its members.

### *Chicago, Ill., Lodge to Celebrate Fiftieth Anniversary*

Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, is making extensive plans for the observance on October 16 of its fiftieth anniversary. A program of unusual interest and importance is being worked out and many distinguished members of the Order are expected to be present on the occasion.

### *Sebring, Fla., to Have New Elk Lodge*

Dispensation has been granted for the institution of a new Lodge at Sebring, Fla., to be known as Sebring, Fla., Lodge, No. 1529.

### *Royal Oak, Mich., Lodge Shows Rapid Growth*

Royal Oak, Mich., Lodge, No. 1523, though instituted only a short time ago, is showing remarkable vigor and enterprise. Recently a class of 100 candidates was initiated, the occasion being marked by a special program in which representatives of many neighboring Lodges played a part.

### *Trinidad, Colo., Lodge Members Occupy New Home*

Members of Trinidad, Colo., Lodge, No. 181, are enjoying the excellent facilities of their new Home which was dedicated a short time ago. The building, conveniently located at the corner of First and Maple Streets, is a handsome structure erected at a cost of more than \$50,000.



Trinidad Lodge is showing a steady and healthy growth, having now more than 500 members on its books.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow Attends Convention of Illinois Association

Grand Exalted-Ruler Charles H. Grakelow was the honor guest at the twenty-third annual convention of the Illinois State Elks Association, held recently at La Salle, which was one of the most successful gatherings the State Association has ever enjoyed.

On the second day of the meeting Mr. Grakelow spoke at a dinner given in his honor at the Deer Park Country Club, where Grand Lodge, State Association and Subordinate Lodge officers were in attendance. The following day, at the closing business session of the Association, he installed the newly elected officers. They included: President, Eugene W. Welch, Galesburg Lodge, No. 804; First Vice-President, F. H. Prichard, La Salle Lodge, No. 584; Second Vice-President, Miles S. Gilbert, Cairo Lodge, No. 651; Third Vice-President, William M. Galvin, La Grange Lodge, No. 1423; Secretary, George W. Hasselman, La Salle Lodge; Treasurer, Will Gullett, Mt. Carmel Lodge, No. 715; Trustees, Rud Noel, Chicago Lodge, No. 4; J. W. Youtis, Shelbyville Lodge, No. 793; C. D. Midkiff, Harrisburg Lodge, No. 1058; William Fritz, Peoria Lodge, No. 20; H. M. Weyrauch, Sterling Lodge, No. 1218; Ray Malo, Ottawa Lodge, No. 588.

President Welch immediately announced the reappointment of the Rev. V. H. Webb, the veteran chaplain of the Association, who attended the convention on crutches, still suffering from a fracture of the hip sustained almost a year ago.

Upon the recommendation of retiring President Louie Forman, who was elected Grand Inner Guard at the Chicago Grand Lodge Reunion, the convention adopted a program to foster a junior Elks organization to be known as the Antlers. A committee to further this idea is to be named by President Welch at a conference which was set for September.

The ritualistic contest for the beautiful Charles A. White trophy, presented by former Grand Treasurer White, brought Lawrenceville Lodge, No. 1208, and Champaign Lodge, No. 398, into the finals, with the result that Lawrenceville Lodge won the honors with the remarkable score of 99.88. This team committed only three errors in the entire ritual and finished in perfect time—37 minutes. It is a record never before equaled in Illinois ritualistic work.

La Salle Lodge, which was host to the convention, provided an interesting program of entertainment, including trap shooting and golf tournaments, a stag entertainment, a monster

picnic, trips through Starved Rock State Park, and other points of interest, and a parade that was pronounced equal to any in the history of the Association.

Mendota Lodge, No. 1212, with approximately 40 per cent. of its members in line, won the principal prize for visiting Lodges in the parade, while Peoria Lodge, No. 20, took the honors for the best appearing delegation, their drill team and Oriental band being deciding factors.

Peoria was selected for the 1927 convention, the dates to be set subsequently by the trustees.

### Order of Elks Honored by French Government

The Order of Elks was honored recently by the award of the Medal of Honor of the French Ministry of Health, Service and Social Welfare, to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Mr. and Mrs. Fanning went to Paris in July for a brief vacation. One of the first persons to learn of their visit was Dr. Marcel Knecht, well known in this country as a member of the French High Commission during the war. Dr. Knecht, who is an Official Delegate of the Franco-American Committee of the French Press and General Secretary of the newspaper *Le Matin*, was fully cognizant of the work done by the Elks National War Relief Commission, during and after the war, of which Mr. Fanning was Secretary-Treasurer. It was through Dr. Knecht's interest in and admiration for the accomplishments of the Order that the award was made.

The ceremony took place at a formal breakfast, given in Mr. Fanning's honor by Monsieur and Madame M. Bunau-Varilla, at their country residence, the Château de Launay-Orsay, on August 3, and was attended by several distinguished guests. In making the presentation speech, Monsieur Bunau-Varilla, owner and Director of *Le Matin*, dwelt at length on the Order of Elks, its organization, its growth and its achievements not only in war work but in the field of public welfare. The silver Medal of Honor was awarded to Mr. Fanning, as the representative of the Order, for exceptional service in the public interest.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow Attends Tri-State Convention

Attended by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow the recent convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, held at Ocean City, Md., was a great success. The assembled members of the Order appreciated the honor of Mr.

Grakelow's visit and gave him a splendid reception. The parade, which was held on the last day of the meeting, was reviewed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, who also addressed the public meeting which followed, at which another speaker was Marion A. Humphreys, first Exalted Ruler of Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817.

Past State Association President Leon R. Yourtee installed the newly elected officers, who are: President, John J. Powel of Wilmington Lodge, No. 307; First Vice-President, William H. Bovey of Hagerstown Lodge, No. 378; Second Vice-President, George R. Daisy of Frostburg Lodge, No. 470; Third Vice-President, Roy J. Rhodes of Salisbury Lodge, No. 817; Secretary, Howard F. McCall of Wilmington Lodge, No. 307; Treasurer, John E. Lynch of Washington Lodge, No. 15; Trustees, John B. Berger of Baltimore Lodge, No. 7, David C. Weinbrenner, 3rd, of Frederick Lodge, No. 684, Robert F. Crowley of Washington Lodge, William U. McCready of Annapolis Lodge, No. 622.

### Joseph G. Buch Made Chairman of New Jersey Commission

Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Association Crippled Kiddies Committee, was recently appointed by Governor A. Harry Moore as Chairman of the State's Commission which will make a survey of the crippled throughout New Jersey. Mr. Buch, a member of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, has been a leader of the movement for a number of years and has done much laudable work in this connection. Recently his Lodge decided to endow a bed at the Betty Bacharach Home for crippled children in Atlantic City.

### Bristol, Pa., Lodge Takes Crippled Children to Sesqui-Centennial

Twenty-five crippled children were recently the guests of Bristol, Pa., Lodge, No. 970, at the Rodeo held in connection with the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The little guests of the Lodge were driven to the grounds, where they were given lunch and then taken to the Stadium, where members of the Crippled Kiddies Committee assisted them to their seats. The outing was one of the most successful ever held by Bristol Lodge, the children finding the Rodeo the most exciting spectacle of their lives.

### Virginia State Elks Association Meets in Constructive Convention

Among the important resolutions adopted at the recent convention of the Virginia State Elks

(Continued on page 52)

## Judge Thomas J. Lennon

### Death Claims Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum

JUSTICE THOMAS J. LENNON, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, who had just retired as Chief Justice of the Grand Forum of our Order, died suddenly in San Francisco, California, on August 14th, 1926, from a heart attack.

The funeral was held from the old, historic St. Mary's Church. The United States Courts and all of the State Courts, holding their sessions in San Francisco, adjourned out of respect to his memory. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, the Associate Justices, the Justices of the Courts of Appeal, and the Federal Judges, and William M. Abbott, Carl Blaut, Thomas P. Boyd, Joseph K. Hawkins, Charles J. Heggerty, W. S. Leake, John Francis Neylan and Garret W. McEnerney served as honorary pallbearers. Thousands of the citizens of San Francisco, including virtually every leader of the bench and bar of San Francisco, were in attendance at the church, where Archbishop Edward J. Hanna paid final tribute to Judge Lennon's memory.

"Justice tempered with mercy—the noblest accomplishment of man. To say that the world is better because he lived is the great-

est tribute we can pay," said the Archbishop. "Built of sturdy stock, this man entered the College of St. Mary and there learned the important lesson of responsibility to God and fellow man. In this atmosphere he conceived the strength and courage that must support justice.

"He learned, too, the dignity of man, the power of law and the might of justice. He became strong enough to stand for what was pure and holy. He learned to be obedient to God and to law. He felt that love for mankind which should be in the heart of every lawyer. The public took confidence in him and placed him in that noble position of trust.

"Administering justice is the highest accomplishment man can realize. It is not easy these days of selfish interest to be always just and to temper that justice with mercy.

"If he erred it was in human frailty."  
Judge Lennon was born at Marysville, California, on February 25th, 1866. He received his early education in the public schools, graduating from St. Mary's College in San Francisco in 1885 with the degree of B.S. In 1888 he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of California and embarked upon the practise of

law in San Francisco. He removed to Marin County, California, and was elected Judge of the Superior Court of that County in 1902. He served as Superior Judge until 1911, when he was elected Presiding Justice of the District Court of Appeal for the First District of California. In 1919 he was elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, which honored place he was holding at the time of his death.

Judge Lennon was a devoted and enthusiastic Elk. He was a charter member and first Exalted Ruler of San Rafael Lodge, No. 1108, and always took an active interest in the affairs of his Lodge, served on committees, and attended the meetings of the State Association, and his eloquence was often heard at the various Elk functions throughout the State. He was appointed Justice of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge in 1921 by Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, and he served the last year of his term as a member of the Grand Forum as its Chief Justice. He retired as Chief Justice of the Grand Forum and as a member of the Grand Forum at the recent session of the Grand Lodge held at Chicago.



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## The Elks Memorial

*T*HERE it stands—  
 Gazing out of golden eyes  
 At the emerald sweet-water sea.  
 And at the amethyst sweet-water sea.  
 It is as the Roman Pantheon was  
 When the Pantheon was new;  
 Or it is Greece re-created,  
 In line as pure as ever was drawn  
 By Athenian architect to adorn  
 The high Acropolis.  
 Upon the very day of its creation  
 It presents to all the world a classic  
 face:  
 To all the world it speaks:

"See, thou maker of ugliness,  
 How readily beauty comes from thy  
 hands  
 When beauty is in thy dream."  
 This is a jewel of peace,  
 Bought with the blood of heroes;  
 The calm magnificence of its shining  
 front  
 Betokens the fraternity  
 That has everlasting hatred of war.  
 So lovely a thing it is  
 That eye may not rest upon it  
 To be reminded of strife,  
 But only of beauty.

O. L. HALL

*This poem appeared July 15th in  
 the Chicago Daily Journal and is  
 reprinted here by permission of the  
 author, a co-editor of that newspaper*



## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 50)

### Accommodations for Traveling Elks

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

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge No. 593  
 Agaña, 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. 230  
 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. 341  
 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. 511  
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341  
 Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253  
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439  
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 802  
 Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308  
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 358  
 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165  
 Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge No. 877  
 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. 759  
 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. 4301  
 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. 933  
 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. 211  
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756  
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1  
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487  
 Norwich, N. Y., Lodge No. 1222  
 Oakland, Calif., Lodge No. 171  
 Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 186  
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39  
 Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387  
 Patcnogue, N. Y., Lodge No. 1323  
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60  
 Pendleton, Ore., Lodge No. 288  
 Pensacola, Fla., Lodge No. 497  
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2  
 Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge No. 395  
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11  
 Plymouth, Mass., Lodge No. 1476  
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674  
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 789  
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188  
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142  
 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275  
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14  
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878  
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100  
 Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943  
 Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24  
 Rocheville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359  
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547  
 Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6  
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 395  
 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  
 Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge No. 841  
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516  
 Sunbury, Pa., Lodge No. 267  
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487  
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392  
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592  
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708  
 Torrington, Conn., Lodge No. 372  
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105  
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141  
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357  
 Vallejo, Calif., Lodge No. 559  
 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. 859  
 York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

If any Lodge has accommodations, but  
is not listed here, The Elks Magazine  
will be glad to include it without charge.

Association at Winchester was one providing for the appointment of a committee to be known as the Social Service and Community Welfare Committee, which will be charged with the investigation and carrying out of all plans affecting the public health that the Association may adopt. An extensive program of welfare activity is planned, and the coming year should see much constructive work accomplished. In this connection it was finally decided to abandon the plan of an Elks tuberculosis sanatorium, and to concentrate on a program of assistance to the existing State institutions.

The opening exercises were presided over by Exalted Ruler Edwin T. Snider of Winchester Lodge, No. 867. They were followed by the reading of Gov. Harry F. Byrd's address of welcome, and by R. Gray Williams' speech on behalf of Winchester Lodge. The reply for the convention was made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett.

At the banquet held in the evening at the George Washington Hotel, Past District Grand Exalted Ruler Andrew Bell presided as toastmaster, and there were speeches by retiring State Association President Randolph H. Perry, Exalted Ruler Snider, John B. Bliley, a Past President of the Association, and a number of Past Exalted Rulers of Virginia Lodges. Dancing followed the dinner.

At the close of the business meetings the next day the visitors motored to the famous Shenandoah Caverns, where a chicken dinner was served, and the guests escorted on a trip through the caves. Winchester Lodge and the residents of the city were open-handed in their hospitality to the out-of-town members and their families, and a resolution expressing the appreciation of the convention was read into the minutes of the meeting.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President: David Johnson of Hampton Lodge, No. 366; First Vice-President, John G. Sizer of Richmond Lodge, No. 45; Second Vice-President, M. E. Bollings of Roanoke Lodge, No. 107; Third Vice-President, George F. Norton of Winchester Lodge; Secretary, Harry F. Kennedy of Alexandria Lodge, No. 758; Treasurer, C. A. McGill of Pulaski Lodge, No. 1067; Tiler, Thomas L. Sclater of Hampton Lodge; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. B. F. Cole of Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 875; Chaplain, Rev. Edgar Carpenter of Alexandria Lodge; Trustees: for five-year term, Randolph H. Perry of Charlottesville Lodge, No. 389; for

four-year term, H. S. Larrick of Winchester Lodge; for three-year term, Arthur M. Clay of Roanoke Lodge; for two-year term, R. Chess McGhee of Lynchburg Lodge, No. 321; for one-year term, John B. Bliley of Richmond Lodge.

### Elks of Five States Plan Meeting in Florida

Approximately 10,000 Elks of Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina and Florida are planning to hold a joint convention during the last week of next April. The gathering is expected to be the largest held in Daytona Beach since the movement was inaugurated to establish it as a convention city. The meeting is to be featured by a brilliant and varied program.

### Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge Holds Successful Children's Picnic

Despite a downpour of rain on the appointed day, Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, nevertheless managed to hold its big children's picnic successfully. The Western Alaska Fair Association offered the use of its new community building, which the committee in charge accepted and hastily prepared for its young guests. Following the serving of lunch there were games and amusements all afternoon, and the affair turned out to be one of the best and most enjoyable the Lodge has ever known.

### Plans Completed for Fashion Show Of Cincinnati, O., Lodge

Plans for the elaborate Fashion Show to be held in Music Hall, October 25 to 30, inclusive, by Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, are now practically complete. Famous models will demonstrate the latest fashions from the style centers of the world, while between each display there will be a high-class vaudeville act. There is great enthusiasm in Cincinnati concerning the event, and it is confidently expected that the show will result in large sums of money for the Lodge's charity fund and for the expenses of entertaining next year's Grand Lodge reunion.

### Knights of Pythias Inspect National Memorial Headquarters Building

Pursuant to a resolution adopted in their Chicago Convention, a large delegation of  
(Continued on page 98)



The spacious Home enjoyed by members of Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809

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### BOOKKEEPING, ADDING, CALCULATING MACHINES



## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 14)



### This saturated LATHER — speeds razor — soothes skin

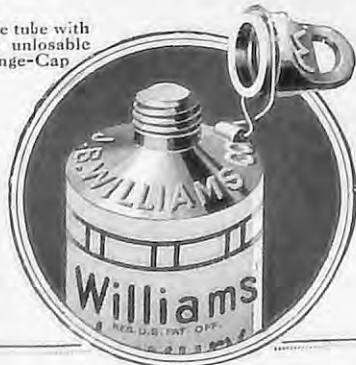
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ELKS 001

"I wonder if that is possible—in a prison? Good luck, Terry. And if you ever want to have a long talk with a man who is really sorry for you—"

"Good God! Captain—I never again want to see any one who is sorry for me. Beg your pardon, sir. I didn't mean that as it sounded. I'll be going. . . ." He turned and stumbled from the room and just when he would have passed through the front door into the open world beyond, a hoarse voice hailed him from the barred corridor.

"Hey! Kid!"  
Bob turned. The massively muscular figure of Todd Shannon was flattened against the bars. "C'mere, Terry."

For the last time Terry's footsteps sounded hollowly on the concrete floor. He came very close to his cellmate, and the big man handed through the bars a package crudely wrapped in newspaper.

"Take it, kid. It's all right. The Cap'n said I could give it to you."

Terry was embarrassed. "You shouldn't be giving me anything, Todd."

"Just f'r luck. That's all. Kind of keep it with you, an' if things seem sort of blooie—take a look at it an' think of what I've told you. I think it's kind of pretty."

Bob wanted to put his gratitude into words—but the words would not come. He looked up, stammered, and then his eyes misted.

He whirled and walked swiftly along the corridor toward the exit. The old, snappy-cut suit of blue serge flapped about his thin figure. In his left arm was the prison bundle—his baggage. In his right hand was the gift from his one friend. He stepped quickly through the front door . . . then, without knowing that he did so, he paused and gasped.

The sun was shining. From where he stood, Terry could see the broad panorama of verdant valley streaked by a silver river which wound lazily through rich farmlands. It suddenly came to Bob that he could go when he pleased, where he pleased. That was hard to understand. His ear was attuned to curt orders from a guard; he had learned to think of himself as a caged animal.

He stood motionless for several seconds. Then he heard a man's voice: gruff but not unkind—

"Here's the bus if you're ready."

If he was ready! God . . . the first indication that some one else thought he was a human and had desires and wants and likes and dislikes of his own. He followed the driver mechanically and climbed into the huge car. A few seconds later he was moving toward the smoke and soot of the capitol.

He looked back at the gray walls of the prison. He thought of Todd Shannon . . . and of the thousand other prisoners laboring hopelessly, ceaselessly in the clatter and clangor of the cotton mill. He looked at the place where he had been aged in three years—

And when he turned away again his face was set in lines of unrelieved bitterness.

#### CHAPTER IV

THE accommodation crept slowly northward from the capitol toward the metropolis. The loose-jointed old day coaches clanked protestingly with each swaying curve of the track, the locomotive whistled at road crossings, there was dust and grime and soot everywhere—but to Bob Terry, crouched in a corner of the last coach, it was all very wonderful, and already he was beginning to feel the exhilaration of freedom.

He settled back and closed his eyes. The visions unfolded to his thoughts were more free from bitterness than he knew. He was intoxicated by this sudden release from restriction, by the knowledge that he was once again a man of name instead of number. Three years had taught him the ultimate value of the tiniest things. . . .

"When did you get out?"

The voice, raspingly guttural, grated harshly on the ears of the young man. It was the voice of power and of authority and the past eternities had taught Bob to accept insults docilely.

He looked up into the heavy, blotched features of a squat, broad-shouldered man. Bob knew

the type: the holder of some job of menial authority: square-shouldered, square-toed and square-headed. He looked into the piglike eyes beneath the heavy brows—and for a moment he did not answer.

The man frowned. With a cheap gesture he swept back his coat and exhibited the shiny badge of a railroad detective. His voice cut through the fetid air of the car—loudly enough for those in the immediate vicinity to hear.

"I ast when you got out."

Later, Bob knew that he should have been resentful. But he was too recently out of prison. The badge of authority was something he had learned to fear, particularly when worn by such as this heavy-set person. And so he answered the brutal question simply, and without thought of equivocation.

"Yesterday." And then—"How did you know?"

The detective was conscious of an audience in the next seat. "That's my business," he boomed. "Where are you goin'? Whatcha gonna do?"

Resentment was on Terry's lips. But he had learned from Todd Shannon that acquiescence was always the better course; he had learned to keep his face expressionless while hot fury surged within him and so he told the railroad detective where he was going and explained that he didn't know what he was going to do.

The man boomed some coarse advice and waddled off down the aisle of the car. All about him Bob heard whispers. The word had been bruited about. An ex-convict was on the car; a man just out of the State penitentiary. Yes, that was he—the oldish-young man with the bit of silver at the temples; the slim one—sittin' over yonder. No, of course he don't look like no criminal, but you never can tell about these crooks: they're slick uns. Might of been murder. . . . Terry heard one mother warn her wide-eyed children.

A fierce anger gripped him. He wanted to climb on the seat and shout to these people that he was innocent; that he bore in his pocket a letter from the Governor of the State expressing deep regret for the injustice which had warped his life. But no; that was impossible. He might do this once, but to what end? They would still murmur about him and look his way and shake their heads.

The momentary exaltation which had come with freedom was gone. This incident seemed the precursor of the grossest of all injustices. Prison had been an error—perhaps even an honest error. And once in prison—it was fitting that he should have been treated as a convict. But to be liberated, to be publicly exonerated . . . and to be scourged by looks and by words: that was almost unbearable.

Bob Terry was learning something about himself. He was learning that he was not callous. He had gone into the penitentiary a man of shy and sensitive spirit; of a temperament as responsive to outside impressions as a photographic plate. And the penitentiary had seared his spirit and branded it with hot torture irons so that it shriveled and died . . . and he fancied that he was bereft of all emotions, all sensitiveness.

He knew now that this was not true. Not even when they arrested him originally for the crime he had not committed, had he been hurt as he was this moment. And he knew that he would always be hurt—that he had merely deluded himself into believing he was mentally calloused.

He sat alone in the midst of many, a prisoner with freedom. The cruel injustice of it! Each lash from the whip of fate seemed harder than the last. His spirit shrank from the horror of it and his mind focused on the mild-mannered little man who had been the cause of it all.

All through his three years in prison Bob Terry had nurtured a hatred against Peter Borden, and now, instead of finding that hatred dispelled, he discovered that it was magnified. Peter Borden the sacrosanct, Peter Borden the man of intransigent honor, Peter Borden the man who would crucify a young man because he conscientiously believed that man had committed a crime. The muscles of Bob Terry's

(Continued on page 56)



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"The Floor Finishing Authorities"

## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 54)

arm contracted, his fingers closed . . . closed about the crude package which Todd Shannon had handed him through the bars of the penitentiary corridor.

Bob's face softened. The old newspaper wrapping took unto itself the warmth of a human handclasp. It was the grasp of sincere, unaffected friendship extended to him across the scores of miles. He fumbled with the piece of twine, and slowly unwrapped the parcel.

It was a queer thing which he held: a block of red cedar about two inches square and fifteen inches high—and it had been carved by Todd Shannon's distorted idea of a Japanese pagoda. It was a ridiculous thing—pathetically ridiculous; all irregular curves and weird figures, with here and there a tiny tack or a bit of glue to repair a split in the wood.

But Bob recognized it. As far back as he could remember, he had seen Todd Shannon working on that bit of cedar, his only tools an old safety razor blade and a piece of sandpaper. That bit of wood-carving meant a great deal to Todd. It was his six-months' emotional outlet. Bob could vision him now: massively muscular frame hunched over the tiny bit of red wood, clumsy fingers manipulating the delicate razor blade, jaw as firm as though engaged in physical combat, unruly red hair falling over the level eyes which could see nothing save the task in hand.

And only because three years behind stone walls had taught a grim lesson in self-control, was Bob Terry saved from breaking down. Here in his hand was a grotesque token which carried a warm message of love and cheer and unswerving friendship. Everywhere else was insolent curiosity and the overt hostility of society in general for the man who has been seared with the brand of penal servitude.

It was then, in his moment of ultimate bitterness, that Bob remembered the letter he had been given by the warden. From Peter Borden, Mason had said. Damn Peter Borden! Damn this man who had once so smugly protested that he felt like the lad's father—and for whom Bob Terry had entertained a deep affection and a vast respect.

He took the envelope from his pocket and ripped it open. Something fluttered to the floor. Bob recovered it hastily and stared at the yellow back of a hundred dollar bill. His thin, sensitive lips twisted into a grimace of anger. The man was giving him money! As though money could rectify the blasting of a future.

He scanned the brief, amazing letter. It was typical of the man who had written it. No banality, no mock sentiment. It was written simply and directly, without salutation and without preamble—

I have arranged for this to be given you at the hour of your release. You will understand that by now I have learned of my mistake.

I first thought to meet you at the prison—then changed my mind. I wished you to have an opportunity to recover from the first flush of your inevitable and natural bitterness.

I would not have intruded upon you in this hour had it not been for the fact that I have something very definite to propose. With this I am enclosing some money. If you will use it to come to me at once, we will discuss your future and the part I hope to play in it.

I will not trouble you with the customary: I am sorry. No one knows better than I the futility of mere words at a moment like this. I will reserve what I have to say until we see each other. I will meet you no matter when you come.

Bob Terry looked up from the letter. On the seat beside him was Todd Shannon's parting gift. All about him were shoddy, shabby travelers—and they were eyeing him askance and whispering about him.

So Peter Borden wished to see him! Peter Borden wished to talk with him! Peter Borden wished to play a part in his future!

The ascetic face of the young man grew ugly. His eyes blazed down at the note. His fingers closed—crumpling it.

"He wishes to see me, does he? Well, by God! he'll have his wish!"

### CHAPTER V

SINCE eight o'clock that morning Peter Borden had been in the waiting room at the Terminal Station. With the arrival of each train he had risen and moved with quiet dignity through the crowds, to stand close against the iron gates of the exit. It was plain that he was fearful of missing the expected arrival. And always he stood there, fixed and motionless, until the last lagging passenger had gone, the gates had been locked and a huffy little switch engine had backed the cars out into the yards. On each occasion, then, the little elderly man would sigh, turn regretfully back to the waiting room and seat himself on one of the uncomfortable high-backed seats. He did not read, he seldom smoked. He merely sat and stared through the wide doors leading to the station platform; waiting . . . waiting . . .

There was, about the man, the expression of kindly solidity. One could not glance at the fine features and fail to understand that behind the countenance lurked a brain of alertness and power, or doubt that the soul of the man was fired with high purpose and ineluctable honor.

The hair was iron gray, the nose rather too long, the lips a trifle too firmly compressed. But the mouth was sensitive, and the hands, which he occasionally raised to his smooth-shaven chin, were as delicate as those of a master pianist. The man gave an impression of intense sentimentality without softness; one gathered that he was possessed of powerful emotions but that a brain which functioned soundly held those emotions in firm bondage.

The announcer entered the waiting-room and gave vent to a long wail. In the cacophony of sound Peter Borden detected the name of the State's capitol. His face lighted and his small figure seemed singularly alive as he rose and moved swiftly from the waiting-room to the station platform to watch the stream of humanity.

He waited several minutes. There came first traveling salesmen with heavy suitcases and loud voices; then young folks, chattering and happy and eager now that their hot, tiresome trip was ended, and the stream of workmen and of tired mothers with dirty, sticky children . . . and then Peter Borden's keen gray eyes discerned another figure which moved hesitantly in the wake of the crowd, in it but not of it . . . and a queer exultation settled upon him, and with it a tense embarrassment.

There was no mistaking Bob Terry—yet even so, the older man gasped involuntarily at sight of the havoc which prison had wrought. The old man knew that this was his handiwork. It was his own mistaken zealotry which had sent the lad to prison for this crime which he had not committed.

The young man who had gone to the penitentiary three years before had been irrepressibly boyish; a gentle, shy, lovable character; eagerly friendly, inordinately sensitive; responsive instantly to praise or censure; immature, obviously.

It was the same person who slowly mounted the steps to where Peter Borden stood: the same person—utterly different. Peter Borden looked down upon a figure stooped and broken, the splendid young muscles softened by confinement and lack of exercise; the fine unspoiled light of the blue eyes usurped by a suspicious squint.

At the gate they met. The old man, awkward and embarrassed, held out his hand.

"Will you take it, Bob?"

The boy hesitated. His eyes were veiled, concealing the hatred he felt toward this man. Then, slowly, his hand came out, but there was no warmth in the clasp. They stood uncertainly facing one another. Borden was overcome by emotion, and by a great overpowering sorrow—but the lad felt nothing but a fierce, unquenchable anger. Time had treated Borden in kindly fashion; enhancing his patrician dignity, placing an added touch of benignity on the broad forehead.

(Continued on page 58)

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## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 56)

"I am glad you have come, Bob."  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "You received my note?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "I am glad. . . . I did not write much. . . ."  
 "How did you know I would be on this train?"  
 "I have met every train to-day, my boy. And early this morning I telephoned the warden."  
 ". . . Will you come with me?"  
 "Where?"  
 "Home."

Protest was on Bob's lips; fierce protest against this attempt to remedy the irremediable. But he had learned to keep his rebellions to himself; he had been taught to acquiesce without question, and so he merely nodded. After all, events had happened too swiftly for him in the past twenty-four hours. After three years of torturing humdrum, of a world bounded by four stone walls and an iron cage, one could not acclimatize oneself to events which occurred so swiftly. It was difficult even to think: his thought processes were atrophied. And so he fell into step beside the old man and looked down upon the trim black derby and the tailored clothes and the newly shined shoes, and remembered that once he had fancied that he loved this man as he would have loved a father: remembered that, and then recalled that this man had treated him as no father would treat a son, and his heart overflowed with the dammed-up bitterness of three horribly introspective years and he found his hatred becoming more personal and more venomous.

They passed through the gigantic waiting-room and out on to the square before the station, where they entered Borden's car.

There was a terrible restraint between them. Borden was fearful of parading his grief; Terry concealed his hatred beneath the pallor of his prison mask. They rolled down the broad, tree-lined thoroughfare leading from the Terminal to the civic center of the State's metropolis.

Then they turned south on the main traffic artery leading toward the residential section, and here as they slowed down for the traffic lights, dignified and pompous business men greeted Borden from the sidewalks; waved to him with deference and respect. Bob's lips curled. He knew well enough what a power Borden was in that city; he knew that Borden might have saved him from prison three years since. But instead the man had prattled of his duty, and of the fact that this supposed crime had been an offense not against himself but against the State . . . and so Bob Terry had gone to prison because Borden had elected to practise his platitudinous preachments.

They reached the residential section: interlacing streets sentinelled with oaks and maples and poplars; broad sidewalks behind which vast terraced lawns served as settings for lavish homes of varied and attractive architecture. Eventually they swung into a broad driveway and between two avenues of stately poplars, to stop under the porte-cochère of a tremendous home of virgin rock and tapestry brick. Bob Terry remembered his first visit here . . . his awe at the luxury and vastness of the place, his belief that the owner of any such mansion must be an infinitely superior being. But the thought which recurred was that all the while he had been existing in a barred cell with four convicted criminals, Peter Borden had continued to live in this luxury. . . .

Borden led the way to the living-room. Dusk was falling and the huge room was lighted softly by standing lamps. There was an impression of hominess and of comfort in spite of the tremendous size, and Bob Terry lowered his eyes to the Persian rug on which he stood. Time was when he had felt at home here; when the luxury had ceased to dazzle him. Now he was neither at home nor dazzled, but merely bewildered.

They stood quietly for a moment or two, then Peter Borden reached for the young man's old felt hat. He tried also to take from him the queer little Japanese pagoda which Todd Shannon had carved with an old safety razor blade from a bit of red cedar, but Bob refused to relinquish that. It meant something to him. It was the one touch of genuine affection and

undiluted reality left in his marred and misshapen scheme of things.

The door opened and the negro butler entered. His lips were spread in a friendly, uncertain grin.

"Howdye, Mistuh Bob."

Terry raised his eyes. "How are you, Cræsus?"

"Tol'able, thanky, suh: jes' tol'able." The negro faced his employer. "Mistuh Bob's room is all fixed, suh."

There was an awkward silence. It was Bob Terry who spoke.

"What does he mean, Mr. Borden?"

"Simply that your room is ready." Borden cleared his throat and looked away in embarrassment. "It is my hope that you will consent to remain with us—permanently."

### CHAPTER VI

ALONE in his room, Bob Terry seated himself on the edge of the bed and tried to think. In one day he had been swept from bondage to freedom and thence to luxury. The room in which he found himself: a huge corner of the house with four windows looking out on the big garden and the soft breath of early summer playing across the heavy rugs. It was simply and handsomely furnished: black walnut bed and chifforobe and table. There were two small chairs and a huge overstuffed lounging chair behind which stood a reading lamp. At the head of the bed, too, a reading light had been attached, and through an open door Bob glimpsed the marble bathroom with its gleaming mirrors, the deep, inviting tub and the separate shower compartment.

He rose and moved about the room, timidly opening the door of the chifforobe. Hanging neatly were three suits of fine summer woolen. He knew instantly what they were: the best of ready-made clothes bought hastily for him. Curiosity impelled him to don one of the coats. It hung loosely about his stooped shoulders, and he realized with a grimace of distaste that it would have fitted him perfectly three years before. He put the coat back on the hanger and inspected the drawers of the chifforobe. They were filled with new and fine linen: handkerchiefs, underwear, pajamas, shirts, collars and, in one corner of a small drawer, were innumerable pairs of black silk socks. He moved into the glittering bathroom. On a wall hook was a silk dressing-gown and beneath it a pair of slippers. . . . He undressed quickly and shaved, then luxuriated in a bath. But when he dressed, stubborn pride and fierce uncertainty prompted him to don again the threadbare old suit which had waited three years in the prison wardrobe—the suit he had worn through the trial and on the ghastly day when he entered the penitentiary.

He left the room and walked slowly downstairs. His hair was freshly brushed, his pallid face and sunken eyes gave him an expression of reserved dignity. He moved into the vast, softly lighted living-room. Somebody rose to greet him.

After three years of separation he found himself looking again upon Lois Borden.

And now bittersweet memory descended upon him with crushing poignancy. He recalled vividly his worship of other days; a dumb and distant idolatry in which he had been content to accept the firm friendship of this girl, not daring to hint to her that his feeling was any deeper.

It was amazing that he had not thought of her in the last year or two. And even this afternoon his thoughts had not been of Lois. For three æons he had existed in a world in which there were no women except the bedraggled wives and daughters who visited the bedraggled prisoners on Sunday afternoons in the yard of the penitentiary.

She stood for a moment in the revealing glow of the piano lamp; slim, trim figure sheathed in a dress of simple white which clung maddeningly to every curve. She seemed very small, yet he knew that she was taller than her father, and the patrician lines of her father's face were hers also—softened by her intense femininity.

Her hair was brown: a glorious shade of brown which was sometimes black and sometimes sheer

(Continued on page 60)



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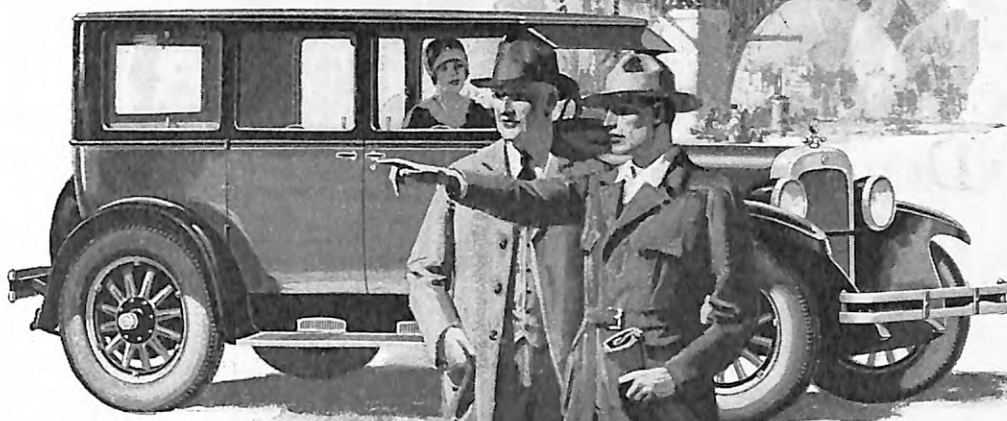
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Indeed, there has never been an equal period in Dodge Brothers history when so many refinements of a popular and fundamental nature have been made.

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 58)

red-gold; and it curled over her forehead and about her ears in tiny tendrils. She stood motionless for a moment, regarding him compassionately. Her eyes were soft with the maternal light and he read instantly the stricken look which came into them as though for the first time she was conscious of the havoc which had been wrought in the young man who three years before had been irrepressibly boyish and gentle and shy. He saw the color drain from her cheeks as she took refuge in action, crossing the room toward him with both hands out-stretched. Her voice was soft and vibrant.

"Bob," she said simply and unaffectedly—"I'm so glad you are here."

He took her hands, because he did not know what else to do—and at the contact strange, forgotten fires thrilled him and hot blood raced through veins which had forgotten the woman touch. The color flooded his cheeks—and he dropped her hands as though they burned.

"Thank you," he murmured.

There was pity in the gaze she bestowed upon him as she led him to the divan and seated herself beside him. He sank deep into the unaccustomed luxury of the upholstery and sat rigid, staring off across the room. She glanced at his profile: all softness had gone. It was a stern, grim profile—granite hard. He seemed more her father's age than her own. And he seemed to have forgotten how to talk. Her own task was immensely difficult.

"You found everything all right in your room."

"Yes ma'am."

"And the clothes. . . .?"

"Yes ma'am."

The tears welled into her eyes and she covered his hand with hers in an impulsive gesture of infinite sorrow. "Oh! Bob—Don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't say ma'am to me. Please. . . . Can't you call me Lois, as you used to do? Can't we take up our friendship where we left off?"

"Yes ma'am—I reckon so."

The grinning countenance of Cræsus was insinuated through the door.

"Dinner's ready, Miss Lois."

She rose and waited for him. They moved together toward the dining-room: she young and lithe and filled with the eager, untrammelled vitality of healthy youth; he moving with tread as measured and regular as the beat of a funeral march; head down, eyes focused on the floor; lips set in a stern straight line. At the door Peter Borden joined them. The eyes of father and daughter met briefly, and the glance which flashed between them established the community of their sorrow and proclaimed their alliance to make up to this man for the evil which had been done.

Peter Borden sat at the head of the table, his daughter opposite. Between them was Bob Terry. He was dazzled by the napery, the gleaming silver, the softness and quietness. There came to him vivid, searing memory of the past three years: the thrice-daily feeding—a marching into a tremendous dining-room where agate plates were already piled high with nourishing but unpalatable food, where men sat on hard little stools and were denied the privilege of speech.

There was little conversation during the meal. Habit was difficult to shake off—and Bob had learned not to talk. Borden and his daughter were awkward and ill at ease.

The situation amazed Bob Terry. Even in the old days he had never aspired to such luxury as this. Occasionally he had been a guest at the house because of his friendship for Lois and also because Borden had made great display of personal interest in the lad. But his manner of living had been modest, as befitted a young man who held a clerkship and hope for the future. Now—

Coffee was served. Cigars and cigarettes were handed to Bob. He selected a cigarette and at Borden's suggestion they adjourned to the soft glow of the living-room and Cræsus brought their coffee.

They smoked in silence. Lois was on the divan and Bob sat next to her. Peter Borden,

sitting opposite, observed them gravely. At length he spoke; his voice uncertain.

"Bob," he said, "I wish to have a talk with you—in Lois's presence."

"Yes, sir."

"Three years ago—" The older man hesitated, then plunged ahead: "Three years ago I was instrumental in sending you to prison for a crime which you did not commit. I do not have to repeat that I was conscientious . . . but now the time has come for me to offer what I can to atone to you for what has happened."

HE PAUSED, evidently waiting for the young man to speak. But Bob was silent, his face set and expressionless.

"I realize, of course," continued Borden, "that time can not be turned backward and that what is done can not be undone. You can not go back to where you were when I made my ghastly mistake. You see, Bob, I thought you were guilty: everybody thought you were. The thing seemed trebly horrible to me because I had been more than an employer to you—in some ways even more than a friend. I had accepted you in my home, permitted a friendship with my daughter. I had grown sincerely to love you. I was planning great things for your future—and to indicate that, I gave you a position of trust.

"Then the embezzlement occurred. Every scrap of evidence pointed to you. You incriminated yourself. I was bitterly disappointed and deeply hurt. And Bob—you probably will never understand this: But when it was suggested that I might refuse to prosecute, I did not consider the idea for a moment. I believe in the State, Bob, and believe in the maintenance of our social fabric. I believed then, and always will believe, that when a crime is committed it is the State which has suffered and not the individual. That happens to be the law, too; but it is also a legal theory which I believe. Therefore it was not the lost money which caused me to prosecute—it was that I did not think I had a moral right to withhold my testimony. You can never understand my attitude—I don't ask you to. I am merely explaining why I did what I did. I am trying to show you that my motives were not petty.

"The past is past—I hope. It is my task now to atone, as far as possible, for the mistake I have made. I realize that prison leaves its mark on a man: I know that the three years you have been there can never be restored. But I am offering to do what I can . . . and I hope you will accept my offer. I am speaking before Lois because she, too, will have a part in it.

Borden paused for a moment, then lighted a cigar. "I wish you to enter my home—permanently—as a member of my family. I wish you to consider that whatever I have is yours. You have only to ask, and I shall give it to you. I am not a wealthy man as wealth is counted these days—but I am far from poor. And so, Bob—there is my offer. My home, my material wealth . . . and surely you should not deprive me of this single opportunity to restore a small portion of what I have taken from you."

The voice of the old man trailed off. And for several minutes nothing was said. Bob's thoughts were chaotic. He had left prison with one idea in mind: one and one only . . . that was to make this man suffer as he had suffered; to sear him with the same brand. Money! What did money mean to this canting old hypocrite? And when Bob spoke, his words came slowly—

"You are inviting me to come into your home, Mr. Borden?"

"Yes."

"Under what conditions?"

Borden's eyebrows arched in surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"What are the conditions under which I would be here? What obligations do I assume?"

"None. Of course."

"You mean that?"

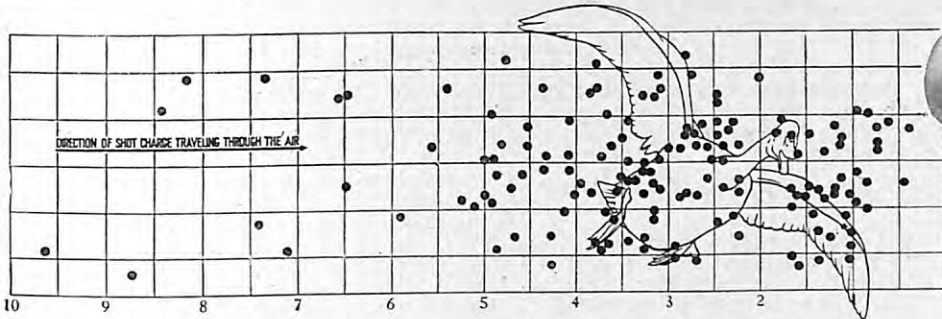
"Positively."

Terry's hatred of the man had not died. Rather, it flamed more hotly for this lavish

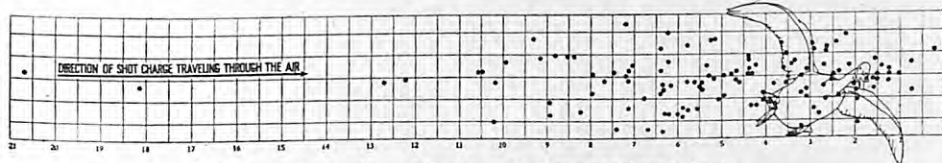
(Continued on page 62)

# Short Shot String

## Now Revealed as the Secret of Super-X Long-Range Killing Power!



Side view of Super-X shot charge traveling through the air, 127 feet from the gun. 129 pellets concentrated within 4.14 feet. Entire shot charge concentrated within 10.08 feet.



Side view of shot charge of ordinary load traveling through the air, 127 feet from the gun. 123 pellets strung out over a distance of 20.43 feet.



### Short Shot String—the Secret of Super-X Long-Range Killing Power

The diagrams above show that Super-X has more pellets concentrated within 4 feet (129) than are found in the entire 20-foot string of the ordinary load (123).

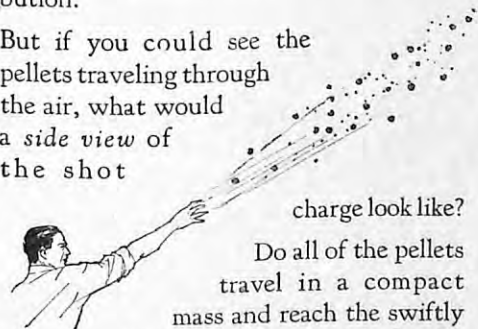
Super-X gives you nearly twice as many effective pellets, particularly at the longer ranges. Better patterns at all ranges. Control of pattern and Shot String extends Super-X killing power 15 to 20 yards beyond the effective range of ordinary loads! Super-X gets the high flyers!

## Western's Amazing Achievement Proves Shotgun Load Effectiveness

The game-getting effectiveness of shotgun shells depends upon a factor you may never have considered!

Heretofore, effectiveness has been very largely judged by *pattern* . . . shooting at a target to see how many pellets hit within a circle, and the evenness of their distribution.

But if you could see the pellets traveling through the air, what would a *side view* of the shot



charge look like?

Do all of the pellets travel in a compact mass and reach the swiftly moving bird at practically the same instant? Or do they *string out* along the line of flight like a handful of pebbles thrown at an object, some *trailing* far behind?

### String Shot Mastered by Western

Realizing that this important factor could no longer be left to chance, WESTERN developed a machine that *measures* Shot String! It registers the exact position of each pellet in the air, at various ranges!

With this patented machine, the only one of its kind, WESTERN is now able to determine the exact number of pellets actually effective during the flash of a second required for the bird in flight to pass through the path of the shot charge.

Amazing Shot String tests prove that the shot charge of the ordinary load *does* string out as much as 20 feet! Often more!

Having proved this, WESTERN began experimenting to control Shot String through the use of progressive burning powder and successfully developed the famous Super-X shell with its *Short Shot String*—the greatest development in shotgun ballistics in 30 years!

### The Greatest Shell of All

In Super-X, progressive burning powder, scientifically loaded with the aid of the Shot String machine, enables WESTERN to secure high velocity, better patterns and *Short Shot String*.

Super-X was the first shell loaded with progressive burning powder (an original WESTERN development) and, though extensively imitated, it remains today the outstanding long-range load.

Most of the important improvements in ammunition in recent years have been made by WESTERN. The *Field* shell, *Super-X* and recently *Xpert*, a quality load at a popular price. Also the *Lubaloy* non-fouling bullet, *Open-point Expanding*, the *Marksman .22 Long Rifle*, *.38 S. & W. Special*, and others. World's Champion Ammunition. Send for literature.

### Write for the Story of Super-X Short Shot String

You'll be interested in all the details of Super-X Short Shot String. Write for illustrated literature and booklets describing other exclusive WESTERN achievements.



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# Western

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## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 60)

AT the first taste of Beech-Nut Chewing Gum you notice that the flavor is particularly *delicious*; after you've chewed it a while, you realize that the flavor *lasts* particularly well. Try the popular flavors—Wintergreen, Spearmint, Licorice and Fruit Gums. Only 5c.



## Beech-Nut Gum

IT'S the pleasantest habit—now and again to slip one of these Fruit Drops into the mouth. Sweet, refreshing Beech-Nut Fruit Drops taste delicious, have *natural* flavors. Only 5c a package—Orange, Lime and Lemon. Very handy to carry.



## Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

display of generosity. He was seeing through a glass darkly, and the horrors of prison were yet too close.

His dull eyes swept the luxurious room. They came to rest eventually on the slender figure of Lois Borden. Lois the nurtured and sheltered, Lois the soft, luxurious daughter of an indulgent father; Lois, the girl whom once Bob had worshiped. He questioned Borden again with a queer, tenacious look.

"There would be no restrictions whatsoever?"

"None."

Bob Terry's eyes rested on Lois Borden's face. Her eyes were compelled to his. Hers were a soft and misty brown; his—once blue—were now the color of granite.

It was a prolonged, mesmeric stare. And Bob Terry gave his answer without looking away from the face of the girl.

"I accept, sir."

### CHAPTER VII

THE man's reputation sat oddly upon his narrow shoulders. He was short and thin and his face was sharp beneath straggly hair which was never quite smoothly brushed. He appeared to be a clerk—and only in that capacity not out of place in the luxuriously furnished office on the door of which was the single word—Private.

Yet this was John Carmody's office, and Carmody was the sharp-faced man at the desk who deliberated with punctilious care between two brands of perfumed cigarettes. He was dressed with a plainness amounting almost to severity, which accentuated his generously negative personality.

His private office occupied a corner of the fourteenth floor of the First National Bank Building and between it and the hall were other offices: those of hiring lawyers who attended to routine work for him, and of law clerks and of many stenographers and typists and filing clerks. One did not gain an audience with John Carmody easily—and never unless he desired it. There were many who tried to blast through—and always without success. There was frigid austerity for the timid and, if necessary, brute force for any who might harbor a deep personal animosity against the acrid man in the corner room.

John Carmody had enemies: powerful ones, or, to be an enemy of Carmody, one must be powerful. Ostensibly the man was merely an amazingly successful practitioner in the field of criminal law; actually he was an omniscient power in city, county and state politics, with a finger firm on the pulse of the underworld and the proletariat.

Personally, he cared nothing for the political limelight. He never sought office and would have refused it had it been thrust upon him. But it pleased him—and was of inestimable personal benefit—to control those who did hold office. It is difficult to over-stimate the value of knowing in advance just who will be on the jury in a vitally important case; it is of absorbing interest to a criminal lawyer to know exactly who the real criminals are—so that at times these men seek his services defensively, merely to close lips that might otherwise be used to assist the district attorney.

That was John Carmody: a rapier brain behind innocuous mask of bland friendliness; a master player moving his chessmen about the vast board of the State; a person who knew to the tiniest fractional part of an inch what he could and should do—and what had best be left undone. It pleased him to earn the worship of the criminal world. They furnished him with an adequate practise, but more particularly they held tiny bits of information which could be woven prettily into the warp and woof of information texture which enabled him to invest his personal fortune soundly and successfully.

Only the very honest dared express hatred of John Carmody. If they snubbed him, that was their business and immensely amusing to him. They did not have the power to blacklist him from the city's exclusive clubs, nor to debar him from the best social circles. Socially, he was considerably of a lion. Men responded in spite

of themselves to the sheer power of the man, and women. . . .

Only one or two of Carmody's most intimate friends—and none of his enemies—knew of the chink in the man's armor. They regarded him as inhuman, bereft of any distinctly masculine emotion; yet beneath the retiring exterior were veins in which red blood coursed hotly—so hotly indeed that on more than one occasion, it had come near to betraying the man. Where women were concerned he was not always bland and suave—and never negative. It was that which had sent Todd Shannon to jail. Carmody could have picked his own jury in that trial; and would have, had it not been that he learned of Kathleen's intention to come into his employ. With Kathleen as his private secretary, he considered it more profitable to his own interests for Todd to be in prison—and so to prison Todd went; he and his niece filled with admiration for the heroic efforts of this great man on Todd's behalf . . . and himself with a free hand to do as best he could with the girl.

For years she had baffled him. He knew that she worshiped his power and his ability. Her admiration of his accomplishments showed in every look and gesture . . . yet in all the years of office intimacy he had never pierced the veil of personal reserve. He was farther away from the girl now than he had been when Todd Shannon first went to prison, and he had been too adroit, too much the master strategist, to risk disaster by one grand false move. He had never succeeded in convincing her that he was a mortal man and not a demigod . . . and flesh-and-blood women do not fall in love with gods.

The door opened and a man entered. He was a tremendous figure—oddly picturesque. Officially, he was John Carmody's collection agent. Actually, he was Carmody's man Friday.

His more-than-six-feet-of height bulked against the panels of the walnut door: broad and forbidding. The head, magnificently formed, was almost hairless and it glistened in the glare of the morning sunlight which streamed in through the east window. The jaw was that of a professional pugilist, the walk that of an over-muscled wrestler. But when he spoke, his voice came with a sense of shock.

The man whispered!

There were some who yet thought that Willie Weaver's whispering was an affectation rather than an affection. The thin, whistly syllables came queerly from the broad, firm mouth; they were startlingly at variance with the herculean figure and the cold, level eyes. Whispering Willie Weaver! A man and a fighter. A physical bulwark between John Carmody's frailness and bodily danger. Not that Carmody was lacking in courage—but he did lack in strength, and that Willie Weaver supplied.

And now the whispering voice sighed through the room as the giant extended a newspaper.

"Seen this, John?"

Carmody glanced at the headlines and smiled. "Bob Terry?"

"Yes—and no." The whispering seemed sinister. "I mean where he's gone."

"Ah! You don't mean—?"

"Yeh. First edition of the evening paper says he's going to be temporarily at the home of Peter Borden, the iron magnate. Iron magnate! Get that?"

"Foolish old man, isn't he?" queried Carmody gently.

"Damn fool: that's what. Busted the kid in the first place because he didn't have a lick of sense—and now takes him right spang into his house. Never did trust Borden—"

"Too honest, Willie. I never trust a man who is too honest."

"Yeh." The whisper filled the room. "Now this kid is sore at him—I got that from Todd Shannon, and him and Todd having been buddies. . . ."

"He'll come to me. That's understood. Be very nice to the lad, Willie."

"Yes, sir. And now—"

"That's all, Willie. Run along."

The huge figure hesitated—then turned and departed. Carmody smiled after him. Then, alone again, he rose and crossed to a mirror

(Continued on page 64)





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The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.*



## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 62)



Even the word, Button, begins with a but. Buttons on old-fashioned underwear were necessary but bothersome; important in dressing but equally annoying: occasionally complete but usually cracked, broken or missing. They had a but for every button. The

## HATCHWAY NO-BUTTON UNION SUIT

eliminates every objection you ever found in one of the old-fashioned garments. It is designed and patented without a single button anywhere in its entire construction. It cannot pull, bind or chafe. It cannot cost you a penny or a minute in the upkeep of expensive repairs. It cannot give you anything but a comfort and satisfaction you have never believed possible.

HATCHWAY is made to please every taste. To suit every pocketbook. Medium or heavy, in cotton, wool, worsted or mercerized fabrics. Most good dealers sell HATCHWAY UNION SUITS. But if you have the slightest difficulty getting exactly what you want, we will gladly see you are supplied, *delivery free*, anywhere in the United States.

### Men's Suits

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In ordering, please write, stating size and enclosing check or money order, direct to our mill at Albany. A beautiful catalogue illustrating the complete line of HATCHWAY UNION SUITS in both winter and summer weights sent free on request.

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which hung on the wall. He smiled thinly at the meek, guileless countenance reflected. He smoothed his scarf and adjusted the modest sapphire pin. He fumbled with a handkerchief and rearranged it in the breast pocket of his coat so that the very tip showed. Then he returned to his desk and pressed the buzzer.

Kathleen Shannon entered, and Carmody's eyes flickered. He had never quite become used to the magic of her nearness—to the knowledge that a touch of his delicate finger on the buzzer would bring her to him.

He looked at her now: the one thing in the world which he wanted most and which was most unattainable—firm and straight and exquisitely feminine; hair and eyes midnight, cheeks and throat of white satin . . . lithe, eager, vibrant. A woman intensely physical, whereas he was merely an intellect.

SHE moved quietly and efficiently across the room and seated herself at his desk—enticingly close; insulting unconscious of his nearness. Accustomed as he was to the impersonality of her attitude, it never failed to stab him. Her voice; cool, self-possessed, casual—

"Ready, sir."

He shook himself together. "Not to-day, Kathleen. I want to talk with you."

"Yes, sir." She looked up and smiled; patently pleased by his interest—totally unsuspecting of his deeper feelings.

"Bob Terry's out of the penitentiary, Kathleen."

"Uncle Todd's buddy?"

"Yes. You know the story, of course?"

"Yes. The Borden affair. Embezzlement, wasn't it?"

"Embezzlement. And they just discovered his innocence. He's served three years. Think of that . . . for an innocent boy. It's hard enough for the guilty—"

She half closed her eyes. "Uncle Todd is very fond of him. He has written me . . . and once when I visited the prison he pointed Terry out. He reminded me of—of—well, you've seen a fine actor playing *Hamlet*, haven't you? Like that. Walking around the prison yard by himself—and not quite understanding what it was all about. I've never forgotten."

"You are quite sorry for him, then?"

"Horribly. It is ghastly the way he's been treated. Because you know, Mr. Carmody, that they're not going to make it easy for him."

"Oh! but they are. I understand Peter Borden has taken the young man into his home."

She grimaced with distaste. "That conscientious old idiot! He *would* do just that sort of thing. Salving his own conscience with a gesture. Well, if Terry is what I imagine from what Uncle Todd said—"

"He won't stand it long, eh?"

"That's it, sir."

"Just what I think. And then he'll be pretty well on his uppers." Carmody had never appeared more benign. "I've always felt queer about Todd Shannon, Kathleen. As though I hadn't done everything possible for him. I'm anxious to make up for it with any friend of his . . . and I know enough, through my practise, to understand what this boy has been through and just about what's ahead of him. Unless I'm all wrong, he's an innocent man with a criminal psychology. Even his own hand is against him. Now, you are not squeamish—"

She flushed. "You mean my uncle is a convict?"

"No. Please, Kathleen—I mean that you know a great deal about me: more than I would care to have most persons know. You know that my code of ethics is not what some men might admit. You know that I control some judges, some juries and a great many individuals. You know that I have never attempted to conceal this from you . . . it wouldn't have been possible, for one thing, and for another—"

"Don't go over that again, Mr. Carmody. I've been rather bewildered, anyway. But I give you credit for feeling as I do: understanding criminals, seeing the human side of their weakness—and being sorry. God knows Uncle Todd's experience has taught me charity, and because I'm his niece, I've learned the rest of the

bitter lesson . . . that to some people in this town I am merely the mece of a convict!"

"And that is just about what this boy Terry is going up against. Three years in the State penitentiary! If you have felt what you have because your uncle has been—weak; think of what life will be for this lad. I like you, Kathleen—" The man's hand trembled briefly—"And I am fond of Todd." There are ramifications in this business of mine where a man of Bob Terry's peculiar experience and psychological twist might prove useful. I'm frank, am I not?—I can use Terry if he wishes me to."

"You don't mean—?"

"Dishonestly? Certainly not. Dishonest men are very easily obtained. They're all around me: men who have been in prison and men who should be. I have use for a young man who is honest and bitter and appreciative of a helping hand. I wish to meet him when he comes to see you."

She looked up in surprise. "Comes to see me?"

"Of course he will. He and Todd Shannon were cellmates and buddies. The boy had no other friend in prison. Todd is bound to have sent him to you."

The girl nodded slowly. She had seen Bob Terry once: a lone, boyish, melancholy figure glooming around the prison yard on a Sunday afternoon. And, save for his deep sentimental interest in her—she knew John Carmody better than he believed. She knew the ruthlessness behind his suavity; the lengths to which what he was pleased to term his "elastic code of ethics" would stretch—and the selfishness which blended so grotesquely with his humaneness. But she knew also what Bob Terry was to face . . . and because it seemed the lesser of evils for the young man she nodded doubtful assent.

"If he wishes to meet you—"

"Make him. Frankly, I'd like Terry to like me. I'd like him to want to be in my employ. You can work that for me. Am I sufficiently frank?"

"Yes. But if he doesn't look me up—?"

"He will. I'm sure of that. And I'm quite interested in him."

"I noticed—"

Carmody gestured suavely. "Selfishly," he finished in a manner which conveyed very clearly that the interest was not at all selfish.

The girl remained motionless, waiting for him to speak again. And for several minutes he sat regarding her. Her profile, limned against the morning sun; the tendrils of raven hair which caressed her cheeks. . . . The telephone buzzer on his desk sounded.

Kathleen placed her hand on the instrument. "Shall I answer, sir?"

The tension was relieved. Kathleen spoke briefly into the transmitter, then turned to her employer.

"Your wife is on the phone, sir."

### CHAPTER VIII

BOB TERRY quivered under the icy shower, his flesh pinking beneath the spray. Then he turned off the water, shrouded himself in a Turkish towel and proceeded to rub down briskly.

There was a light tap on Bob's door as he stepped into his dressing-gown, and almost instantly Cræsus entered bearing aloft a tray on which a toothsome breakfast steamed: savory coffee, fresh cream, strawberries, crumbly toast and bacon which was wafer-thin.

"Heah's yo' mawnin' reepast, Mistuh Terry, suh—an' Miss Lois express the wish that you is entirely fine."

"Thanks, Cræsus."

"Ev'yt'ing heah pretty good, suh. Cook, she say she craves to look fo' a gemmun like you which 'preciates her pulmonary art. Says ain't nobody heah got the appetite you has."

"Thank you."

The black head bobbed, split into a golden grin, and withdrew. Bob drew up a chair and seated himself at the table. It was a far cry to the prison cell; yet the luxury of the past three

(Continued on page 66)



# Only One Way You Can Get This Remarkable Pen

## You must try it FIVE days before you can keep it!

Made of exactly the same materials as pens usually selling from \$7 to \$10

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Actual Size Men's Model

Only Way to Get It: "Buy through One Who Owns One"—or Mail Coupon Below

You Can See Right Through This Pen



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- And Remember*—The materials and workmanship are guaranteed equal or superior to those found in other pens usually selling at three to four times the Postal price.

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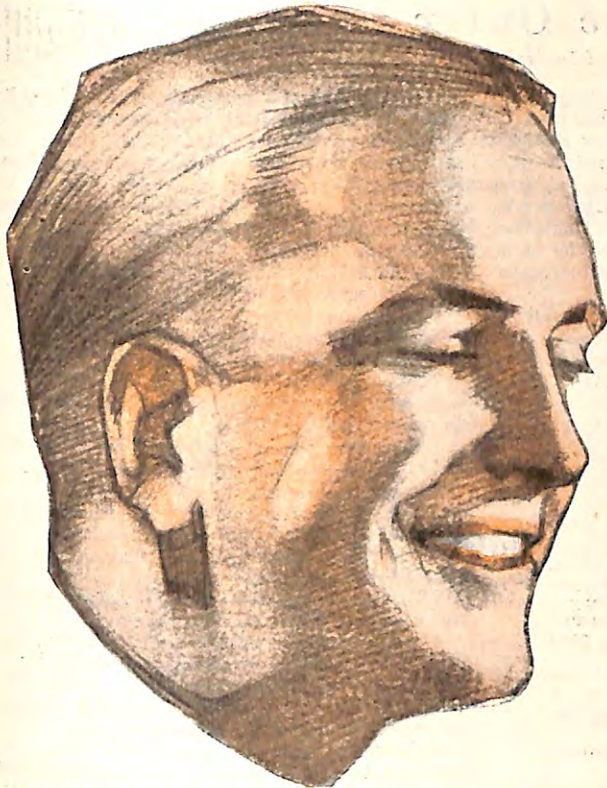
Postal Pen Co., Inc., Desk 130, 41 Park Row, New York City  
Please send me one Postal Reservoir Pen, and five special Premium Postcards which I may give away or dispose of at 50c each. I will pay postman \$2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 5 days' use I desire to return the Postal Pen, you agree to refund purchase price. Send me the model I have checked.

Name .....

Address .....

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*If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with Coupon.*



THE man who invented this amazing pen consented to let us sell it only under one condition—that we work out a plan whereby the price would be within the reach of everyone, instead of selling it at \$7.00 to \$10.00.

And so we decided to eliminate all jobbing, sales, retailing and other in-between costs, and let Uncle Sam do our selling for us—through the United States mails. The result is—our truly amazing \$2.50 price and a "proof-first" selling method that is being endorsed by thousands of new purchasers every week.

And the Postal contains advantages and great improvements found in no other fountain pen at any price.

## The Pen That Says "Fill Me Up!" When Empty

The POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN (named POSTAL because it is sold by mail only) is transparent. You can always see when it needs filling. You'll never again have to guess whether or not your pen will write. It is self-filling—employs an entirely new method—the easiest ever devised. Holds three times more ink than ordinary self-filling pens. Manufactured from same materials as used in high-priced pens. Never before have so many improvements and refinements been combined in a single, handsome, smooth-writing, never-clogging pen that you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

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# Postal RESERVOIR PEN

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# BUCK JACK

made by the makers of  
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# BUCK SKEIN SHIRTS & JACKETS

\$5 to \$8.50  
depending on quality  
of material.  
100% Wool



**T**HE husky young pardner of old reliable and only original Buck Skein. Something like a sweater, something like a shirt, something like a coat, yet warmer than any of them, less expensive, and BETTER than all.

Sink your fingers in Buck Jack's soft, fleecy wool. You'll understand why the sharp tooth of Winter can't bite through the stout, all-wool flannel.

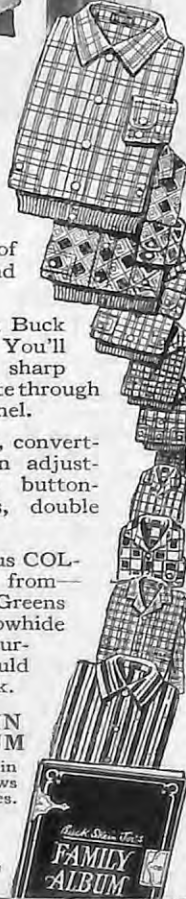
See the springy belt, convertible collar, two-button adjustable cuffs, over-size button-through flap pockets, double seams for strength.

And see the marvelous COLORS you may choose from—Gulf Blues—Emerald Greens—Firebrand Reds—Cowhide Yellows—Sagebrush Purples—Colors that would make a blind man blink.

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Tells the whole story in colored pictures. Shows various styles and prices. Send the coupon—today.

*Buck Skein Joe*



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Mail me, please, a copy of your "Family Album" folder, showing Buck Jacks priced from \$5 to \$8.50; and showing the Buck Skein Shirt at \$4 and Buck Skein Jacket at \$6.50.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 64)

days had been like gall and wormwood. This was no more his sphere than prison had been.

He understood that this was Peter Borden's gesture of amends. But it was not in Bob Terry's power to forgive or forget. For three torturing, never-ending years he had nurtured a hatred of this man, had developed a single consuming passion that Borden must suffer as he had suffered, and Borden's kindness had accentuated that desire.

Half-way through breakfast Bob espied an envelope on his tray. It was addressed in the fine, small handwriting of Peter Borden. His lips twisted into a sneer as he handled it. It was a large envelope quite full. And finally, with a gesture of disgust, the young man ripped it open.

Inside was a letter and a thin book. He opened the letter—

DEAR BOB:

This will explain the card I asked you to sign yesterday. I have opened a small bank account in your name. When your balance is exhausted, you have only to ask for more. I hope you have already taken my suggestion that you acquire a complete outfit of good clothes.

Anything which I have and you desire—you have only to request. I trust that you will believe I mean this.

Sincerely,  
PETER BORDEN.

The original entry in the bank-book was five thousand dollars. First cash payment on the three years! The note, the lavish gift, the luxurious room in the handsome home, the exclusive neighborhood and the garden of radiant flowers and stately elms and poplars, excited only loathing in Bob Terry's breast. Why, Borden was trying to atone for something he didn't even understand. He was doing a great unkindness in thus depriving Bob of the necessity for work. It was small satisfaction to Terry that Borden was sharing luxury with him. He wanted to see the man suffer as he had suffered: he wanted to see the light of despair—and of helplessness—in his eyes. Instead of being dazzled by this fairyland of luxury—Bob hated it.

He didn't belong. He never had belonged—and he knew that he never would belong.

It was then that he decided to seek Todd Shannon's niece. It wasn't that he cared at all about meeting the girl, but her relationship with Todd promised that she would be a person to whom he could talk. . . .

He dressed hurriedly, donning one of the suits which had been waiting in his room when he arrived from prison. He moved down the stairs with the measured tread of the prison, looking neither to right nor left. And as he stepped on to the veranda, Lois Borden rose and came toward him.

"Going out, Bob?"

He did not meet her eyes. "Yes."

"Be home to lunch?"

"No ma'am."

She flinched under the "ma'am."

"You don't stay around much?"

"No ma'am."

"I thought—perhaps—you might care to talk to me sometimes."

His sunken, steely eyes raised briefly, tragically, to hers—and were shifted immediately.

"I don't talk much."

A great pity welled within her. She stepped close and dropped her hand lightly on his sleeve. "I understand, Bob. And anything I can do—at any time . . ."

"Thank you ma'am," he responded gruffly, and strode off down the driveway.

She stood alone on the veranda, staring after him. Her vision was slightly obscured by a mist as she watched his stooped shoulders—and the suit which would have fitted him three years before, but which sagged grotesquely now.

Bob walked toward the center of the city, less than two miles distant. He wanted to rid his mind of Lois before he met any one else. Lois annoyed him. He hated the fact that she was Peter Borden's daughter. He loathed her pity. But he liked her—and he didn't want to like anybody who was close to Borden. He desired no dilution of his hatred.

But he knew that the slim girl was genuinely sorry for him. Damn it! so was her father. Peter Borden was always conscientious. He had been conscientious when he testified against Bob Terry at the embezzlement trial and had sent him to prison on the damning strength of his testimony. It never occurred to Bob that the old man was suffering torture now in the revealing knowledge of the havoc wrought by his conscientiousness.

Bob Terry thought only two things as his feet beat evenly on the pavement. One was that he hated Peter Borden.

The other was that he wished he did not respond so instinctively to the eager friendliness of Lois. And he wished—Oh God! how he wished—that she would stop being sorry for him.

(To be continued)

## Backfire

(Continued from page 27)

operative on Skellet's head and left him squirming, even in his security. . . .

At frequent intervals a truck flew into Twin Lakes at night, stopped at Thirty-seven, discharged its load and sped away. Patrons of the place knew it and talked, and the talk spread until Wells had to raid again. . . . A futile gesture.

Old Bob grinned at that raid, briefly; he had little time to smile, now. Still rain held off and his job was bearing down on the old shoulders. A man can not organize fire fighters by night and chase smoke by day for weeks without admitting strain. . . . Blackburn was enthusiastic in aiding Bob. A dozen times he sent in fire calls; twice again the old man detected that deep-seated fear of fire in the dive keeper.

Having welcome access to his place, he learned more of Blackburn. He saw the man pick up bits of ice and curse the boy who lugged it in for waste; he heard him snap at a bartender for breaking a glass. Oh, yes; a dollar squeezer. . . . And a dollar squeezer who neglected to repair two of his pool tables, though the other two were in constant use. This unserviceable pair stood at the end of the room, rails barren of rubber, cloths torn and faded. . . . And an odd thing; a padlock beneath the rail of a pool table, Bob thought. He discovered it when he stooped for a splinter to whittle as he talked fire with Blackburn and peered through a south window explaining the menace that the slash made

for the establishment . . . and saw sweat break out on the man's brow.

But what to do?

The chief fire warden dropped in and Bob spoke gravely of those morning fires, the constant menace of drunken men and dry slash.

"Too bad somebody don't touch the dump off," growled the chief.

Bob shook his head. "No good. That'd only be one bird with a stone. He'd build again. When you throw your rock you got to get both birds."

"Can't you do that, Bob?"

"Me?" He jerked his head up in evident surprise. "I'm only a warden. A lot of folks have tried to get him legal-like and with all this progress extry-legal means ain't pop'lar. No, my job's keepin' down fires."

Yes, that; and because of it the first feeling of desperation he had ever experienced took root in his heart. High, hot winds lashed the drouth tortured country and what with the whole county doing its best to burn up old Bob would have had his hands full without the grist of early morning fires which daily could be traced directly to Blackburn's influence. He knew, in those days, what panic was.

A new brace of federal enforcement officers appeared and consulted with McIver . . . or tried to.

"My job's fightin' fire," he said grimly, staring into their faces with his smoke reddened

eyes. "I got no time for booze. But if we don't get rain or if you fellers don't get Blackburn my whole county's going to burn off. Still, now. . . ." He spat and looked them over more calmly. "Come in and set a while," he said, and led the way into his weather-beaten little house.

IT WAS three nights later. In the dance hall at Thirty-seven the jazz band thumped and moaned; the saloon was jammed with men and had the din there been less the purr of roulette balls might have been heard from above. An uneasy south wind sobbed through the slash and whistled drily about the cornices of the buildings.

The fire broke so suddenly that none had warning until old Bob brought his car to a skidding stop before the saloon and ran into the building. Blackburn himself was standing at the door end of the bar and turned with his evil deliberation to the sound of hurried steps.

"Hell to pay!" he growled, reaching for the telephone. "Look!"

He gestured through the south windows and even through the glare of interior lights Blackburn caught the red reflection of flames on the panes. He walked briskly to the rear, took one look at the angry smear on the sky and returned at a run.

"What's to be done if—"  
"Hello, Mac!" the warden called, gesturing for silence. "Hot one mile south of Thirty-seven, and comin' fast. Get tools and teams down the old right-of-way and we'll try to hold it. I'll backfire if she breaks past you. How many men you got in the shanty? . . . Good! . . . On th' run!"

He called a number in town.  
"Hello; hello, Davis!" But all he said to this man was: "Send 'em runnin'!"

Blackburn was breathing through his mouth. "What can I do, warden?" he croaked.

Bob took him by the elbow and led him outside.

"Listen, Blackburn: if you want to take th' outside chance of saving this outfit, you throw in with me. You got a hundred-fifty able bodied men here and most of 'em are sober enough. . . ." He made his plan swiftly and Blackburn bounded into the saloon, mounting the bar.

Then, for certain, one could hear the purr of balls above, the place grew that silent.

"Fire coming!" he said hoarsely and licked his lips. In his right hand was a revolver. "Every man here's going to turn out to fight it. Don't one of you try to hedge!" He twitched the gun significantly and McIver, biting hard on his quid, saw one of the lank legs tremble as the knee gave. "Come here, Baldy."

The bartender addressed moved forward.

"Take your gat and hold 'em here. If any man tries to leave, shoot and I'll see you through!"

With that, Blackburn dropped to the floor, ran outside and into the dance hall. The music broke short and all eyes turned toward the platform where a pasty-faced man, gun in hand, stood, and ears caught the tremor of panic in his voice.

"Fire coming!" he said and swallowed as a frightened man will. "We've got to stop it! Every man's going to help! I don't want a foot set outside until I give the word. Now, you with cars, step up here. . . ."

And so, smoothly, rapidly, old Bob's plan worked.

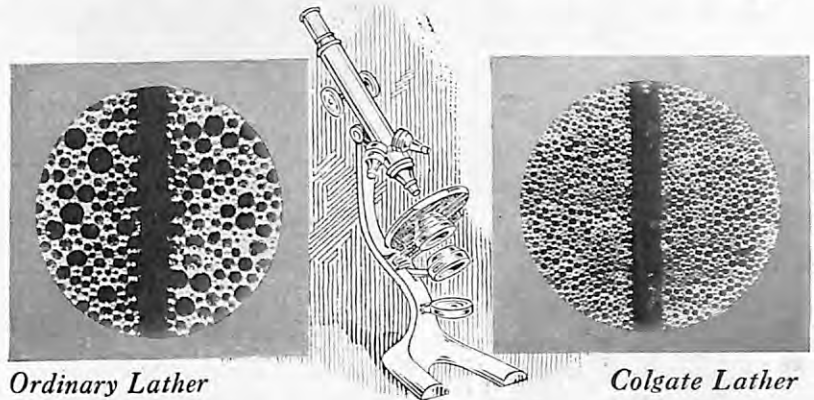
Within twenty minutes cars were trailing away, out into the slash, following twisting trails to the old railroad bed toward which the muttering flames leaped, sending out banners of smoke and sparks. Teams came from another direction and a truck, laden with shovels and buckets. Fire bosses from logging camps tolled off crews. It worked . . . so smoothly.

And back at Thirty-seven old Bob watched from the telephone where he sent more calls for help, as Blackburn ransacked his own place. He held the pistol in his hand as he emptied tills. He muttered and glanced repeatedly through the rear windows where the glare of racing fire showed ever brighter. His patrons, his help were gone; only one remained and he burst through the doorway, wide-eyed.

"Ready?" Blackburn croaked, coughing from the hot smoke.

"Jake! Backed up to the door. . . ."  
(Continued on page 68)

# Look through the lens of this microscope



Ordinary Lather

Colgate Lather

See how this lather softens your beard at the base, where the razor does its work

MOST shaving lathers look alike to the naked eye. But see what a remarkable difference there is under the lens of a powerful microscope.

Notice the fine, closely knit texture of Colgate lather. Notice how compact it is — how close these tiny bubbles nestle to the hair.

And then compare it with the coarse texture of the other lather. Those large-size bubbles you see are filled with air. They make fewer points of water-contact with the base of the hair.

And remember, *water*, not shaving cream, is the real beard-softener.

In Colgate lather the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows. This means two distinct advantages: (1) Smaller bubbles hold more water and much less air; (2) they penetrate right



down to the base of each tiny hair.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the film of oil that covers each hair in the beard.

Quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down to the base, where the razor does its work.

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Four out of five of your friends past forty, and many younger, succumbed to the assault of grim pyorrhoea. And carelessness alone is to blame.

Resolve today to remove pyorrhoea's menace by brushing teeth and gums regularly night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

Forhan's keeps pyorrhoea away or checks its course if used regularly and used in time. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhoea Liquid which dentists use to fight pyorrhoea.

It is a pleasant tasting dentifrice the entire family likes. It firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It cleanses the teeth thoroughly and gives them that sparkling whiteness which is such an asset to your smile.

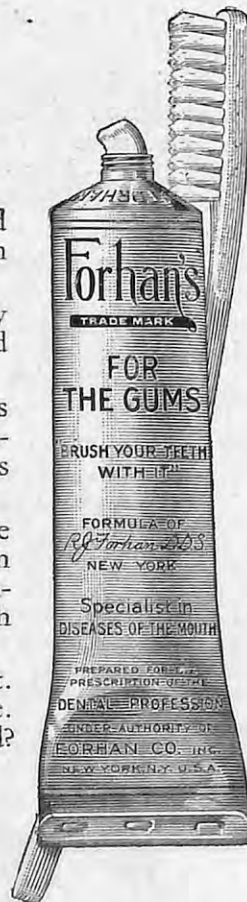
Remember, four out of five is pyorrhoea's count. Delay may mean no end of trouble and expense. Why not start today with Forhan's as a safeguard? At all druggists 35c and 60c in tubes.

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# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



## Backfire

(Continued from page 67)

From the tail of his eye Bob saw a truck outside.

"Come on then; snap into it!"

That was Blackburn, shoving the pistol into the waist of his pants and bringing out a key. He thrust it into the padlock beneath the rail of a disused pool table and, with the man's help, slid back the top.

McIver waited until he saw them lift out boxes from the space thus revealed. Then he walked to the highway and spat deliberately as he felt, even at that distance, the menacing heat of wild fire. Far down the road, a blur in the smoke, came a file of automobile headlights. As the first roared close he flagged it down. Men spilled out, burdened with chemical fire extinguishers, hand pumpers, buckets. He sent the car away from the line of advancing flames as another, similarly laden, halted.

The wind abated momentarily; the draft of the fire sent the smoke high and let light through to fall on the faces pressing about Bob. They were excited, eager faces. But two, close beside him, were calm to a degree and when Bob jerked his head ever so slightly they followed his indicating gesture.

"We're a-goin' to string out down-wind," the warden said casually. "Yonder's half a mile of slash and if it burns ten-twelve farms are in danger. It's bound to lick th' boys on the right-of-way but we'll backfire from th' highway, here, and it'll be up to you to get down the wind and cool off the hot spots the backfire throws over. We don't aim to lose no farm buildings out of this."

One of the calm men—a stranger to the rest—spoke:

"Better take the truck, warden?"

HE NODDED toward the saloon where Blackburn and his helper worked desperately, running from pool tables to entrance, bearing boxes.

"Might," said Bob. "Might try. . . ."

The stranger and his companion moved away. None of the others noticed much. They pressed closer, Manwaring, the banker, McBride, the minister, Scoville, the mayor, Thornton, chairman of the Board of Supervisors: solid citizens, vertebrae in the backbone of the community, ready to work with their hands to help save it.

Calmly, Bob divided them into squads; some to truck water; some to refill chemical tanks; appointed lieutenants and gave suggestions for detailed work.

From the entrance of the saloon came a crackling oath and then Blackburn, running into the highway, called out:

"McIver! Warden! Where's the old man?"

He shouldered through the group to confront Bob.

"Tell 'em to lay off my truck!" he croaked. "There's plenty others, warden! I got to get my stuff out. Four thousand dollars' worth, I got here, and it means three times that, over the bar. . . . God, man, I can't afford to lose that!"

McIver spat. "What's this?" he asked evenly. "What you talkin' about, three times four thousand over the bar?"

"My stuff! Hell, man, I got four thousand cash tied up in that. It'll only take a few minutes—"

"You mean, you want to move your booze out of danger?"

"That's it. I got it most loaded now and—"

"All right, Bob! It's shoved in his belt!"

Quick arms had Blackburn from behind as the tall stranger spoke. Old Bob reached out quickly and jerked the pistol from its handy place against Blackburn's flat belly.

"What th' hell's this?" the man screamed, writhing to get a look at his captor.

"Well, you're pinched, for one thing," the other stranger said, and a circle of steel slipped over Blackburn's wrist. "And if the warden will give us one moment, now." He turned to that circle of reputable men about him. "The We take no chances. I want the names of twenty. You've heard him incriminate himself. This is . . . er, federal business."

He flipped back his coat to show the badge of authority.

Little more than a minute, did it take. Then handcuffed, screaming curses, Blackburn was hoisted to his truck and with the federal operatives, driven off toward town, his contraband piled behind the cab and his own words of confession ringing in his ears. . . .

Old Bob stood before his two-score helpers, a red gasoline can in his hands.

"It'll be hot," he said. "Sparks'll blow far. Scatter, now, and remember that every little fire's just itchin' to be a big one. . . ."

He advanced to the saloon steps and sloshed gasoline over the floor. He dropped a lighted match and backed away. In the dance hall he repeated the rite—for it was a rite—and then down the row of shacks from which girls ran in hysteria.

The flimsy buildings melted. Slash behind them ignited and flames crept into the wind to meet that front of fire which had conquered the fighters on the old grade. These men came running out and Bob, with his aides, sent them into the slash north of the highway to beat out brands that fell there. Here and there fire took alarming hold but men and apparatus were on hand in quantities and at dawn, while Thirty-seven and a mile of slash to the southward was a black, smoking ruin the country to the north of the road bore only a few small scars. Fire had not endangered farms; less than five hundred acres had burned.

That is what old Bob told his chief when the man went over the charred chopping with him the following week.

"Less'n five hunderd," he said, with a bit of pride.

"Not counting the whole section, you got: Thirty-seven."

"No, not countin' it . . . much." There seemed to be something like a twinkle in his eye.

"Cheap!" his superior laughed. "The whole county'd have burned if he'd stayed in business."

"Yeah; I had that in my head, too."

For a time the car rattled along and neither spoke.

"Suppose anybody'll make a case against your prosecutor, Skellet?" the chief finally asked.

"Blackburn's dyin' to tell how he fixed your county machine."

"Don't make much difference what happens to any one man, does it?" Bob countered.

"County was goin' to hell; now it's snatched from th' burnin', might say. Decent folks 've got th' inside information. Mebby Blackburn couldn't make a case . . . in court. Anyhow, extry-legal action's always quickest. They'll put Blackburn so far over th' road he won't talk th' same language. Skellet ain't got a political leg left. Seems like we was right back where we was before all this boom come; politically, I mean. Seems like folks'll elect folks who can do their job. It won't be cooked up by some slick committee again if—"

"Hold up, Bob!" The car stopped. They were following the southern edge of the burn.

"Here's where she started, Bob," the chief said, getting out. "Sure enough! Look! Somebody broke brush here and if that isn't the char of oil-soaked cotton waste I'm a Dutchman! Bob, this fire was set!"

McIver bit his quid savagely and that suggestion of a twinkle was again in his eye . . . just a suggestion. "I said I had to backfire," he mumbled.

"But I mean here. The fire you backfired against was set!"

Bob spat laconically and now there certainly was a twinkle in his eye.

"I told you," he repeated. "I had to backfire. I had to backfire ag'in' neighbor Blackburn and th' prosecutor and some dam' party committee they had. It took some time, studyin'-up, like. He sure hated to lose a dollar and he sure was scart of fire. . . ."

The chief scratched his head and whistled softly.

"Sure hated to burn five hundred acres," sighed McIver, "but if I hadn't I figure forest fires 'd 've took the county, slash, timber and farms; an' what you might call wild political fires 'd 've took all the peace an' quiet an' decency. . . ."

His chief became very sober. He stood straight, heels together; he bowed from his waist to the old man, removing his hat with a sweeping gesture.

"My hat's off to you, Mr. . . . Mr. Sheriff!" he said.

Bob McIver grinned a little . . . just a little.



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**NO** matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try *absolutely free* a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

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For twenty-four years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar.

My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at

my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

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I don't expect to make a penny on the first box of cigars sent to a new customer. In fact, I lose money—and am willing to.

Suppose for instance, you and 249 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 250 into \$1,360 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$5.44. In other words, it costs me \$5.44 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. So I *must* offer an extraordinary cigar; it *must* be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities *must* delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

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Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth \$3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation necessary, no questions asked. You will not be obligated in any way. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman \$3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage.

**Order today—enjoy the cigars right away**

As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like them. Now is your chance to try a wonderful cigar free. Mail the coupon to me.

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This coupon entitles you to a FREE TRIAL of my cigars.

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Mild  Medium  Strong

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## Two Luncheons

(Continued from page 33)



## Follow the Big Games from Your Easy Chair

**F**EEL every move in big football events—the impact of heavy shoulders and driving knees—the wrenching and straining and battering that thrills the crowd. Become a part of it, as the announcer, from his vantage point, transmits to you the very excitement of the game.

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you need me, or want me either, but I don't care."

"What nonsense, Doctor!" said Mrs. Brigham. "We're always glad to see you."

"I'm glad to hear it, and I'm also glad to see some one who isn't a patient, or another doctor. Up all the night with a peritonitis, and—Those canned pears don't look so bad, you know."

"They're not canned, they're preserved, you insulting man! Theo, get a plate."

"He's had no lunch," said Claude. "Mother, can't we get something more substantial for a starving man?"

"Not a thing! I've had lunch. Just a pear, and perhaps a cookie. If I'd wanted lunch I'd have come earlier. Mercy, what kind of a Christian family is this, not to be done lunch at two-fifteen?"

"I don't get out of law school till after one," explained Claude. "Beside, what does it matter?"

"It matters a lot. It cuts into the siesta."

"The siesta! Heavens, we don't live in the tropics!"

"Pardon me. From June first till September fifteenth we do exactly that. If more people knew it there'd be a lower death rate. We don't need as much of a nap as they do in the tropics. Half an hour a day is enough. But lying down—feet up—corsets off—that sort of thing."

"Doctor!"

"I'm sorry. It's the stimulating effect of your pears. I don't know what you've done to them, and as an ardent prohibitionist I shan't inquire, but there's more in them than meets the eye. Claude, as one ardent prohibitionist to another, give me another pear!"

"Careful!" warned Theo. "He's bad enough already. You can't tell what another one'll make him say!" She stood about watching him as one might watch a punch and judy show.

"Well, in order to get off the dangerous ground of corsets—another cookie—thanks!"

"Doctor, you've had no lunch!"

"What I'm trying to get at is this damnable habit of rushing off, day after day, from the lunch table. You take care of your automobile engine—"

"Yep, we dose it with alcohol all winter!" said Claude.

"—and I should think you might do as much for your personal engine. You can't turn it in when it begins knocking. And it's devilish hard to stop the knock once it starts."

"I feel there's a moral to all this," said Theo. "Suppose we skip it, and get on to the next subject? I've got an engagement at four."

"You're a sensible girl, anyway, not to start your afternoon till then," said Henry Bardoe.

"Well, if Mother had her way, I'd have had to be off soon after three!"

"So your cruel mother's driving you to death, is she? Poor child! Just because she has no mercy on herself she mustn't think she can do without mercy for her children. Stop it, Mrs. Brigham! From the majestic throne of Medicine I cry, stop it!"

"Oh well," said Theo wincing slightly under the irony, "it wasn't that that I objected to. It was just—"

"Here's Paula Moody!" announced Lucia from the front room. Theo groaned and went out. Mrs. Brigham followed her.

"Give me a cheap and nasty cigarette," said Dr. Bardoe when he and Claude were alone. "Thanks." He took a cautious glance into the living room, which was now empty even of Lucia, and then returned to Claude on an entirely new key. "Now what's your sister done to your mother?"

"Wouldn't go to a bridge feast at the Moody's," said Claude, realizing that from another man, even another doctor, he would have resented the question.

"Bad, bad," said the doctor, almost in a whisper. "These things worry her. She worries."

"Yes. She also sometimes interferes, when you come down to it."

"Oh, yes, my dear boy, right's all on the side of the youngsters, I know. Only . . . Well, you've got to treat a disease like a disease."

Claude looked sharply up. "Who's got a disease? Mother?"

"Worry. That's a disease."

"Isn't it," Claude inquired, cautiously pushing a spoon over the mahogany, "more like a symptom?"

"Ah? You've noticed something?"

"Only—I don't know. A sort of scared look, occasionally. And just before you came in. Lucia said you were on the steps, and Mother started to bounce up, and then let Theo go instead. That isn't quite like her, you know."

"You're right," said the doctor, and the two fell silent under an indistinguishable buzz of feminine chatter from the hall.

"You scare me," breathed Claude finally.

"No need for that," said Henry Bardoe, swinging round in his chair. "Just don't let her work herself too hard, or let things bother her. And if you—I—someone—could drop a word to Theo."

"All right, only—Look out."

Mrs. Brigham walked into the room with a firm step that seemed to Claude less firm than its wont. Her eyes fixed themselves on his in entreaty.

"Claude dear, I want you to go out and see Paula. She was too sweet about Theo this afternoon—hardly said a word, and she wants you and Theo to go up to supper to-morrow night, to meet some cousins of theirs. Do say yes, and *do* be nice!"

Claude rose and went out, patting his mother's arm fugitively.

"Sit down," said the Doctor, who had not risen, pointing to Claude's chair. Mrs. Brigham obeyed. "See here, what's the use of fashing yourself like this right after lunch on a hot day? Why not be reasonably decent to yourself?"

"Oh Doctor, it's not fashing, it's just—"

"I know, I know, it's terrible. Theo's made her plans for the afternoon, and no doubt Claude's made his, and you can't approve of them. What matter? Disapprove, and let it go at that. Don't let it go on *chewing* you."

"Doctor, I don't!"

"You do. I can see it in the corners of your mouth. Turn 'em up. Turn 'em up, you obstinate woman!"

Mrs. Brigham's lips relaxed into a reluctant but not disagreeable smile. The doctor reached out a heavy reddish hand and laid it on her white one, which rested on the table edge. The gesture was almost a caress, but his thumb was on her pulse, and she knew it.

"Any more of those dizzy spells?"

"Oh, not to speak of—"

"Now I'm not charging you for this visit, but that's no reason why you should lie to me. You've given me two hooch-cured pears. Can't you give me the truth?"

"Doctor, you're terrible!"

"I'm not. You are. There's nothing so hard to wring the truth out of as a thoroughly honest, respectable matron and mother."

"Ah, that's it. My disease is being a mother. You can't cure me of that."

"I could, if you'd let me."

"How?"

"Well, it's like this. An animal stops being a mother, practically speaking, when her cubs become full-grown. Human mothers can't do that, but they can go a long way toward it, by letting the kids shift for themselves after they're grown up. She's not able to control them anyway, after a certain point, and it's a mistake to try. There's just one thing she can do, that the animals can't. And it's the only thing that's any use, to herself, or the kids, or the world."

"What's that?"

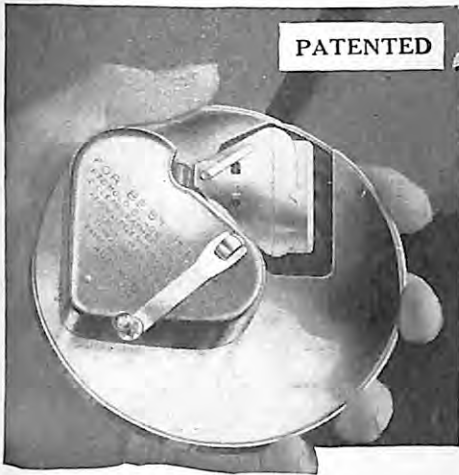
"Why, simply go on loving them. That's where the power of a human mother lies. Nothing else, worry, or bickering, or coercion, or anger, has the slightest effect. Love has. Let it do the trick."

"Oh—! I suppose you're right." Mrs. Brigham leaned back in her chair and smiled. She looked ten years younger. "You're a wise man, Henry Bardoe, for all you're so young."

"I'm not young. I'm a hoary veteran."

"Well, I don't see Claude being able to say such things in ten or a dozen years' time."

"He won't have to. Lawyers don't. All that lawyers have to know is about Cassidy versus



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**Sensational New Invention Guarantees You 365 Slick Shaves A Year—No More Blades To Buy!**

Kriss-Kross marks such a radical advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a super-stropper—a blade *rejuvenator*! Almost literally, it makes a new blade out of an old one every day and makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before!

Kriss-Kross stropps your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Eight "lucky leather" grooves do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic flip-flop action. Pressure decreases automatically every stroke. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready with the *keenest cutting-edge that steel can take!*

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the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Being a lawyer is a very simple matter."

Mrs. Brigham, looking at him, gave a little laugh of sheer lightness of spirits rather than amusement. "You make everything seem simple. I suppose it's the secret of your success. But it's hard not to worry over fatherless children in this day and age. Lucia's too young yet, but the other two! Claude traipsing around with girls whose father is no better than a bucket-shop keeper, and Theo taking up with every good-looking young fellow that can afford a good-looking car—it's no joke, if you feel in any way responsible. Infatuation's such a terribly easy thing at that age. Their courage, their independence, their very virtues, betray them into it. Look at the Jennings boy, married to the stocking counter girl at Mason and Markovitch before he knew where he was, and divorced within a year, and all sorts of unhappiness. I don't mind the stocking counter part of it, but I do mind low standards. Mercy, unless you have standards to live up to, what's life worth? What does it mean? Now, when I was a girl.

When Claude reached the front hall he found Paula alone. Lucia had gone upstairs, and Theo had just seen Polly Greenway passing along the street and was talking with her under the front maples.

"I can't sit down," said Paula, resisting Claude's movement toward the living room. "I just wanted to explain about to-morrow. . . ."

Paula had a beauty, Claude reflected, and it was her voice. Her face, longish, with fine mobile brows, lacked cohesion and distinction, but her voice was lovely. It was low and smooth, and though entirely unaffected it carried the indefinable atmosphere of ancestry. Lucia's voice was sweet, but it was the voice of a child. Paula's voice was a woman's, though it was still young.

"... it's the boy you're going to meet to-morrow that I'm going to ask you to be nice about. He's just eighteen, and he's got to work his way through college. I thought your advice would be more worth while than anybody's else I know."

"WHY yes, of course. I'll be glad to. I'd do some outside work myself."

"Did you really? I'm glad, because you'll know better. . . ."

Was she putting this on, Claude wondered? Didn't she know that he had earned money in college? He had taken no pains to conceal the fact. Her eyes had a funny way of dropping slightly now and then.

"... not that he's sickly at all, but he's grown very fast, and he's awfully bright, and all that. . . ."

And all what? What was this, anyway? Was it some kind of a ruse?

She went on talking, and he felt that it was not a ruse. She was really interested in this young cousin of hers, and not mainly in Claude. And Claude suddenly thought that it would have been rather pleasant, six years back, to feel that there was someone, outside his immediate family, who took this interest in his welfare.

Paula turned toward the door, and her talk veered also. "Are you playing in the club tournament this year?"

"Why yes, I've entered."

"I'm glad. I hope you get to the finals any way. It was frightful luck last year about that shoestring!"

His shoestring had broken in the semi-finals; he had had to replace it and the wait had thrown him off his game. He laughed sheepishly.

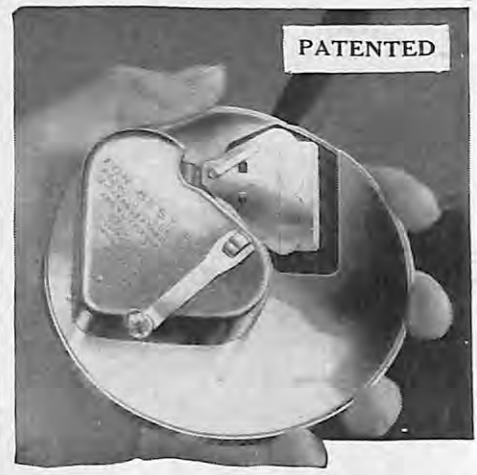
"Oh, that had nothing to do with it—a plain case of being beaten, by a better game—"

"When you had him five-three in the third set! Oh, you're a sportsman, but I'm not quite a fool!" She smiled at Theo, who was returning up the front walk, and said: "To-morrow at seven-thirty, then."

Before Theo was fairly past them Mrs. Brigham and the doctor appeared in the front door. "Oh, Paula!" called Mrs. Brigham, and ran down after them. The three strolled on to where Paula's red roadster slept in the shade. Theo found the doctor blocking the front door.

"So you've found a new way to do your hair," he informed her. "Must be nearly two weeks you wore it that last way. Vanity—vanity!"

(Continued on page 72)



**MAKE \$30 to \$60 a day -With Astonishing Shaving Invention**

**Marvelous Device Offers Surprising Profits to Salesmen, Agents and Spare Time Workers. Investigate Without Delay.**

HERE is the most sensational big money proposition you ever heard of. Astonishing new invention enables men to earn \$75 to \$200 a week with surprising ease and regularity. H. Allen made \$66 in one day. G. M. Hale cleared \$8 in fifteen minutes. J. C. Kellogg made over \$200 in 7 days.

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And no wonder men like N. C. Paige (Mo.) write: "I have made \$104 so far this week (3 days). I don't have to 'sell' at all. People just simply take it out of your hands." And R. S. Hopkins (Mich.) says: "I made \$20 my very first day."

When men like these are making such big profits—many of them in spare time without experience—you are bound to realize what KRISS-KROSS offers you, too. Don't miss this unusual opportunity to get your share and put away \$200-\$450 cash profit every 30 days.

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# MILANO

## The Insured Pipe

"It's a W D C"



## Two Luncheons

(Continued from page 71)

"Wouldn't you be vain too, if you could?" bantered Theo. She liked slanging the doctor; she wondered why. She wondered why she liked him; if she did really like him. It was hard to like a person who was so sure of himself, but his sureness was very hard not to like.

"That's another matter, of course. I might be vain if I could find the slightest excuse."

"Well, Doctor, the hot weather has made you humble. That's the most modest speech I ever heard you make."

"Oh? Perhaps I'm really a humbler person than you think."

"Oh, I see! You're vain of your humility! That's why you keep it hidden!"

The doctor grinned luminously. His lip curled under his mustache; his even, white teeth emerged.

"There may be something in that. I can't tell—I'm only a doctor, not a psychoanalyst." The last word came on an accent of scorn, and the grin faded. "See here, young woman, if you're as clever as all that, why not let your mother have the benefit?"

The transition was so abrupt that Theo merely gaped. "Mother—!"

THE doctor's eyes fell on the trio by the roadster. "In a way, it's because she's kept her youth too well. Youth normally worries more than age. It's perfectly all right for you to worry. For her, it's different."

"Yes, she does worry. . . ." Theo really had nothing to say, but she was glad to notice that her voice sounded no less concerned than his.

"I wonder if there isn't some way the youth in her could be diverted into another channel—a safer channel. Couldn't you—make more of a companion of her? She'd be a good one."

"I don't see—"

"Oh, I know she can't dance or play golf. But there are plenty of times when you don't dance or play golf. There's the movies, and driving in the car, and a stroll round the block in the evening, dropping in on one or two people on the way. That sort of thing. Is there anything in it, do you think?"

His eyes returned to hers, and Theo noticed with a kind of little thrill that they were wide and pleading, like a child's.

"Why, yes, I—Yes, I suppose so. I see what you mean."

"I knew you would. You people are quick at seeing things. Well!" He clapped his straw hat on his head, and inspected his rusty limousine that stood just behind Paula's car. "Now, if that young woman would kindly move on! How filthy she makes my Mabel look! Oh, well, if I had a father with two or three hundred thousand a year I might have as goodlooking a car as that myself. And Mabel had a heart of gold—or pure vanadium steel, which is better. She needs new piston rings, though."

Theo was listening to the chatter of voices from below, whose rising inflection betokened imminent departure. She heard her mother say: "Because Monday is the day she always—" and Paula say: "Yes, we've made allowance for that." Paula looked quite pretty at this distance, leaning over the side of the car; a becoming hat.

"Good-by, then!" said Paula, and Claude slammed the door shut.

It wasn't quite clear at first just what happened. There was a scream, but it came from Mrs. Brigham. Paula simply did not start the car, and it was Claude's voice that articulated the situation with: "Oh Paula, did I kill you?"

Mrs. Brigham was rushing up the walk.

"Paula's arm got crushed in the door. Doctor, go to her! I'm going up to get some corrosive sublimate—" She dashed through the front door at an alarming rate.

"Here!" called the doctor, jumping after her. "Easy, now! No hurry! Oh gosh!" he ended helplessly.

Claude was helping Paula up the walk. Paula was pale, but she smiled bravely.

"It's nothing, really—it just stings a little. The skin isn't really broken. It wasn't Claude's fault at all. I turned back suddenly, after I'd said good-by."

She was in a wicker porch chair, and the doctor was examining her arm. "The pain will pass off soon," he said, "but we can make it pass a little faster. Claude, get my bag out of the car, will you?"

Claude rushed down and brought up the bag, beads of sweat standing out on his forehead. The doctor did one or two simple things; Paula laughed shakily, but said no more. And Lucia's voice cut into a complete silence:

"Theo! Claude! Is the doctor still there?" Her steps in the hall and her white face at the door. "Doctor, go up! Mother's fainted away!"

Before the words were out of her mouth the doctor had grabbed his bag and was running. Theo and Lucia followed him. Paula looked at the floor; Claude stamped about, biting a finger nail.

"Paula, I'm afraid—I'd better go!"

"Yes, Claude!"

He found the other three in his mother's bathroom. The door of the medicine closet hung open. His mother lay on the floor on her side, her face hidden. In her left hand was clasped a roll of cotton gauze. Theo was working over the back of her clothing. The doctor did nothing; simply held her wrist.

"What happened?" said Claude.

Lucia answered him in a whisper. "I heard her rushing up stairs, and the medicine closet open, and then after a moment a kind of gasp, and a fall. When I came in I found her like that."

"It must have been something she ate," said Theo, "and the heat. It isn't like her to faint. I've never known her to faint before."

"It isn't a faint," said the doctor.

## II

THEO ran through the last hour of the hot June morning, but it was one-fifteen when she reached the house. The dining-room was empty, though three places were set.

"Claude?" she called. No answer. "Late again!" thought Theo angrily. "If being engaged is going to make him like this, I don't think I'm going to like it."

She ran up stairs. "Hello!" called Lucia from her bedroom.

Theo stopped at the open door. Yawning pasteboard boxes, sprawling wrapping paper, dresses, underclothes, an unmade bed and an exhausted breakfast tray composed an orgy of matutinal untidiness. Lucia stood before the mirror, trying on a green afternoon frock.

"Oh heavens!" cried Theo. "Why must you do this? Why can't you ever get up?"

"My dear, I've been up for hours. Those things came up on approval. I think the burnt orange will do. I'll put it on for you—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind! Put on something of your own and come down to lunch this minute!"

"Claude's not home yet."

"Never mind. Oh Lucia, Ellen does hate this sort of thing so!"

"Claude's always later than I."

"You give a great deal more trouble. I really think—"

She was interrupted by Claude's voice calling "Whoo-hoo!" from below.

"Coming!" shouted Theo, and dashed to her room.

Three minutes later she entered the dining-room to find Claude at his place. Instead of food his place held several opened envelopes and communications. The face he raised to her looked haggard.

"Three bills and a request for a subscription—damn this noon mail. Did we used to subscribe to the Mary Hutchinson Home? And here's Jackman's bill. Did his man work three hours the day he fixed the third story bathroom?"

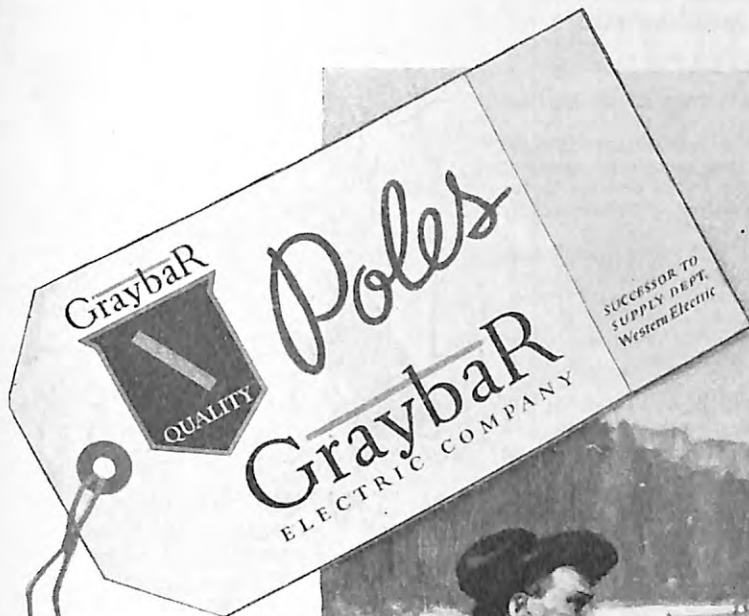
"I don't know. I don't think so. Ellen!"

"But you must know!"

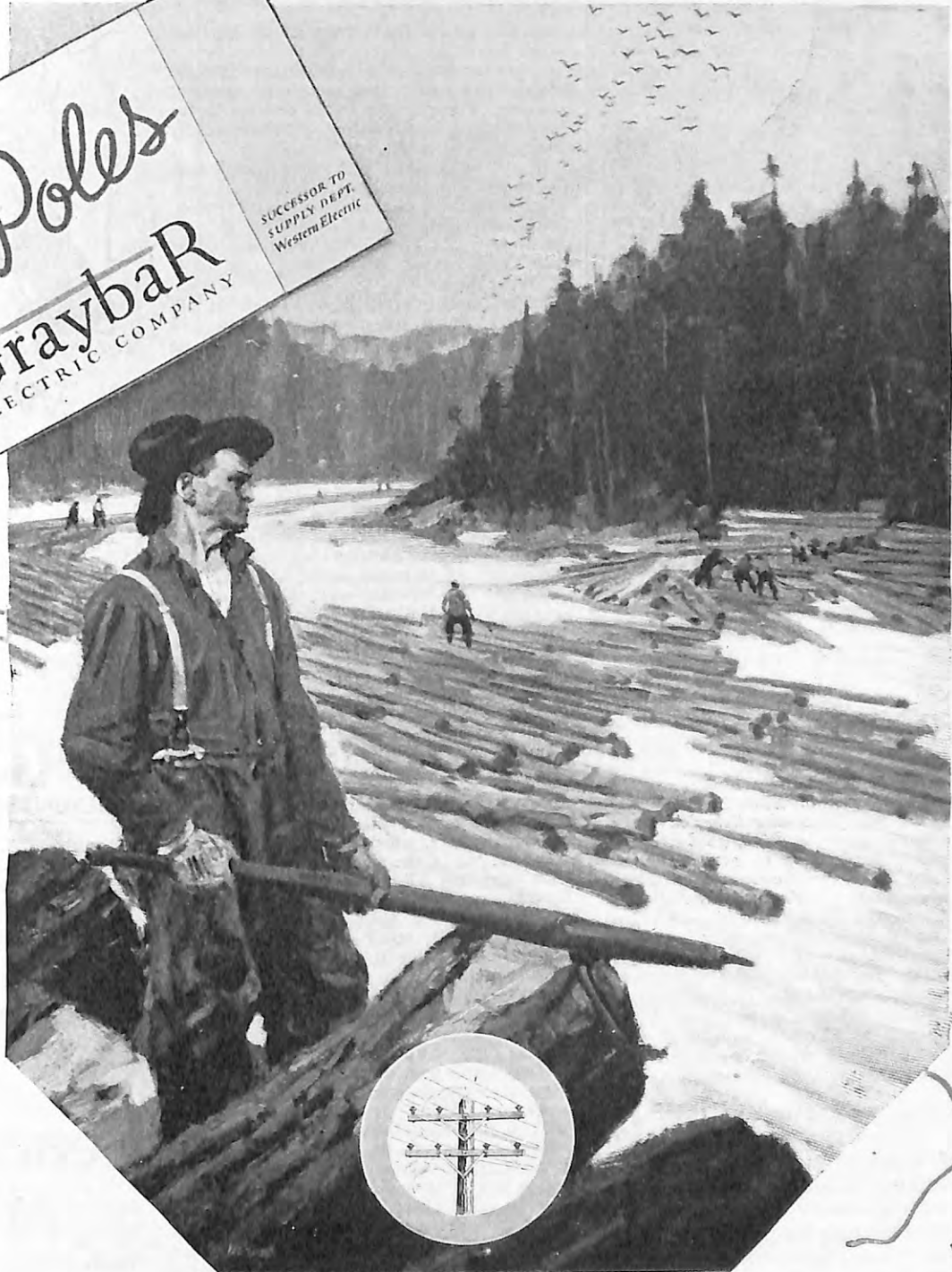
"Claude, I have other things to do than watch plumbers."

"But we can't afford to be stung like this. I'll talk to you about it later. Loosh, too. Where is Loosh? Confound her, why does she

(Continued on page 74)



*The Graybar quality tag—  
under which 60,000 elec-  
trical supplies are shipped.  
A mark of reliability.*



**H**EADED South, *Headed South* East, West — the  
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"Going on Nineteen" in FLANNELS  
"Mr. Tracy" of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy in KNICKERS  
"Jim will be voting Next Year" in COLLEGIATES  
"Young Whipple" in DRESS TROUSERS  
"Hair Splitter Evans" in WORK TROUSERS  
"As Good as He Looks" in SPORT TROUSERS  
"That Dam Bennett Kid" in BOY'S GOLF KNICKERS

## Two Luncheons

(Continued from page 72)

always have to be the latest, when she has least to do?"

"My dear boy," said Lucia, floating into the room, "that shows how completely ignorant you are. There's not a busier creature in the world than a beautiful young girl—especially when she's just coming out of mourning."

Ellen had entered with eggs Benedictine. Claude and Theo lapsed into a forbidding silence, which Lucia, after one or two attempts to break, found herself constrained to join.

"Lucia," said Theo at the first opportunity, "don't talk that way before Ellen!"

"What way?"

"About mourning—making light of it all. The only reason Ellen stays is because she thought more of Mother than anyone else in the world. She—"

Ellen at that moment entered with the fried potatoes. After she had once more withdrawn Claude said:

"Theo's absolutely right. I hate the way you're taking this. It's as though you'd just been let out of school."

"But I have just graduated from school, and—"

"That's not what I mean. It's all right to be glad you're through school, and wear colored dresses and go to parties again, but can't you manage to do it without—well, without seeming disrespectful of Mother?"

"Claude, I don't!"

"Well, of seeming to forget her, then."

Lucia looked at her plate and said nothing. Theo, observing her carefully, added: "We know you don't, Loosh." Lucia looked up again, and Theo continued in another tone: "However, that's not what's worrying me. It's the sort of thing you're getting to do. I wasn't going to go into this now, but I might as well, since we've started it. Claude, the other night when she went out with the Hornes she left them somewhere, somehow, at ten o'clock, and spent the rest of the night at the Megantaway Club with the Dixons and the Clydes and Lord knows who, getting home at three in the morning."

"It was hardly at all after two," said Lucia spiritedly, "and the Dixons are as married as anyone else, and as for the Clydes, I'm not the first person in the family to take them up!"

"The Clydes!" mused Claude, not without a veiled discomfort, though his tone was easy. "Gosh, I haven't seen them for years. Does Katherine still go about in brick red, and does Nona always greet you by saying 'Well, look who's here?'"

"Yep, just like in the dear old days, Claude!"

"I've no doubt," said Theo, and an impartial observer might have noticed that she suddenly wore a look of her mother's, "that they're very pleasant and kind in their way, but you know, Claude, they're not the sort for Loosh to go round with."

"I suppose not."

"They're cheap. We can't have her going about with people like that. It's just the sort of thing Mother would have hated, and I think—"

The telephone rang. "I'll go," said Lucia with a somewhat betraying promptness.

"Seriously, Claude, I'm awfully worried about her," continued Theo with dropped voice. "I really think that as her guardian you ought to put your foot down. She's bound to be popular, with her beauty and liveliness, and—"

"Yes, and you might add with the position that Father and Mother left us," said Claude. "It sounds snobbish, but I can't help it. I've come to see the value of being respected in the community. I know darned well that Dan Moody wouldn't have taken the trouble he did in helping us to settle the estate if he hadn't thought we were—oh, the right kind. That sort of thing counts."

Theo nodded and allowed a short pause, broken only by treble telephonic excerpts from Lucia in the back hall. Then she continued, femininely digressive:

"Claude, what's going to happen when you and Paula marry? I know you've hardly had time to think of it yet, but—there it is."

"As far as money goes," said Claude, "you can live on here. But what's to be done about



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Loosh? That's what's biting me. You can't keep her in order alone—heaven knows I have a hard enough time doing it. And then you're both sort of young to live alone. I wish there was some older person—someone you wouldn't both hate—"

"Someone that Loosh wouldn't hate! I wouldn't be particular—look out!"

There was no sound as Lucia dropped into her chair.

"Go on, Theo. What wouldn't you be particular about? You are about most things, heaven knows."

"We were talking of plans," said Theo.

"What for? This afternoon? Mine are all made. I'm sorry, but I can't look at new curtains with you this afternoon, after all."

"What are you doing, Lucia?"

"Going for a joy ride."

"Who with?"

"Well—Tom Darling, if you will have it!"

Lucia gave a little hoot of laughter.

"You're not!" said Claude.

"Oh, yes!" Lucia rocked with laughter. "Oh, I could die! You playing the heavy head of the family, and don't remember you a year ago being so broad and liberal about Tom when he was going with Theo! The Clydes, and Tom Darling! Oh, it's too perfect!" She laughed on.

"Stop," said Claude lifelessly, not daring to look at Theo.

"That's enough, Loosh," said Theo, carefully not looking at Claude.

"Whoo-hoo!" giggled Lucia, tears streaming down her face. "What price consistency! Oh, I shall die!"

CLAUDE waited till the laughter had spent itself. Then he began:

"Lucia, the cases are very different. Theo was much older than you—"

"A girl's the same age till she's thirty or married!"

"She'd had more experience—"

"Which I'm trying to get now, if you'll let me!"

"Lucia, that may be clever, but it's beside the point. The point is, Tom Darling's a rotter, and I won't have you going round with him. No, not while I'm one of your guardians. That's that. So you can just run back to the telephone and tell him you forgot, but you have a previous engagement."

"Can I? Well, I'm not going to."

"Then I will. It'll be better that way—I can put it so that he won't try again."

"Claude, you won't—"

"I will! Right now!"

"Claude—"

But Claude was stamping out to the telephone. Theo swelled with an uneasy relief, but Lucia's lip trembled and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, he's too mean! What business has he got to interfere with me like that—what right?"

Theo shook her head. "He's right, and he's got the right. Tom's the wrong sort for you."

"He wasn't the wrong sort for you, a year ago! Theo Brigham, I should think you might at least leave me your cast-off beaux! And he was going to take me to the Piersons in East Hatley—people I've always wanted to meet—"

Theo's eyes snapped. "You little idiot! I'm glad Claude got wind of this in time. Don't you know what people think of the kind of girl a man brings in casually like that, alone? Stop crying, silly."

Lucia sobbed into her napkin. Claude's voice floated in: "Nor any other afternoon. Good-bye."

Lucia rose as he re-entered, wiping her eyes, gathering her resentment. "Well, you've spoilt my afternoon. I hope you're happy!" Anger drowned chagrin, and she stamped her foot.

"Claude Brigham, you're the meanest man I know! Yes, and you're a fool as well! Don't you know that you're doing the very thing—the very thing—to drive me into his arms? I'll be married before you know it, married! It's the only way I can get free of you—and whoever I marry, it certainly can't be worse than this!"

She brought out the last words on a shrill squeal and rushed up stairs.

"Oh, Lord!" breathed Claude, and Theo found nothing to add.

Ellen distributed canned peaches and custard. The silence of the room became increasingly

(Continued on page 76)

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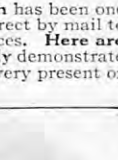
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## Two Luncheons

(Continued from page 75)

broken by muffled and regular sounds filtering through the ceiling. They grew steadily louder.

"Hysterics," Theo announced after a while. "I thought she'd got over that habit. I'll have to go up."

Claude bent over his untouched custard and covered his face with his hands.

"I can't help it," he murmured. "I had to do it, and I couldn't do it any better. I had to, I had to. . . ."

He raised his head with a jerk; the front door bell had rung.

On the step stood Paula, and it was strange how Saturday and luncheon evaporated in the paradise that had existed since Tuesday evening. But Paula had seen his face before it changed. She took both his hands.

"Claude, dearest! What is it?"

"Oh, Lucia's having hysterics. Never mind. How are you?"

"All right. I just stopped in to tell you that Mother says next Saturday will be all right for the announcement, and she'll just have a luncheon, so that you needn't be in for the fuss."

"Paula, that's dear of you! I . . . Oh, well!"

"What is it?"

"Nothing. Only—it seems like such awful nerve. To start a new family, when I've made such a mess with this one. Lucia's a terrible problem, Paula. She likes a good time and doesn't care who gives it to her. She's got no sense of values. And I can't give her one. I can only come down on her like a ton of bricks and drive the poor kid into hysterics."

CLAUDE stamped off into the living room. Paula followed him. Suddenly he turned.

"And the worst of it is, it's so confoundedly funny! Here's Loosh exactly where Theo and I were a year ago—here are we exactly where Mother was then! The exact same people, the Clydes and Tom Darling—it's enough to make you scream with laughter. I never cared anything for them, and I know Loosh doesn't either. She just wants a good time, as I did. And I can't let her go on and have it, the way I just went on and took it. I can't. It's—a degradation, somehow. It wasn't for Theo or me a year ago, but it is for Lucia now. Can you beat it? Oh, what is it? What does it mean? Isn't there any reason in life?"

Paula waited a moment, then took a step toward him. "Claude, dear, don't worry. You're doing the best you can, and I'll help you. We'll think of some way—we'll have her live with us, and bring her out. It'll come out all right, love."

Claude had her hands in his, and his eyes melted into hers. "Thanks, dear. You're so wonderful. . . ."

Paula slowly drew away, and Claude knew that she meant that forgetting his difficulties in her was not meeting them. "Oh, yes!" he said softly, "there'll be a lot of this sort of thing, won't there? If it isn't one thing it'll be another. Oh, well! Are you doing anything this afternoon? We might take a turn in the park, and think it over."

Paula patted his hand approvingly. "Yes, we'll do that. But first I must see if I can do anything about Lucia's hysterics. I think—Oh, dear, there's somebody coming! Let me get upstairs first!"

Claude watched her ankles disappear up the stairs, and then turned to the front door, the handle of which was rattling gently. On the mat stood the doctor.

"Hullo, hullo!" Henry Bardoe threw his hat on the hall table. "I've had lunch, but you're just in time to give me a match." A cigarette wobbled on his lower lip. He lit it from Claude's match and then proceeded deliberately.

"Well, I take it there's a row, or else a very important new dress. Women folk don't disappear so soon after lunch but for one of those reasons. Which is it?"

"The former," grinned Claude.

The doctor sat down with a slight groan. "You people are a cinch to diagnose, but you're the devil to treat. You haven't got a bug or an unsound organ among the three of you, but oh! how gladly I'd exchange you for three stiff cases of diabetes! Well, what is it?"

"I ain't"  
"He don't"  
"You was"  
"Can't hardly"  
"We done it"  
"It's me"  
"He laid down"  
"Those sort of people"  
"Somebody left their rubbers"  
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Claude seated himself deliberately, taking his time. "It's funny, Henry. You keep on asking questions like that, that you've no business to ask, and yet I keep on not kicking you out the front door. Why is it, I wonder? You've got a way with you."

"I've got cheek," said the doctor simply.

"People love it, you know."

"Hm. I'm not so sure."

"Oh, they don't like it badly timed, or applied. But given rightly, it's quite effective. Brings it out in other people—makes 'em feel gay and confident. Old women get giggling and slanging me back; their blood circulates and their organs function and they say: 'What wonderful pills dear Bardoe gives!' Pills! Piffle. Nothing but the great principle of cheek-to-cheek. Well, are we going to swap witticisms all the afternoon, or are you going to tell me what's biting the family?"

Claude told him, in a few slow sentences. Henry Bardoe did not interrupt. His eyes opened unusually wide and he became unusually thoughtful.

"And I'm engaged to Paula Moody," finished Claude, "which makes it all the harder, in a way."

Then the doctor's face lit up. "Great!" he snapped. "Congratulations. There's not a finer girl in town, body and mind. You were a pretty long time over it, but all's well that ends well."

"Thanks," said Claude drily. "It's nice to think I'm not killing you with the shock."

"Um," said the doctor, returning to meditation. "The question is . . . um."

"There are a great many questions," began Claude.

"No!" Henry Bardoe interrupted, rising abruptly, "there's only one. Just one." He paused with a brief momentousness, and then asked: "Where's Theo?"

Claude stared at him. The doctor stared back, and his stare had a kind of rough granitic dignity. For perhaps ten seconds they stared, and then Claude's eyes fell.

"Oh!" he murmured, with a kind of giggle.

"Why, Henry, I hate to—to—"

"Where's Theo?" snapped the doctor.

"Upstairs. But honestly, I can't think—"

"You leave that to me. Send me Theo, and clear out yourself. See?"

"But Paula's up with her!"

"So that's her new car outside, is it? Well, you hop into it with her and take a nice long ride up the river. Hurry up! I'll find Theo."

A step sounded on the stairs. "The doctor's here," said Claude, meeting Paula at the foot.

"Let's go out!"

Henry Bardoe appeared and took Paula's hand. "Congratulations, Paula," he said.

Paula said nothing and then gave a low unexpected laugh. "Congratulations, Doctor!" and she was out of the front door before Henry Bardoe even had time to confound her cheek.

"But what on earth makes you think—"

Claude began as they approached the blue roadster.

"Stupid," Paula cut him short. "Will you drive, or shall I?"

From the upper front window Theo watched them get in and drive off. They were so happy. She was happy too, for that reason—wasn't she? There was a silly smarting in her eyes. Twenty-four, she was. Fifty years more of life. And were they all going to be spent worrying over butcher's bills and Lucia?

LUCIA. Theo held her breath a moment, listening. No sound from the next room. No sign, in the still tidy bedroom, from the coming half-century.

She went to the mirror and smoothed her hair on both sides. She took up a nail file and trimmed a rough edge on her left thumb. She sighed.

Lucia. Poor child, her afternoon was ruined. Perhaps she would care to look at new curtains after all. Theo would have to go down-town anyway, because Ellen was sure to have forgotten something for Sunday supper. And they would have time to take in a movie, if they started soon.

"Lucia!" she called softly from the half-opened door. But Lucia, supine on the unmade bed, only wriggled one foot with a warning

(Continued on page 78)



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## Two Luncheons

(Continued from page 77)

impatience. Theo sighed, closed the door and started down stairs.

"Oh!" she breathed to herself, "if only—if only—"

"How do you do!" said Doctor Bardoe, popping out of the living room door.

Theo gave a little gasp. "Doctor! I didn't know you were here! Did they leave you all alone?" But it was extraordinary how little all this mattered, in this foursquare, red-faced presence.

"I wanted to see you," said the doctor, leading the way into the living room. "Claude said you were having some trouble with Lucia."

"Did he tell you anything—else?" asked Theo carefully.

"The engagement? Oh, yes. Splendid."

"Yes," said Theo rubbing her hands gently together and sitting forward in her chair, "perfectly splendid. And yet if it had been a year ago I wouldn't have thought it splendid at all. Isn't life terribly queer? A year ago the Moody's type bored me to death. Oh, how I quarreled with poor Mother about them! And now I see she was perfectly right."

The doctor nodded without speaking. Theo, encouraged by his silence, summoned her energies into a kind of confession.

"But that isn't the worst of it. I can stand that little humiliation easily enough. The worst of it is—oh, the dirty trick of it!—that this splendid thing, the engagement, has put me in the most difficult position imaginable."

"You mean Lucia?"

"I mean Lucia. Claude is one of her guardians, and is just barely able to manage her. I'm not her guardian, and I'm not a man. And yet all the managing is to fall on me after they're married. It just won't be done. Lucia'll snap her fingers at all I can say or do, and keep going with cheap people because they flatter her and give her a good time—a good time means so much at that age! And sooner or later she'll become cheap and tawdry and loud herself, and nice people will drop her entirely, and all the things that Mother and Father stood for will be lost, as far as she's concerned."

Theo paused a moment, and suddenly laughed. "Oh, but it's so ridiculous for me to be talking like this, when I remember how I used to listen to the same thing from Mother, hardly more than a year ago, and despite it! Oh, the—the farce of it!"

"And yet Heaven knows it isn't farce. It's honest and serious enough. It began with Mother's death—before; during the days she was ill. There was a lot to be done, and I found that Paula was doing it all. She never bustled, never blew about, never sentimentalized, but she was always there with the right suggestion at the right time. The way those black dresses suddenly turned up on approval, without anyone saying a word! The way Dan called Claude into his office in the bank and suggested a way of paying the inheritance tax without cutting into capital! Oh, they were extraordinary. And one day, on a sudden impulse I've never regretted, I burst out and told Paula just how grand I thought they were."

"Paula," said Henry Bardoe, "is no doubt still grand. Perhaps she'll think of a way of dealing with Lucia."

"She'll try. But you see Lucia is still where I was a year ago. She doesn't like the Moodys because they won't let the boys drink in the cloak room at their dances. Just that. She doesn't see. Suppose she goes and lives with Paula and Claude, and I go my own way; she'll go on just the same, spoiling her own life and their happiness as well. Because Paula hasn't got any hold on her as yet, and Claude, though he can control her to a certain extent, doesn't know how to get on with her as well as I do. Oh, it's an impossible situation!"

"It certainly seems a pretty tight fix," agreed the doctor.

"Ah, well!" Theo gave a little smiling sigh and began carefully folding her handkerchief into a perfect square; "It'll work out somehow. Things always do, though you can't tell how."

"There are sometimes ways of making them," said Henry Bardoe slowly. He choked slightly; he grew red, redder than ever. "I—seems to

(Continued on page 79)

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me there's a way this might be made to work out."

"Yes? Let's hear it." Henry Bardoe had a way of suggesting remedies that were worse than the disease. Theo thought she might enjoy hearing of this one.

"Well, as a fairly old friend—a friend, you know, not as your doctor at all—I—um. I hope you won't resent it."

"Of course I won't! Have I ever resented a prescription of yours?"

"Well, this isn't quite a prescription. I wish it was! I can't bully you into swallowing this, worse luck."

"Oh? Well, suppose you let me hear it."

"Well," said Henry Bardoe, his eyes on the rug, "to consider Lucia to begin with, isn't what she needs most, in your opinion, a—a brother-in-law?"

"A what?"

"And as it affects you," the doctor went on rapidly, "isn't what you chiefly need a man about the house—a sort of elderly, red-faced, loud-mouthed, coarse, kindly creature? Because I know one such, and he needs something pretty badly too. He's needed it for years, and it—it's Theo Brigham."

Theo Brigham stared at him hard for two seconds, said "Oh!" quite loudly and flung herself to her feet. She went to the front window and stared at the front lawn. It needed cutting; what was that O'Hara man doing? . . .

"I don't like this," she heard herself saying, quickly and hoarsely. "It's—it's all wrong. I didn't tell you all this to play on your sympathy—"

"I know that!"

"I don't know how else it could seem. I—oh, I never dreamed of such a thing! I mean—it never occurred to me. Literally, I mean. Because I—you see I—"

And then she stopped, for she knew that what she was trying to say was "I can't think of you in that way," and the words would not come.

In the silence Henry Bardoe walked to her side. "Theo," he said gently, "leaving out everything else—Lucia—Claude—the household—I want this thing. I mean I want you. I've wanted you for years. I know I'm old and plain and not at all the sort of person you planned to marry, but—Theo, don't think of Lucia now, or anything but what you want. Nothing else matters."

Without looking at him Theo reached out a hand toward him. This was fineness of vision, and she appreciated it. Still staring at the lawn, she smiled, with a waywardness irritating to herself.

"Then you're not," she said softly, "proposing to Lucia."

"Theo—"

"Perhaps you ought. She's more afraid of you than I, and oh! so much younger and more attractive!"

"Theo—"

"Oh!" cried Theo, laughing outright. The thought was too awful; she covered her face with her hands. But she knew she must tell him. "A year ago—the very day Mother had her stroke—I said—oh, Henry, you mustn't mind!"

"I won't."

"Some one was talking about what a fine son-in-law Dan Moody would make. And I said: 'I'd rather marry the doctor!'"

"Well?" said the doctor, quite unmoved.

"But, Henry, you must see. I—I said it as a joke. At your expense."

"Well?"

"I can't stand it, after what you've just said. Can you ever forgive me for it?"

"Theo, that was your youth that spoke, and youth isn't a thing to be forgiven. One waits, and it passes. And with its passing comes something—call it vision—that's far better. Don't be ashamed, Theo, don't be afraid. Don't be worried because one year has carried you from your old point of view, to your mother's."

"Oh!" cried Theo, turning toward him, "do you mean that this is a part of that?"

"Just that," said Henry Bardoe, smiling into her wide eyes.

"Oh," said Theo in a small voice. "Well, if a year can teach me to appreciate Dan Moody I don't know why it shouldn't teach me to appreciate—"

(Continued on page 80)

# Home-Study Training

That Leads to Successful Careers—



## Are Successful Men Born or Made?

"Born with mind but not with wisdom; born with intellect but not with knowledge; born with power to discern, but not born to discretion and sound judgment; born with adaptabilities but not with abilities; born, it may be, with wealth, but not born to success. Wisdom, knowledge, discretion, judgment, ability, character—these are attainments, not bestowments or inheritances."

—The Kansas Banker.

Genius and inspiration were once credited with playing an important part in building a successful career. What part do they actually play in the making of success?

William Livingston, President of the Dime Savings Bank, Detroit, has this to say:

"Genius is supposed to be some peculiar capacity for spontaneous accomplishment. If so, it is one of the rarest things in the world. I have been studying business and human beings for more than sixty years, and I've never yet seen anything permanently worth while that was accomplished on the spur of the moment. The man who expects to win out in business without self-denial and self-improvement and self-applied observation stands about as much chance as a prize fighter would stand if he started a hard ring battle without having gone through an intensive training period."

## How You Can Measure Your Chances for Success

We are all looking forward to successful careers. If an employe, you want a better position. That is the first step up. If an employer, you want to improve the business you manage.

Business cannot pay you for ideas and plans which you do not deliver, and this applies to owner and employe alike. Neither can Business pay you for learning business.

Of course, it will always be possible to learn—on the job—the narrow aspects of a single department. The broad aspects of business, however—those aspects necessary to a successful career—must be learned outside the hours of the working day.

If you desire success, your day must be filled with achievement—doing things. Contemplation, analysis, acquiring the experience of others, must come after the gong rings at night.

Broadly speaking, everyone who reads these words falls into one of three groups; in fact, this analysis really constitutes a measuring stick by which you can measure the degree of success which you will probably enjoy:

**Group 1**—Those who are making no effort to increase their business knowledge and ability aside from the limited experience which comes as a result of each day's work.

**Group 2**—Those who, more or less con-

sistently, are reading constructive literature pertaining to their specialties or field, but who follow no organized plan.

**Group 3**—Those who consistently follow a definite, well-organized, step-by-step plan, which embraces not only the best experience in their specialty, but also shows the relationship of their job to the fabric of business as a whole.

Successful careers are not dependent upon untested theory; they are the natural effect of applied common sense. Read once more the analysis of those three groups and you will have your answer to the question: "How can I build a successful business career?"

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## Two Luncheons

(Continued from page 79)

ciate you. But I was right about one thing. I'd—I'd still rather marry the doctor. . . ."

"Silly girl," whispered Dr. Bardoe into her back hair. "But time is a grand thing, if taken in moderate doses."

Presently a blue object swam across the end of the lawn, and the two sprang apart. "Claude and Paula!" said Theo. "Oh, dear! What shall we do?"

"He didn't allow me much time," said the

doctor. "Still, enough's enough. Come along." He took her by the hand and led her into the hall. When he heard the first footstep on the porch he swung the front door open.

The two on the porch stopped dead. Paula started to giggle.

"Oh," said Claude in a rather silly voice, "we've thought of the best plan for Lucia!"

"We've thought of a much better one," said Henry Bardoe.

## A New Responsibility for Motorists

(Continued from page 29)

III

the pedestrian and also introduce a moral hazard by making it possible for irresponsible pedestrians to bring about accidents of their own volition.

The plan of the compulsory payment of annual insurance premiums by motorists has also been questioned in the light of its possible unconstitutionality. Some opponents maintain that it is contrary to the spirit of the constitution to tax certain citizens who are free of blame for the payment of damages for which other citizens are directly and solely responsible.

Another contention is that compulsory insurance would increase rather than decrease accidents because it would give persons lacking a sense of responsibility an undue sense of security, so that they would be apt to "lean" on the protection it afforded and "run wild." This viewpoint of indifference to results would lead to carelessness, a greater number of accidents, more frequent liability damage verdicts and a consequent general raising of automobile insurance rates. This would force the careful motorist to absorb an unfair share of the higher cost brought about by those who were forced to insure and who viewed their insurance as an invitation to take greater risks.

The opponents of compulsory insurance call attention to the fact that pedestrians are to blame for many accidents and that the whole responsibility can not fairly be placed upon the shoulders of motorists. They set forth the following data:

A two-year survey of automobile accidents in the District of Columbia from July 1, 1923 to August 31, 1925 indicated that in 21.6 per cent. of the cases the pedestrian was to blame. In Connecticut during 1923, 43 per cent. of the fatal accidents and 50 per cent. of the serious personal injury accidents were the fault of persons other than the operators of the cars. The National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters summarized the cause of 21,120 accidents for the Hoover Conference and reported that 28.3 per cent. were the fault of the pedestrians. The Insurance Committee of the Hoover Conference found that in 32.7 per cent. of motor accidents a reckless driver was responsible, that in 29.3 per cent. a reckless pedestrian was responsible and that in 18.7 per cent. both parties were responsible.

At the 1924 meeting of the Hoover Conference on State and Highway Safety, the matter of compulsory automobile insurance was referred to the Insurance Committee for consideration as a means of reducing accidents. The Committee rejected this proposal. The question was then brought up during the general meeting of the Conference. It was voted down almost unanimously.

Opponents of compulsory insurance also state that it will furnish victims no indemnity in cases where there are no witnesses and in cases where the pedestrian is struck by a driver who makes an immediate getaway and that under compulsory insurance injured pedestrians will have to prosecute their claims as at present under the laws of negligence. The pedestrian would receive nothing if the motorist were not proven at fault.

In 1924 American people paid \$103,000,000 in premiums for automobile liability insurance. The enactment of compulsory automobile insurance would increase the annual premiums to over \$400,000,000.

CONNECTICUT is the first and as yet the only State to place in operation a law designed to safeguard the financial interests of the victims of automobile accidents—and, incidentally to reduce the number of automobile accidents by putting dangerous motorists off the road. On January first of this year, Connecticut's new "financial responsibility act" went into effect. Connecticut's experiment at solving the financial irresponsibility hazard is ingenious. It seems sound and fair—both to the public and the automobile owner. It was designed by Motor Vehicle Commissioner Stoeckel to avoid the various pitfalls raised by the compulsory insurance proposals in other States.

Connecticut now affords the public financial protection from those automobile owners whose records contain one or more serious violations of the motor vehicle law. This is the reckless minority—against whom people need the most protection but against whom they normally have the least protection because many such owners are neither financially competent nor do they carry insurance. The new Connecticut law is based on the fact that a small minority of motorists causes the great majority of accidents. It protects the public from this small and dangerous minority. It gets at the real source of the trouble.

Motor Vehicle Commissioner Stoeckel has declared: "Inasmuch as this law is a new measure, never, so far as known, tried anywhere, it may be well to say that in its administrative phases, it does not, in Connecticut, seem to place any particular hardship upon anybody. This law is believed to be the first attempt anywhere to restrict the issuance of motor vehicle registrations to financially responsible people."

Briefly stated, the essence of the new law follows: holders of motor vehicle registration certificates who are convicted of reckless driving, including speeding, operating while drunk or evading responsibility, or who cause the death of, or injury to, any person, or cause damage to property of at least \$100 will be required to produce evidence satisfactory to the Motor Vehicle Commissioner of ability to pay for damage which his or her car might do, up to \$11,000. Penalty for failure to furnish satisfactory evidence of financial responsibility will be loss of registration.

The law provides four different methods by which automobile owners may qualify as to financial responsibility.

The first method is by insurance. Blanks have been furnished to all insurance companies doing business in Connecticut upon which they certify to the department that an insurance policy covering the liability specified under the new law has been issued to the applicant for registration. The financial responsibility required is that it must be sufficient to satisfy any claim for damages by reason of personal injury to, or death of, any person, to at least \$10,000 and for property damage to the extent of \$1,000.

The second method is by filing a bond. In the case of a real estate bond, it may be made a lien on the property specified by the bondsman. In instances where real estate bonds are offered, the department will pass on the security and make a charge of not more than \$10 for searching the title.

The third method is by depositing cash with

(Continued on page 82)





# Ship Ahoy! The Elks Magazine Cruise is the Holiday of a Lifetime

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## A New Responsibility for Motorists

(Continued from page 80)

the State Treasurer. He will issue a receipt for the deposit and may pay interest on it at a rate of not more than 5 per cent.

The fourth method is by depositing collateral with the State Treasurer. The Commissioner of Motor Vehicles is the determining authority of the State as to the amount and kind of collateral that will be accepted.

Applicants for registration started with clean slates when the law went into effect. Since that date, accidents and convictions have called forth evidence of financial responsibility. This guarantee against damage claims must be continued as long as the Motor Vehicle Commissioner sees fit, under penalty of refusal to renew registration. The guarantee can not be withdrawn in less than three years and then only if during that period of probation the registrant maintains a clean record. If a motorist from outside of Connecticut refuses to post a guarantee, the Commissioner may refuse him the right to operate an automobile in Connecticut.

Records of registrants previous to January first of this year, while not militating against their securing their 1926 registration, are being taken into consideration by the department in passing upon accidents in which they are involved sufficient to call into question their financial qualifications.

Motor vehicle accidents and convictions will bring before Commissioner Stoeckel for financial qualification each year about 15 per cent. of Connecticut automobile owners. Out of these, about one-half will be cases where no department decree follows. The other half, or from 15,000 to 17,500 persons, will be required to guarantee their financial responsibility.

Connecticut's solution of the financial irresponsibility problem leaves with each automobile owner the decision as to whether or not he or she will come under its provisions. A distinction is made between the good and the bad, the careful and the reckless. All are not penalized alike as is the case under the various compulsory insurance proposals. "Good behavior" will carry its reward. There is no way of telling ahead as to who will be required to post a guarantee of financial responsibility. No person will have to do so, except by his own act. Connecticut has made the determining factor solely one of personal responsibility as contrasted to mass responsibility.

The satisfactory operation of the new act is made possible because Connecticut requires licenses of all operators and the reporting to the Motor Vehicle Department of all automobile accidents. Connecticut also has an efficient State Police to help enforce it. Furthermore, the motor vehicle department has for consultation the records of 80,000 operators which describe accidents and convictions during the last eight years. The new law is designed to afford the State the same control over registrants as it has previously held over operators. The value of the 80,000 records of operators in establishing financial responsibility will be great, since Commissioner Stoeckel finds that 90 per cent. of Connecticut operators are owners as well.

There will be no dilly-dallying in the enforcement of the new law according to Commissioner Stoeckel who states: "It will be the policy of the State to administer this law strictly."

There will be occasional instances under the new law where persons are injured and yet are unable to secure financial indemnity from the person responsible because any law which does not automatically apply to all motorists can go no further than to base its application upon the actual records of all registrants. Inevitably there will be a "first time" for certain automobile owners whose records were previously clear. Until after their first accident the Commissioner will not compel them to qualify. Such cases, however, will be few because the person with a clear record over a period of years is not the type of person who is apt to have an accident—especially where it is his fault.

The Connecticut law is aimed directly at the type of registrant who has had several accidents and who is apt to have several more but whose



record has not been bad enough to cause the Commissioner to revoke his driving license. The one extreme—the man who has a clear record—need hardly be feared. The other extreme—the man with an extremely dangerous record—has already been put off the road.

No automobile owner in Connecticut will be forced into financial qualification so long as his record remains clean. If he has a serious accident he will be forced to qualify himself by insurance or bond. If his record becomes such that insurance and bonding companies consider him an undesirable risk he will have to put up his own cash or collateral. If he lacks this, he will have to get off the road.

The distinction between compulsory insurance and Connecticut's new financial responsibility act is explained by Commissioner Stoeckel as follows: "All other financial responsibility propositions have had the fundamental objection that each of them applied to all persons alike, to rich and to poor, to good and to bad. The Connecticut law applies only to 'repeaters'."

In further distinction to compulsory insurance, the new Connecticut law provides four methods of posting financial guarantees, three of which are other than insurance. Two of these—the depositing of money or collateral—touch the motorist's pocket-book rather substantially.

Some people may feel that it is unjust discrimination to prohibit any person from owning and operating an automobile. Certain people are deprived of their liberty and placed in jails, prisons and asylums because their acts have made them a menace to their fellows. No state is under an obligation to allow unfit persons to own and run automobiles any more than it is obliged to allow murderers, thieves, criminals in general and insane people to roam at large.

IV

Connecticut's pioneer effort to solve the hazard of financial irresponsibility promises several interesting results.

Foremost will be that of providing the public with financial guarantees against the most dangerous type of motorist—the person whose record shows one or more serious violations of the motor vehicle law. One aspect of this result will be to increase greatly the percentage of Connecticut motorists who are financially responsible.

Another effect of the law will be to gradually eliminate from the Connecticut highways those persons who seem bound to have accidents—"repeaters"—thus tending to reduce the number of automobile accidents in the State.

As a result of the new law, Connecticut motorists will probably give more careful thought as to whom they loan their cars, for however brief a period. Hereafter, the registrant will be held accountable for damage done by his car—even though he personally be far from the scene of the accident. In the future it will probably not be so easy for people to borrow a friend's car for an evening or a week-end in Connecticut. Few motorists will care to run the chances of being asked to post financial guarantees with the Motor Vehicle Commissioner because of the carelessness of a friend who borrowed their car.

The Connecticut financial responsibility act, in confining its application to those who violate the motor vehicle laws rather than applying to the careful and the reckless alike, avoids the basic objections of compulsory insurance. It is possible that this solution of the financial irresponsibility problem will commend itself to other states. If it does, its adoption by certain states would necessitate a sweeping change in their automobile laws. Certain states at present do not compel operators to secure licenses; they do not require a reporting of automobile accidents; they have no system of keeping the driving records of motorists; nor do they have a State Police to work with the Motor Vehicle department in the enforcement of automobile laws—all of which Connecticut has. Those states which follow Connecticut's lead will find it necessary to amend their motor vehicle laws in these respects.

Interesting innovations in methods of selling automobile insurance may also come about. The insurance companies are consulting the 80,000 records of the Motor Vehicle department to determine the desirability of applicants for automobile insurance. In the near future, it is

(Continued on page 84)

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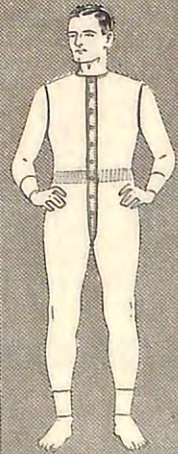
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## A New Responsibility for Motorists

(Continued from page 83)

possible that before a Connecticut motorist can secure liability or property damage insurance, his official motoring record will be scrutinized by the companies. This plan would mark a departure in the present methods of accepting automobile liability insurance business.

Another innovation may also be in the offing. Having examined an applicant's driving record before issuing a policy, it would be a logical step to adopt the principle of grading the premiums, thus making the person with a bad driving record—"the accident breeder"—pay a larger premium than the person with a clean record. This would make the cost of the insurance proportionate to the hazard involved. Such a system is already in use in selling life, health, fire, compensation, and other kinds of insurance. It is possible that the new law will result in the insurance companies grading their automobile liability premiums.

## The Golden Age of the Gun Fighter

(Continued from page 37)

All Abilene and the surrounding country turned out to Tom Smith's funeral. Smith's dapple-gray horse, Silverheels, was led behind the hearse that bore the marshal to the grave. A few years ago Abilene citizens erected a granite monument over the last resting place of Thomas J. Smith. On the stone, beneath the marshal's name, is carved this tribute: "A fearless hero of frontier days, who, in cowboy chaos, established the supremacy of law."

With Tom Smith gone, the cowboys soon began to overrun Abilene again. The gamblers came back, and killings became frequent. In desperation, the citizens turned to Wild Bill Hickock as their next marshal.

Wild Bill's methods were not those of Tom Smith. Hickock was the gun fighter's ideal. He was a two-gun man—probably the best that ever lived in the West. He had the romantic exterior of Buffalo Bill and the nerve of Billy the Kid, without the Kid's criminal tendencies. Wild Bill had killed at least twenty men when he assumed the marshalship of Abilene—and all his killing had been done on the side of law and order. He was a Union scout in the Civil War and had been commended for bravery. Single-handed, he had "cleaned out" the McCandless gang of outlaws in Kansas. He fought equally well with pistol or knife. His reputation extended the length and breadth of the frontier, and his name alone was sufficient to overawe any but the most desperate. He was as picturesque as a story-book hero. His hair was long and curling, his mustache was long and silken, and his eyes were piercing. Ivory-handled revolvers were his hobby, and his quickness in drawing his weapons was only exceeded by the accuracy of his fire.

Wild Bill ruled Abilene, but his methods were not those of Tom Smith. He shot several men, and added to the enmities which he had accumulated in his aggressive career. Some friends of one of his victims planned to kill Wild Bill out of revenge. The killing was to be done by a gambler and bully known as Phil Cole, a pal of one of Hickock's victims. Cole had come to Abilene from Texas for the purpose of avenging himself on Wild Bill. The report had gone around that Cole and his friends were going to try to "get" the marshal. Wild Bill, despite all the victims he had claimed, was not a trouble seeker. He purposely kept out of the way, and the afternoon wore into evening without giving the Texans a chance to "make their play."

The marshal and his deputy, Mike McWilliams, were at their boarding house when they heard shots fired.

"You stay here, Mike, and I'll go and see what is the matter," said Wild Bill. "Don't leave here, no matter what happens."

McWilliams promised to stay, and Hickock walked down to the main street of the town. He entered one of the saloons and was informed that somebody had been shooting a dog.

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## AGENTS

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Cole was loitering on the sidewalk, intent on getting a shot at Wild Bill. The marshal was leaning on a table, and presented a fair target in the lamplight. Cole fired, but was so overcome with nervousness that the shot went wild. In an instant Wild Bill whirled about and fired through the doorway. Cole fell, with a bullet in his abdomen.

Wild Bill, certain that Cole was not alone in the attack, rushed out of the saloon and stood over his prostrate enemy. Both of Hickock's deadly guns were drawn, and he peered into the darkness, waiting for anything that might happen.

Hickock's deputy heard the shots, and, forgetful of his promise to Wild Bill, ran for the scene of the shooting. Wild Bill, hearing the sound of approaching feet, thought one of Cole's adherents was coming. The marshal fired twice into the darkness. Both shots took effect in McWilliams' heart. The deputy, without a groan, plunged forward into the little circle of light—a dead man when he struck the sidewalk.

Wild Bill recognized McWilliams. He gathered his deputy in his arms and carried him into the saloon. When he realized what had happened Wild Bill turned Berserker in his rage. He rushed in and out of the resorts of Abilene, vowing vengeance on any and all of Cole's friends. Men were dragged out from behind bars and under card tables, begging for their lives. They were spared only when the enraged marshal saw that they were not friends of the mortally wounded gambler whose attack had brought about McWilliams' death. Not one of Cole's friends could be found in Abilene that night. They had leaped on the first horses available, and had fled to the surrounding cow camps.

The shooting of his deputy unnerved Wild Bill Hickock. He resigned the marshalship of Abilene and went to Dodge City. Then he drifted to Deadwood—a changed man. Much of his old keenness had deserted him. One night, in a game of cards, he forgot his customary caution, and sat with his back to the door. A bully named McCall, who had been waiting for a chance to gain fame by killing the greatest of Western gun fighters, stepped through the doorway and fired a charge of buckshot into Wild Bill's back, killing him instantly.

McCall was executed by process of law. Wild Bill was buried at Deadwood, and citizens put up a marble bust of him at his grave.

When Wild Bill left Abilene, conditions became so bad that the following circular, written by Mayor Henry and signed by four-fifths of the citizens, was sent broadcast through Texas and the West generally:

"We, the undersigned members of the Farmers' Protective Association, and officers and citizens of Dickinson County, Kansas, most respectfully request all who have contemplated driving Texas cattle to Abilene the coming season to seek some other point for shipment, as the inhabitants of Dickinson will no longer submit to the evils of the trade."

This remarkable notice had the desired effect. Not another herd was driven to Abilene. The saloons and dance halls were deserted. Abilene became painfully quiet. There were many to predict that putting up the bars against the cattle trade was virtually a signing of Abilene's death warrant. But it had been discovered that wheat could be grown on the Kansas prairie lands which were thought to be fit only for grazing. Homesteaders' shacks began to dot the plains where the great herds had been held for shipment. Abilene's grimly significant "keep out" notice to cattlemen in 1872 was merely a hastening of the inevitable. It is a significant document, in that it put into words what many were beginning to feel in their hearts—that the cattle shipping business was more or less evanescent and that Kansas must depend on agriculture for a future more stable if less picturesque.

Other towns were willing to pick up the trade which Abilene had so theatrically discarded. The day of the gun fighter was not to be ended in summary fashion. The iron trail of the Santa Fé railway system was pushing west and south, and the herds and their belligerent guardians found welcome at Dodge City. The drama was merely shifted to another stage. The actors were the same—the fighting gamblers preying

(Continued on page 86)



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# The Golden Age of the Gun Fighter

(Continued from page 85)



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on the reckless cowboys, and one sheriff and marshal after another facing death in upholding the law. Front Street, in old Dodge, paralleling the railroad tracks, saw the same excitements that had been known to the "bottoms" in Abilene. In these wooden shacks, where saloons and dance halls were given enticing names, gathered men whose fame as gun fighters had spread throughout the length and breadth of the frontier country. There were the Earps of Tombstone—grim feudists who always put up a family front against a common enemy. There were the Masterson boys, Ed and Bat. There was Luke Short, the fighting gambler. There was "Doc" Holliday, consumptive in appearance but a dangerous foe. There was "Mysterious Dave" Mather, and there was Wild Bill himself. There was A. B. Webster, the gun-fighting Mayor, and there was Pat Shugrue, the blacksmith-sheriff, who, like Tom Smith of Abilene, generally scorned a gun when he went to get his man.

Some of these men killed in upholding the law, and others killed as a result of the feuds and grudges that sprung up at the card table or between the jealous holders of saloon or gambling "privileges."

"Boot Hill," where the dead were laid away with the leather on their feet, was the one quiet spot in Dodge City. Holding such a town to a semblance of law and order grew to be a task which increased in proportion to the size and number of the cattle herds which were driven in for shipment. Ed. Masterson, as sheriff of Ford County, was killed when he tried to make some cowboys give up their guns as they entered a dance hall. Bat Masterson, on hearing of his brother's death, wounded several of the cowboys before they could make their escape. Then Bat himself became sheriff in his brother's stead, and made a creditable record. Bat was a buffalo hunter on the Kansas plains, and, with others of his calling, had successfully stood off an apparently overwhelming number of Indians in a surprise attack at Adobe Walls. Bat was a prominent figure for years in the Southwest and at Leadville and Denver. His last years were spent as a deputy United States marshal in New York, to which post he was appointed by President Roosevelt.

Among the prominent gun fighters who were lured to Dodge from Texas was Ben Thompson. Ben had made a record as a killer, and men walked wide of him in Dodge. He was a pleasant-faced man, always extremely careful of his personal appearance. He had killed a dozen or more men who had the temerity to quarrel with him, and so expert was he with the revolver, and so unshakable was his nerve in a crisis that he cared little if the other man apparently "had the drop." Thompson has been held up as the one rival to Wild Bill in the matter of celerity in drawing his weapons. He proved his nerve once at Austin, when he entered a theater where the proprietor had threatened to kill him if he ever set foot inside the door. The proprietor's "grouch" arose from the fact that Ben, a few evenings before, had playfully shattered a chandelier and scattered the audience even more widely than he scattered the glass.

As Ben walked into the place where he had been threatened with death, the bartender in the saloon in front of the theater, fired point blank with a shotgun loaded with buckshot. But, like the gambler who fired at Wild Bill, the bartender was nervous and missed. Thompson shot the bartender dead, and then whirled on a confederate who was about to discharge a Winchester. The confederate, instead of shooting, dropped the gun and dodged behind the bar. Thompson took an estimate of where the man was likely to be, and shot through the bar, bowling his man over with a bullet through the jaw. Then Thompson went in and sat down in the theater.

The citizens of Austin made Ben marshal, and he held down the job in capable, though picturesque fashion. A cowboy, in playful mood, shot a tall hat from the head of an Eastern stranger. This grieved Ben's soul. He vowed that it was a reflection on Austin to have such inhospitality displayed. So he bought a tall hat and presented himself before the frightened cowboy who had done the shooting.

"I hear you're shooting plug hats to-day," observed Ben. "Maybe you'd like to shoot mine."

The cowboy said he had no such desire, so Ben took him by the cartridge belt and threw him into the street and told him not to come back again.

Ben Thompson and his friend "King" Fisher, another picturesque killer, were killed in a variety theater in San Antonio. Ben had visited San Antonio, as he had visited Dodge and other lively Western centers, and had aroused enmity on account of one or two premature deaths he had caused. He and Fisher, sitting alone in the body of the theater, were fired upon, at a given signal, by a score of men concealed behind the curtains of the boxes that lined the auditorium. There was no failure as in the case of the wobbly-nerved individual who had been entrusted with the business of assassination at Austin. When the smoke had cleared and men dared to approach, it was found that Ben Thompson, the handsome and debonair, had received a dozen death wounds.

Occasionally the gun men combined for the purpose of putting up a united front in behalf of some brother who was receiving a "deal" that was regarded as unjust. Such a combination was effected in behalf of Luke Short, the fighting gambler. Luke was a quiet-spoken individual who had begun life as a whisky trader adjacent to a North Dakota Indian reservation. Soldiers destroyed his stock and captured him, but Luke leaped from a train and set his face toward the west and took up gambling. He was small of stature and peaceably inclined, which led several bullies into the notion that they could brow-beat him out of gambling debts. Three or four men of considerable reputation as gun fighters had paid the death penalty for this mistake, when Luke set himself up in business in Dodge. Luke opened the biggest gambling house in Dodge City, which cut into the profits of a similar place owned by the Mayor. That official had an ordinance passed calling for the elimination of music from gambling houses and saloons. Luke dismissed his orchestra but found that the music still went on in the place run by the Mayor. This looked like a "frame-up" and Luke re-hired his orchestra, which was promptly thrown into jail. Luke followed the musicians when he exchanged shots with the town marshal, nobody being hurt.

A call for assistance went out from Luke. Bat Masterson came from Denver and Wyatt Earp from Silverton, and others from other live towns where Luke had friends. It looked like a pitched battle, and the Mayor weakened. A compromise was effected—said compromise consisting of allowing Luke to have all the musicians and everything else he wanted in Dodge.

On another occasion, the word was passed around that an unfriendly element had conspired to keep Pat Shugrue from being elected sheriff of Ford County. Now Pat was a lion-hearted blacksmith who had made a great record as a peace officer. Being used to shoeing wild horses, Pat had no fear of mere men. He went after them with his bare hands, and scorned the gun. This time it was Bat Masterson who sent out the call for aid. When election day came it found the lanky Wyatt Earp in town. It was given out that Earp and Masterson and Luke Short and Charley Bassett and Neal Brown and Luke Short's partner, W. H. Harris, and several others who just loved gun-play, were on hand to see that Pat Shugrue got a square deal. The next sheriff of Ford County was a blacksmith and his name was Pat.

The gun fighters thought nothing of traveling long miles to back each other in some crisis. When a friend was called on for help, that friend was supposed to buckle on his guns without question. The Earps found such an ally in "Doc" Holliday in their fight with the Clanton gang at Tombstone. The Earp boys were Jim, Virgil, Wyatt, Morgan and Warren. They were shotgun messengers on stage coaches, for gambling house keepers, saloon keepers and officers of the law. Virgil was deputy United States marshal at Tombstone, and later city marshal.

(Continued on page 88)



# Don't Pay Me a Cent If I Can't Give You a Magnetic Personality -5 Days FREE Proof!



**N**O matter how lacking you are in qualities of leadership, no matter how colorless, timid, unsuccessful, and discouraged you may be, I GUARANTEE to so magnetize your personality that your whole life will be completely transformed!

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You have it. Everyone has it. But do you use it?

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of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism." It is bound in beautiful dark burgundy, with the title gold embossed. Its scope is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind," and "Magnetic Healing" are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

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# The Golden Age of the Gun Fighter

(Continued from page 86)

The Clantons, Ike and Billy, were stage robbers and all-round desperate men. They had fallen out with the Earps and sent word that they would be in town on a certain day to do battle. The Clantons and two brothers named McLowry, rode in as promised, and Virgil rounded up his brothers Wyatt and Morgan, and called on "Doc" Holliday for aid. "Doc," without question, "threw in" with the Earps, and there was a street battle in which the McLowrys and Billy Clanton were killed and Morgan Earp was slightly wounded.

Outlaws associated with the Clantons sought revenge. Virgil Earp was fired upon by a desperado known as "Curly Bill," on the streets of Tombstone, and his arm was shattered by buckshot. Morgan Earp was murdered in a pool room, the assassin standing outside and shooting through the window. Wyatt Earp, with "Doc" Holliday and two or three other friends, went on the warpath. They shot a Mexican who was said to have been in the plot to kill Morgan Earp. Wyatt and "Doc" Holliday went to Tucson, where they killed Frank Stillwell, a companion of Ike Clanton. Then Wyatt killed "Curly Bill" near Tombstone. Pete Spence, who was supposed to be the ring-leader of those who killed Morgan Earp, was in jail at Tombstone. During Wyatt's absence on his mission to kill "Curly Bill," the jailer released Spence and told him to head for Mexico, which he did without delay.

"Doc" Holliday, who was always ready to fight in behalf of his friends, was a picturesque character. He was physically a weakling, being not over five feet six inches tall and weighing about one hundred and thirty pounds. He was quarrelsome, and is said to have been "run out" of Georgia for shooting some negroes who were swimming near his place. He migrated to Texas and hung out a sign as a dentist in Dallas, but took to gambling as more lucrative. He was known in all the centers of gambling activity along the frontier, and it is on record that he emerged first-best in shooting scrapes in Denver and Trinidad, Colo., and Las

Vegas, N. M. In the last-named place he engaged in a quarrel with a gambler named Gordon. The slight and inoffensive-looking "Doc" invited Gordon to step outside and continue the argument. The invitation was accepted, but no sooner had Gordon put his foot outside the door than Holliday shot him dead and then fled on horseback to Dodge City.

Thus it will be seen that the gun fighters who made reputations in the West were of all types. Some let the quarrels come to them, and others went about seeking trouble. Some, like Pat Garrett, were men of the highest character, who had dedicated their skill and courage to public service at a time when other men shrank from a task that seemed like certain death. Garrett himself was shot, long after peace had come to the frontier, by an irresponsible youngster who wanted the "glory" of being known as the man who had killed the slayer of Billy the Kid. Some had true nobility of character, like Tom Smith, who unhesitatingly faced worse conditions in Abilene than he had ever known when he was on the New York police force. Others were drunk with blood-lust, like the mysterious Billy the Kid, who was a product of the New York slums, and who perhaps had played in the same streets that Tom Smith patrolled.

With one's reputation as a gun fighter, whether that reputation was achieved in defense of the law or otherwise, went certain danger. The man who had killed in a "gun play" was always in danger of being killed. The gun fighter could never "take water" or swallow any public affront, or the pack would be on him in an instant. It took nerves of steel to withstand the strain—a fact which stands out most prominently when one considers, either individually or collectively, the gun fighters of the Golden Age. One does not marvel so much at their feats of arms or their coolness in a crisis. The chief wonder is that they could live, so apparently unconcerned, day after day, under the shadow of death that was always across their path.

# A Service for an Old Flag

By Mrs. Charles H. Broomfield

WITH the approach of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of July 4, we realized the need for buying a new flag—something we had postponed doing simply because we hated to discard the one so long in active service.

True, it was faded and patched and the edges had been turned and hemmed many times; but it had traveled with us all over the United States, hung on the walls of rooms in innumerable hotels, and formed part of the family group so long that to part with it seemed like losing an old friend.

But how to dispose of it?

It could not be thrown away with rubbish, nor stuffed in the ragbag; and the governmental method of burning it and scattering the ashes on the ground did not appeal to us.

But the Boss had a brilliant idea, after we had discussed various plans and measures.

"Let's have a real funeral," he said, "and give Old Glory a real burial."

And this is what we did:

A hole was dug in a flower bed, the old flag carefully folded and placed therein, and a match applied. When only a heap of gray ash remained, and the grave filled, the Boss sounded "Taps" on a famous old bugle, while the audience of one stood at attention, and saluted.

A simple little ceremony, but two good Americans felt the better for it.

Chancing to mention this to a Girl Scout, recently, she jarred our complacency by saying:

"Why, we did the selfsame thing in camp, last summer. We had quite a parade. First marched the bugle corps, then a girl carrying the folded flag. Behind her walked several girls in pairs, keeping step with the funeral march the buglers were playing. We all stood at attention around the grave while the flag was burning, and

when the grave was carefully filled, we saluted as one of the buglers sounded "Taps." Do you know," she added, "it was so impressive that some of the girls cried."

As we had felt somewhat weepy over our own little ceremony we could readily understand how the Scouts felt.

What does the average flag owner do with his old flag? Faded and worn, it is still our national emblem, still the flag that has never been furled in defeat nor floated in a cause that was not righteous. Whether its stripes are gay or dimmed, its stars purely white or darkened by exposure and age, it is still Old Glory, the most beautiful flag ever conceived and created.

To cast it aside like a discarded garment is unthinkable, yet no doubt many really patriotic persons do just that simply because they are thoughtless.

It seems to me that making the disposal of a worn-out flag a real ceremony would be an object lesson to old and young, and arouse or renew the spirit of sentiment and reverence every man, woman and child should feel.

I know a woman who lost her only son in the World War, who flies a beautiful flag every day in the year, in memory of him. A short time ago she told me that while she would hate to take a human life it made her feel murderous to even think of any one stealing or insulting that flag.

"Do you think it would be a sin to kill such a vandal?" she asked.

"Far be it from me to advise you to commit murder," I replied, "but years ago, before your time and mine, during the Civil War, the governor of the State of New York voiced this fine sentiment:

"If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot!"

**\$123 the First WEEK**

"I worked 6 days, 6 hours a day, and made \$123 selling 'Stay - Prest' Trouser Pressers."

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"Stay-Prest" Trouser Presser sells quick to every man—thousands in use. Men and women are cleaning up big profits with this fast seller. Sells on sight. Priced low. Big cash profit for you. You take orders. We deliver. Your profit in advance. **Wonderful New Invention.** Puts perfect creases in trousers, takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Easy to use—takes less than half a minute. Folds into small size. Saves clothes and tailor bills.

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S.W. Allen of California made \$40.80 in one day's "joyful work"! Hundreds of other men are reporting amazing incomes—many of them doubling and tripling their former salaries.

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Just wear this beautiful hand tailored **FREE RAIN-PROOF** Cap. When your friends see it, nine out of ten will want one like it. They can't resist the **Rain Proof** idea—it's so new and unique. You can make a splendid income in full or spare time. No experience is needed. "I haven't found a man who doesn't fall for the made-to-measure idea," writes Chas. Horstman. Send at once for **FREE** Selling Outfit, **Taylor Cap Mfgs., Dept. U-14, Cincinnati, O.**

# Earn Big Money

Fred Frankel, Ills., writes: "I earned \$110 first week selling **Carlton Shirts** direct to consumer." You can too. No capital or experience required. We pay 25 per cent. cash commissions daily and big extra bonuses.

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# The Vug

(Continued from page 41)

horror of it was, for the moment, almost lost in amazement.

Round and round the cave was running furiously, madly, a strange and hideous creature that seemed to have gone amuck. She did not know what it was, though she had a vague sense of having encountered it before. That flat, shining, armoured body, black and polished, was not unfamiliar; she had seen it somewhere—where? The hateful whip-like tail, long as an arrow and thin as a knitting-needle—she knew it. She knew, too, the awful head of the thing, armed with poison fangs so huge and heavy that they were carried perforce like folded arms, packed as the folded lobster-claws of the scorpion are packed.

The scorpion! Conviction flashed upon her, conviction of a thing scarce possible, but true. This brute, a full yard long, beetle-bodied, with folded poison fangs as big as bananas, was the creature popularly known to Papua as the "whiptailed scorpion"—not a scorpion save in the matter of vague resemblance; found in dark holes and decaying vegetable matter; only an inch or so in length, but fiercely poisonous, even at that. What extraordinary freak of nature had raised one of the number to the giant dimensions that she saw, Julie could not even guess. Nor was she concerned with any such speculations. Her second glance into the cave had shown her Terry—Terry clinging perilously half-way up the wall, his torch in his teeth, his revolver fallen on the ground. The next look showed her something worse. She had seen the horror below—which in her mind she called the "vug"—scrambling in its wild round-and-round career over dusky heaps of something that she took to be loose stone. She saw, now, that it was not stone. It was the piled, distorted bodies of men—three men. There were bones too; she could not guess how many more they represented, but it looked like two or three.

The "vug" had been hit; some blackish stuff was trailing like treacle after it as it ran, and only five out of its six legs appeared to be in action. Terry's shooting seemed to have done it no serious injury, but it had certainly been roused to frenzy—a frenzy of which no vertebrate animal could have been capable. Its speed, as it careered round and round, across and across the tiny space of the cave, was unbelievable; sometimes one could scarcely discern the shape of its body, large as that of a young pig; sometimes, when it dashed itself momentarily against the wall, and paused, half stunned, one could see the black eyes of it, the size of shillings, and the folded, horrid fangs—then once more it would start its scrambling, swift run, and Julie would shrink back against the rock, terrified lest it should attempt to climb. She did not doubt that it could climb; only the dazing effect of the injuries it had received prevented it, in all probability, from changing the insane circular race it was making, to an upward rush.

All this passed in something like half a minute. Julie was at first almost stupefied by horror, and by the hideous smell of the creature, which was like the smell of all the cockroaches and bugs in the world, combined in one suffocating waft. Then the sight of her husband, unstably perched on a sloping shelf that seemed more likely than not to give way, woke her to action. There was a loose boulder partly jammed in the wall of the cave, just where she stood. She could not have moved it under ordinary circumstances, but in that moment, her "strength was as the strength of ten," and she knew it. Using both arms and a knee, she wrought fiercely at the stone; loosened it, and with one last, bone-wrenching effort, got it free. As the whip-tailed creature passed underneath again, she judged its speed, judged her distance and let the boulder go.

It fell with a rending crash; and the shock, resounding in the narrow space of the cave, loosened for good the tiny shelf to which Henshaw had been clinging. He came sprawling down; and Julie shrieked, put out her foot to spring—and drew it back. She saw that the beast was done. It had been hit and crushed in the abdomen; and had managed to pull itself from underneath the falling stone, but it was not running and scrambling any more. Creeping, as a thing in dire extremity, it dragged itself to the split

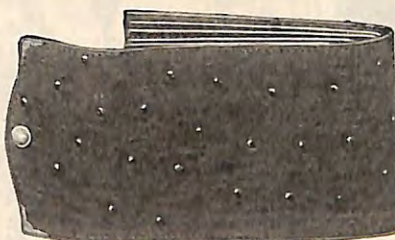
(Continued on page 91)

# New! The Halvorfold

## Ideal Christmas Gift



# "Made to Order" for Elks



### Very Latest! Genuine Ostrich Hide

This beautiful new leather is just appearing in the exclusive shops, the sensation of the season. Rich, expensive looking with grain and soft brown color somewhat like pigskin. Beautiful irregular pattern of "knots" where feathers were removed, an effect you find in no other leather. About the strongest leather known, wears for years. Halvorfold in new Genuine Ostrich is an unusually handsome article. Strongly made, same as calfskin style, with Gold corners, snap fastener and special Gold Monogram Plate. Price **\$12**



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Newly patented Halvorfold—Pass-case, Bill-fold, Card-case—just what every Elk needs. No fumbling for your passes, just snap open your Halvorfold and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting from dirt and wear. New ingenious loose-leaf device enables you to show 4, 8 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size bill-fold.

Made of high-grade, black **Genuine Calfskin**, specially tanned for the Halvorfold. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra solid, no flimsy cloth lining. 14-K gold corners and snap fastener. Size 3½ x 5 inches closed, just right for hip pocket. Backbone of loose-leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your Halvorfold. Try to match this quality for less than \$7.50 to \$10.00. My special direct price to you is only: **\$5.00!**

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Every man needs the Halvorfold. Other high grade leather goods and specialties. Quick, easy sales—liberal commissions. Ask for our special Agent's Offer. See coupon.

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<input type="checkbox"/> Genuine Black Calfskin, \$5	<input type="checkbox"/> Genuine Ostrich Hide, \$12	<input type="checkbox"/> Hand tooled Steerhide, \$15
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# I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

## — Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

*Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life*

“DON’T be silly, Mary. You’re perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way . . . it’s crazy! You are silly to even think about it.”

“But, Jack, it’s . . .”

“Mary, how can you believe in that crazy music course! Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and without a teacher. It’s impossible!”

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn’t even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I hated to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had always been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. I had longed to sit down to the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For they could entertain their friends and family . . . they were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn’t keep from “peeking” at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! She had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic I



wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all.

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found that it was as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master it!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can’t play. For through this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which anyone can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a “crazy course” had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can’t describe his astonish-

ment. “Why . . . why . . .” he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned . . . when I learned . . . how? So I told of my secret . . . and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after,

Jack came to me and said, “Mary, don’t laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music.”

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us popularity! Fun! Happiness!

\* \* \* \* \*

If you, too, like music . . . then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet “Music Lessons in Your Own Home,” together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

Don’t hesitate because you think you have no talent. Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a wonderful “Musical Ability Test.” You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument through this short-cut method. Send the coupon. The Demonstration Lesson showing how they teach will come AT ONCE.

Address the U. S. School of Music, 36210 Brunswick Building, New York.

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Please send me your free book, “Music Lessons in Your Own Home,” with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

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# The Vug

(Continued from page 89)

that ran across the cave; it had slipped into that, as into an accustomed lair, and now nothing of it showed save the long, revolting, whip-lash tail. Even while Julie watched, she saw the tail quiver sharply once or twice, stiffen, and after a second fall limp as black tape into the cleft.

Henshaw very coolly picked up his revolver, and sent three shots in after the brute. There was no movement.

"He's done," Henshaw commented. "Let's get out of this." He swung himself up beside Julie, and pushed her backwards. "Hurry," he said, "it mightn't be the only one."

"How did you—were they—"

"Get out first, talk after." He took her elbow, and hurried her on. There was light enough, going back, to see where they climbed; the upward journey was easier than the downward had been.

Out under the sky, and into the air that seemed so cool and fresh, compared with the stifling atmosphere of the cave, the two began rapid fire of question and answer.

"Terry—those poor men—are they dead?"

"Dead as mutton. I found them there when I went down. More than dead. If you had looked—only I wouldn't have let you—you'd have seen they were swelled up and blue. That thing that Forth called a vug must have got them one after the other. It had poison enough to kill a whale."

"Where was it—why didn't it—"

"Get me? You saved me, sweetheart; it was what you called after me as I went down, 'Take care of the vug,' that had me on the lookout for something queer. How Forth can have—I don't understand. But when I went in, and saw those dead men, I was going to do just what they had done—walk alongside the split—when it occurred to me that there might be something in it—I thought of snakes. So I just sent a shot in. And out that thing began coming, head first, and poison jaws folded like a pair of arms—and you bet I didn't wait; I was up the wall as quick as a fly; sent two more shots at it as I climbed, but I dropped the revolver. Queer thing; the two Kiwais were bitten in the leg—you could see it, like a couple of bayonet stabs, one each side—but Forth had been bitten in the arm. Must have had his arm right down in the cleft, actually looking for the brute. Only thing I can think is that he was insane, and didn't show it as a rule. No sane person—"

"Forth was as sane as you or I," pronounced Julie. "Saner. He always knew how to hold on to anything valuable—so they say. He was after something when he went down there, and it must have been something worth getting. Well, it cost him his life. Poor fellow! Poor fellow! Give me your handkerchief, Terry, mine's dirty, and I want to cry."

"What have you got in yours?" he asked her, pulling it out of her pocket—a soiled small bundle.

Julie was too busy fulfilling her desire to answer. He undid the bundle.

"What's this? Where did you get it?"

"He didn't think this morning he'd be dead before afternoon," she answered him through tears. "I suppose there's some woman who'll be sorry. Poor thing!"

"The women of the Kiwais will be just as sorry as she will, and anyhow we can't help any of them; I'll send and get them up, and that's all—Jewel, you haven't answered. Where did you find this?"

"It broke away under my foot, and it shone, so I kept it," she answered, blowing her nose.

"Broke away? Where?"

"In that cleft."

Terry blew a long, soft whistle; turned over the dark crystal that lay in his hand; wiped it, and held it to the light. Through it the faint rays of the veiled sun shone like violets.

"Is that Forth's notebook, lying there on the rocks?" he asked.

"It's nothing of mine," she answered, delicately wiping her wet eyes. "It must be."



He snatched at it; opened it and turned it over. For a minute or two the sound of rustling paper competed with Julie's slowly dying sobs. Henshaw, still leafing the book, slid to a sitting position; began to read steadily. Once or twice he uttered a low exclamation.

Grief for a dead man—for three—whom one had only known a day, was all very well and quite proper, but curiosity, before long, proved stronger. Julie pocketed Terry's handkerchief, smoothed her hair and, watching him the while, drew a lipstick over her mouth, and a powder-puff across her reddened nose. Then she jumped up.

"Tell me!" she coaxed.

For an answer, Terry closed the book, and demanded—

"Are you game to go back?"

Julie nodded, eyes bright with the sense of some mystery ahead. She slipped fresh cartridges into the revolver, gave it to Terry, and followed him once more down the well.

He went slowly, flashing the torch every now and then on the rough surface of the split by which they were descending. Within the cave, while she kept sharp watch, her heart beating hotly, for the appearance of any more "vugs," Terry examined the course of the split; flashed the torch in, and finally, with a rock for a hammer, broke off a few pieces and held them up. In the light of the torch, they glittered pink, violet, purple, splendid as stained glass in a west window beneath the sinking sun.

"Amethysts, the finest anyone ever dreamed of," said Terry.

She gave a little scream of delight, but checked it instantly. "Come away from—those," she said, glancing with wide eyes at the quiet figures on the cave floor. "It seems wrong."

Outside, Terry flung his arms about her, and kissed her fiercely. "No parting, my Jewel," he said. "Never any more. Our fortune's there."

She hung in his arms. "Terry," she said, "will you give me the finest set of amethysts any woman on earth ever had?"

"You bet," said Terry, hugging her.

"Do you think there are—any more of them?"

"Of what?"

"Vugs."

For answer, Terry let go, leaned up against the rock, and fairly shrieked with laughter. "Sweetheart," he said, "I hope so; I reckon there are plenty."

"Oh," she cried, "you're going mad just like Forth!"

"No, I reckon I'm going sane—like him. Why, darling, a vug is a sort of chimney in the rock, all lined with jewels, and we've got it for our own."

"Then what is that devil we killed?"

"Love, it's one more of the mysteries of Papua. I take it to be a sort of toad-in-the-rock business—one of those whiptailed-scorpion creatures that got shut in centuries ago, in the vug, where it had plenty of food from things falling in, but couldn't get out. No one really knows how long a beast like that can live, or what makes it grow beyond bounds, if it does. There was a tale of a giant spider in Mexico. . . . But that doesn't matter to us."

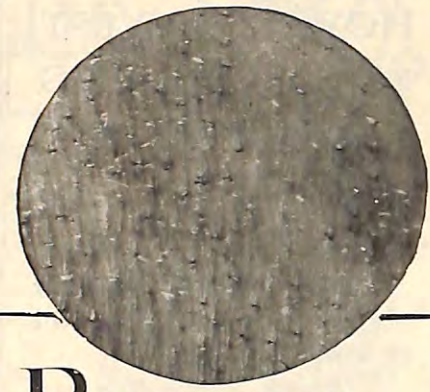
"How do you suppose this thing was let out? and are there more?"

"Forth must have broken away the rock, looking for gems. As to there being any more, I only wish there were; they would be worth almost more than the jewels—but I should be very much surprised if anyone on earth ever saw such a thing again."

Mrs. Terry Henshaw and her husband give the pleasantest parties in Sydney. Her amethysts are very much admired, and are said to be unique; but then, as people say who have no mines of their own, that is not to be wondered at, when she gets them for nothing at all. . . .

People also say that it is a pity the Henshaws, man and wife, are such liars. No one can possibly be expected to believe their stories about Papua.

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## Knowledge Means Dollars

By Paul Tomlinson

A FEW months ago Federal authorities started a criminal investigation of a concern we shall call the Gulf Cities Finance Company, and its president, whom we shall call Mr. X. Y. Zee, on charges of using the mails in a scheme to defraud. The Gulf Cities Finance Company promoted a real estate development, which we shall call Sandy-by-the-Sea, and sold considerable stock; also many lots were sold to purchasers led on by the extravagant promises made in the advertising issued by the real estate company.

Sandy-by-the-Sea lies, as a matter of fact, about a mile and a half from the seashore, so that the name of this development promoted by the Gulf Cities Finance Company is plainly a misnomer. It is, however, admitted that with adequate financing, skillful management, and sane advertising the development might possibly have been successful. The location is on a railway, about a dozen miles from a prosperous city. Mr. Zee, the president and directing genius of this enterprise, began promoting it about five years ago; the Gulf Cities Finance Company was incorporated with a capitalization of \$1,000,000, consisting of 10,000 shares of common stock with a par value of \$100 each; this stock was divided into Class A and Class B, the latter carrying no voting rights.

Despite its million-dollar capitalization, as is usual in such enterprises, comparatively little cash was paid in for stock by the organizers. Mr. Zee, as is also usual in such cases, expended very little of his own money in getting the company started, but the early financing was interesting and involved. Mr. Zee, for instance, had acquired options on over five hundred acres of land for considerations approximating \$125,000; he turned these over to the corporation at an increased valuation payable in the form of shares of A (voting) stock. At this time he agreed to turn over to the corporation any further options he might acquire, and to work for a certain period without salary.

Upon this remarkable financial foundation Mr. Zee and his associates reared a ramshackle edifice of advertising and selling practice. Newspaper space in various centers was extensively used; circulars, pamphlets, booklets, and mailing cards were scattered broadcast. The company operated buses between its property and neighboring centers of population. A monthly periodical was published in the interests of the development. Refreshments were served on the property to possible purchasers, and high-pressure lectures were delivered on the future of Sandy-by-the-Sea. No exact figures are available to show the actual receipts for real estate, but advertisements claimed that they exceeded ten million dollars.

The usual promoters' "marginal" companies appeared. Mr. Zee organized not only the "Southern Cross Realty Company," with which sales were conducted, but "The Gulf Estates, Inc.," in which with Mrs. Zee and two of his associates he collected 15% overhead commissions, 10% on stock sales, and 5% on mortgages. Stock promotion, of course, was not neglected; 3,000 shares of B (non-voting) stock were offered to lot owners and others at \$150 a share, it being stated that brokers were placing it on the open market at \$200, and that a cash dividend of \$15 a share would be authorized at the next meeting of the directors. Both claims were unwarranted, but many people failed to ascertain the facts and purchased stock.

This whole enterprise was investigated by the National Better Business Bureau, and is cited here because it illustrates a typical land promotion and stock-selling scheme, highly speculative in character, but with an appeal to investors whose cupidity has the better of their judgment and common sense. Some persons, however, applied to Better Business Bureaus for information, and to the State Chamber of Commerce of the State where the property is located and were warned in time of the highly speculative character of the enterprise. When one considers the



claims Mr. Zee made in his advertising, it would not seem as if anyone needed to be warned against a thing which on the face of it was so extravagant as to be almost ridiculous.

For instance: A \$25,000,000 endowed university was to be erected at Sandy-by-the-Sea. A \$3,000,000 eighteen-story apartment hotel containing 420 suites was to be built, and in the belfry were to be 48 chimes, patterned after some famous ones in Belgium. A ten-story office-building was to be erected. A modern club-house costing nearly a quarter of a million dollars was to be built. A canal running through the property was to be widened to 90 feet, and a magnificent lake with an island in the center was to be excavated and connected with a near-by river and canal; "lake front" lots of course were among the highest priced of all.

Investigation showed that the university and its endowment have apparently never been more than figments of some fertile imagination; that the hotel has never existed except on paper, and the tones of its beautiful chimes have never fallen on human ear; that the only office-building on the property was used by Mr. Zee and was one story high; that clubmen visiting Sandy-by-the-Sea are still lacking accommodations; that up to the time of investigating the first ton of earth was still to be turned on the canal job; that the lake section is several feet lower than the rest of the property, and beyond the fact that it is wet at times and that during rainy weather a large part of the "lake lots" are under water, the lake is still a promoter's mirage.

This was the enterprise that the promoters claimed "spells large profits for early investors." Possibly they referred to themselves. The point is that the next promotion of this character may be thousands of miles from Sandy-by-the-Sea. It may be in your own community; it may be in a region never before exploited by promotion methods, and much more plausible than Sandy-by-the-Sea. It may be real estate, or stocks, or bonds, but whatever it is it pays to find out all about it, and no money should be invested without a thorough investigation.

THE National Better Business Bureau of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, Inc., has its office at 383 Madison Avenue, New York City, and there are more than forty local Better Business Bureaus scattered throughout the country. These organizations stand ready to serve any investor who is interested in the facts concerning any type of investment. They have nothing to sell; their service is free to the public. Local Chambers of Commerce in the various cities are interested in protecting investors, for bad investments are a hindrance to good business just as good ones are a help; these Chambers of Commerce are sources of investment information.

The Investment Bankers Association is a voluntary organization comprising more than six hundred members, with over twelve hundred offices in the United States and Canada. Its membership includes the majority of all reputable recognized bankers in the country, and it is doubtful whether any business or professional organization does more thorough and comprehensive work to improve the principles of its business. Its committees work scientifically, and in solving the problems at hand they employ



methods which compare favorably with the most approved laboratory practice. The Association wages an unceasing battle against the sale of fraudulent securities; it maintains educational departments which spread a great amount of knowledge on investment subjects; it has published books used as texts in colleges and universities; during the past two years it has issued several hundred articles on investment subjects, designed to aid the average citizen. Incidentally it is interesting to note that the larger part of this educational material has not even mentioned the Investment Bankers Association's name.

The Association's activities are designed to help the investor. This does not mean to imply that it is an entirely altruistic organization, for the members realize that what is good for security buyers is also good for the sellers. Such an attitude is justifiable, however, and where would we be without investment bankers? Most of the schools, the good roads, electric light and power plants, gas plants, water works, telegraph and telephones, railroads, and industrial plants, costing in the aggregate many billions of dollars, furnishing work for tens of thousands of people, and necessities to millions of others, were built with capital provided by investment bankers. How many people realize that more than six billion dollars of new stocks and bonds are sold in one year, valuable, honest securities, that is, and the bulk of them by members of the Investment Bankers Association?

Few investors appreciate that every security is different from every other security; one first-mortgage bond, for example, may differ as greatly from another first-mortgage bond as a muskrat from an elk. Because a certain railroad stock is admittedly high grade is no guarantee that all railroad stocks are good. Investors often seem incapable of distinguishing for themselves just which securities are good and which are bad, and most all of them need advice, and from someone who is in a position to give him the facts. There are at least 400,000 corporations in the United States, and 3037 counties in the various States, practically all of which have securities outstanding. And obviously information about all of them could not possibly be available in any one place. The investor must learn to ask a few simple questions which will lead him to the security dealers who can, and will, tell him the truth about the stock or bond he wishes to buy. Members of the Investment Bankers Association of America are security dealers of this sort; there are members or branches in almost every city, and their educational department and its director are located at 105 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. Like these other organizations mentioned, their advice is eminently worth while.

Why, then, some one may ask, is there any reason why a billion dollars a year should be lost by investors who purchase fraudulent or worthless securities? The answer is that investors fail to take advantage of the agencies formed to protect them. People hate to ask questions, perhaps because they think the investing of their money is their own private affair; perhaps because they think that ignorance of investments is a reflection on their intelligence. Neither reason is sound. The relation between a banker and his client is as confidential as that existing between doctor and patient. The business of investing is a specialty and no one but a specialist is expected to be acquainted with its ramifications and intricacies.

So when an "opportunity" to invest in some Gulf Estates Finance Company is presented, or you are tempted to buy a sunken lot at some wonderful place like Sandy-by-the-Sea, do not act on impulse and without investigating; seek out some reliable source of information, and do not go ahead unless you are sure you are right.

**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.

(Continued on page 94)

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Unless your invested capital is earning a full 8%, it can conservatively and safely earn a higher income rate.

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### Investment Literature

(Continued from page 93)

"Invest by the Income Map," the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida.

"8% and Safety," The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2105 Bedford Building, Miami, Florida.

"Adair Protected First Mortgage Bonds," Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Georgia.

"Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety"; "How to Build an Independent Income," The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investment Guide," Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison, Chicago, Illinois.

In writing for information please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

### Looking Westward

(Continued from page 18)

Horses"—describes it with faultless economy, and in reading it is difficult to tell which depends most upon the other—man or beast.

Mr. Santee's literary style is stinging, simple, beautifully young and untrammelled. So is his sketching pencil. Not a word that could be spared—not a stroke that doesn't count. If this is the sort of art that Arizona breeds, we had better all go out there and learn how to draw and write.

Personally, I liked best the first chapter in the book—the description of the Payson Rodeo—for here without a suggestion or sign of plot and with seemingly the minimum of effort, a whole town, a whole group of very definite people and a whole distinctive manner of life are ours at a glance.

We could see, indeed, that street in Payson, as though its dusty picture were thrown on a screen; and the bull-rider who had his ribs broken but who danced all night despite that negligible disability. You'll adore "Derky Jim," sixteen, who won an event in the rodeo and who, though he trailed long-shanked spurs and rode like a demon, was a weakling about ice-cream cones. And those babies under the long bench along the wall of the dance hall! Put there to keep them from being stepped on by the dancers, they slept peacefully in their blankets throughout the noisy night. They shore hev the makin's of nerveless men and women—they thar kids!

If you have a heart for horses, there's a treasure store of good things in this book for you. "A Fool About a Horse" is one of the gems, and tells about Steve and his "little gray." The puncher loved this little horse, but had to leave him behind when he went to France to fight the Germans. On his return he goes "across the line" one day, takes in a bull-fight and recognizes one of the horses in the ring. Then "all hell broke loose." Steve's pal recounts the story.

Another priceless chapter is entitled "Shorty Buys a Hat." It is a horrible hat—a huge black sombrero that this simple buster doesn't want but gets roped into buying. It is so big that the pirate shopkeeper fills out the crown with lamp wicks. Even then the thing snuffs Shorty out. His horse hates it and throws him, leaving the poor chap to "hoof" it to the ranch, nine miles away. Cowboy anger surges. He could gleefully strangle the merchant's wife and child. In the morning he heads again for town, vengeance in his heart. His companions await the bloody outcome.

"Slim loved a fight. "What happened?" he said, leaning forward. "I'll be doggoned if he didn't sell me a shirt an' six pairs of socks before I could get out of the place."

Don't miss Ross Santee's contribution to good reading—that's all we can say.

### The Rise and Fall of Jessie James

By Robertus Love. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

"HE IS an outlaw, but he is not a criminal—" so spoke Maj. John N. Edwards, who in those "bloody Missouri" days was the most outspoken of the many apologists of Jesse James.



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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.



And always throughout the book the word "outlaw" rings with a wild sort of provocative enticement—and always there is something pathetic and lonely behind the reckless name.

When he was asked almost at the beginning of his tragic and dauntless career why he didn't stop—

"If you'll tell me how I can stop," Jesse James replied, "I'll be glad to stop; but I don't intend to stop right under a rope."

And again when he drew from his coat pocket a small copy of the New Testament, much marked, much used, we have the same feeling of almost sympathy with this world-famous bandit and "bad man" that the author obviously has. He, Jesse, evidently believed (from the Bible episode) "in a personal God and in a personal Devil—probably a considerable number of the latter."

However, Mr. Love does not try to form our opinion about these "James boys" for us—but he does give us a most human view of them.

Born into the border warfare that raged between Kansas and Missouri, they were drawn into the Guerillas that carried on the Civil War in that section of the country. The day the guerilla chief, Quantrill, sacked Lawrence, Kansas, in reprisal for an attack upon a small town in Missouri, Frank James, brother of Jesse, helped put all the male citizens to death and burned their homes.

When the war closed Jesse James and Frank had no home—hunted, driven away, a price upon their heads, they were, according to Major Edwards, swept, whether they wished it or not, into the life they led thereafter.

Outlawry culminated, in the '70's, in the James brothers. They invented daylight bank robberies and Jesse has been credited with inventing the art, or industry, of train robberies. He staged the first railway train hold-up on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Road in 1873 in Iowa.

Mr. Love's book is a dashing and exciting tale—so well authenticated that it is, of course, biography—pure and simple—yet for all that, a romance of banditry such as has never been equalled by any writer of modern fiction.

The outstanding figure in the book to us—not even counting Jesse—is the mother of the James boys. A woman of infinite sorrows, of immense capacity for suffering and for loyalty—"the one heroic character of the whole unhappy outfit."

One of the most dramatic passages that we have met in a long while, one freighted with human woe and courage, is the description that Mr. Love gives us of Mrs. Samuel (Jesse's mother) attending the coroner's inquest after the slaying of Jesse by a supposed friend. When she was sworn in to give her testimony, the weary woman raised the stump of her right arm—a ghastly reminder of a night in the Missouri farmhouse when one of Pinkerton's men, trying to force Jesse's surrender, threw a bomb into the kitchen, killing the bandit's little half-brother and mutilating his mother.

Feeling was running mountain-high after the treacherous murder of the outlaw, and Mr. Love tells us that some one sobbed aloud in the court-room.

The author has assembled a strange group of characters upon his melodramatic stage—but his narrative marches along—bloody—ruthless—brave—horrible—humorous—what you will.

"Hardly a man is now alive" who can afford to miss this history of one of the greatest robbers who has ever electrified our native land.

**Ranching With Roosevelt**

By *Lincoln A. Lang*. (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, Pa.)

THIS sturdy and honest account of ranching years in the Bad Lands has not, in our opinion, half enough about Roosevelt. Of necessity it sprawls somewhat between those pages where the always interesting personality of "Teddy" lights up the text. However, the pictures that Mr. Lang does give us of him are most worthwhile.

It was to Mr. Lang (then a youngster) and his father, that the boyish and bespectacled fellow who was destined for the White House came when he struck Medora. He wanted the elder Lang to become his partner in a stock-raising proposition. Though this suggestion was never

accepted, it led, eventually, to Roosevelt's proprietorship of two Dakota ranches—the Chimney Butte Ranch and the more famous Elkhorn Ranch.

Once started in the fascinating business of raising big herds of cattle, Roosevelt became heart and soul a western man—loving the country as though he had been born in it, seeing the strange, hidden beauty of the *Mauvais Terres*, making friends with the people fighting for ranchers' rights, impressing all who came within reach of his high staccato voice with his, even then, "radiant dynamic energy."

When he first went to Dakota and met the Langs he was only twenty-four—but a twenty-four chuck full of lofty ideas and ideals. His youthful talk flowed in and around the Lang cabin taking the author, a mere boy, along on its flood tide.

"In Roosevelt's forceful talk lay not only conviction, but a depth of interest that kept me wanting to hear more. And as I listened, I learned. Learned for example that while the world was a good place to live in, just as I had been thinking, there were—to shear the frills—a whole lot of rooting hogs loose in it. Learned it was up to me and the rest of the hay-makers to round them up and ring them if we wanted to continue raising our crops."

Side lights of scintillating value in T. R.'s character creep into the book at most unexpected corners—his views on "hell-raising" and the more blood-curdling aspects of frontier life, his broad-minded lectures on drinking, his love of nature, his fellowship with the whole life in the west, a fellowship which leads Mr. Lang to say:

"... it has always seemed to me that the germ of greatness born in him, thrived, blossomed, grew to maturity in the congenial wild nature atmosphere of the Bad Lands, surrounding itself as with a protective armor of rawhide which would thereafter enable it to withstand the assaults of the world."

It would not be quite possible to close this book without being glad of finding Mr. Lang's sympathetic account of the death of Sitting Bull—the great Sioux chief, the last of his race to bow to the white man, the grim old savage who was Custer's commanding enemy that terrible day at the Little Big Horn. Here, in "Ranching With Roosevelt" do we thus come upon the end of the story begun in Lieutenant-Colonel Graham's book.

**Singing Rawhide**

By *Harold Hersey*. (Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.)

HERE is a book of western ballads as full of swing and action as a five-reel picture with Tom Mix and his horse or Bill Hart and his horse, or both these gentlemen and both horses together.

These ballads strike right home. As the blurb man down in Mr. Doran's office says, they hold a-plenty of "gun-play and heart-play"—and that tells the story very succinctly.

The last rays of a passing romantic west have been caught and made to shine with a bright and glinting light. The forms of the verses are plain, honest, singing forms, pleading to be read aloud.

Of these, the excellent poem "Chilled-Steel Custer" and another, "The Death of Jesse James," are particularly interesting to us in view of the books we have brought together here this month. And the verses quoted on the first page of this review are also by Mr. Hersey, from his "Ropin' Genealogies Along Thuh Old Frontier"—a sincere and warm reflection of the author's love for the western life which might be suggested to some harassed scenario seeker out in Hollywood as holding scorching material for a movie.

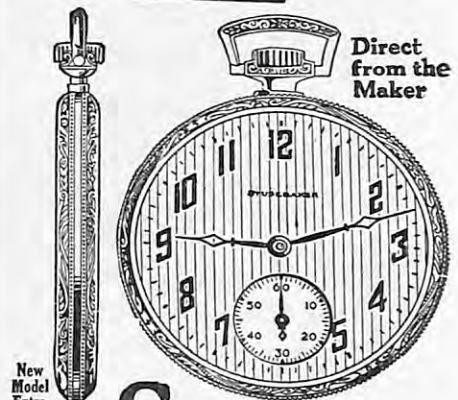
**Brawnyman**

By *James Stevens*. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

ONCE in these pages we gave way to some joyous raving over James Stevens' allegorical romance "Paul Bunyan" who was a fabulous creature, a sort of god-of-the-lumberjacks and who was made very much out of the tall timber and the mountains that he dwelt amongst.

(Continued on page 96)

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## Looking Westward

(Continued from page 95)

Now, in "Brawnyman" we meet a new and just as unique figure. Not another mythical hero of American woodsmen, but a very human workman, a downright fellow who follows the trail of the big jobs; a hobo-laborer who helps on ranches and in logging camps, in building giant dams and in putting through great reclamation projects.

Jim Turner is one of a huge army, the embodiment of the wandering workman in the West. And this story of Jim, who wins the nickname of "Appanoose Jim," is, in a way, James Stevens' own story, or at least the reflections of his varied experiences as he moved, before he became a writer. He reveled, he says, in the man-sized tasks assigned him, very much as he makes his hero lap them up, and he confesses that even now when he hears of some exhilarating labor and enormous wages waiting just half a mile from where he sits "pushing his pen" he is tempted to desert the literary career and join some labor camp as a team-hand. It's hard, you see, to keep a real man down—to a mere scribbling stint.

"Brawnyman" is the saga of American labor and the American laborer, and is a book brimming over with rough-hewn characters, with fighting, working, loving, drinking—what you will, and moving on to the next thing with something always learned from the last. Philosophy and humor light almost every page, and we recommend this book as splendid reading for the lengthening evenings. Only, please don't read it in a hurry.

### The Painted Stallion

By Hal G. Evarts. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

MR. EVARTS has given us more "men and horses" to read about in this novel of the Southwest.

Breaking away from the Powers' Ranch one day because she was bored to death with being a perfect lady, "Patches," a mare belonging to Mollie Powers, joins a herd of wild mustangs and turns her back for all time upon civilization. Later on, her foal, born on the wide prairies, develops into a strangely marked but beautiful stallion called "White Blanket" by someone who catches a glimpse of him as he flies over the range.

Mollie Powers wants him for her own. And many people want Mollie, who is very sweet. Obviously a way to win her favor is to bring her "White Blanket." The man who does finally tame the gorgeous horse is himself an "outlaw," a young creature who had to leave his own part of the country because of a regrettable double-killing.

Mollie is the whole apple-orchard of old man Powers' eyes. No one is half good enough for her, so, of course, she just has to fall in love with this youth who is only two jumps ahead of the sheriff throughout the book. And there you are.

The stallion helps Mollie rescue her lover from his "closest call," and altogether the tale makes pleasant reading, calling for no undue brain pressure, and is one of those affairs before referred to as love along the Rio Grande.

### The Valley of The Stars

By Charles Alden Seltzer. (The Century Co., New York.)

YOU have to be very fed-up on the realities of life before you can swallow this romance without choking over some of it.

Villainy is, in truth, laid on too thick, although this month we will confess to having acquired a taste for it that is amazing. But, really, never to have a moment's peace of mind!—to hear guns popping on every page, to see ladies choked, gentlemen hung, families murdered, lovers besieged, dire happening of fifty-seven varieties in every chapter! It takes a stout, not to say a hard-boiled, heart (if you will forgive the expression) to get through a book of this kind without quailing.

However, Mr. Seltzer has the courage of his convictions. When he wants to kill off a character, he kills him off. No stuffy, literary qualms stay his hand. If the hero and heroine

are to be saved, they're going to be saved no matter who goes to the penitentiary or the gallows to clear the way for them. That's all there is about it.

Well, "The Valley of The Stars" is nice, bloody, simple stuff. If you like your western love stories wild, seek no further; here is your book.

### Oklahoma

By Courtney Ryley Cooper. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Down in the southwestern part of these United States there lay, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, a vast tract of land occupied by a few tribes of Indians and great herds of cattle—Oklahoma! The rest of the country wanted to get in there, to stake claims in this wonderful piece of government property, to build homes, settle, make a State. A host of forces, some of them political, hindered the proposition. Bloodshed threatened. Still, all along the lines of the territory, groups of brave souls in covered wagons waited to get into the "Promised Land." What they really were waiting for was a leader.

Then—and about here Mr. Cooper's tale begins—along came Major Gordon W. Lillie, known as *Pawnee Bill*, who said he would show them the way. The author assures us that no story of Oklahoma could possibly be complete without the name of *Pawnee Bill*, and we think he must be right. Teacher of the Pawnees, pioneer, friend of Buffalo Bill, owner of a "wild west" show of his own, Major Lillie presents a peculiarly national figure. With our erstwhile heroic frontier bristling with beauty shops, jazz bands, sky-scrapers and literary societies, where are we going to breed more of this gallant and picturesque type? The high boots, the meticulous toilet, the shoulder-length hair, the wide sombrero, the grand manner!

Well, to get along with the tale. Mr. Cooper's hero, a nice young man who, in our humble opinion, is a bit better as a "boomer" than he is as a lover, joins up with *Pawnee Bill* and helps get the anxious settlers into Oklahoma.

With a dozen good, sharp, rich episodes to mark the book as a real addition to our collection of Western fact and fancy, the chapter describing the day of the great rush across the line seems to us to be paramount.

On April 22, 1889, "around the four boundaries of the district of 1,887,800 acres, the line was forming, gathered from every part of the United States; poor people seeking land, speculators, gamblers," et cetera, et cetera. At noon, a bugle call, the firing of pistols—and then one of the maddest dashes after homesteads that the world has ever seen.

Mort Sturdevant is in the midst of it. So is Mary Bryan, the girl he loves. So is *Pawnee Bill*. So is *Honest John Mason*. And all these are people whom you will love. Into that wild riot also went Mort's stock of wooden laths which he sells for marking out claims, and his pockets bulge at the end of the day with nearly eleven hundred dollars. There, also, goes *Honest John's* little safe, brought in a wagon, and which, that first night on the prairie, becomes The Pioneer Bank of Guthrie—"absolute safety, 5 per cent. interest on savings deposits." Then, two old printing presses, also *Honest John's*, are delivered to the adventurers the next morning. Out of that throng three printers spring as by magic, and the Guthrie *Gazette* is born into newspaperdom. Overnight, Guthrie itself totaled more than ten thousand inhabitants, of which only twelve were women.

Where, except in our own West, could such an abracadabra scene of transformation take place! This, indeed, is a splendid stage upon which any author might be tempted to set a drama of opportunity, action and hard-won success, and of course, of love that prevails against many difficulties! Romance is here, surely.

A point that interested us mightily in this novel is the creation of the "Mowbray Gang," a band of desperadoes and bandits whose model was obviously found in some history of the James Brothers. Thus do the red threads of history and fable weave themselves into all these new pieces of work about the West.





# Suddenly I Broke Away and Held Them Spellbound

As I review that tense dramatic moment when I electrified that meeting, it all seems strange and weird to me. How had I changed so miraculously in three months from a shy, diffident "yes" man to a dynamic, vigorous he-man? How had I ever dared give my opinion? Three months before nobody ever knew I held opinions!

ALL my life I had been cursed with a shy, timid, self-conscious nature. With only a grammar school education I could never express ideas in a coherent, self-confident way. But one day my eye fell upon a newspaper article which told about a wonderful free book entitled "How to Work Wonders with Words"—a book that was causing widespread comment from coast to coast—a book that was being read not only by millionaires, but by thousands of others. It discussed men like me and explained how we could overcome our handicaps.

At first I was skeptical. I thought these defects were a part of my natural makeup—that I would never be able to overcome them. But some subtle instinct kept prodding me to send for that free book. I lost no time in sending for it, as I was positively amazed at being able to get cost free a book that made absolutely plain the secrets that most successful men have used to win popularity, distinction, money and success.

As the weeks wore on and I absorbed the principles of this remarkable method, I became conscious of new physical and mental energy, a new feeling of aggressiveness, and a resurrected personal power that I never dreamed I possessed. Then came that day in the general meeting when the president called on the assembled department heads and assistants for suggestions on the proposed new policy.

Three months previously, the forces of indecision, timidity, and inability to talk

in public would have held me to my seat. But suddenly that new power took possession of me and drove me to my feet. That wonderful 15-minute daily training at home had taught me to forget myself and think only of my subject. Almost automatically the ideas which had heretofore lain dormant in a mental jumble, now issued with a vigor, clearness and enthusiasm that astounded me no less than my boss and associates. And I noticed with a silent exultation the rapt, intent look on my audience as my story unfolded itself smoothly and eloquently.

Today the men whom I used to greet deferentially I now meet with an air of cool equality. I am asked to conferences, luncheons, banquets, etc., as a popular after-dinner speaker. And my talents are not confined to business matters but have made me an interesting conversationalist at social affairs. I am meeting worth-while people, I own a good job, a good home, a good car. I am the happiest man that ever lived.

And I frankly and candidly admit that I owe all of these blessings to that wonderful little free book "How to Work Wonders with Words."

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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**Under the Spreading Antlers**

(Continued from page 52)

members of the Supreme Lodge, Knights of Pythias, recently inspected the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. Mr. Edward Stephen O'Connor, Past Exalted Ruler of Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33, and a member of the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias, acted as escort. Every point of interest in the great building was shown, and appreciation of its beauty was enthusiastically expressed by the visitors, many of whom were also members of the Order.

**Active Fall and Winter Ahead  
For Seattle, Wash., Lodge**

The members of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, are considering tentative plans for a new building to be erected on vacant property owned by the Lodge. The proposals call for a new gymnasium, swimming-pool and auditorium, and other facilities sufficient to meet the requirements of the Lodge for many years.

Seattle Lodge is also engaged in an active campaign to hasten the erection of the first unit of a Crippled Kiddies Convalescent Home. Its interest in the welfare of the youth in its community is being expressed further in a revival of the Big Brother movement. Special attention in this field is being devoted to the Seattle Boys' Club, and assistance is being given this organization in many ways. An investigation of the Club's activities made last summer reveals how worthily it functions by providing opportunities for boys to find themselves and to obtain education and development as young business men.

**Canton, Ill., Lodge Celebrates  
25th Anniversary**

The 25th anniversary of Canton, Ill., Lodge, No. 626, was celebrated recently by a four-day Silver Jubilee and Frolic. The program was opened with a gorgeous parade in which many neighboring Lodges and various civic and fraternal bodies of the city participated. The grounds about the Home of Canton Lodge were specially decorated for the occasion and the numerous booths and attractions drew large crowds both day and night. The crowning event of the closing program was a carnival street dance in which hundreds took part.

Canton Lodge, which was instituted in 1900 with a charter list of 39 members, has now a membership exceeding 700. Some of the most brilliant social functions of the city have been sponsored by it and held within the walls of its comfortable Home. Among its members are found the leaders of the city, political, financial, social and religious. Its membership is reaching out to the small towns, too small to have a Lodge of their own, forming a network of good fellowship over a large area.

**Grand Exalted Ruler Attends Meet  
Of Indiana State Elks Association**

With a distinguished attendance, including Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Hubert S. Riley, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, Grand Inner Guard Louie Forman and Garnett R. Fleming, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, the twenty-fifth annual session of the Indiana State Elks Association was held at Elkhart, September 1, 2, and 3. In addition to the Grand Lodge officers mentioned above, other distinguished visitors were George Hasselman and Dr. C. D. Midkiff, secretary and trustee respectively of the Illinois State Elks Association, who paid their respects to the sister association.

The meeting was formally opened at the Home of Elkhart Lodge No. 425 with an address of welcome by Mayor Hoover, to which Exalted Ruler C. A. Lee responded. Musical selections and a dance followed the speeches.

The officers elected for the coming year are: President, Dr. Frank J. McMichael, of Gary Lodge No. 1152; Vice-Presidents, John C. Hampton, of Muncie Lodge, No. 245; John F. Holiday, of Washington Lodge, No. 933; Fred Cunningham, of Martinsville Lodge, No. 1349; and Fred

Weicking, of Washington Lodge; Secretary, Don Allman, of Noblesville Lodge, No. 576, (re-elected); Treasurer, Harry C. Knight, of Elkhart Lodge; Trustee, Frank Flanigan, of Columbus Lodge, No. 521. Immediately upon his installation President McMichael reappointed Chaplain Charles P. Nuppau, Tyler Roy R. White and Sergeant-at-Arms Charles Breedmus. Muncie was chosen as the 1927 meeting place.

Among the resolutions adopted by the Convention was one recommended by the Social and Community Welfare Committee, calling upon all Lodges to entertain crippled children during the first week of August of each year. Others expressed appreciation of the hospitality of Elkhart Lodge, and the city, in the entertainment of the meeting; of the administration of the affairs of the National Home by Grand Trustee Scott, and of Secretary Allman's work. Another expressed the sorrow of Indiana Elks at the death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English. THE ELKS MAGAZINE was the subject of a highly commendatory resolution, which expressed the Association's approval and appreciation of the success of the national publication.

Mr. Grakelow was among the prominent Elk guests at the regular luncheon of the Elkhart Rotary Club, and delivered a pungent and forceful speech, which was heartily applauded. As usual there were many special features during the convention, one of them being the official presentation by Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4 of the magnificent silver cup won by the State Association for having the finest float in the parade at the Grand Lodge Reunion last July. Another feature was the trap shoot at the Elkhart Driving Club in which more than 100 shooters competed for the State Elks Championship. In the contest for the Joseph T. Fanning Ritualistic Cup, the team from Bedford Lodge, No. 826 defeated Hammond Lodge, No. 485. Noblesville Lodge, No. 576, which won the cup last year, did not compete. There were also band and drum corps contests and a motor-boat race, for all of which valuable prizes were given. A fine parade, and a banquet and dance at which more than 300 persons were the guests of Elkhart Lodge wound up one of the best meetings in the history of the Association.

**Seattle, Wash., Lodge Plans  
Big Athletic Program**

A big athletic program for its fall season has been outlined by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. The organization of a basket-ball team to play in an inter-Lodge series will be the outstanding achievement. In addition there will be unprecedented activity by the members in the bowling alleys, billiard rooms, gymnasium, and tank, where many tournaments and contests of various kinds have been scheduled.

**Quincy, Mass., Lodge Holds Big  
Labor Day Outing**

The Labor Day outing held under the auspices of Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, at the South Weymouth fair grounds, included an elaborate program of contests and entertainments. There were trotting and automobile races, a championship baseball game, competitive and exhibition drills by National Guard troops, a fine display of fireworks, and a gigantic midway, as well as many other attractions. A large turnout of members enjoyed the occasion.

**Rahway, N. J., Lodge Gives  
Youngsters Outing**

About forty of the crippled children who have benefited by the free clinics held from time to time under the auspices of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, took advantage of the invitation and participated in the outing provided by the Lodge at Olympic Park recently. The youngsters were transported to and from the Park by bus and private cars, leaving the Home in the morning. At the Park every effort was made by the committee in charge to give them the time of their lives, and all of them availed themselves of the opportunities offered. All the



attractions were visited and enjoyed, and an abundance of good things to eat added to the pleasures of all of them.

Another event on the calendar of Rahway Lodge, which was greatly appreciated by the community, was a free band concert given recently on the lawn of its Home. The famous Salaam Temple Band of Arkansas, consisting of seventy pieces, played to a gathering of fully 5,000 people. Streets for several blocks within hearing distance were occupied by motorists, while a great throng assembled on the lawns and about the Home. The concert was given under the supervision of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee.

**Lockport and Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodges Give Children's Outing**

Joined by Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, whose members shared in the expense and provided a number of automobiles for the occasion, Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, entertained the children from the nearby institutions. The youngsters were driven to Fort Niagara Beach, where they enjoyed all the amusements of the Park and were served with refreshments. On the return of the party, the children were given a substantial roast beef dinner on the Elks Lawn and taken home tired but happy.

**Building Plans of Various Lodges Are Approved**

The Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler have approved the plans for the purchase of property and the erection of new Homes for the following Lodges:

Tyrone, Pa., Lodge, No. 212. The purchase of a building site at a cost of \$12,500. The building to be erected will be a two story Colonial brick structure. The basement will have a grill and billiard room; the first floor, a lounge, library etc.; the second floor, the Lodge room and necessary ante-rooms. Estimated cost of building, \$60,000; furnishings, \$10,000.

Claremont, N. H., Lodge, No. 879. Remodeling its present Home at a cost of \$15,000. New furniture, \$5,000.

**Sturgis, Mich., Lodge Fosters A Symphony Orchestra**

Among its many activities, Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381, fosters an excellent symphony orchestra. All the members of this organization are trained musicians and the quality of the programs rendered is of the highest. Various cities in the State have had the pleasure of hearing this exceptional orchestra, and much credit has been given the Lodge for sponsoring such a talented group of musicians. The orchestra is under the directorship of J. Paul Wait.

**Roanoke, Va., Lodge Holds Annual Picnic at National Home**

More than 100 members of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, accompanied by a band, attended the Lodge's annual picnic at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., a short time ago. A baseball game and supper and entertainment, with the residents of the Home as guests, made up the program of the day. These affairs are always greatly enjoyed by the Lodge members and the Elks at the Home.

**Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Lays New Home Cornerstone**

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge No. 613 recently laid the cornerstone of the new Home which its members are erecting at the corner of State and Figueroa Streets. The site is the same as that occupied by the former Home which was destroyed by the 1925 earthquake. The ceremony was impressive and was witnessed by a large gathering. Earl S. Patterson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for California South Central District, deputized John J. Lermen, President of the California State Elks Association, to act as presiding officer of the occasion. Mayor H. A. Adrian, a member of Santa Barbara Lodge, made the oration of the day, and District Deputy Patterson delivered the Eleven O'clock Toast.

The new Home will cost close to \$300,000, exclusive of the furnishings, and will be a three-

(Continued on page 101)



**The same principle**

that tamed this terrific recoil today ends motoring fatigue

IT WAS Maurice Houdaille, who, as co-worker in the invention of the hydraulic recoil mechanism of the famous French "75", made possible the greatest field gun of the World War!

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**How to make better Christmas Gifts**

FOR the man who enjoys a home workshop, especially in the holiday, gift-making season, LePage's has just issued two practical and useful books, called "LePage's Practical Suggestions for the Home Workshop," and "LePage's Gesso-Craft Book." These books give simple, practical directions for making strong joints with LePage's Glue, for covering up small errors in workmanship with LePage's new product, LePage's Gesso, and for decorating finished articles in a most pleasing way with LePage's Gesso. These books will be valuable to any home workshop craftsman who wants his work to come as near as possible to the skill of the trained cabinet-maker. Both sent upon receipt of 10 cents, coin or stamps. Mail coupon today.

**Recipe for making LePage's GESSO**

TO MAKE one cup of LePage's Gesso, add to 1 1/4 cups whiting, 1 gill can LePage's Glue, 3 teaspoons linseed oil and 3 teaspoons varnish. Mix until smooth.

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## "I'd Like to Know *that* Man!"

Of course they would. Everyone would like to know a man so brilliant, so entertaining. They see how interesting and well-informed he is. But they don't know the story behind the man.

"I WONDER who he is? Let's ask?" They turned to his friend, Rollins.

"His name is Davis," he said.

"Isn't he interesting! How well he talks. I could listen to a man like that all evening!"

"Oh, come!" Rollins laughed, "You two would probably find him a bore after the first hour."

"A bore? Just listen to him! He seems to know about everything. See how he's holding those people fascinated."

"He must be highly educated. Isn't he, Mr. Rollins?"

As a matter of fact, *Davis never even finished elementary school!* His friend, Rollins, listening to him, was astonished. How had Davis suddenly become so well-informed? How had he suddenly developed this brilliant personality?

He spoke to him about it later—as one friend to another. "I say, Davis, how did you get this way? You must certainly read a lot."

Davis laughed. "You know how busy I am, Rolly. I don't get much time to read."

"But in this one evening you quoted from Dante, Browning, Kipling, Poe! How do you do it?"

"I try to make the most of what little time I have. I read the newspapers and magazines to keep up-to-date on current events. And once in a great while I browse through some of my favorite old classics. But for most of my reading I

depend upon one volume alone—the Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book."

### Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book? What's That?

"Hubbard was a many-sided genius—writer, orator, craftsman. He began to keep a scrap book when he was quite young. He put into it all the bits of writing that inspired and helped him most. He kept this scrap book all through life, adding whatever he thought great and inspiring. As it grew, it became Hubbard's greatest source of ideas. He turned to it constantly; it helped him win fame as a writer and orator. At the time of his death on the sinking of the *Lusitania*, it had become a priceless collection of great thoughts—the fruit of a whole lifetime of discriminating reading."

"But what can this private scrap book mean to you? How can you—*use it*—as you say?"

"It was published after his death. Now anyone can buy it for the price of an ordinary best seller. I have a copy."

"So that's your secret! That's why you can talk so well on so many different subjects! That Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book has made you a popular man, Davis. The women just hung on your words tonight. You've become mighty interesting."

\* \* \* \* \*

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The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the mas-

ter thinkers of all ages. It represents the best of a lifetime of discriminating reading, contains choice selections from 500 great writers.

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The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination. Send it off today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. When it arrives glance through it. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within the five-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only \$2.90 plus few cents postage in *full payment*.

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[ ] A few copies are available in a sturdy binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only \$1 additional. Please check in the square at the left if you want this de luxe binding, with the same return privilege.



## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 99)

story "Class A" structure, the first and only "Class A" building in the city.

### Ohio State Elks Association Holds Annual Convention

Meeting in Cedar Point according to the custom of years, yet holding many of the incidental functions in Sandusky, the recent convention of the Ohio State Elks Association was eminently successful. There were in attendance a number of Grand Lodge officers, including Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Past Grand Exalted Rulers August Herrmann and John G. Price; and William H. Reinhart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, as well as many prominent Elks of the region.

At the election of officers the following were named for the coming year: President, Judge Charles Justice, Marion Lodge, No. 32; Vice-Presidents, James R. Cooper, Newark Lodge, No. 301, C. R. Heggem, Massillon Lodge, No. 441; Secretary, John W. Ranney, Columbus Lodge, No. 37; Treasurer, William Petri, Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5; Trustee, John Leppleman, Toledo Lodge, No. 53.

Public opening exercises were held in the Auditorium of the Breakers Hotel at Cedar Point, and the following day was given over to excursions and boat trips on the lake for the delegates and their families. On the third day of the gathering there were business meetings and an exemplification of the ritual by Cleveland Lodge, No. 18, which defeated Columbus Lodge for the John G. Price Ritualistic Cup. The performance of the ritual was witnessed by Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, his secretary Furey Ellis, Grand Secretary Robinson, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Herrmann and Price, and many State Association and Subordinate Lodge officers. Mr. Grakelow, Mr. Robinson and retiring President Blake C. Cook spoke. Later in the evening, the distinguished visitors were guests of Mr. Reinhart, who entertained them in his home.

The parade included floats, bands and marching delegations, and despite threatening weather was a colorful event. The prizes for best appearance went to Cleveland, Sandusky and Lakewood Lodges, in the order named. Cincinnati Lodge was awarded the trophy for having the largest delegation in line, while Lakewood, Elyria and Lorain Lodges carried off first, second and third prizes for the floats. Sandusky Lodge's Boys' and Girls' Band shared the honors with the Boys' Band of Cleveland Lodge in the band contests at Cedar Point.

The convention was brought to a close with a grand banquet and ball.

### Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Occupies Handsome New Annex

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 830, recently dedicated the new \$200,000 addition to its Home. The new Annex contains one of the most beautiful Lodge rooms in the country. It is finished in a travertine, with blue tint, and the rich hangings and tapestries blend in perfect harmony with the upholstery. Its acoustic properties and the ventilation features make it an ideal room for Lodge gatherings. In addition to the Lodge room, the annex contains a roof garden and banquet room. A ladies' room has been made available in the old building. The elaborate equipment of the two structures gives the Lodge one of the finest Homes in the East.

### Coraopolis, Pa., Lodge Host to Many Children

Coraopolis, Pa., Lodge, No. 1090, played host recently to over 1,000 youngsters of the vicinity at its annual Kiddies Day Picnic held at Dravo Park on Neville Island. The children, who responded in greater numbers than ever before in the history of the Lodge, thoroughly enjoyed themselves on the athletic field, in the swimming pool, and relished the many "goodies" which the Lodge's Committee had provided. A basket-picnic and dance for the members and their families was held in conjunction with the

(Continued on page 103)



Shoes that make you *Feel* and *Look* your Best

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Proven Arch Shoes prevent and correct foot troubles. Built for normal feet to conform exactly to the correct shape of the human foot. Give support where most needed to eliminate foot pains and aches. Permit natural unhampered spring in walking. The most comfortable shoes you ever could

put on. Wear them to enjoy good health, calm nerves, a happy feeling of capability and the utmost in long shoe life and hold-their-shape quality.

### How to Obtain Foot Comfort and Style

The Proven Arch style book tells you everything you need to know to avoid or correct weakened arches. Foot posture, carriage, lotions, antiseptics, cleansing, nail trimming and shoe fitting all are explained so you can understand and benefit from the advice given. The latest Proven Arch styles for men are fully illustrated and described. Read this book, select a pair of Proven Arch Shoes and experience how they soothe and strengthen tired, aching feet. For your feet's sake and your comfort and health get this Free book and try a pair of these common sense, modish shoes.

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"Reading your book has stopped that dreadful feeling of FEAR which paralyzed my stomach and digestion." "Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting." "The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time!"

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at one time with original copy in ink. Bear down as hard as you like without fear of bending, spreading, injuring or distorting its 14 Kt. solid gold point.

Has 14Kt. solid gold point and feed, gold band on safety screw cap, gold self-filling lever and gold clip. Made of finest highly polished black material.

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# Are You Well Bred -- But Still an Outsider?

**Then You Need This FREE Booklet**



"THE proudest gates fly open at the approach of courage and culture," said Emerson.

"With culture you can make of yourself what you please," Lord Chesterfield claimed.

How about you? Have you culture? If so, are you employing your culture to the best advantage? The people who succeed most easily in this world are the people of culture, because they make friends easily, because they are liked wherever they go, because people are always glad to help them.

Many people have culture but few show it. Not because they are afraid to show it but simply because they don't know how. They do not wish to appear uncultured. Far from it. And yet they continue to do the very things that mark them as uncultured. Over and over they do these things. Day after day they continue the little habits—the little uncultured mannerisms that lower them in people's eyes. Why do they do these things? For one reason and for one reason only. Simply because nobody ever told them. Nobody ever corrected them. And so they go on and on—making the same mistakes time and again—wondering why they do not gain the success in business and in social life that their inner culture entitles them to.

### Do You Ever Feel Lack of Culture?

Do you ever feel that people are slighting you? Do you ever feel that you are not receiving the attention and respect you deserve?

No doubt you are well-bred. But in a gathering of cultivated people you may feel like an outsider. You may feel as if you are not one of the crowd. The people perhaps do not take to you as much as you would like them to. They are polite, of course. They do not snub you or ignore you. And yet you feel a certain formality—a certain coldness in their manner. You wish to be friends with them but you are afraid that they are not so anxious to be friends with you.

Many people are confronted with this problem. Some of them realize the reason—lack of culture. But very few discover the cure. It does not matter whether your lack of culture is apparent or real. You can quickly overcome it. You can quickly gain poise—refinement—self-confidence. It is the simplest thing in the world to correct the little mannerisms, the little "give aways" that are holding you back.



### Good Manners Are Not Enough

A man or woman may be a master of etiquette and still be uncultured. Perfect etiquette does not insure culture. It is merely an outward indication of culture. In fact, people sometimes concentrate on etiquette in order to hide their *lack of culture*. These people are always found out. There are innumerable little "give aways"—little casual remarks—little unconscious actions which show with startling clearness your culture—or *your lack*.

Etiquette is second nature to the cultured man. His good manners are built on a firm foundation—a foundation of culture. The cultivated man does not depend on rules of behavior. Culture makes it *natural* for him to do the right thing—to say the right thing. His perfect manners are a part of his make up. He cannot forget them any more than he can forget his instincts.

### Don't Obey Rules of Etiquette Blindly

Uncultured people or people who are only half-cultured oftentimes obey rules of etiquette blindly. They have not culture enough to discriminate—to interpret these rules. They obey the letter of the law rather than the spirit of it. Thus, a single blunder may shatter the fragile structure of esteem which they have painstakingly built up in the minds of their friends. Unconsciously they may make some mistake that a cultured person *could not possibly make*.

Culture teaches you the *spirit* of etiquette. The cultured man knows *instinctively* just what to do and say at all times. The man who attempts to "get by" in society with mere rules of conduct is like the schoolboy who learns each step of a problem by heart instead of mastering the *principle* of the problem—the "reason why." Thus each new problem perplexes him. He who understands culture—he who knows the principles—the "reason why" of etiquette is never at a loss in *any situation*.

### Get This New Booklet

We have just published a new booklet—"The Development of Culture." We will gladly send you a copy upon request. The booklet is beautifully printed and filled with interesting illustrations. You will find it highly instructive—a wealth of fascinating information.

If you had to quit work for a month in order to read this booklet, it would probably be one of the most profitable months you ever spent. But you don't have to do that. It takes but an instant to sign the coupon. You get the booklet for nothing.

It tells about the most practical common sense method of developing culture that was ever devised. It offers you the secrets of poise, refinement and self-improvement, both moral and physical as well as mental.

It shows you how to recognize true culture the instant you see it.

It shows you how faulty culture leads to failure—how true culture insures success.

It opens the gates of education, refinement, enlightenment and gives you a sure and satisfactory guarantee of social and business success.

Send for "The Development of Culture" now. Do not delay. **Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. C-12210, Garden City, Long Island.**

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Without obligating me in the least, please send me at once your beautifully illustrated booklet which describes the "Science of Culture" and tells me how I can obtain this on seven days' free trial.

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### Get This Free Book

if you are interested in learning

- How to make an impression on people
- How to develop social charm
- How to gain poise
- How to be at ease in any situation
- How to gain true culture
- How to apply culture to business
- How to show culture in speech
- How to show culture in dress
- How to compel attention
- How to overcome timidity
- How to overcome self-consciousness
- How to strengthen your personality
- How to attract valuable friends
- How to gain the social success you deserve



# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 101)

event, the total attendance for the day being more than 1,700.

## Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Breaks Ground for New Home

More than 600 Elks from Lodges throughout Southern California recently marched from the present Home of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, to the site of the new \$500,000 building, where the first scoopful of earth was lifted by a giant steam shovel, the levers operated by Exalted Ruler Arthur C. Verge of Santa Monica Lodge, and Clyde E. Scull, Chairman of the building committee.

The Elks' Band headed the line of march, and on arrival at the temporary platform erected on the building site, a number of distinguished members of the Order addressed the large crowd which came to witness the ceremony. The new building, which will be rushed to completion, will have every modern club facility, and will be a handsome brick structure of five stories with basement. The site is on important business arteries of the Bay District.

## Hazard Lodge Entertains Kentucky State Elks Association

Hazard, Ky., Lodge, No. 1504, the baby Lodge of the State, covered itself with glory in entertaining the recent annual convention of the Kentucky State Elks Association, and a resolution was read into the minutes of the meeting, congratulating the members on the arrangements made and thanking them, and the citizens generally, for the splendid hospitality with which visitors and delegates were received. Other resolutions were one deploring the death of Past State Association President W. P. Kimball, of Lexington Lodge, No. 89, and another in appreciation of the seventeen years of service of retiring Secretary Col. Fred O. Nuetzel.

On the entertainment program were card parties, receptions and dances, while the block party attracted the largest crowd that the city has ever known. An interesting feature of the convention was the initiation of a large class of candidates for Hazard Lodge.

Crab Orchard was voted the 1927 meeting place and the following officers were elected: President, Hon. John L. Grayot of Madisonville Lodge, No. 738; First Vice-President, Richard Von Hoene of Covington Lodge, No. 314; Second Vice-President, H. Bennett Farris of Richmond Lodge, No. 581; Third Vice-President, Thomas Gallagher of Corbin Lodge, No. 1496; Secretary, Richard Slack of Owensboro Lodge, No. 144; Treasurer, Herman Mazer of Hazard Lodge; Trustees, D. D. Crabb of Winchester Lodge, No. 539; Clyde R. Levi of Ashland Lodge, No. 350 and W. Irving LaRue of Henderson Lodge, No. 206.

## Ritualistic Activities for Out of Town Members

Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448, includes within its jurisdiction several large towns, in each of which it has a very satisfactory membership. In order to retain the interest of these outside members, the officers of the Lodge decided some time ago to take to these towns some of the ritualistic activities. During the past year Mother's Day was held at Emmett, and the Flag Day exercises at Payette. Several other rituals were conducted in various other towns within the jurisdiction. Large audiences were present on all of the occasions, and the practice has called forth very favorable mention in the communities visited by the officers.

## Sharon, Pa., Lodge Takes Part In Enormous Children's Day

The huge children's outing, at which some 8,000 youngsters and many hundreds of adults were entertained by Sharon, Pa., Lodge, No. 103, and the Sharon News-Telegraph, was known as the Elks News-Telegraph-Buhl Kiddies Day, in honor of the memory of the late Frank H. Buhl, the great benefactor of the Shenango Valley. The day selected was the anniversary

of Mr. Buhl's birth, and the occasion was planned so that the children of the Valley might learn what he had done for the community, but so great was the interest among the grown-ups that the affair took on the nature of an Old Timers' reunion, as well as a children's day.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, Exalted Ruler of Elwood, Ind., Lodge No. 368, and long a resident of the neighborhood, and official representatives from the embassies of Belgium and France, to which countries Mr. Buhl left a fund of \$2,000,000 for the care of destitute children, were the guests of honor and the principal speakers of the day. Before being carried to the scene of the outing at Buhl Farm, where there were refreshments and contests for the many thousand guests, the children marched past the Buhl home where they were reviewed by Mrs. Buhl, the guests of honor, the reception committees and the officers of Sharon Lodge. In the evening there was a dinner for Secretary Davis and the foreign representatives at the country club, and dancing at the casino. The affair was a tremendous success, and probably the largest celebration of its kind the Shenango Valley has ever seen.

Sharon Lodge is particularly active in all community affairs, co-operating with other groups in many welfare activities. A Boy Scout Troop is sponsored, and recently a Scout headquarters, consisting of a log cabin built by the boys on three acres of beautifully wooded land, deeded to the Lodge for the purpose by Mr. and Mrs. David J. Lewis, was dedicated in the presence of several hundred persons.

## Women's Relief Corps Gives Flag To Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

The members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, recently witnessed a most beautiful and touching ceremony during the course of one of their meetings. At nine o'clock there came into the Lodge room many gray-haired women, all members of the Women's Relief Corps, bringing a large flag as their tribute to the Order. For the formal presentation in front of the Exalted Ruler's station, six of these women tenderly held the flag, while at their sides stood six uniformed members of the Lodge's drill team at attention, guarding it. Ella M. French, Past Department President and Past National Inspector, introduced the Patriotic Instructor of the Bartlett-Logan Post, W.R.C., No. 7. Frances Davenport made the presentation speech, saying among other appropriate remarks, that many of the patriotic ideals of the W.R.C. were the same as the teachings of the Order, and that the Corps felt the two organizations had worked along the same lines. It was because of this identity of purpose, she stated, that they, the mothers, grown gray in service to their country, wanted the Lodge to have the flag.

## Norristown, Pa., Lodge to Produce Elaborate Charity Show

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Norristown, Pa., Lodge, No. 714, is planning a number of benefits during the fall and winter months by which it hopes to increase its fund for charitable activities. On October 25-27 the Committee will present to the members of the Lodge and to the public, the most elaborate musical comedy it has ever attempted to produce. The proceeds will all be for charity, needs of the poor, and for the Lodge's Christmas activities among the children of the community.

## Pennsylvania State Elks Association Holds Meeting

Instead of the usual annual convention, the Pennsylvania State Elks Association held only a business session this year. A large number of important topics were taken up, and plans for the further development of the Association were discussed profitably. The meeting was held at the Bedford Springs Hotel, Bedford Springs, on August 31 and September 1. It was attended by 169 officers, committeemen and representatives. The occasion was honored

(Continued on page 104)

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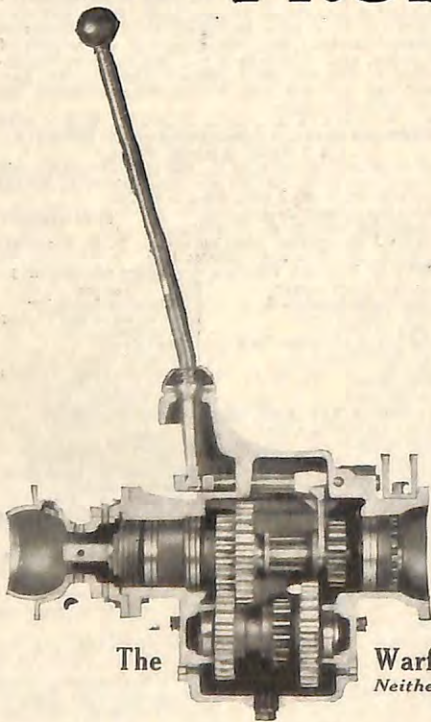
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 103)

by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, who is also a Past President of the Association; and Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, P. M. Minster of Bristol, Lodge No. 970; Vice-President, S. Clem Reichard of Wilkes-Barre, Lodge No. 100; Secretary, W. S. Gould of Scranton, Lodge No. 123 (re-elected); Treasurer, Henry W. Gough of Harrisburg, Lodge No. 12 (re-elected); Trustee, J. B. Sleeman of Huntingdon; Lodge No. 976. Easton was selected as the meeting place for 1927, the meeting to be held on the fourth Tuesday of August.

### Hon. Murray Hulbert Receives French Decoration

Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York, Lodge No. 1, and a Justice of the Grand Forum, was decorated recently by the French Government when, on a visit to France, he was awarded the Medal of Honor of the French Ministry of Health, Service and Social Welfare. The award was made Mr. Hulbert for his distinguished service in connection with the Olympic Games. Mr. Hulbert, who is one of the six representatives on the International Council of the Games and President of the Amateur Athletic Union, was in Europe on this occasion for the purpose of conferring with his associates on plans for the next Olympiad.

The decoration was personally presented to Mr. Hulbert on behalf of the French Government by Dr. Marcel Knecht, an Official Delegate of the Franco-American Committee of the French Press and General Secretary of the newspaper *Le Matin*.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

Sheffield, Ala., Lodge recently laid the cornerstone of its new Home.

The Elks Picnic and Barbecue staged by Seattle, Wash., Lodge on Bainbridge Island was one of the most successful of all its outings.

St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge has laid the cornerstone of its new Home, and work on the building is progressing rapidly.

Somerville, Mass., Lodge is perfecting plans for a gigantic Charity Bazaar, to be held at its Home, November 17-22.

The seventh annual fair of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge realized a greater sum for the Lodge's charity fund than any previous effort of the kind.

Oakland, Calif., Lodge gave two performances of "The Sho-Gun," with a cast of more than 200 people, at the Auditorium Opera House last month. A group of entertainers from the Lodge recently visited the Livermore Veterans' Hospital and amused the patients.

Charleston, W. Va., will give three performances of a minstrel show, October 25-27.

The band of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge has had a very active summer, playing a number of concerts. It took a prominent part in the parade celebrating Plainfield's Sesquicentennial, heading a large marching delegation from the Lodge.

The family picnics held by Blue Island, Ill., Lodge this summer proved to be the most popular features the Lodge has sponsored.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge recently held an all-day stag picnic on its country club grounds.

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Glendale, Calif., Lodge was rated at 100 per cent. at a recent inspection and review.

Newport, R. I., Lodge held a most successful subscription ball, the proceeds from which were for the purchase of a moving-picture machine for the Crippled Kiddies Camp maintained by the Lodge. On October 28 Newport Lodge will celebrate its 38th anniversary.

Putnam, Conn., Lodge presented forty junior tickets for the Putnam Chautauqua to the Windham County Children's Home.

Montclair, N. J., Lodge entertained the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association last month.

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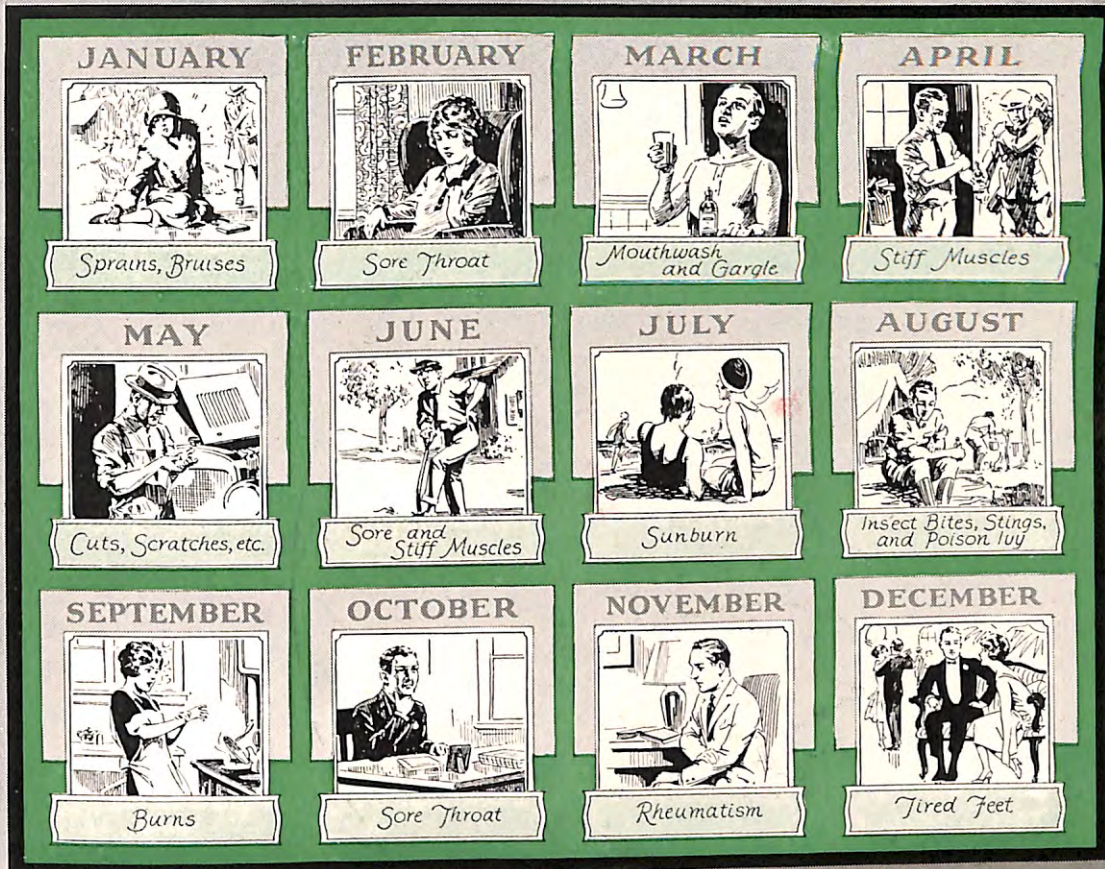
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