

The Elks

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Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1926



In this Issue:

"The Mystery Lover" by Richard Connell, "Ports of Romance" by A. Hyatt Verrill, "The Tragedy of the Horse" by Arthur Chapman, "In Moose Country" by Raymond Thompson, "Money" by Paul Lee Ellerbe, "The Outer Gate" by Octavus Roy Cohen

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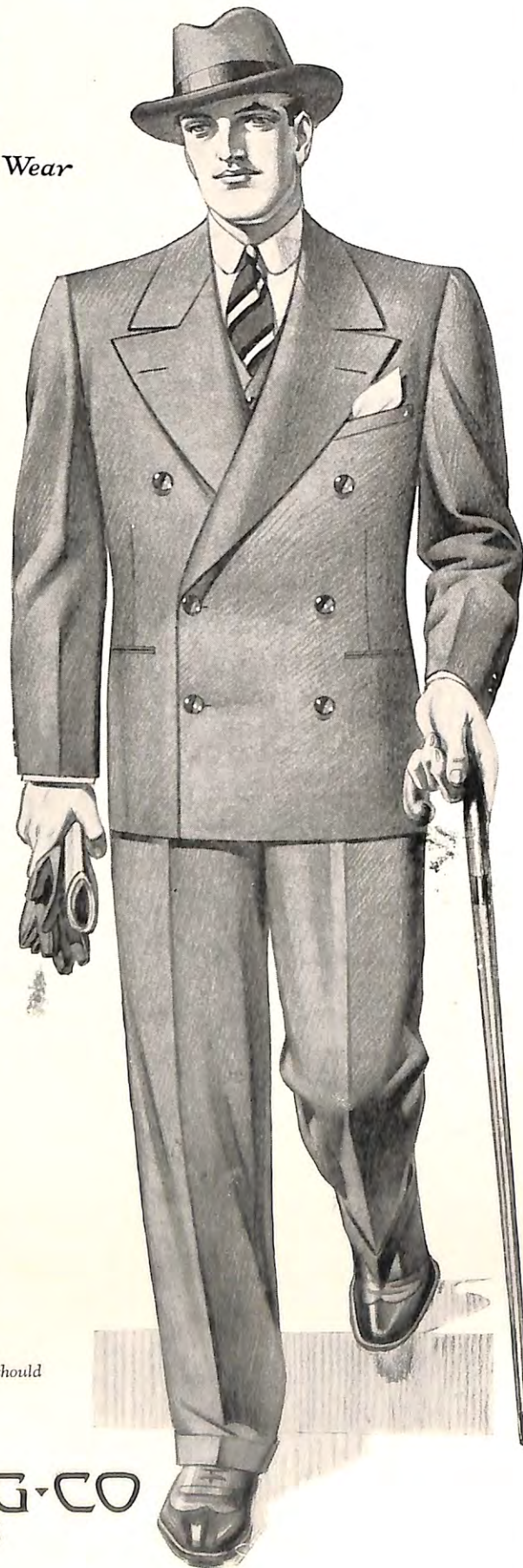
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—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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Number Six

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

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Three
Thanksgiving Month

*Philadelphia, Pa.
October 6, 1926*

To All Elks—Greeting:

“Oh, give thanks unto the Lord.”

If the Pilgrim Fathers in the early days of the colonies, with their many vicissitudes to combat, could find it in their hearts to give thanks to Almighty God for their safe deliverance from the trials which beset them, how much more have we reason to follow in their footsteps.

With Armistice Day and all it signifies not to be forgot on November 11, with the great progress that every community of our nation has recorded, with us, as individuals and part of those communities sharing in that prosperity, with the knowledge that there is an Order of Elks which can so promptly and effectively bring aid and sustenance to a stricken Florida, with the many homes of the subordinate Lodges of our Order acting as community centers for the furtherance of any activity that means advancement in their several locations, with our observance of Flag Day, with our dispensing of help to those in need throughout the year culminating in the holiday good cheer, with the retention of our present membership and the adding to those efficient hundreds of thousands by increasing that membership to make possible a larger army for the carrying out of the fundamentals of our Order, patriotism and love of mankind—with pardonable pride I ask you to join me on Armistice Day in recalling the great sacrifice made by our wonderful boys, and on Thanksgiving Day in rendering a word of thanks to the Deity, who guides our destiny.

Wishing you and yours a very happy Thanksgiving Day, with the hope that your hearts may be most fully attuned to the spirit of the day by reason of your manifold blessings, I would ask that you take as your own, our slogan of this year:

“KNOW YOUR ORDER BETTER.”

Thanksgivingly Yours

Chas. H. Seakelov
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:



Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.

Up Against A Stone Wall

—and with no idea what he can do!
Do you see yourself in this picture?

THIS is a talk to men and women who are UP AGAINST A STONE WALL in life, and who want to cut their way out.

It is a talk to men and women who have the courage to search their souls for their defects, ADMIT THEM, and start at once to lick the things that UP TO NOW have licked them.

Take stock of yourself—where are you? Once upon a time you dreamed of great things. You were going to DO SOMETHING worth while. You were going to BE somebody. You entered upon your career with burning hopes. Everybody thought highly of you. Your friends, your family, figuratively patted you on the back. You felt you were destined for great things.

Then—what happened? Your youthful enthusiasm oozed away. Your purpose for some reason became clouded. Instead of going forward, you found yourself UP AGAINST A STONE WALL.

Other men, aiming for the same goal as you, came up alongside of you and passed you. And now, here at last you are—discouraged, lost, PURPOSELESS.

When you think of the men and women whom you have seen succeed, you know that you are every bit AS GOOD AS THEY. You know you possess the same—possibly more knowledge, more ability, more intelligence. You believe that, if given the chance, you could PROVE that you're a better man.

Right here is the bitterest pill of self-confession, if you have the MANHOOD to swallow it. You must admit that those successful men and women were willing to make a real struggle for what they wanted, WHILE YOU GAVE UP THE FIGHT TOO EASILY—or else DIDN'T KNOW what weapons to use!

If there is any pride left in you, if you still possess a glimmer of your fine early ambition, YOU WON'T FOOL YOURSELF WITH EXCUSES. Nor will you admit that YOU ARE LICKED; or that you are too OLD now or too TIRED, to win out.

You will take a new grip on yourself. YOU WILL PLAN YOUR LIFE. You will acquire a new clear-cut purpose, instead of drifting. You will analyze the WEAKNESS IN YOURSELF that held you back, and you will STRENGTHEN IT BY TRAINING.

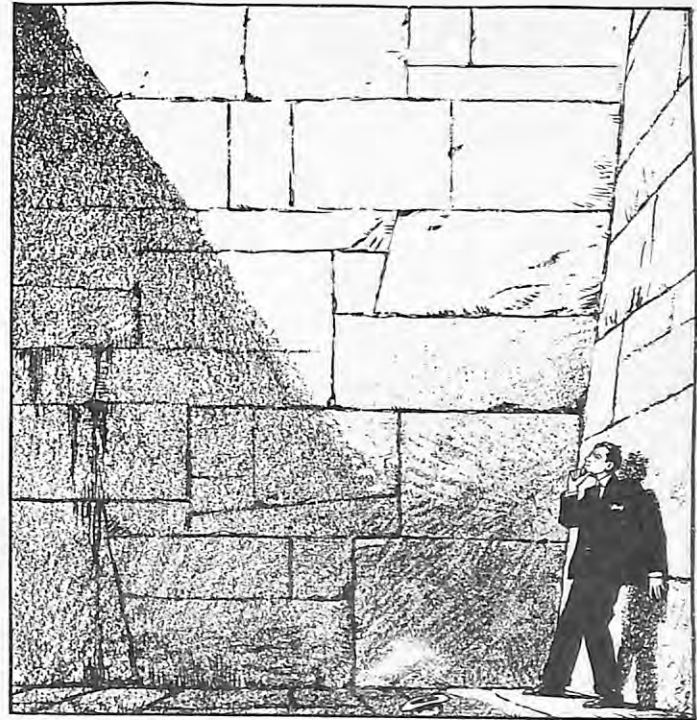
You can do it,—by means of Pelmanism, a system of training that has swept the world. Over FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND men and women, in every quarter of the globe and in every walk of life, testify that THIS TRAINING WAS EXACTLY WHAT THEY NEEDED. It is exactly what YOU need!

Pelmanism is merely the science of applied psychology, simplified so that it can be understood and USED. It is a system of training all the various mental faculties, like will-power, memory, concentration, observation, reasoning.

Pelmanism awakens UNSUSPECTED POWERS in you. Time and again it has performed seeming miracles. Instances of quick promotions among its students are countless. Cases of doubled salary in a few months, and trebled salary in a year are NOT AT ALL UNUSUAL. But Pelmanism is not only adopted by those who want to EARN more, but by those who want to DO more.

If you are dubious, if you think you are too old or too young or KNOW TOO MUCH, to be helped by Pelmanism, CONSIDER the kind of people who advocate this training. Among them are men like:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver. | General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. |
| The late Sir H. Rider-Haggard, Famous Novelist. | Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist. |



Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.

T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."

Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.

W. L. George, Author.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C., V.O.

Baroness Orczy, Author.

Prince Charles of Sweden.

—to mention only a few out of THOUSANDS of men and women of distinction.

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

If you are inclined to think that way,—USE YOUR HEAD FOR A MOMENT! You will realize that people cannot be HELPED by tommyrot, and that there MUST BE SOMETHING in Pelmanism when it has been used by over 550,000 people just as intelligent as you, when it has such a record of helpfulness behind it, and when it is endorsed and used by men and women of the highest distinction and ability all over the world.

Don't give up on your old ambitions. Don't think it is TOO LATE. Don't think you are TOO OLD. Follow the advice of such people as those listed above. Write for this free book; at least LEARN what Pelmanism is, WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS—then, and then only, judge whether it may not help YOU just as greatly.

Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF. Let it show you how to get past the STONE WALL that you are now up against. Mail the coupon below now—now while your resolve TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF AT LAST—is strong.

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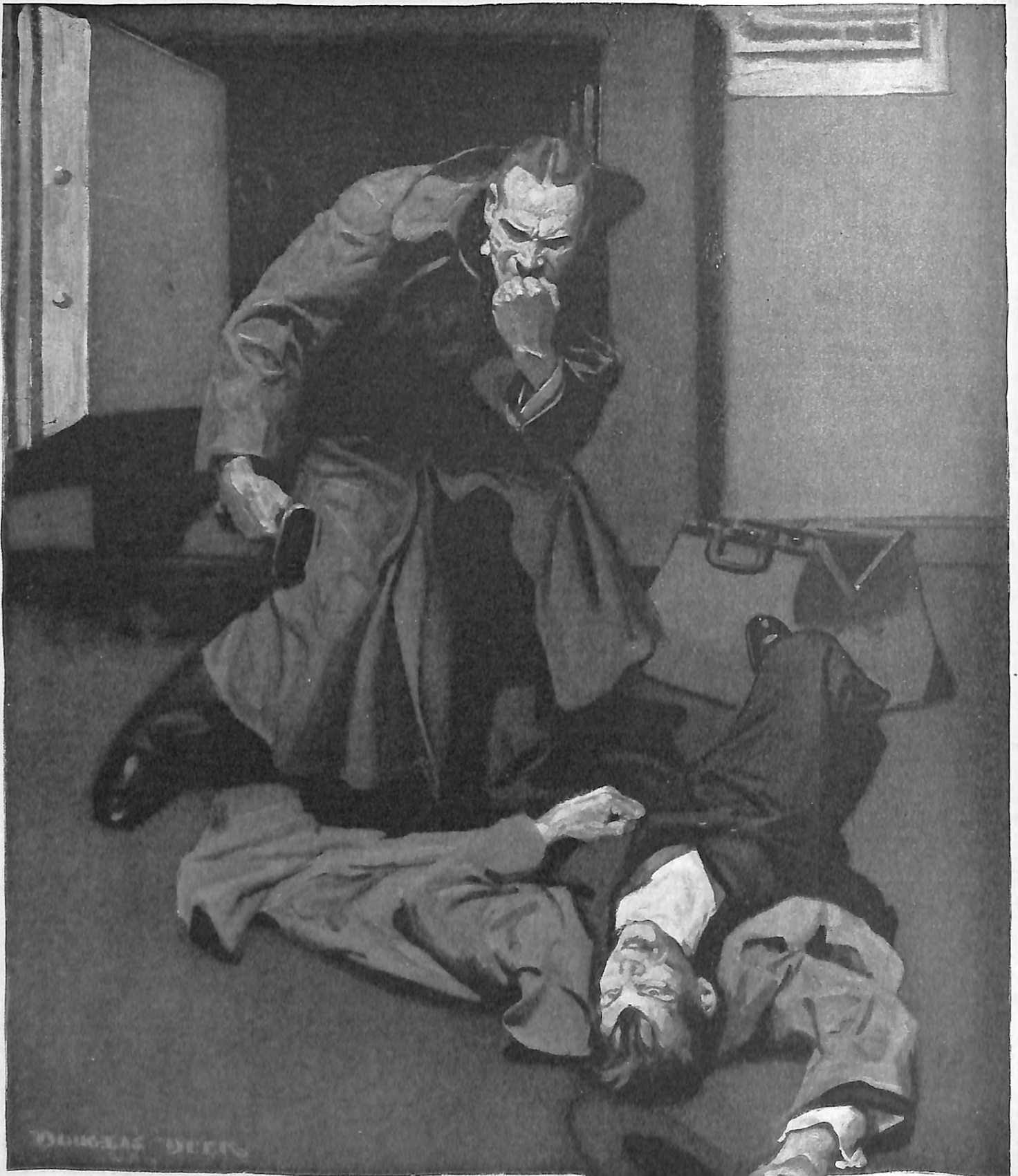
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The murderer did not plan to use violence. He had not expected to see any one. He'd brought no weapon. He hit Adamson with one of those heavy cast-iron things they use in stamping clips into papers. He picked it up off a desk and carefully put it back into place.



The Mystery Lover

Motive, Eccentricity, Appearance, Record—Which Marked Out the Murderer?

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

IT STRUCK me, early in our acquaintance, that Mark Boone was, to put it gently, a bit peculiar. He looked odd. He had an X-ray eye. I never knew what "a searching look" meant until I felt, actually, his eyes on me, all the way across the office of the Carberry Mills the very first day I occupied a desk there. Of course a newcomer expects to be stared at, but hardly in that intense way, partly speculative, partly suspicious, and partly accusing. I returned the stare, and Boone embarrassedly dropped those peering eyes of his to his work. He was a homely young man, almost skeletal in his leanness. His mouth was a promontory of large white teeth which gave him the appearance of wearing a perpetual half-grin. You thought him chronically happy until you noticed his seeking eyes.

I soon discovered that Mark Boone was the office character. The young men of the company—the junior executives they liked to call themselves—treated him with a tolerance slightly tinged with contempt. They mimicked his drawl, his cemetery of teeth, his flapping elbows. They gave me the impression that Mark was all right, but, well, hardly the forceful type that drives onward and upward in business, the inference being that they were of this type.

Endicott summed Mark Boone up by saying:

"We all like poor old Mark; but I'm afraid he's a stick-in-the-mud. Slow, and not very acute. He does know quite a bit about higher mathematics. I really think he'd rather be teaching calculus in some one-horse college at two thousand a year than be president of the company."

I was properly shocked, for, of course, all earnest young junior executives should keep their eyes firmly fixed on the glittering goal of the presidency. Otherwise why immure ourselves in Carberry Village and apply ourselves so diligently to mastering the silk business? Carberry Village is no Paris. It isn't even a Bridgeport. It's just a humdrum hamlet in a remote corner of Connecticut, which exists only because old Fiske Carberry built his first silk mill there to be near free water power. A mill has to have people to run the machines, managers to keep an eye on things, and junior executives to bustle about; also, a few merchants and boarding-house keepers to provide the silk-makers with soap, beans, and beds. Carberry Village had them and

nothing more. It was a good place to learn the silk business. Except for a little tennis, golf and bridge, that's all there was to do. The married men lived in houses built by the company. Most of us junior executives who hadn't wives lived in the Carberry Club, a comfortable old ark built by Mr. Carberry as a monastery for neophyte silk magnates. My room was next to Mark Boone's.

As he and I were not very keen about bridge, we found ourselves thrown together the third night I was there. He suggested, rather diffidently, that if we wanted to get away from the racket the card-players were making in the living-room downstairs, we could smoke our pipes in his room.

Mark Boone's room resembled a second-hand bookstore. There were books in shelves, books on tables, books in piles on the floor, and even stacks of books under his bed.

"I read a bit," he explained, almost in the tone of one admitting that he took opium.

We talked about the silk business, and I found him willing to tell me all he knew. Considering the fact that he had been at the mill ever since he left college five years before, it seemed to me that his knowledge was pretty limited.

"I'M IN the figuring end, you see," Mark Boone said. "I'm a sort of handy man in the auditing department."

As he talked, I began to understand why I had heard him referred to as "poor old Mark." He had a slow, precise way of talking that made you want to step on his accelerator. What he said could hardly be described as original or brilliant. A patient plodder, I thought, a simple soul, with scant spark.

As he talked, I casually ran my eyes over his library. You can often tell what a man is by what he reads. Mark Boone's choice of books was curious. His reading matter fell into two classes. First, he had books on higher mathematics, learned works, I've no doubt, on conic sections, surds, differential calculus, the fourth dimension, relativity, and other subjects which to me were remote and abstruse. That I had expected. It was the rest of his library which surprised me. I noted a few of the titles: *The Mystery of Bedford Street*; *The Laboratory Murder*; *The Body in the Bag*; *The Kelyc Mystery*; *Who Killed Jeremy Pike*? *The*

Man with the Purple Dagger; *The Chilton Case*; *Caught Red-Handed*; *The Mystery of the Poisoned Orchid*; *Marvin Mayne, Master Murderer*; *The Evidence Against Mary Snell*, and sets of *Poe*, *Gaboriau*, *Fletcher*, *Green*, *Doyle*—

The watching eyes of Mark Boone saw my interest in his books. Again his tone was that of a man making a confession.

"I love a good mystery," he said.

"So do I," I assured him.

"Really? That's fine. You can borrow any of these, any time. I've read them all."

"Thank you. Which do you recommend?"

He sighed.

"Most of them are so easy to solve," he said. "I've got so I can usually spot the fellow who did the killing before I'm half through the book."

"How do you do it?"

"Oh, I guess I know a false clue when I see one," he said.

"There's a bit of the detective in everybody," I remarked. "Ever try your hand at it?"

He gave me a quick look.

"Only academically," he said, hastily.

"I mean I follow murder mysteries in the papers and sometimes try to figure out who did it."

Some weeks later, my interest in his hobby had so won the confidence of Mark Boone, that he showed me his scrap-book. He handed it to me with the air of a connoisseur in ceramics exhibiting a rare Ming vase.

"You see," he said, "I collect crimes."

His book was filled with clippings about memorable murders.

"Now, here's a pretty case," he said. "The Detmold case. Big banker named Detmold was shot while at dinner. Shot fired from outside. Rile. Police arrested Lyle, a former partner of the dead man. Lyle admitted rifle was his and that he hated Detmold and that he was near by when the shot was fired. Looked like a clear case. But a fellow named Ebling talked in his sleep and it turned out that he did the job. He hated both Detmold and Lyle and shot Detmold in such a way it made Lyle look guilty. You see, circumstantial evidence is a mighty tricky thing."

When I went to bed that night my mind buzzed with haunting facts about bodies found in limousines and clever murderers caught because of some minute flaw in their calculations.



Because I seemed to be the only man in Carberry Village with any real appreciation of the art of homicide and the fascination of mystery, Mark Boone came to look upon me as his best friend. I liked Mark. That he'd never set any rivers on fire, I strongly suspected; but his quiet manner was restful after a day spent among vigorous and aggressive junior executives.

ONE night he confided in me. He did it in the manner of a man who knows he is uttering heresy, but can't help it.

"I guess," said Mark, "I don't really care if I ever get to be a big silk man or not. I admire men who can do big things in business, but I just don't seem to have it in me. My idea of a good life would be to teach higher mathematics in some quiet college town, work on some original stuff along the relativity line, and, for relaxation, read mystery stories."

"Why don't you?" I inquired.

"Can't. I'm helping my sisters through school. Anyhow, before I could be a professor, I'd have to get a doctor of philosophy degree, and that means time and money. Several thousand dollars, anyway. No chance."

He sighed.

"Oh, well," he said, "what difference does it make?"

It was plain to me that it made a great deal of difference to Mark Boone.

Next evening, which was moonless and rainy, I was in my room poring over a book on textiles. At dinner Mark had not talked much; he had eaten in absent-minded silence. Directly after dinner he had gone to his room. As I sat in mine, I heard, about half-past nine, a sound in Mark's room, a regular, padding sound, and I deduced he was pacing up and down. I decided Mark was concentrating on some knotty problem in relativity, and returned to my reading. About half an hour later I was surprised to hear his door open softly and to hear his footsteps going down the corridor, accompanied by a faint swish which I knew was made by the cheap rubber rain-coat Mark wore. At half-past ten I went to bed and to sleep.

I was waked by a violent banging on my door. Endicott was there, and he burst into my room in a fine state of excitement for a level-headed junior executive.

"Wake up," he shouted. "There's hell to pay."

"Fire?" I hazarded, sleepily.

"Robbery," he jerked out, "and murder."

"Good Lord! Who? When? Where?"

"Adamson's been killed—and the company's safe robbed."

Adamson was the cashier of the mill.

Endicott poured out the story breathlessly.

"Bert Evans, the night-watchman, found him and sounded the alarm. Adamson dropped into his office—as he often does between ten and eleven—to do some work. The pay-roll money, about \$28,000 in cash, was in the big safe in his office. When the night-watchman looked into the cashier's office on his rounds at twenty minutes to twelve, he found the safe wide open, and empty, and Adamson lying in the little outer office—dead. The poor fellow had been hit—and hit hard—with a club or black-jack."

My first question was, "Have you waked Boone?"

"Just going to," said Endicott. "Mr. Tait wants everybody turned out on a chance we can catch the murderer to-night."

Together we went to Mark Boone's room.

When we knocked he called "What's up?" in the voice of a man abruptly waked from a nightmare. We went in, and he was sitting up in bed, wide-eyed. Endicott told Mark what he had told me. Boone hopped out of bed. He looked gaunt and eery in his old-fashioned nightshirt. I never saw a man throw on his clothes more quickly.

"You say it happened between ten and eleven?" he said.

"Yes. Apparently."

Mark Boone muttered something. I don't know what.

"Mr. Tait wants us all to meet at the mill office," said Endicott. Warren Tait was the general manager.

We hurried to the mill. Most of the members of the executive staff were already there, serious, excited. Drumgoole, chief of the local police, was there, trying to collect his rustic wits, which were notoriously few, and saying over and over again:

"Murder and robbery, eh? Murder and robbery. Well, what do you think of that? Nothing like that ever happened in Carberry Village before."

"Well, it's happened now," said Mr. Tait, rather sharply.

Mr. Tait took charge of the situation. He was the alert, decisive type of man who keeps his head in an emergency.

"Endicott and Landon," he directed, "take a car and start down the south road as fast as you can. Pick up Officer Yost at his house. If the murderer or the gang went that way, there may be a chance of overtaking them."

Endicott and Landon rushed out.

"You, Ryder, get your roadster," said Mr. Tait, "and start along the north road with Greer and Stokes. Take guns. Make it snappy."

He dispatched others to comb the mill and the village on the off chance that the murderer might be lurking about. He assigned me to the task of calling up all the police stations in the vicinity and notifying the police of the crime. Mark Boone spoke up, hesitantly:

"What shall I do, Mr. Tait?"

Mr. Tait gave him an impatient glance. "Oh, stick around. I may need you. If I do, I'll tell you."

"Could I examine the safe—and the body?" Mark asked.

"Oh, do anything you like," said Mr. Tait, and turned away.

We were a weary and bedraggled group of junior executives when we assembled for breakfast at the Carberry Club next morning. Endicott was able to report that half a dozen cars had passed along the south road between eleven and midnight, but all the information he could glean about them was of the vaguest sort. Other cars had passed along the north road; but there was nothing unusual about that. They might have been farmers returning from a grange meeting, or joy-riders, or tourists. Chief Drumgoole's only contribution had been the remark that it looked like an inside job to him. Pressed for his reasons, he had none; just a theory, that's all.

WE ALL chipped in surmises, except Mark Boone, who ate his breakfast white-faced and silent. Naturally, no work was done in the mill that day. In deference to Adamson it was closed, and we were told by Mr. Tait to turn all our energies to the solution of the mystery.

At noon, the only fresh news was that Mr. Carberry had wired from New York that he was offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of the criminal or criminals, and that he was sending detectives to Carberry Village. I watched Mark Boone closely when this last piece of news was announced. He gave no sign

He shot the concentrated ray of a powerful flashlight into the face of the sleeper and cried sharply, "Where's the money?"

that he was disturbed by it. But he went out without finishing his lunch.

After dinner that evening Mark Boone beckoned me aside and said:

"Come up to my room. I want to talk to you."

We went to his room and he locked the door.

His beginning was surprising.

"They call me dumb," he said.

"Well, perhaps I am. I haven't a quick, shrewd mind like Endicott and the rest. But I'm enough of a mathematician to add two and two."

I waited for him to go on.

"I've been busy all day," he said, "looking round. I've found out things."

"Mark," I said, "I've been your friend, and I'm coming straight out with it. I know you were out between ten and eleven last night. Where were you?"

He astonished me by chuckling.

"NOW that shows how dumb I am," he said. "It never occurred to me until you looked at me in that suspicious way just now that my conduct looks queer. But of course it is. Of course it is."

Again he chuckled.

"Mark," I said, "I haven't told anybody I know you were out. I wanted to give you a chance to tell me the truth."

"I'll tell you the truth," he said. "The first part of it is this: I had no more to do with killing Adamson and stealing that money than you did."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I want to believe that, Mark," I said.

"But you are in a dangerous position. Look at the facts. You are known to be interested in crimes. You also have a reputation of being a little—well—eccentric. It is generally known you could use that money. Finally, you were not in your room at the time the crime was committed. Have you an alibi?"

Mark Boone grinned.

"No," he said, "I haven't."

"I suppose," I said, "it's my duty to tell Mr. Tait what I know."

"Don't do that," said Mark Boone, urgently. "Please don't do that. The facts are against me. But give me a chance. Give me one more day. That's all I ask."

"You could get pretty far away in a day," I said.

"I'm dumb," said Mark, "but not so dumb I'd skip out now, if I'd done this job, which I didn't. No, you must trust me and give me a little time."

"Time for what?"

"To find out who killed Adamson."

"But what," I persisted, "took you out on a night after ten? I don't know when you got back."

"I came in about eleven thirty," said Mark. "Here's exactly what I did. I went out because I had a headache, and wanted fresh air and a chance to think out a problem. Nothing so strange about that. I've done it before. I like walking at night in the rain. That may be eccentric, but it isn't a crime. That's why I was out last night."

"Would a jury believe that?"

"No," answered Mark promptly. "It seems to be human nature to think the worst, if there's the slightest reason for doing so. Yet my walk was innocent enough. I went around the mill and down the path by the river. And—I saw something."

"You saw something? What?"

"You'll promise to keep it dark till tomorrow anyhow?"

"Yes."

"Last night," said Mark, "at ten thirty I was walking by the river. I stopped to

light my pipe. My ears caught the slosh of footsteps coming along the muddy path, the footsteps of a man in a hurry. He was coming from the direction of the mill. Now you know what a bug I am about mysteries. That explains why I stepped behind a tree and waited for the man to pass. He did pass, so near I could have touched him. I heard him panting as he hurried by. And—I recognized him."

"Who was he?"

"Sam Minor."

"Sam Minor? The treasurer of the mill?"

"No doubt about it," said Mark, positively.

"It was pitch black," I reminded him. "How can you be sure?"

"The night lights of the mill were reflected in the river," Mark said. "I'm sure it was Sam. He's the tallest and stoutest man in the village. I knew him by his figure even before I had a glimpse of his face. Now answer me this: What was Sam Minor doing at that time at that place?"

"You might ask him," I said.

(Continued on page 56)



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SCATTERED about the blue Caribbean Sea; tucked away on richly verdured mountain-sides, nestling in the shade of waving palms, or slumbering on the shores of the Spanish Main, are scores of quaint, ancient towns almost forgotten by the busy, workaday world, and filled with the romance of their historic past.

A few years ago they were almost un-

grilled windows, and they drive over more or less well-paved streets in rattling motor-cars. They feel the soft, hot, tropic air, they enthuse over the riot of color and the flaming, flowering trees, but few realize that they are treading the same stones, passing through the same doorways, perhaps lunching in the same restaurants, that once rang to the tread of mail-clad men, that were filled with battle-cries, the clash of arms, the groans of wounded and dying, and that echoed, again and again, to the lusty shouts and maudlin songs of the swash-buckling buccaneers.

There is scarcely a town along the entire shore-line of the Caribbean that is not intimately associated with the picturesque, often dastardly, but

La Cabaña, which guards the east end of Havana's harbor, a fort which has frowned down upon the most stirring events of centuries, whose massive buttresses echoed to the explosion that destroyed the "Maine"

ever romantic figures of those historic days when Don and Briton, Frenchman and Dutchman, fought and battled and did mighty and heroic deeds as they strove for mastery of the Caribbean and the lands about it. And there is scarcely a Caribbean port that, at one time or another, has not been the haunt of some famous or infamous buccaneer. Columbus, Cortez, Ponce de Leon; Pizarro and Balboa; De Soto and Alvarado; Drake and Hawkins; Morgan and L'Ollonais; Dampier and Esquemeling; Sharp and Wafer; Kidd and Lafitte; Nelson and Rodney; Paul Jones and Perry; Vernon, and even our own revered Washington, and scores, yes hundreds of others, all made history and won names and fame for themselves in the Caribbean ports; and all left their imprints upon the crumbling walls, the age-old forts and the somnolent towns about the Caribbean Sea.

Even Havana, perhaps the best known, the most wide-awake, and the most garishly up-to-date of West Indian towns, is replete with memories and mementoes of its romantic past. The first sight that greets one, as the ship approaches the Cuban capital, is the grim old Morro fort, a fort which has frowned down upon the most stirring events of centuries, whose massive buttresses echoed to the explosion that destroyed the *Maine* and spelled the doom of Spanish dominion in the New World; whose obsolete guns have belched death and destruction to many a foe; whose gloomy vaults have hidden many a tortured patriot, and whose stout defenses have withstood the assaults of the navies of the world. Only once has Havana's Morro fallen to a foe. That was in 1762 when the British tunneled and



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Street scenes in Havana, Cuba, the most wide-awake, and most up-to-date of West Indian towns

known to visitors from the outside world, and even their names were strange and unfamiliar. But to-day, tourist ships cast anchors in their harbors, and curious visitors from the north through their streets, stare at their inhabitants, purchase curios and native fruits and hurry on, little dreaming all they have missed. They see the towns as they are to-day; see the garish modern buildings, the ragged beggars, the white-clad, swarthy men, the shuffling negresses, the shy, dark-eyed Señoritas peering from



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mined the walls, and, having taken Morro, turned its guns upon the city it had been built to protect. It was during this action that a young subaltern, named George Washington, won recognition, along with his brother, and it was in honor of his commander that he later named his Virginian home Mount Vernon.

Seemingly scarcely a stone's-throw across the narrow harbor entrance stands ancient La Punta fort, once a well-renowned defense, but now abandoned as a fortress. But tucked away on the northern side of the ancient Plaza de Armas is a tiny, old-fashioned fort almost hidden by the modern buildings surrounding it, but which is redolent of romance. La Fuerza, as it is called, is not only the oldest structure in Havana, but it was designed and built by that famed explorer and conquistador, Ferdinand de Soto, in 1538. Here, as ruler of Cuba, De Soto resided with his wife, the Donna Ysobel, until in 1539 he sailed to find new conquests in Florida. Here, in the thick-walled fortress with its surrounding moat, the Donna Ysobel waited and wept and prayed as weeks grew into months and months became years and no tidings of her absent husband came from overseas. Daily she gazed seaward from the battlements, hoping against hope to catch a glint of oncoming sails, the flutter of gold and crimson flags, the glimmer of sun on shining casque and armor that never came.

AND as she watched with tear-stained cheeks, the gallant Don's body was resting beneath the turbid waters of the mighty Mississippi. But at last, realizing that her husband would never return, worn with grief and her lonely, patient vigil, the Donna Ysobel yielded to despair and died of a broken heart, little dreaming that De Soto's name and deeds would live on forever, and that, from the wilderness he had found, and which had proved his last resting-place, would come those who would overthrow the power of Spain and unfurl a new flag above the fort De Soto had built.

All about this section of Havana and the Plaza de Armas is historic round. Here, at one side, stands the little Templete, a chapel erected on the spot where Columbus first landed on Cuban soil, and here, once a year, on November 15th, services are held and the

Templete opened to the public in commemoration of the first Mass celebrated in Cuba. And near at hand stands the gray old cathedral wherein, for many years, the bones of Columbus were supposed to rest. With pomp and ceremony they were removed to Spain when Cuba won her freedom, but the honors accorded were undeserved, for it later transpired that the mortal remains of the discoverer still rested in the cathedral of Santo Domingo City, and that those which had been revered in Cuba for so many years were merely the bones of his son, Diego.

Even richer in romantic and historical association is our own Porto Rico. As Cuba's past is so closely linked with De Soto, so the outstanding figure of Porto Rico's history was that even more imaginative and romantic seeker of



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A modern street in San Juan, the place from which Ponce de Leon started his quest for the Fountain of Youth



To the left, the picturesque piroguas in which the earliest buccaneers plied the waters around Porto Rico

A corner of the impregnable Spanish fortifications of Porto Rico known to tradition as the Haunted Sentry Box



Looking down into San Juan from the frowning Morro which never yet has fallen to an enemy



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eternal youth—Ponce de Leon. He it was who, in 1509, first settled Porto Rico, and, a year later, founded the city of San Juan. Here, too, his house may still be seen, the "Casa Blanca" as it is called, rearing its white walls above the ancient water-gate and massive buttresses of the fortress at the entrance to the harbor. And, in the old cathedral, not far distant, enclosed in a glass-topped casket, lies the body of this far-famed man, who, searching for the Fountain of Youth, met death by an Indian arrow in 1512. Quite fittingly, also, Porto Rico commemorates Ponce de Leon in a bronze statue cast from the cannon captured by the Spanish from their British foes. And, like Cuba, Porto Rico has its Morro, a



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Above, the waterfront of Curacao, quaintest and most topsy-turvy island of the Caribbean. Here Peter Stuyvesant first made his reputation

frowning, many-angled pile, even more ancient than that at Havana, and which can boast that never yet has it fallen to an enemy. Even the redoubtable Sir Francis Drake found it too hard a nut to crack when twice he assaulted it, and in 1572 both he and Hawkins thundered and stormed at it for days only to meet defeat. Never in all their adventurous lives did the two old sea dogs meet with greater disappointment and loss. Not only did they fail to secure the coveted four millions in gold lying in Porto Rico's treasury, but gallant Hawkins met his death during the siege.

BUT what Drake and Hawkins, and scores of other buccaneers and freebooters, had failed to accomplish, was done by another Englishman, though he took the town by strategy and not by wasting powder and ball on impregnable old Morro. This man was Sir George, Earl of Cumberland, and perhaps the most romantic and picturesque figure of those stirring, historic times. He was a notorious gambler, a courtier, a soldier, a sailor, and a Cambridge graduate, and, in refutation of the old saw, being a jack of all trades, he was master of all.

Extraordinarily brave, famed for his gigantic strength, and ever seeking some new and hazardous adventure, the Earl had already won the rank of a Knight of the Garter and, why or how none seems to know, he had also won the personal favor of Queen Elizabeth. In token of this, the Virgin Queen had presented Sir George with one of her claret-colored gloves, which, embroidered with diamonds, the Earl invariably wore like a plume in his hat. Having taken part with Drake in the destruction of the Armada, Sir George turned, as did many of his day, to privateering or pirating, according to one's choice, and decided to have a try at Porto Rico. Realizing that to attack Morro would be fruitless, the Earl landed his six hundred men at dead of night close to where Santurce now stands, and at day-break, rushed the landward fortifications of the city.

His ruse was entirely successful, though the Spaniards, taken by surprise as they were, fought stubbornly. Once within San Juan, the British plundered and pillaged to their hearts' content, and, out of pure wantonness, destroyed priceless paintings, tapestries and furniture, and burned every wooden building. No doubt My Lord of

Cumberland attributed his signal success to the gem-studded talisman in his hat, but whatever virtues it may have possessed as a lucky charm in a battle, it was powerless to protect him and his men from a more powerful foe than the Dons. This was the dreaded yellow fever which, entering Sir George's camp unseen and unsuspected, took terrific toll of the British. Before they fully realized what had happened, more than one-half of the men had died, and, thoroughly and justly terrified at this unsuspected ally of the defeated and despoiled Dons, My Lord left hurriedly, bag and baggage, and never returned.

Porto Rico also has its associations with Columbus, for it was at a spot on the western coast that the great admiral put in with his caravels and secured much-needed water. In commemoration of this, Columbus called the place "Aguadilla," and the spring whence he filled his casks is now preserved as a fountain surrounded by appropriate stone work and sculptures.

It is but a short step from Porto Rico to St. Thomas, of our Virgin Islands colony, whose port of Charlotte Amelie may quite justly be considered a Port of Romance.

Here the most famed and most notable building is an ancient stone tower, known as Blackbeard's Tower, and which stands upon one of the many hills that rise behind the town. Whether or not the redoubtable pirate whose name has been linked with it ever dwelt within it, or even built it, is questionable, but there is no slightest doubt that Blackbeard, or Teach, frequented St. Thomas, as did many another famous pirate and buccaneer. Indeed, in those days, St. Thomas, together with the other Danish, as well as some of the French and Dutch islands, welcomed any pirate with open arms. As long as the freebooters behaved themselves while in port they were welcome to come and go and spend their gold, for the thrifty islanders reasoned that the rascals were bound to get rid of their blood-stained riches somewhere, and that they might as well profit by it as any one else.

But St. Thomas went a step beyond the other islands in its treatment of the corsairs. One of its governors was a thoroughly deep-dyed villain. Having disposed of his brother, the rightful governor, by the simple expedient of driving him from the island, this Adolf Esmit, who had once dabbled in pirating himself, saw a profitable scheme for adding to his resources by protecting and encouraging—for a consideration—the riff-raff of the seas. It was not so bad until Esmit a bit overreached himself by outfitting pirate ships to prey upon British commerce, and refusing to return prizes to their rightful owners. Matters came to a head when an old crony of the governor, one Jean Hamlin, who made St. Thomas his

The "Emmabrug" (below) or bridge of boats, 600 feet in length, and one of Curaçao's many unique sights



headquarters, sailed boldly into port with his prizes and loot. Three days later, H. M. S. *Francis* also entered Charlotte Amelie's harbor, and, without any red tape or formalities, promptly disposed of the pirates' craft by blowing her up. Unfortunately, Hamlin escaped and sought refuge with his friend Esmit. But even the villainous governor knew better than to fly in the face of Providence, as represented by a British corvette under command of a highly peppery and irate British captain, and so, hinting to Hamlin that there were other and more favorable spots wherein to ply his trade, he bade the pirate *bon voyage*.

But all the romance of pirates, discoverers, seekers of eternal youth, and other adventurous souls can not equal the romantic histories of the old ships' figureheads stored at Krum Bay near the town. Here, for countless years, ships have been dismantled when unfit for further sea duty, and their carved figureheads have been saved as relics. What stories of the sea they could tell could they only speak! What tales of mutinies, piracies, hard-fought battles, ocean tragedies and perilous voyages! Sun-blistered, cracked, faded and scarred, they are mute, almost pathetic, reminders of the days when sail ruled the seven seas and St. Thomas was a world-famed, busy and important port.

AND, all down that string of islands stretching from St. Thomas to the tip of South America the ports are replete with romance of the past and present. Santa Cruz, where once the Knights of Malta ruled and strove to establish a little kingdom of their own. St. Martins and Anegada, once the neutral ground and trading place for pirates far and wide. St. Barts, where notorious Montbars "the Exterminator" held sway. Saba, the volcanic peak whose Dutch inhabitants dwell in a crater a thousand feet above the sea and build boats which are lowered over the edge to the waves beneath. Statia, now moribund and unvisited, but to which every patriotic

American should lift his hat, as it was here that the Stars and Stripes were first saluted by the guns of a foreign power. St. Kitts, whereon Captain John Smith and his friend Warner tried so valiantly to found a settlement in the face of such difficulties as hostile Indians and frequent hurricanes. From St. Kitts, too, sailed the first of the buccaneers—hardy fellows, who, in tiny canoes, attacked and captured Spanish galleons and formed the nucleus of that vast organization known as the "Brethren of the Main." And, farther down the line, past Antigua, Montserrat, Guadeloupe, and fair Dominica—loftiest of the Caribbees—we reach Martinique, beloved of Lafcadio Hearn, and which became known to all the world when, in 1902, its chief city, St. Pierre, was utterly destroyed, together with forty thousand of its people, by the terrific eruption of Mont Pelée. For years after that stupendous outbreak all the region within miles of the volcano presented a scene of indescribable desolation. Vast mud flows and a wide-flung blanket of ashes covered the hills and valleys and choked the rivers. The charnel-house of St. Pierre was a mass of ruin half hidden in many feet of hardened mud, beneath which rested the myriad dead; and where once mighty forests had stood were only the gaunt and blackened skeletons of trees. But to-day scarcely a trace of that titanic catastrophe remains. Fields and gardens cover the ash deposits; luxuriant tropic vegetation hides the scarred and blasted mountainsides; and man, ever prone to forget past horrors and ever-present perils, has returned to the city of the dead, has settled once more in the shadow of ominous Pelée; and above the ruins and the bodies of the victims, houses and hotels of all sorts have been erected. Before many more years have passed, St. Pierre will, no doubt, be once more populous and gay, until some day



Fort de France in Martinique, where stands the statue of Josephine, wife of Napoleon and Empress of France, who was born at Trois Islets across the bay



A street vendor of tropic fruits in Port of Spain, Trinidad

only to be cast aside, and to return, broken-hearted, to die in Martinique. At Fort de France her statue stands in a circle of lordly palm-trees, and, quite fittingly, the marble face is turned longingly toward the one-time Empress's birthplace at Trois Islets across the bay.

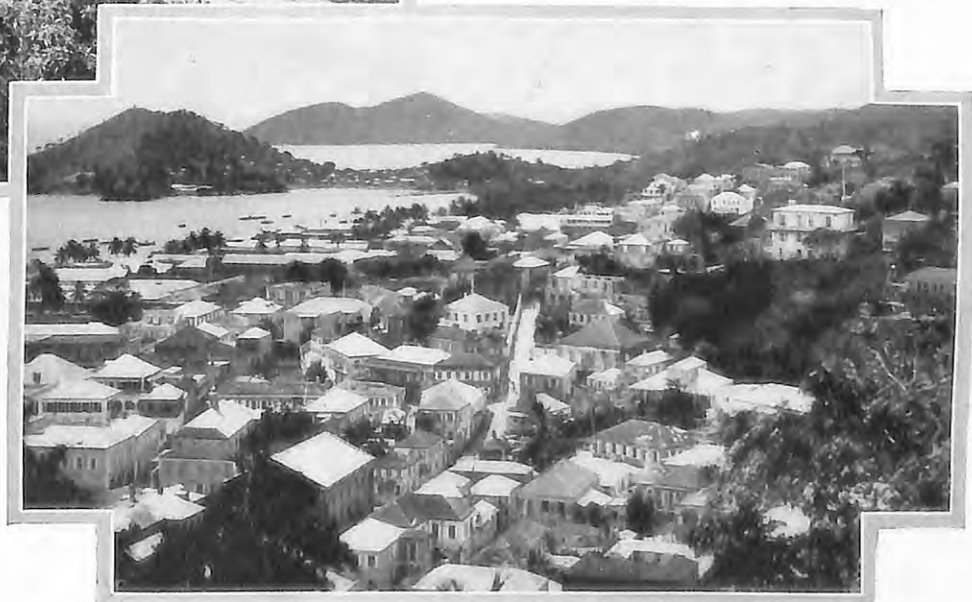
Southward from Martinique are more islands. Diamond Rock, which, in those days when France and Britain fought up and down and round the Caribbean in their struggle for supremacy, was fortified by dint of herculean labor and was entered on the books of the British Admiralty as "H.M.S. Sloop of War, Diamond Rock." St. Lucia and St. Vincent, Grenada, where the brave remnants of the Carib race hurled themselves from a cliff into the sea rather than submit to alien rule. Tobago, the island which De Foe described as the home of that most famed of shipwrecked mariners, Robinson Crusoe, though, as a matter of fact, Crusoe's original, Alexander Selkirk, was marooned upon Juan Fernandez off the Chilean coast.

And, last of all, nestling in a dent in the
(Continued on page 85)



An old bridge at St. Pierre, Martinique, from which is seen Mont Pelée, the great volcano which in 1902 entirely destroyed the city

—perhaps to-morrow, perhaps not for centuries—the frowning volcano will again vent its pent-up fury and wreak as great destruction as before. But long before the destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique was famous as being the birthplace of Josephine, wife of Napoleon and Empress of France. No port in all the Caribbean can boast a greater romance than that of the humble Creole girl, who, born in a plantation outhouse, soared to the throne of France,



Below, Charlotte Amalie, port of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

No Longer the Rancher's Chief Asset the Range Horse Is Fighting for his Life

The Last Bucks of the Bronco

By Arthur Chapman

Illustrated by Will Crawford



A GROUP of cowboys hurried a band of a hundred or more horses ahead of our car as we drove across the Bad Lands of North Dakota. Nothing more was needed to make the picture typically western. To the north was the country where Theodore Roosevelt had done his ranching and hunting. The Little Missouri, far below us, writhed snake-like through this land of strange formations.

The cowboys, half hidden in the dust raised by the range horses they were driving, might have stepped out of the pages of one of Roosevelt's books of ranch reminiscences, though they belonged to a younger generation. And the horses which they were driving were the same sort that had been rounded up by Roosevelt on many occasions, back in the days when horses were among a ranchman's chief assets. They were hardy, shaggy animals, of bronco stature and evidently of bronco temperament. As we passed them slowly, some tore madly up the side of the hill and were taken after by watchful riders. The tossing manes and rolling eyes proclaimed the "bunch" as unbroken stock. Probably not one had ever felt the touch of a saddle.

As we drew past, our native guide leaned out of the automobile and gave one of the cowboys a hail. The cowboy's expression, as he answered, was quizzical and half defiant.

"I guess the boys have been bootlegging some horses," said our guide, as he settled back in his seat. "They are in a hurry to get to town and make their shipment, and they're none too keen about being seen."

"Bootlegging horses?" was the natural inquiry. "What do you mean?"

"Picking up abandoned horses on the range—and maybe some that weren't abandoned—and selling the lot at from three to five dollars a head to be made into canned meat. Some of the young fellows in town or on near-by ranches are making a regular business of rounding up horses and selling them for what they can get."

Recollection of the summary punishment once dealt out to horse thieves crowded upon us.

"Isn't that horse stealing? Why is such a thing allowed to go on?"

Our guide laughed.

"It would have been horse stealing in the days when a horse was worth a hundred dollars or more, but things are different now. The country is overrun with abandoned horses. In some localities they have been declared a public nuisance. Consequently, it can't be called stealing when such stock is picked up and sold. At least it isn't called stealing to-day. Most of the owners of that bunch of horses we just passed moved out of the country long ago. There's no one to put in a claim for the animals. In case a ranchman claims a horse, he will be told: 'Go ahead and cut him out of the bunch and drive him away. Only keep him off the

public range hereafter if you don't want him picked up.' The chances are that he will sell the horse for two or three dollars rather than go to the trouble of driving him back to the ranch."

It is in such ways that the tragedy of the western range horse is being worked out to its finale. More than a million horses, at a most conservative estimate, are ranging the unfenced spaces of the West, ownerless and valued at only so much as their hides and hoofs will bring. They have been declared a public nuisance because they are eating range grass that would support livestock of greater value. Also they are breaking down fences and eating hay and coaxing farm horses away from well-ordered paths of existence. In Montana, where a legislative edict has gone forth against abandoned horses, it is estimated that there are more than 400,000 of these ownerless animals. Round-up associations in various counties have been called upon to gather in these horses and sell them for the pitifully few dollars they will bring. But catching these animals is difficult. They soon acquire all the cleverness and speed of the genuine wild horse in eluding pursuit. Like the wild horses of the Southwest, they gather in bands, under the leadership of stallions. In fact they are wild horses in everything but name.

WHAT conditions threw these horses out upon the range in States which heretofore have had no wild-horse problem?

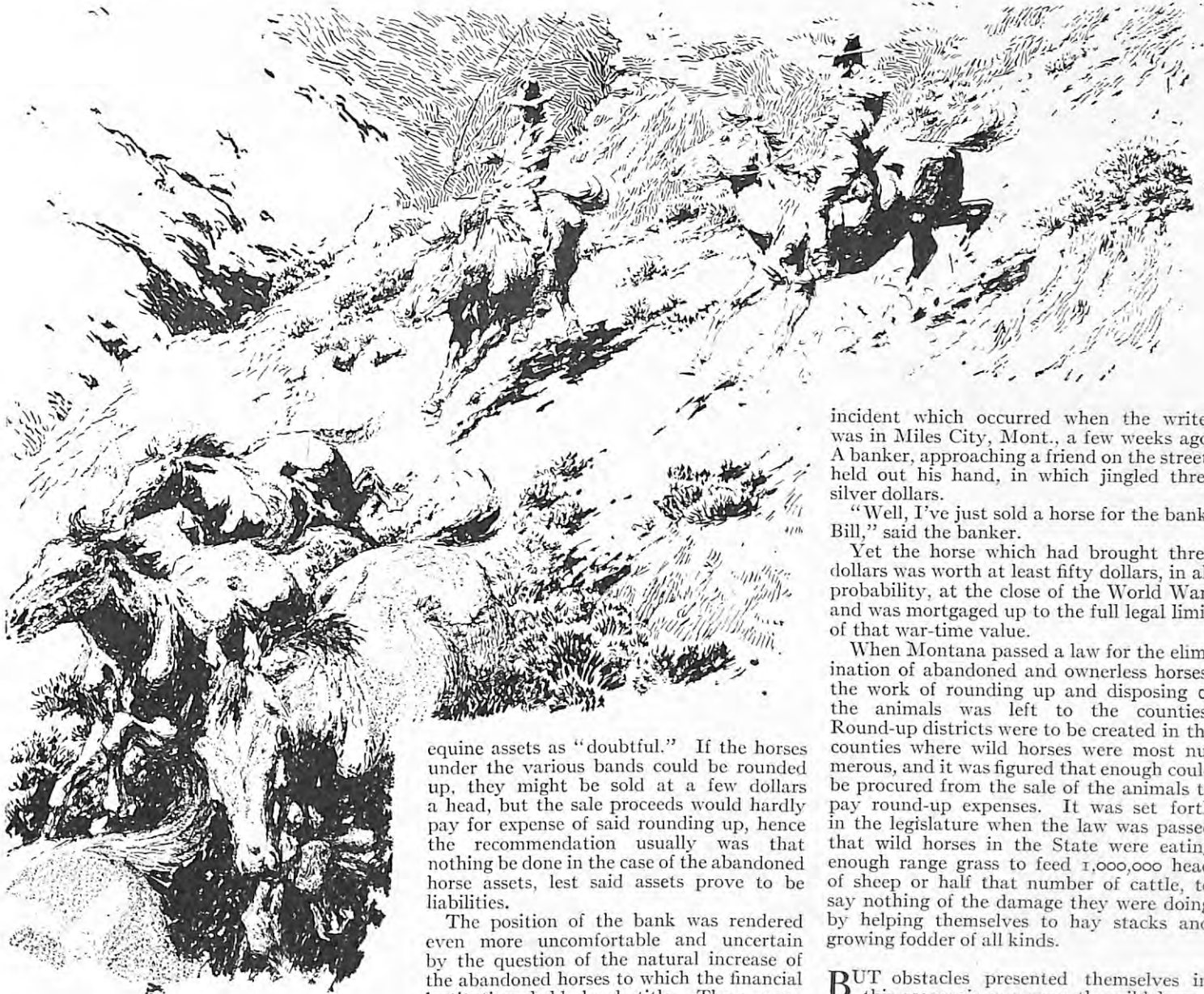
The question was asked during a tour of several States where abandoned horses have become matters of public debate, and the answer was

about the same everywhere. The increased use of the automobile, both in farm and city work—and the tremendous shrinkage in nearly all livestock values at the end of the World War.

At the outbreak of the war, horseflesh was at a premium. Apparently the Allies thought the war was to be fought from the saddle instead of in the trenches. Western range horses, being hardy and swift of foot, were bought by thousands. At Denver and other horse-buying centers, cowboys were kept busy "taking the top off" the wildest animals. The horses were then led in front of buying officers, who designated in what branch of the service the purchased animals should go. Thousands of horses were bought to the sing-song words of "tillery" or "cavalry"—and prices were good. In fact they were so good that the ranges were combed for any sort of stock that might pass muster as cannon fodder. Cowboys were out hunting the wild horses that have ranged the deserts of Nevada and Utah for centuries, for wild-horse hunting paid when the average price at local shipping points was from \$40 to \$50 apiece.

The horse market continued good as the war went on. Horses were a real asset.





The ranchman who had a few horses running under his brand could go to the bank and borrow money on them—which he did. Then came the end of buying horses for war purposes. At the same time, two hard winters in succession hit the cattle States of the Northwest. The hardships of these winters, added to the general deflation in farm products, which hit the livestock raiser with especial severity, proved too much for many a ranchman. He struggled on for a year or two and then went to the bank and told the officials to take everything they could find on the ranch. The bank did not want to foreclose, but was forced to. Then perhaps the bank was one of the numerous small financial institutions that could not survive the shrinkage in farm values. It went to the wall, and perhaps a bank in St. Paul or Chicago found itself holding paper, the value of which depended, among other things, on the market price of certain horses at that time running the open range.

The bank perhaps sent a man to investigate its assets. But the horses were not to be found, the bank's representative not being enough of a Tom Mix to catch up with them. The horses, since being abandoned by the ranch owner, had learned to love their wild, free life. There was nothing soothing enough in the vocabulary of finance to induce them to come in and be properly and officially listed. So the bank's representative went back and reported the

equine assets as "doubtful." If the horses under the various bands could be rounded up, they might be sold at a few dollars a head, but the sale proceeds would hardly pay for expense of said rounding up, hence the recommendation usually was that nothing be done in the case of the abandoned horse assets, lest said assets prove to be liabilities.

The position of the bank was rendered even more uncomfortable and uncertain by the question of the natural increase of the abandoned horses to which the financial institution held legal title. There were colts which, according to law, should belong to the bank. But these colts were unbranded, and they were mixed with other unbranded colts from other ranches, and with young, unbranded horses which had grown out of the colt stage. If the horses had been worth half the sum they would have commanded during the war, it would have paid to have sent out cowpunchers with branding irons and had these matters of ancestry straightened out in the way that has been the rule of the range for years—but if the horses were not worth rounding up to sell, they surely were not worth rounding up to brand. So matters were left at a standstill, with the wild horse herds growing rapidly larger in spite of the raids staged by "bootlegging" individuals who were willing to accept small profits for the arduous work of rounding up and selling other people's property.

The shrinkage in horse values in the livestock raising States of the West in the last seven years has amounted to many millions of dollars. Unlike the cattle raiser, the raiser of horses has been unable to see his way out. Cattle slumped, but not to such an enormous extent, and they have already started to "come back." But the horse—speaking of the range product—has steadily gone the other way, with automobiles crowding him farther into the background each year. The condition, so far as financial losses are concerned, was indicated by an

incident which occurred when the writer was in Miles City, Mont., a few weeks ago. A banker, approaching a friend on the street, held out his hand, in which jingled three silver dollars.

"Well, I've just sold a horse for the bank, Bill," said the banker.

Yet the horse which had brought three dollars was worth at least fifty dollars, in all probability, at the close of the World War, and was mortgaged up to the full legal limit of that war-time value.

When Montana passed a law for the elimination of abandoned and ownerless horses, the work of rounding up and disposing of the animals was left to the counties. Round-up districts were to be created in the counties where wild horses were most numerous, and it was figured that enough could be procured from the sale of the animals to pay round-up expenses. It was set forth in the legislature when the law was passed that wild horses in the State were eating enough range grass to feed 1,000,000 head of sheep or half that number of cattle, to say nothing of the damage they were doing by helping themselves to hay stacks and growing fodder of all kinds.

BUT obstacles presented themselves in this economic war upon the wild horse. In the first place the horses proved extremely difficult to catch. Even though they were not long away from the restraints of civilization, they had acquired much of the keenness of scent and fleetness of foot of the genuine wild horse of the Southwest. The horses, under the leadership of swift and clever stallions, slipped through the circles of riders that rode out from the round-up wagons. On some round-ups, large numbers of horses were caught. Under the law these were held a few days to allow owners to present claims. In some cases owners appeared from adjoining counties. These counties put in protests to the effect that the round-up associations were going too far afield and using insufficient discretion in gathering up stock. In one case it was charged that a notorious "horse bootlegger," who had been a leader in the industry of gathering up horses without due discrimination, had succeeded in having himself appointed round-up captain and was taking domestic and well-broken stock that could not by any stretch of the imagination be classed as abandoned or wild.

A stockman near Fort Belknap, Montana, told me of his efforts to catch a stallion that had been leading one of these wild horse bands.

"We tried for two years to catch that stallion," said the stockman. "There was no use trying to run him down in the open, as he was too swift for any saddle horse.

He knew every coulee in the country. He was always working his way to the top of some hill, where he would stand, looking around the country, ready to give warning to his mares in case of danger. He was a beautiful sight when he stood that way, outlined against the sky. Finally we thought we had him trapped. We drove him into a canyon, which was narrow enough so we could stretch a wire fence across its mouth. Then we went up the canyon to get him. He dodged us. Nobody was slick enough to get a rope on him, but we thought sure the fence would stop him. No siree! He sailed over that fence like a bird and then swam a river and made a getaway."

MOST of the Indian reservations in the West are overrun with horses, and conditions are becoming worse each year. Horses have always been one of the Indian's chief sources of wealth. In early days a man's standing in his tribe was determined by the

consequence, are becoming overrun with wild stock. These wild horses do not respect reservation boundaries. They raid the haystacks of white farmers off the reservations, as well as the stacks and fields of the white leasers on Indian lands. Livestock belonging to white farmers become mingled with the reservation stock, and constant complaints are being made at the Indian Bureau in Washington, with wild horses as the basis of those complaints.

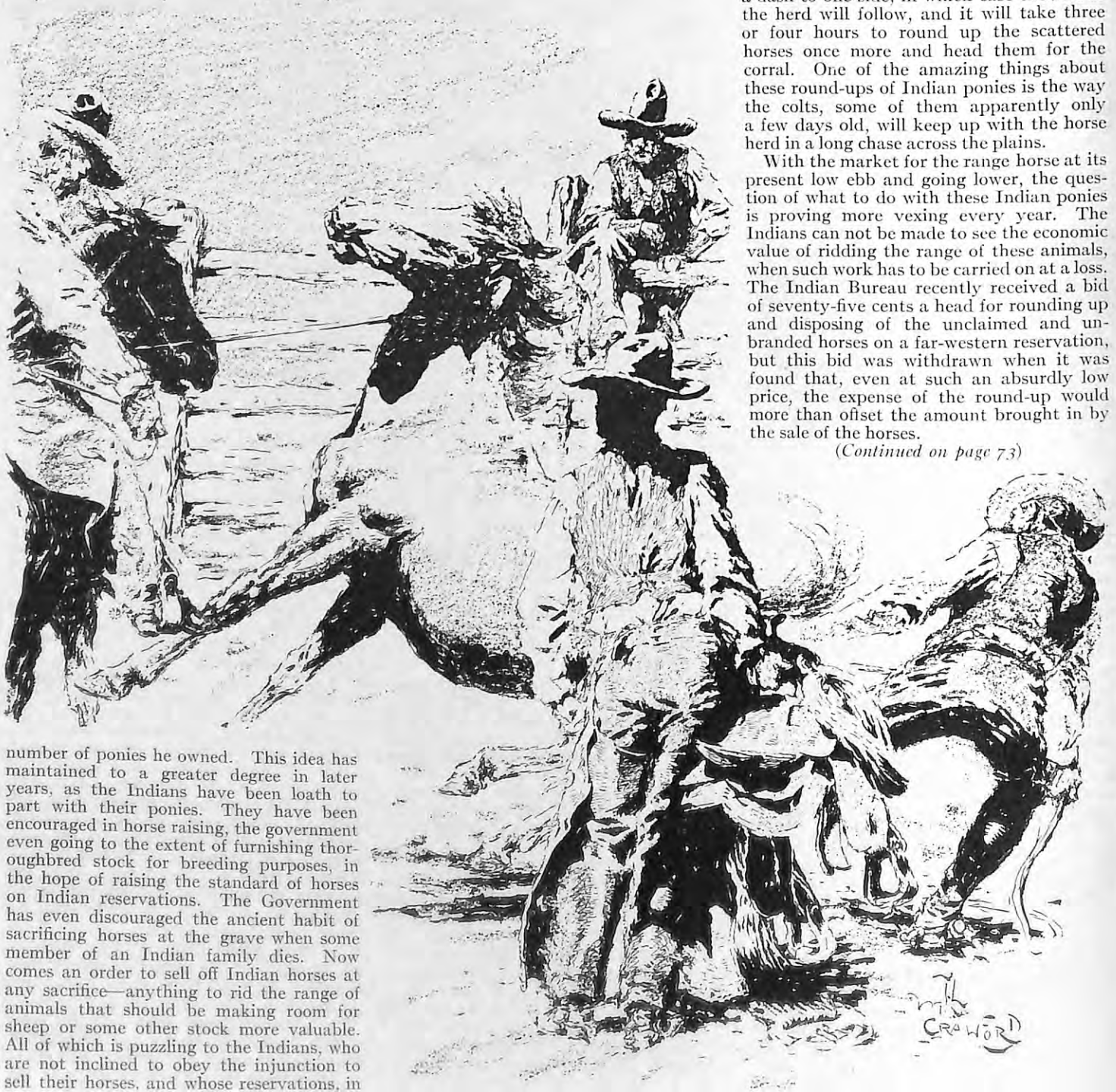
Several round-ups of wild horses have been held on the Crow reservation in Montana in recent years, but it is estimated that there are still more than 20,000 animals running at large. The Indians are good cowboys and when they stage a wild-horse round-up, the results would satisfy even the most critical boss of a white round-up outfit. The round-ups are carried on in orthodox fashion, the best riders participating, and each man having his personal "string" of saddle horses in the large remuda or "horse cavvy." On the horse round-ups, more

saddle horses are necessary than for the semi-annual round-ups of cattle. It is more difficult work running down the horses than gathering steers from the range. The work of chasing these fleet animals through the sagebrush is so exhausting that saddle horses are soon worn out. One rider will frequently change to as many as eight mounts in a day—and at that a considerable number of wild horses will be certain to get away from him.

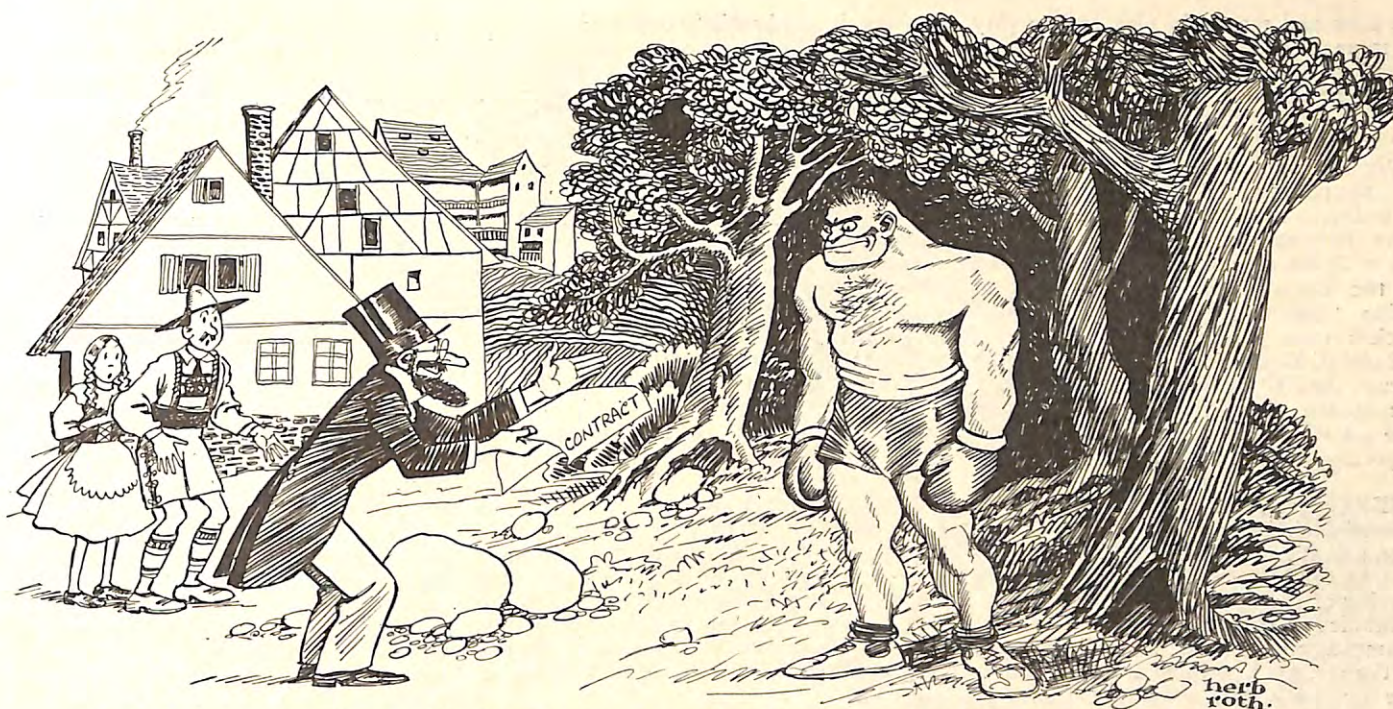
When the Indian cowboys close in their circle and begin to drive the horses toward the camp, a false move may result in the complete loss of half a day's "gather." The horses are too wild to be held "on herd," like cattle. Consequently a corral is built near the mess wagon. A converging fence leads to the entrance of this corral, and it is the aim of the riders to drive the wild horses therein. Riders are stationed near the ends of the fence, to keep the horses from breaking away, but often the quarry will prove too clever. Sensing danger, on sighting the fence, the leader may make a dash to one side, in which case the rest of the herd will follow, and it will take three or four hours to round up the scattered horses once more and head them for the corral. One of the amazing things about these round-ups of Indian ponies is the way the colts, some of them apparently only a few days old, will keep up with the horse herd in a long chase across the plains.

With the market for the range horse at its present low ebb and going lower, the question of what to do with these Indian ponies is proving more vexing every year. The Indians can not be made to see the economic value of ridding the range of these animals, when such work has to be carried on at a loss. The Indian Bureau recently received a bid of seventy-five cents a head for rounding up and disposing of the unclaimed and unbranded horses on a far-western reservation, but this bid was withdrawn when it was found that, even at such an absurdly low price, the expense of the round-up would more than offset the amount brought in by the sale of the horses.

(Continued on page 73)



number of ponies he owned. This idea has maintained to a greater degree in later years, as the Indians have been loath to part with their ponies. They have been encouraged in horse raising, the government even going to the extent of furnishing thoroughbred stock for breeding purposes, in the hope of raising the standard of horses on Indian reservations. The Government has even discouraged the ancient habit of sacrificing horses at the grave when some member of an Indian family dies. Now comes an order to sell off Indian horses at any sacrifice—anything to rid the range of animals that should be making room for sheep or some other stock more valuable. All of which is puzzling to the Indians, who are not inclined to obey the injunction to sell their horses, and whose reservations, in



One of these days a new heavyweight champion may come out of Germany, perhaps from the region of the Black Forest

The World's Sport Bill

It Has Already Outstripped the Cost of Armaments

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by Herb Roth

THE world's sport bill has become the biggest item in its budget. There are no statistics even of a sketchy character available to prove this, but we can start with some convenient round figuring that will give the statisticians a line on how to work it out.

For instance, there are in the United States a million golfers. At a conservative estimate the average golfer spends five hundred dollars a year. The earnest duffer never figures the game in dollars, being too busy trying to reduce his average than his expenditures. There we have half a billion for one sport. The average pay-roll of a big-league baseball club is something like a quarter of a million a year. There are sixteen big-league baseball clubs. The average baseball club in the majors must take in something like a million dollars in a year to cover its overhead and pay a respectable dividend.

Intercollegiate football, based on the returns of about fifty of the best-known universities, costs \$30,000,000 a year. The numbers of hunters and fishermen are legion. You can estimate the expenditures of these sportsmen at anything you please. There is the matter of improving the breed of the horse. Figures from this sport are hard to obtain because the men who are heading the matter of improving the breed maintain that there is no profit and that the sport pays no dividends. It all goes back into the "kitty" for the improvement of the breed.

With these leads even the most skeptical will admit that the United States alone is spending several billions of dollars a year for sports. With these figures there will be the gloomy ones who will want to make the bill even higher by starting to estimate the value of the time lost in sports by the

players and the spectators and who will even go so far as to attempt to compute what the human energy thus wasted would amount to in dollars and cents. Much speculation could be done along these lines by those prone to view with alarm.

The American newspapers have recognized the development of the interest in sports. The metropolitan newspaper formerly had a sport page. Now it has sport pages, decidedly plural. In New York the newspapers in ten years have grown from a sport department of a page or a fraction of a page to four and five pages on week days with a sports section in the Sunday edition.

If we want to continue harping on the high cost of sports we might suggest that the statisticians figure out the extra expenditures in white paper, ink and labor. The newspapers have developed in this regard, not because newspaper owners or editors are in complete sympathy with the increased interest in sports, but because the development has been forced upon them. All of the competition in the matter of circulation now is the presentation of sport news and the advertising follows the circulation.

Sport news occupies more space in a metropolitan newspaper than world news or local news. If a circulation manager had to choose between omitting either the standing of the clubs or the stock-market reports he would go without the latter. He might sell papers with absolutely no reports from the most important meeting of the League of Nations if he had a good round-by-round story of the current heavyweight championship fight. He could go with absolutely no news of the appointment of a new president for Harvard University if he had full details of the Yale-Harvard game.

This may sound like getting away from

the main theme, which is the world's sport bill, but it is set down to prove the contention that the world's sport bill is the biggest item in its expenditures. The newspapers recognize this by the prominence they reluctantly give to sports and thereby help to roll up the total, for the sport pages are among the items in the expenditures for sports as well as a recognition of the vast sums lavished in the upkeep of the various sports.

There is no sign of a possible waning of this interest in sports in the very near future or of a tightening of the national purse strings in this regard.

On our tentative figures the sport bill of the United States for ten years would clear all of the war debts of all of the nations. Sports seem to be even more expensive for the nations than wars. Yet nobody in Europe has made the suggestion that the United States give up sports and save the world with the money that might have been spent. Nearly every other suggestion has been made, but this one is not advanced because Europe, too, is becoming prodigal in its expenditures for sports.

ENGLAND always had a fairly heavy sport bill, but the sports expenditures never were regarded as money spent for luxuries nor was time at sport ever regarded as time wasted. Church of England clergymen have been good cricketers and have ridden to hounds with enthusiasm. In England the increased cost of sports is looked upon as part of the general increase in the cost of living. There is some recognition of the criticism of Walter Hagen of British golfers not taking their game seriously enough and not spending enough time in practice. After the first resentment of any criticism the English sportsmen will decide to spend

more time and money in play and to play with more seriousness.

The general strike did not stop the Derby. Even the World War did not interrupt the run of this sport classic which is older than the United States. Probably a quarter of a million Britons saw this race run in the pelting rain. You can make your own estimate as to what the quarter of a million Britons spent on this one sport event with the rest of the world convinced that the British Empire had started to crumble "before their very eyes" and financiers were predicting dire things for the Bank of England. Nor did the strike interrupt the British amateur or the Walker Cup matches. The idea of postponing any of the set sports features did not occur to the sporting British.

THERE were good crowds at Lord's for the trial cricket matches. While the strike was on and the rest of the world was worrying as to the chances of this meaning the beginning of the end of the British Empire, the Bobbies on strike duty engaged in some impromptu cricket and football matches with the strikers and discussed the chances of the favorite in the Derby.

Our own Lady Astor went forth to harangue the striking miners. In the midst of her speech one of the miners interrupted and said, "Give us a tip on the Derby." Lady Astor gave him Lex, which ran absolutely last to the indignation of the miners and to my own private sorrow and loss.

France could not suggest that the United States could give easier terms in the matter of the French debt by curtailing its sports expenditures for a few years, for the French, like the rest of the peoples of Europe, have gone sports mad and are spending with what might appear to be recklessness for sports. This is a new and post-war development for France.

From all indications there will be no curtailment in the expenditures for sport in France either. On the contrary, there will be an increase, for sport in France has come to be recognized as a necessity rather than a luxury. There are government subsidies for the promotion of interest in athletics in the schools. There are increasing numbers

of shops devoted entirely to the sale of sporting goods and sporting costumes not only in Paris but in the very small towns. The French man and the French woman always must have their proper costumes before engaging in any sports. The Helen Wills visor has become the leading motif for the latest French millinery.

The French youth who used to take his exercise in the cafés to-day is seen running bare-legged along the boulevards or getting some healthy perspiration on the tennis-courts. He goes in for that decidedly strenuous sport of association football, which is the original football and the one game that is really international. This is one of the reasons why France never will regard the money spent in sport as an extravagance, even in the days of her apparent poverty.

While the French always have been among the most effective of the fighters in all wars they never have been athletes nor have they been inclined to athletics until very recently. It was Georges Carpentier who first appealed to their imagination in this regard. The notion of boxing until the rise of Carpentier was intolerable. It was even brutal.

In Carpentier we have epitomized the French success and failure in athletics. They said of Carpentier that he had genius but he lacked the physique, as was shown when he struck Jack Dempsey on the jaw with the full force of his right and only broke his hand. France tolerates and encourages the extravagance in sports to correct that defect in future Carpentiers.

At the Racing Club in Paris while the tennis tournament was on, Mary K. Browne said: "The French have the instinct for tennis. One of these days they will win all of the tennis titles and no nation ever will get them away."

The French now have most of the tennis titles and it remains to be seen whether or not they can keep them.

In the zenith of her glory Suzanne Lenglen, the most popular heroine of France, is about to take the down-grade athletically. She has played more tennis than any woman who ever lived, but, like Carpentier, she is too delicate physically to last. The future

Carpentiers and Lenglens will be of more durable stuff, even if their development costs the nation a further decrease in the value of the franc.

The last running of the Grand Prix drew a quarter of a million to the track at Longchamps and 150,000 turned out for the French Derby at Chantilly. Only about half of 1 per cent. of these were the fabulously rich American tourists. The French diverted themselves despite the sagging of the franc. Even at Belmont Park, which is in the center of the "American millionaire belt," they never have a crowd of more than 30,000.

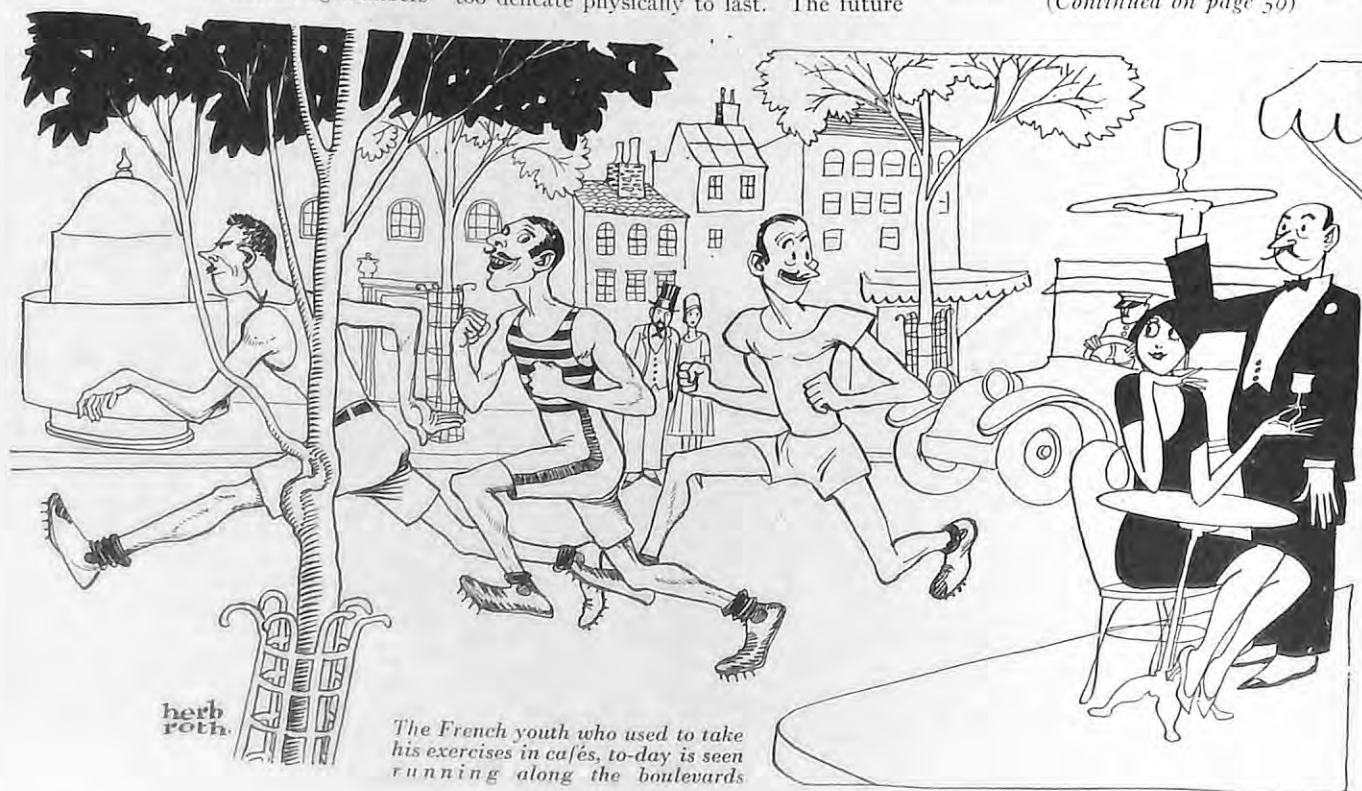
France of the future will owe a great deal to her athletes and France recognizes this. Athletic idols always have their imitators. The average French girl wants to be a Suzanne Lenglen. French boys seek to emulate the Lacostes the Borotras and the Cochets. The result is thousands of athletes and plenty of traffic in sport equipment and sport equipment is expensive even in frugal France.

With the suppression of militarism in Germany the German youth is finding an outlet for superfluous physical energy in sports and so is his sister Gretchen. Here is another of the European nations quite as prodigal in the ratio of its means in the matter of sport expenditures.

ALREADY this investment has yielded something in pride and satisfaction. At the last A. A. A. games in England Dr. Han Peltzer won the half-mile run and broke the record of Ted Meredith, one of the track records that promised to stand for all time. Dr. Heinz-Landmann beat both Vincent Richards, the conqueror of Big Bill Tilden and Howard Kinsey at tennis. Here are two new German idols to replace Hindenburg and Ludendorff and the notion seems to be growing in Germany that these two new heroes are more satisfactory and less expensive than the heroes created by the war spirit that depletes instead of strengthening the race.

It is certain that Germany will get more in the very near future from its sport expenditures. The sport spirit is entirely new

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The French youth who used to take his exercises in cafés, to-day is seen running along the boulevards



Eddie Dowling
in
"Honeymoon Lane"

THE irrepresible young Irish hero of this musical comedy wins his way straight to the hearts of the audience, for in addition to his well-tried bag of comic tricks, Dowling has his moments of genuine pathos. The so-called plot is frequently interrupted for Mr. Dowling to tell a few stories; for Florence O'Denishawn or Florentine Gosnova to do a pas seul; or an exhibition of soft-shoe dancing by a black-face quartet—interludes which meet with warm appreciation from out front—E. R. B.



Just one innocent-seeming hand at poker, yet momentous in the partnership of George Nettleton (Frank McIntyre) and T. Boggs Johns (Charles Ruggles). To settle their business disagreements, the winner is to reign supreme for one year and to be served by the unfortunate loser in the capacity of butler. Even if you took away the very nimble dancing and liling tunes supplied by Lewis E. Gensler, "Queen High" would remain the gay and bubbling comedy of its original, "A Pair of Sixes"

PHOTO BY FLORENCE VANHAMM



As author and star of "The Judge's Husband" William Hodge is pretty much the whole show. A somewhat heavy handed piece—but Mr. Hodge manages to be as quietly humorous and as lovable as ever

The versatile Odette Myrtil as a gypsy girl whose softest blandishments of voice and violin are bent to win the handsome hero of "Countess Maritza." A lovely spectacle, rich in pleasing music sung by such capable people as Miss Myrtil, Walter Woolf and Yvonne D'Arle; sprightly dancing and gorgeous colors, but somewhat weak on the score of dramatic content and action





Winifred Lenihan has come out of her year's retirement as head of the Theatre Guild's Dramatic School to take the lead in a fantasy by Philip Barry, called "White Wings." It is the dramatic romance of a street cleaner with John Powers in the title rôle



In her reckless devotion to the interests of the young lawyer who doesn't realize he's in love until the end of the third act, Florence Moore (above) is allowed to involve herself in a series of amusing scrapes. Outside of its rapid pace, the most outstanding thing about B. M. Kaye's farce called "She Couldn't Say No," is Miss Moore's performance

Captions by Esther R. Bien



Clark and McCullough (left), who share the headline in "The Ramblers," score heavily without any apparent effort. Strolling nonchalantly through a long series of absurd burlesque scenes, always with several laughs apiece in their pockets, they only occasionally yield the spotlight to Marie Saxon's clever dancing or the well-trained manoeuvres of a smartly turned out chorus

PHOTOS BY FLORENCE VANDAMM

The Escape into Romance

Or How to Drive Dull Care Away by Means of Some New Novels

By Claire Wallace Flynn

SEVERAL months ago we spoke here of Professor Erskine's brilliant book "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," and quoted some lines from it. One in particular, concerning those who possess the magic art of keeping their inner world beautiful, those who are capable of letting "their heart go—it won't be chilled or dwarfed or warped."

Not such an easy task in a life of struggle and human complexities. When most of us let our hearts go we are smiled at. To talk of romance insures our being called soft, and when we mention adventure we're doddering. Still, somehow, each of us must escape from crushing and corroding realities every once in a while, if only for a few minutes. We must stretch the wings of our imagination; be, for an enchanted space, the thing we think we were born to be—brave, debonair, illustrious, soldier, sailor, tinker, lover, youth incarnate.

Here enters the novelist with his dauntless tale. Nobody laughs at *him*—possibly because he converts his romantic notions into stocks and bonds. But what a godsend he is to us. Through his pages we may close the door upon debit and credit, upon scheming competitors and the world in general. It is nobody's business, what, exactly, we get out of our reading; to what far and misty horizons we travel. Those things belong to us. But such fine hours of release and pleasure are among the best in the world.

Perella

By William J. Locke. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

LOCKE is the very Santa Claus of novelists. When he comes along it is always a holiday, and he brings with him a bag of gifts very precious in a hard-boiled world. In his pack are glamour and beauty which he dispenses generously. The most impossible things we ask he seems able to give us, such as the healing touch, the flaming soul, the saving grace, the charmed circle—gifts which we ourselves plead of the gods so that life may be rich in friendship and experience. He makes, in a word, dreams come true.

It is comforting to believe that little Perella, wistful girl artist living in a shabby pension in Florence, should be loved by so radiant a creature as Anthony Blake. This handsome lad, who, to stand an old saying on its head, is too true to be good, leaves her after a while with little more than one limping quail and forthwith marries a lovely lady who is old enough to have had her heart under better control.

But even in this extremity Santa Claus comes along with Professor Sylvester Gayton, a most Locke-ish gentleman of endearing and heart-pulling humanities, and—presto! You do not have to worry about the little big-eyed artist again. We would like to think that all lonely and eager Perellas might find so safe and marvelous a harbor.

Locke, as usual, places his story upon a picturesque stage, and most of this tale transpires in Italy. It is written out of a full heart, a riotous imagination and a sensitive appreciation of life. That there be some who call this author an incurable optimist who makes his sun too shining and

his air too sweet, affects us very little. We like our Locke that way. When we pick up "Perella" we know, thank heaven! that we are not being asked to read Dostoevsky. We are offered, instead, a prancing love-story of amazing charm, and we think it a pretty good thing to be offered.

The Silver Spoon

By John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

THIS fascinating study of the morals and manners of our day, brings the Forsytes to us again. In the hands of a lesser artist this English family might pall and even dismay. But Galsworthy fashions them into a thrilling brood living in a thrilling, modern London. The new volume finds them implicated in a conflict of ethics—a suit for slander—around which the author sets spinning (very swiftly and marvelously) the most significant phases of contemporary British life, political, economic and social. In this "battle of the ladies" Fleur Mont, daughter of old Soames Forsyte who surrounds her with every protection and tradition of his caste, comes to grips with one Marjory Ferrar, a child of to-day, who drags them all into court when, in a white heat, Fleur's father calls her a "traitress."

The story itself is absorbing enough to keep one chained to its reading long after the rest of the household has gone snugly off to bed, and its most shining chapters cover the court-room scene where post-war thought is put into the witness box. The chief glory of the book, however, lies in its distinguished portrait of this world we live in. There is a rare quality to all Galsworthy's work, the quality of "quality," so to say; an incisive, delicate understanding. In a word, Galsworthy offers us gorgeous entertainment, and while deep in his pages we breathe brisk, keen air and knock elbows with vivid personalities.

Beau Sabreur

By Percival Christopher Wren. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

AND now we jump from England to Morocco. We leave art and lovely villas and gentle folk for North Africa and blood and sand and a French army officer "hell bent" to do his duty as he sees it.

This unflinching determination leads Major Henri Beaujolais into pecks of trouble and, in particular, into one predicament which promises to end fatally. Fleeing from a massacre and bound on an important international mission, Beaujolais still is kind enough to escort a lovely American girl and her maid to safety. The desert swarms with hostile tribes. Henri and his party fall into the hands of a terrifying Emir and his favorite Sheik. Duty proceeds to have a very hard time of it. And then the tender passion breaks out and complicates matters further.

The Emir decides that the Major may go on about his mission if he will leave the ladies behind. France expects Henri to serve her first, of course, but just imagine the emotional sufferings of the poor fellow! Then, since he is obviously in love with the

American, another plan is offered: the women may go free, but he, along with his duty, must perish. In other words the Arabs offer him a neat little cup of poison. There's a dramatic situation for you. We don't want to spoil your fun by telling you what happens, or how in a jiffy the terrors of the story depart and leave only laughter—a clever literary *volte face*, and most unexpected.

You've probably read "Beau Geste" (by this same author) or seen the story in the motion-pictures. Here, then, is the old desert back again, and some of the same, brave crowd. Good reading for all.

The West Wind

By Crosbie Garstin. (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York.)

IT IS night.

In the streets of Santiago, Spain, a man-hunt is going forward. The mob is searching, angrily, an escaped English prisoner, one Ortho Penhale, erstwhile captain of a British privateer. The Napoleonic Wars, you understand, have made all these events possible.

The pursuit swarms down the street, leaving the tall, middle-aged but still valiantly romantic Penhale in one of the camellia bushes of a lady's bower. She has been dancing by herself (life, evidently, not being as gay as it should be), and quite exhausted by her wild little bolero, she trips and stumbles into the shrubbery.

One scream and Penhale's goose is cooked. "Quick, man, make love to her!" So he takes her face between his hands and kisses her full on the lips. A moment later she is released and the crowd is back on the trail. Has the Signora seen any one?—a tall, dashing fellow? She feels her hand drawn among the camellias—another kiss burns upon it—"No," lies the lady, "no!"

Thus does the redoubtable Ortho meet one of those breathless hazards which go to make up this gunpowdery story of the days when men were more or less highwaymen, and life was just one escapade after another.

This volume is the last of the spirited trilogy concerned with the career of that restless Cornishman, Penhale, who as black-bird, captain of privateers, and even smuggler, is ever involved in startling deeds. His expiation, at the end of the story, for his wild and not always happy life, is a dramatic picture. The other books about Ortho Penhale are "The Owl's House" and "High Noon."

Heaven Trees

By Stark Young. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

STARK YOUNG, one of our most interesting critics and essayists, plunges his versatile pen into the fountain of romance with very entralling results.

It isn't so much what his novel "Heaven Trees" is about, as it is the rare charm with which the thing is done that makes this book a joy to follow. The plot itself is negligible and rambling, but page by page the story grows into a wide and flowing picture of

(Continued on page 82)



In Moose Country

By Raymond Thompson

Drawings by Charles Livingston Bull

THE moose is a queer animal; he is queer in looks, queer in disposition and hence queer in action. The average big-game hunter never learns anything about the real everyday life of the moose for the simple reason he sees the animal under extraordinary circumstances. The moose, like any other hard-hunted creature, knows when the season in which he may be killed approaches. It makes him restless and even unnatural. No man is himself in the face of a great danger, and generally there is no half-way stage of the game where he may pause, even temporarily, between bravado and arrant cowardice. A bull moose is the same—either he will stand his ground till the nature of his enemy is apparent or he will flee at the slightest excuse.

The moose is an entirely different animal, as seen through the eyes of the seasonal hunter, from the one known (yes and loved)

by the man who studies him the year round. Yet I must confess this much—although having known the moose in all his various rôles, over a period of years spent in perhaps the best moose country in the world, every experience in which this great and noble animal plays a part is decidedly a *new* experience to me. In other words—the moose of to-day is not the moose of tomorrow, nor yet of yesterday.

Are Bull Moose Dangerous?

The bull moose is dangerous to this extent, he is a powerful creature capable of a grand and awe-inspiring wrath in extreme moments. Ordinarily he is glad enough to get out of the way; even if wounded severely he will rarely attack his enemy. At the same

time we must admit his ability to inflict terrible punishment if thoroughly aroused.

A partner of mine shot a bull moose one fall with a weapon altogether too light in caliber. This was during the mating season when the males are exceedingly eccentric. This particular bull didn't like the sting of Pard's "pea-shooter," and retaliated. The hunter was glad enough to climb the handiest tree and stay there until the bull cooled off a little and went down the mountainside. But my partner had seen the blood running from a severe wound and he was determined to finish the job so slid down the tree trunk and took after the monarch. The bull evidently was waiting for him and for a second time the man took to a tree, this time carrying his rifle with him and from his place aloft he fired several shots into the now staggering form.

Again the bull retreated, his mighty frame shaking with a terrible wrath, yet knowing

how futile it was to stand and face that devastating fire. The hunter pursued and a third and last time the bull put him up a tree, for at the fourteenth shot the great beast gave up the ghost. The fallen monarch was an old moose, probably the victor in many a hard-fought battle, and his spirit was simply invincible. Frankly such cases are the exception.

ONCE I came around a sharp bend in the trail and there, within fifteen feet of me, stood a monstrous bull moose. I didn't want to kill him and though having a very powerful rifle in my hands, hesitated to use it except in case of self-defense. It was a rather ticklish proposition. Undoubtedly there is such a thing as a "psychological moment," which governs the actions of animals physically capable of inflicting damage to man. Most of the fatal accidents in big-game hunting have been the outcroppings of such moments, when, in the flash of a split second, the harassed animal turns and destroys, the terrific impulse of his wrath sweeping every resistance before it, a momentary harking back to the days of long ago when man was continually at war with wild life.

It is a well-known fact among big-game hunters that it is actually harder to shoot an animal at close range than from the average distance. This occurred to me as I stood there, the big bull towering over me. If I shot, and failed to knock him down for a count of ten, he could take a very few strides forward and kill me with one sweep of his giant foreleg. There was the chance he might flee, of course, but it seemed a long chance at that.

In a tight corner we do things which often cause us to wonder for ever after. In this case I raised my rifle, fired into the air and hastily slammed a fresh cartridge home. In one tense moment the big bull braced his feet, the whites of his eyes registering amazement, the next he whirled like a flash and was gone. My guess had been a good one—he was scared out of that one horrible moment when it seemed imminent that he would charge me.

The Shock Punch

Fight fans tell us there is, at rare intervals in the history of fighting, a man who is capable of delivering what is known as "the shock punch." This of course is merely a blow which lands with such force as to

shock the victim into momentary unconsciousness with the resulting victory for the opponent.

In speaking of the moose as a dangerous animal, particularly if wounded, we feel justified in discussing what we may call, "the shock punch," in this case of a bullet delivered by a high-powered gun. We recall the old saying, "The first blow is half the battle," and shall attempt to explain how aptly this phrase fits in with our discourse.

First we must remember we are dealing with the biggest game on the American Continent. The bull moose has been known to weigh in excess of sixteen hundred pounds;—more than a big horse. He lives a strenuous life, often in a country where the iron hand of winter weeds out all but the very hardy. In a sense he is inured to shocks of various sorts and is actually bullet-proof to an amazing degree.

Once I came across a wounded bull, half dead and yet with the old, old fire of battle in his dimming eyes. I carried a .22 caliber repeating rifle loaded with the long rifle type of cartridge. Seeking to put the animal out of misery I fired in the neighborhood of twenty shots into his head before he finally passed out.

Too often big game is wounded seriously and yet not shocked sufficiently to enable the hunter to finish the job. The animal escapes to die a lingering death. What was the trouble? Generally the blame may be laid to the use of a rifle lacking in power or ability to deliver the shock punch.

In a tight corner the use of a weapon too light in caliber may prove fatal to the hunter. The sharp sting of a bullet is maddening, no doubt, and often its psychological effect at close quarters results in deadly retaliation on the part of the hunted. The moral is, don't hunt the bull moose with a pea shooter.

That Majestic Head

Eagles and other magnificent birds are only splendid in proportion to their wing spread. Clip the wings from the largest eagle that ever soared through the heavens and what have we left? One of the most

sorrowful sights we ever saw was a Golden Eagle in a wire enclosure; put there that thoughtless people might be amused. This majestic bird that once had known a freedom, the like of which we mortals can never hope to attain, clutched his roost with talons doomed to senility, his great wings drooping pitifully at his sides.

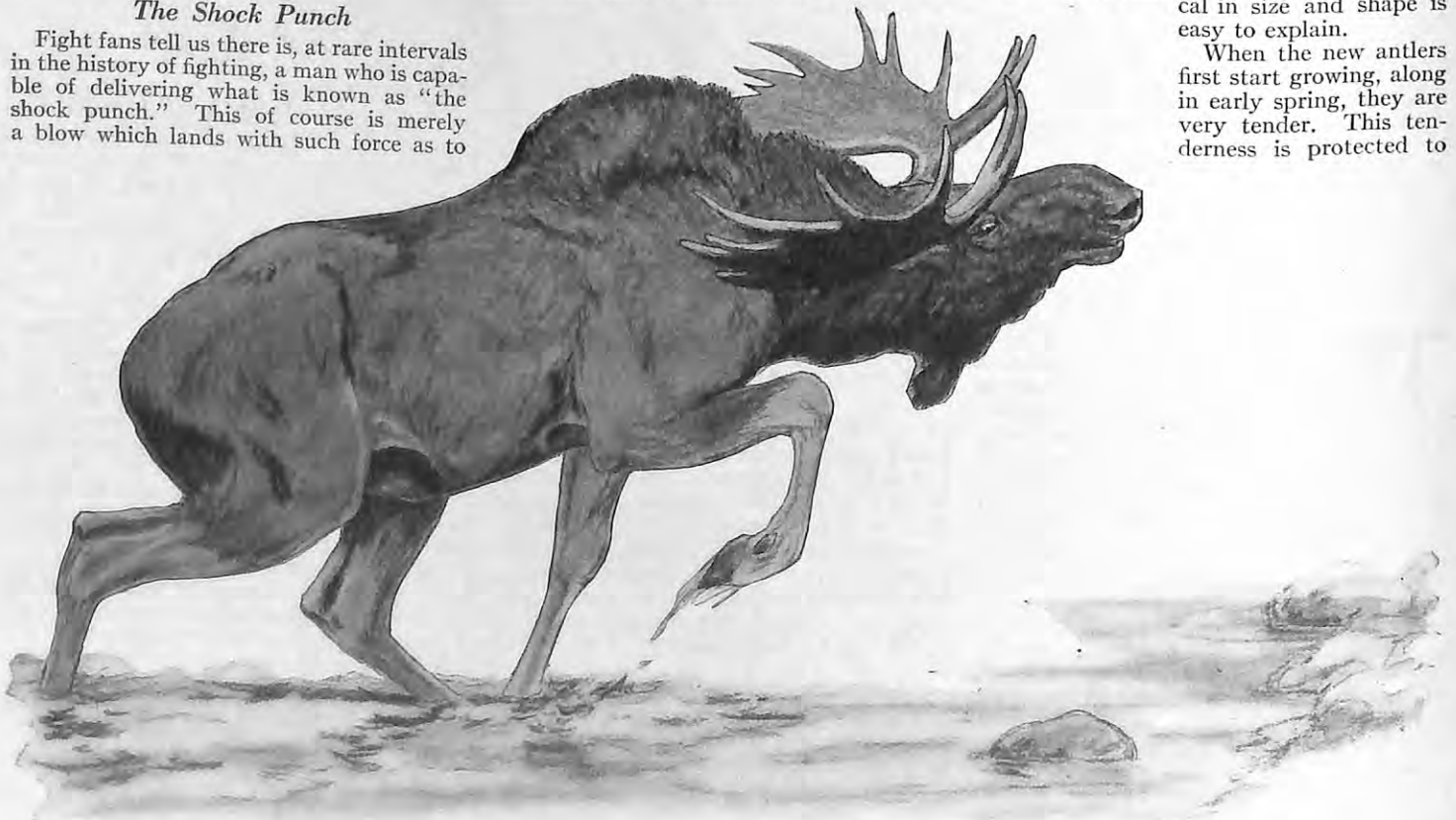
And, like unto the caged eagle, is the bull moose when first his antlers are shed each season. From a proud, even overbearing rascal, he changes to a shy, meek fellow that only seeks to hide his shame in the most inaccessible retreats.

The magnificence of our greatest game trophy, the moose head, is not measured alone by mere spread, the uniformity of palm and point having much to do with the choice of a really fine head. The record moose head, as far as spread alone is concerned, is something over six feet, but usually the average spread of from four to five feet is more conducive to quality and uniformity in the points and palms. Let me explain what is meant by uniformity of palm and point:

Roughly speaking, the age of the bull moose is determined by the number of points on one side of his antlers. That is, a moose having five points on either side, or ten all told, is considered as being five years of age. During January and February the bulls lose their antlers each season, and when the new ones come during the spring and summer they are larger with each succeeding year (up to a certain age) and have an additional point on either side.

AFTER the third year the points branch out from what we call "palms," as our fingers are connected with our own palms. Naturally, to make a well-matched set, the palms must be similar in size and shape, and the branches or points must be equal in number and correspond in relative length and position. Now, I have seen a few moose heads in my time, and never yet have I seen a perfect one. To be sure, some are magnificent enough, but I am speaking of perfection from the viewpoint of a critic. The reason why these opposite antlers are never identical in size and shape is easy to explain.

When the new antlers first start growing, along in early spring, they are very tender. This tenderness is protected to



a degree, way up into the summer, by a covering we call "velvet," but which is not sufficient protection to preclude the possibility of bruising against heavy trees. During the growth of these antlers blood courses through them and any severe blow they receive will register itself on the future shape. Now the bull moose is a very tractable animal during the period of antler growth, and it is rarely indeed they ever fight one another at such times. But there is the possibility of being startled by some strange enemy, a hurried flight and the bruising of tender antlers while crashing through the woods to safety.

Nature itself is not perfect, otherwise there would never be death and decay. The individual condition of the bull has much to do with the growth of his antlers. If he is in the prime of life, he may grow a record head regardless of the fact that many of his fellows are old enough to be his great-grandfather. Once I measured two heads that had identical number of points. One had a spread of twenty-eight inches, the other fifty-two. The former belonged to a bull, who though older and perhaps wiser than the owner of the larger set, yet lacked the latter's vitality.

Two Shoes for the Same Foot

An amusing incident of which the writer was witness in part is perhaps worth relating here. One day, shortly after the close of the open season on moose, I was in a hotel lobby in the city of Edmonton. A party of men who had been on a moose hunt had just returned to the city and were blowing about the fine head they had brought back. Being always interested in hunting, I walked over to survey the trophy.

"Yes," says the Big It, "the head was so blamed heavy we couldn't even bring it in, so we just knocked off the horns." And he held up two nine-point antlers in proof of his story.

Well, I didn't linger around there very

long. One thing I've always prided myself on was the ability or tendency to mind my own business. Those antlers both belonged to the same side of two separate moose heads! The fact that they happened to be alike in number of points was merely a coincidence. If I'd taken the wind out of that bunch of sails, I'd made some deadly enemies for life. I never heard whether the deception was discovered, and don't care. But Ye Gods, what indiscretions are committed in the name of sport!

YOU see, those hunters had happened onto a spot where two bulls had been fighting and in the conflict had each lost an antler. It was a month too early for moose to drop their antlers naturally, but it is not uncommon for them to lose them prematurely in fighting. I have often wondered whether those hunters never thought to hold up the antlers to see if they matched, and whether if, perchance, they knew them to be mismates and depended on their ability to get away with the deception.

Calling the Moose

Some guides will tell you they can call moose to any desired spot (before you get to that spot) and after they fail to accomplish that end, will blandly tell you the weather is at fault. Now, I hate to disclose the truth in regard to some age-old "secrets," but, honestly, this calling business is a lot of hokus. If you desire proof of any man's ability to bulldoze our majestic friend under discussion, just ask him if he is able to call the moose in January, for instance! If he says, "yes," call him a liar for me, if you don't mind!

All successful moose calling is done during the mating season and is only successful in direct proportion to the ability of the

caller to arouse the curiosity or fighting instinct of the intended victim! There may be a very few men on this earth who can closely imitate the call of the love-lorn moose; personally I never met one. You can take a birch-bark megaphone, or even
(Continued on page 66)



Two bulls will travel together during the mating season on perfectly good terms until a prospective spouse appears. Then comes war

The Story of a Double Sacrifice Which Proved to be Worth

Money

By Alma and Paul Ellerbe

Illustrated by Albert Matzke

As she closed the oven door, Louise checked a sigh—remembering Charline. This was her seventh birthday and Louise hoped to keep the day cloudless

LOUISE WYANT slowly straightened from bending over the too low oven of her old stove and realized that by the time supper was ready she would be in for another backache. She loathed back-achy, perspiring women. She was fastidious and rather exquisite when she had the chance to be.

The oven got hot too quickly at the bottom and too slowly at the top. It was worn out. She had needed a new stove for a long time. She had often saved to buy it, but every time she had had nearly enough she had used the money for something more important.

Every now and then Charlie had repaired the stove—very skilfully, for he was good at that sort of thing—better, she thought, than he was at the law—but now they had agreed that it was past his help. They had agreed, but Charlie had forgotten. He forgot things quickly when he couldn't remedy them. He did not worry when there was nothing he could do. It was one of his nicest traits. And one of his most trying.

As she closed the oven she checked a sigh—remembering Charline. She could see her through the open door, sitting beside the dining-room window in the chair with the four ducks on the back of it that Charlie had made for her three birthdays ago. This was her seventh birthday. The cake in the center of the dining table with the seven little pink candles waiting to be lighted, the tea roses on table and side-board, the pink tissue shades around the gas jets, and the chicken roasting in cream, were all in honor of it.

Louise hoped to keep the day cloudless. She and Charlie had quarreled in the morning, but upstairs, in their bedroom. They had never quarreled before Charline. As she hung up the gay little cretonne apron that she had made, she told Charlie, "out of a piece of economy," she resolved that they never should.

She went into the dining-room and gave it a last appraising look. It was a hopeless kind of room, she thought—like some women's hair: whatever way it was fixed you felt it would have looked better some other way. It was the wrong shape—like a shoe-box; and the wrong size—much too big; and the wrong color—drab, with the unreachable drabness of heavy dark, highly grained wood and ornate fixtures for the gas lights (they had never been able to afford electricity) and a devastating stretch of old faded immortal Brussels carpet of no color at all, worn through in places to the warp. All inherited, along with everything else they had, from Charlie's father and grandfather. A hopeless kind of room in a hopeless kind of house in a hopeless kind of block.

She went on out to the front porch (Charline being lost, it seemed, in that pleasant heaven that opens out from the elbows of some fortunate children) and sat down. Charlie's grandfather had built there

impressively, under the delusion that the town was going to become a city. He and a dozen of his associates had put up city houses: too big, too close together, too pretentious, and the town had left them there like monuments to that early, ardent, misplaced faith, and, growing mildly and townishly in other directions, had steadfastly refused to be citified.

The old Wyant house was flanked now by signs that read, on the one side: "Gus Lippold, Teacher of Cornet and Violin," and, on the other: "Elmer Durbin, Chiroprapist." And down the block the imposing old landmark where Grandfather Wyant had played his whist of evenings with the most important men of the place had become palm-bordered "Mortuary Home." If they could only sell and move away, as all the neighbors of the elder Wyants had done many years ago. But Charlie's father had hung on too long. They could hardly give the house away now, Charlie said, and she knew he was right. Since he *couldn't* sell it, Charlie liked it. That was the way with him.

Down the street she saw him coming, slowly, with a kind of serenity sticking out of him even at that distance, and old Mrs. Dearborn on his arm—old Mrs. Dearborn in a stiff black silk dress, a lace fichu and a very long gold watch-chain and a kind of Charlie Wyant look on her face. There was a Charlie Wyant look, Louise thought, unconsciously assuming it: a slightly amused, somewhat benignant, affectionate look, that the whole town gave him whenever it met him.

He had worn out a portion of the soles of every pair of adult-sized shoes he had ever owned, on that walk between the office and the house, and yet she knew he never took it just to get there, but always for its own sake. He liked weather—all sorts—and trees, and the faces of people he knew changing along down through the years, and ugly, comfortable old houses of the kind the town was mostly built of that got imbued each with the flavor of its own people, and old ladies, and most other kinds of human beings, and he liked their liking him.

THERE were a lot of other things that cost money that he would have liked too if he had let himself, but he didn't, because, possessing no particular ability (or so he thought), he didn't expect to have them. He believed (and sometimes said, as he had this morning until they quarreled) that the only thing to do was to want what you had, if you could. He could, when she would let him. How easy it would be to let him, to help him, to share every joyous impulse that came to him, if he could only make a little more money!

Watching him come home through the

mellow end of that June day, she thought with a little thrill, "If I'd never seen him, and met him to-morrow, I'd fall in love with him just as I did before!"

Charline, coming back to birthdays and reality, sang out, "Father's coming!" and dashed down the walk to meet him.

Standing at the top of the steps, Louise saw her catch him tight in a great hug, adoring him blindly like a puppy, and over her soft wavy hair, Charlie, aware, watching, waiting, for *her*; and something grew tight about her heart, and she knew that the love they had for each other was a wild thing leading a dangerous life—a thing that either of them had the power to kill; but that this relationship of each of them with the child was the solidest, most enduring factor in their universe; and she was comforted on the one count and frightened on the other away down deep into the sources of her living.

"I'm sorry I was cross this morning," she said when Charline left the room, and he took her into his arms. "How *can* we quarrel like that! We've got to stop it, Charlie! It's wicked—wicked!"

Something that had gone out of their world melted back into it as she pressed her lips against his and became the other pole of a current that fused them with swift deliciousness.

"I *couldn't* quarrel with you when you are like this! There's another woman that comes into you. A woman I didn't marry and don't like. And she brings out a man in me I *hate!*"

"She's gone now," said Louise.

AND a pall had so clearly been ripped from the air that Charline, when she returned, felt incandescent with the change. All during supper she swam like a fish in a warm, golden tide of happiness.

But through it ran the thin icy trickle of a question felt by all of them and frayed by the adults to meaninglessness by repeated phrasing in the past: "*Why can't life be like this always?*" Louise and Charlie had each his explanation, but it was as inexplicable to Charline as if she had been a dog.

Things got pleasanter and pleasanter as supper went on. And then Charline and Charlie washed the dishes together as they did every night, while Louise sat in the Morris chair by the sitting-room window. The baritone laughter and the treble, running as freely as water from the tap, came to her pleasantly and rested her. Her face as she listened was completed by a kind of loveliness that belonged to it, but of which it was often deprived.

"Well, that's done!" Charlie said, and closed the kitchen door. Their laughter-cleared eyes had a new depth like the air after summer rain. "And now for the Big Surprise! Shut your eyes when you hear me coming and don't open until I say so!" And he went away to get the present he had made working nights in the attic, and that no one had seen yet.

When he came back his steps sounded as if he were carrying something heavy.

"Just one second," he said, breathing fast.

The center table creaked as he eased his burden down upon it; there was the scratch and spurt of a lighted match, and,

"All right," said Charlie, trying to keep his tone free from pride; "there she is!"

Delight and surprise rushed audibly into Charline in a long indrawn breath. It was an ingenious, cleverly made and really charming puppet show, lit with its own miniature candle footlights.

There was an ecstatic moment, and then Louise said—she couldn't help saying—in a voice as hard and dry as the branches of a dead rose bush:

"And how much did it cost, Charlie?"

* * * *

Louise stood in her chemise before the bureau, winding her hair in a careful coil about her head. Her bare arms moved slowly. There was too much flesh on her small, neat bones; already she was a little tired.

Charline came in, and stopped and stared: one side of the bed was smooth and one pillow was unrumpled. Her eyes grew wide, and their quality reflected itself almost exactly in her tone.

Delight and surprise rushed audibly into Charline in a long indrawn breath



"Where is Father?"

The light outlined her slim body, as sexless and straight as an elf's, beneath her long white nightgown.

"Father went back to the office last night after you had gone to bed and hasn't come home again."

There was a little catch in Charline's breath. She stood still while her mother went on putting up her hair.

"Then," she said at last, "he must have slept on that awful old sofa down there!"

"Yes, I suppose he must."

CHARLINE crossed to a chair and curled her feet up under her. Louise was aware of the exact shade of accusation in the child's feeling for her; but she knew too that a tide set between them, and, all the resilience being gone out of her spirit this morning, she trusted to that.

She finished wrapping her hair about her head. It was dark, and as soft as moleskin. She had very white skin, and the shining cleanliness of the glass bottles on the bureau. She knew that Charline thought her the most beautiful woman in the world and loved to watch her dress. The tide set strongly from her to Charline.

"Are you and Father having—having money worries, Mummie?"

"Yes, dear. We're always having money worries."

"And is that why Father didn't come home?"

"That—that's part of it." Louise sank suddenly on her knees and gathered her daughter close. "You love me, don't you, darling?" she whispered. "You *do* love Mother, don't you?"

Charline put her arms tightly about her and buried her face in the sweet flesh of her throat. "Oh, I love you, Mummie! I love you! I love you!"

They cried a little, wrapped in each other's arms.

But the ache in Louise's breast when she got up was greater still. She had let the child in on it now, and she hadn't meant to do that.

And Charline, after she had the tub full of water and was about to step into it, put her nightgown on again and came back and said, very red in the face: "I love Father too, Mother."

* * *

Charlie didn't come home to dinner at half-past twelve.

They didn't talk of him. They talked of other things; but they didn't talk much. Words about her father trembled up to Charline's lips, but Louise did not give the signal which would have made them fall. The house seemed unnaturally silent. The day was very long.

Toward supper time, though Louise moved about setting the table and cooking, the silence seemed to increase. Charline sat in the chair with the four ducks on it, pulled around to the extreme corner of the window so that she could see the farthest down the street. She sat there a long time, watching man after man in their block come home to his house. Louise stopped carrying things between the dining-room and the kitchen;



stopped squeaking the oven door; sat, at last, silent in the kitchen because she didn't want to come into the dining room where Charline was. The big clock in the hall went *tock, tock, tock, tock; tock, tock;* and at last, slowly, struck six times, and went *tock-tocking* on toward eternity.

Charline sprang up and came into the kitchen. "Mother, let me go and bring Father home! *Let me!*"

"I'm going to Mother's and I'm going to take Charline with me! I'm through!"

Louise rose. She felt the two red spots that burned in her cheeks.

"Do you want to go so much?"

"Yes, yes! Can I?"

"Will you go straight to the office, and if Father isn't there, straight back again? And quickly, before it begins to grow dark?"

"Oh, yes, Mother."

"And you'll be very careful at the crossings?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then, go along."

Charline tiptoed and kissed the back of her neck.

Louise's voice checked her sharply as she hurried through the hall: "If your father asks you why you came, you must be sure

(Continued on page 60)



By Lui Trugo

The Perfect Retriever

Whispering Willie Weaver's somewhat watery eye searched the waiting-room and he started toward Bob



A Counter Plot Threatens the Revenge Planned by a Victim of Injustice

The Outer Gate

Part II

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrations by Ralph Pallen Coleman

THE waiting-room of John Carmody's suite of offices amazed and impressed Bob. It was a tremendous place in the center of which was a huge table piled with newspapers and current magazines. Clients sat about the room; some reserved and dignified and unquestionably of the city's better social class. There were others who bore the unmistakable stamp of the half-world. Toward these Terry felt an instinctive friendliness. Here was the kind among which he had been for three years; men who were not hampered by ethics or any other instilled instinct, but who broke the law because it was their nature to do so and because they were unfettered by morals.

They looked casually at the newcomer . . . and one of them—a beetle-browed person sadly in need of a shave—vouchsafed the shadow of a smile. Bob nodded and the man knew without further question that this pallid young man was one with him in spirit.

An office boy inquired the nature of Bob's business and Terry handed him the letter of introduction to Kathleen Shannon. The boy was competent and polite. He invited Bob to have a seat—and vanished. Terry selected a chair next to the beetle-browed man, and instantly that individual spoke, in a voice which was hoarse and rasping—yet somehow, pleasant.

"Lo buddy."

It did not occur to Bob to resent this familiarity of a marked criminal. He merely nodded and tried to smile—the result being a bleak contortion of his lips. "Lo."

"Goin' in or comin' out?" queried the other with startling candor and acumen.

"Just out."

"Gawd! ain't you lucky. 'Scared I'm just goin' in. If John'll just take me on . . ."

"John?"

"Mr. Carmody. Bo, he's a whizz. Great li'l ol' bimbo to tie up with he—"

The door opened and Whispering Willie Weaver entered the room, looking for all the world like a moving mountain of muscle as he posed for an instant on the threshold, the top of his bald head gleaming like a new billiard ball. His somewhat watery eyes searched the room and he started toward Bob without hesitation.

And then he spoke in his croaking whisper and Bob experienced a start of surprise. A whisper from this giant. The voice should have been booming and reverberant.

"Bob Terry?"

Bob rose. "Yes sir."

One massive paw was extended. "I'm Weaver; Willie Weaver. Miss Shannon's busy right now with Mr. Carmody. Told me to ask you in."

Bob followed docilely; thump-thumping evenly across the polished floor of the waiting room. The grizzled client with whom he had conversed stared enviously. Bob was undoubtedly a criminal of considerable importance else Whispering Willie Weaver could not have exhibited such marked cordiality. Weaver was a known and feared person in the underworld. The affection of his speech which made it impossible for him to talk above a croak enhanced his picturesque effectiveness.

They passed through Weaver's office, an austere accounting room where the firm's books of record were kept, and thence into a small, plainly furnished little room adjoining another office. From beyond the door Bob could hear the even drone of a man's voice, the words rendered unintelligible by the mahogany partition.

"This is Miss Shannon's private office," whispered Weaver. "She'll be here in a few minutes."

He grinned cheerily, and was gone. Terry, alone, inspected the room closely. It was in perfect tune with the balance of the suite . . . none of it at all as he had expected.

IN THE old days he had heard of Carmody as the average citizen of the average city hears of the mayor or the police commissioner or some other local dignitary. He couldn't remember distinctly what it was he had heard, except that Carmody was a dreaded and powerful figure in the community—accepted but not liked by the socially best—and a friend to criminals. He had drawn a vague mental picture of Carmody's office when he knew through Todd Shannon that he was to visit here; he had visioned a shoddy, shabby place, with cheap prints on the walls and a litter of papers on battered oak desks. In spite of himself he was vastly impressed. No great corporation could have boasted more tasteful or handsomer offices, nor a more businesslike atmosphere. A respect for the great man was seeping slowly into Bob Terry's blood; a respect and an admiration. He found that he was no longer averse to meeting Carmody.

He scarcely noticed that the dictation in the adjoining room had ceased. He did not

hear the door open. But he did hear the low, vibrant tones of a girl's voice.

"Mr. Terry?"

He rose. His eyes swept the trim, rounded figure—and a momentary frown of bewilderment crossed his pasty face.

THIS was the greatest surprise of all. He knew that this was Kathleen Shannon, but she was different. . . . Not that he had drawn any accurate mental picture of what he expected her to be. He had been too decidedly disinterested. But certainly he had not expected those flashing black eyes and the midnight hair, nor the complexion which was as light as that of the coolly blonde Lois Borden, nor the simply effective business costume, nor the air of education and refinement. It seemed incongruous that this girl could be Todd Shannon's niece. Not that he wasn't fond of Todd—and not that she might not have been beautiful. But had he bothered to anticipate, it would have been of a girl coarsely pretty, decidedly bold and more than a trifle loud. Amazement showed on his face and in his words.

"You are Kathleen Shannon?"

"Yes." She understood his embarrassment and was pleased. "Won't you sit down?"

He seated himself awkwardly. The social graces had vanished from him absolutely. He sat, leaning slightly forward, watching the play of interest on her clean-featured countenance.

And she found herself strangely attracted to this young man, in the youthful face of whom the lines of tragedy had been deeply and indelibly graven. There was a hopelessness about his dazed attitude which instantly aroused the maternal instinct of the girl. He was adrift and rudderless; utterly bewildered by this projection from the grisly rigor of prison into an outer world which he no longer understood and of which he was not a part.

Much of this she had learned from Todd Shannon's letter. But Todd had been unable to picture for her the appealing personality of the lad. It was only when she looked at the lean figure, the sunken cheeks, the pallid skin and the deep-set colorless eyes that she understood. And she spoke without preamble, with a directness which warmed him.

"You've had an awfully tough time."

He closed his eyes for a second. "Yes, ma'am."

"Uncle Todd has written me about you. Thinks you'll have trouble getting your feet on the ground—and he wants me to help."

"I'm all right, ma'am."

"I hope so. But he seemed

afraid. . . . I believe he is very, very fond of you."

Bob raised his eyes. "He carved me a pagoda out of cedar. Did it himself with a razor blade."

The girl winced. She caught the nuance of earnestness in Bob's tone; the inflection of pride and gratitude. And so the girl sought to direct the conversation.

"Have you made any plans for yourself?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you some money?"

The prison dropped from him like magic. His eyes blazed into hers with a fury which frightened. "Yes, I've got money. Peter Borden's money. He's giving me a roof and money and clothes to make up—to make up—" The tense figure sagged, and he finished in a whisper. "I hate him."

She placed her hand lightly on his arm. "I understand," she said, and he nodded gratefully. It was so much better to talk to someone who could understand. Lois was sorry for him—and Lois could not understand. But this girl could. The shadow of prison was cast over her own family and she herself had suffered vicariously. He swept her with his eyes; she sat forward, starry-eyed, vivid, friendly. "You are very nice to me, Miss Shannon."

"I like you," she returned with a fearless absence of equivocation. "You've walked a rocky road—and there's a worse one ahead. Right now I realize that you haven't been able to think. But sometimes, Bob Terry—talking to someone who understands is a big help. If you'll use me that way, I'll be glad. I think it's what Uncle Todd had in mind. Perhaps, together—you and I might solve your problem."

"I'M NOT worrying. In a way, I don't have to. I have everything I could want—"

"But you're miserable."

"You hate Borden."

"Yes. And some day I'm going to get even. I've sworn that."

She opened her lips to argue, but held the words back. She could see plainly enough that there was only one thought in the boy's mind, one idea—one obsession. Peter Borden had done him irreparable injury

. . . and until Borden suffered, Bob Terry could not know happiness. It was such a human thing—this passion for reprisal—and he was so close to the penitentiary. His world was no longer divided into right and wrong; it was merely a division of can and can not. Of escape and detection.

She realized already that he had gone to prison highstrung and sensitive to impressions . . . and she knew the ghastly brutality of prison impressions. They had been carved in his soul . . . and for three years he had turned for friendship and solace to hardened, convicted criminals. The very fact of his innocence—of the injustice—had caused the carvings of the prison friends to go deeper.

John Carmody entered from his private office; entered without knocking. He extended his hand with a curt announcement of his identity.

Again Bob Terry experienced a shock. It was inconceivable that this negative person with the quiet voice was the great, the powerful, the feared John Carmody. Yet somehow, his quietness and his physical frailty made him appear the more powerful.

"I know what you're up against, Terry," John Carmody said gently. "And I know you're Todd Shannon's friend. One of these days you'll adjust yourself, and perhaps you'll want a job. I know men and prisons too well not to understand you and your problem. When the time comes that you care to go to work, I wish you'd talk to me. I can make a place for you here."

He turned and was gone—even before Bob Terry could open his lips in thanks. And then, a wave of gratitude swept over him.

"By God!" he gasped—"he's marvelous."

But Kathleen Shannon did not answer. She was staring at the door which led to John Carmody's office and she appeared



His eyes blazed into hers with a fury which frightened. "Yes, I've got money. Peter Borden's money. He's giving me a roof and money to make up . . . I hate him"

Lois spoke to him eagerly as he crossed the porch. "Bob, if you haven't an engagement, won't you stay home tonight?"

deeply thoughtful—and worried.

Bruce Richardson looked upon life with an understanding and wistful eye—wishing that he might participate actively in the human drama, yet not knowing how.

For one thing, Fate had been very kind to him—or very unkind. The bluest of blood coursed through his veins, there had been left to him an income which guaranteed his modest material requirements. He had been protected and sheltered as a child—vouchsafed a care and attention which did not help his naturally delicate constitution.

There had been college, of course; but even there Bruce Richardson had been the spectator rather than the participant. He was the boy of whom all classmates spoke gently, but he was never invited to participate in their revelries. Yet, when troubles presented themselves, it was to Bruce Richardson that the others turned for counsel. His thin, ascetic face had a way of lighting up; his eyes would smile sympathetically and he would dispense advice unerringly accurate.

His vision was crystal clear. He saw life so clearly that he could not become of it. It was as though he existed in a world of his own creation because the actual world repelled him. Yet he was in no slightest sense effeminate. Men and women liked him—when they noticed him. They liked him—when he was needed. For the rest, he was a part of the background; dependable, friendly, intelligent, wistful.

And so Bruce Richardson had been an intimate in the Borden home since he and Lois had trudged to public school together. Peter Borden entertained toward the young man a genuine fondness and a profound respect. With Bruce he had discussed his plans for Bob Terry when it first became known that Terry was to be shunted back into the everyday world as brutally as he had been snatched from it. Bruce understood. He always understood. He had been the first outsider to greet the sunken-eyed young man with the pallid cheeks, the stooped shoulders and the rhythmic beat-beat manner of walking. His hand clasp had been firm

and his glance direct, but Bob Terry was indifferent. At first, Richardson affected him negatively; just another person from another world talking another language.

But if Bob had not noticed Bruce Richardson, the reverse was not true. Bruce's quiet brown eyes had observed the drama which was cumulating within drama. And if he was worried, it was only natural. One can not enjoy the spectacle of watching the woman one loves become too greatly interested in another man.

They were seated in the living room—Lois and Bruce—when Bob Terry came downstairs and took his hat from the hall closet. And when he would have passed from the house without a word, Lois called to him; her face taking on an animation which Richardson would have given half his life to inspire.

"Going out, Bob?"

He turned slowly. "Yes, ma'am." Then his face flushed darkly. He was struggling to rid himself of that atrocious habit of verbal respect; trying to speak as other men speak. "I'm going out."

"We were hoping—Bruce and I—that you might join us this evening."

"Certainly, Terry—"

Bob was merely disinterested. "I won't be late," he said as he opened the door. "Good night."

SILENCE held for a minute as the girl strained her ears to catch the regular tap-tapping of Bob's feet on the walkway. She spoke to herself rather than to the man at her side.

"I shudder when I hear him walk. As regular as the tramp of a sentry . . . with just the slightest suggestion of a shuffle. It's ghastly."

"It's not as noticeable as when he first came out of prison."

"No. Of course it isn't." She swung on him, her cheeks flaming.

"But do you realize how long Bob Terry has been here?"

Bruce calculated slowly. "Nearly two months, isn't it?"

"Seven weeks. Seven weeks of comfort and luxury; seven weeks of gentleness and kindness—and he's the same moody, hurried, trodden person he was then."

"No. Not quite. You don't see it, Lois, but he is changing. It's gradual, of course. Prison impressions are deeply carved."

"They must be. You didn't know him before—before . . . He was a laughing sort, always full of fun, absurdly boyish, terribly keen about sports and always chattering about what he expected to do with his life. Of course I didn't expect that when he came out of prison . . . but I wasn't prepared for an old, broken man."

"BUT he isn't old, Lois—and therefore he isn't broken. He's simply dazed."

"And bitter."

"Of course. He has every reason to be bitter. A few weeks of kindness can not undo three years in the penitentiary. It will take months of patient work, of understanding and sympathy. And above everything he needs outside interests. He needs something to make him forget the world owes him an unpayable debt."

"What?" She spread her arms wide in a helpless, hopeless gesture. "If you'd only help us there, Bruce. I don't believe he knows we are alive."

"And the people he has met—here?"

"Oh!" She clenched her fists. "He hates them. They are insultingly kind to him—just as one is kind to the monkeys in the zoo. They have flocked to the house to see him because they're curious, not because they're sorry. They undo all the good we have done. Of course I understand that Dad is the talk of the town; that we have furnished the sensation of the year. Only a few of them are



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really kind . . . and he does not know which ones. He avoids everybody . . . except possibly you."

"He is out a great deal?"

"Yes. Always."

"Where?"

There was trouble in the girl's eyes. "I'm afraid . . ."

"I understand. You know that he is finding congeniality somewhere—and you don't know where."

"I think I do know." She involuntarily spoke in a whisper. "He has been seen several times at John Carmody's office."

Bruce Richardson did not answer immediately. He took his pipe from the table, filled it slowly and tamped the tobacco with meticulous care. His words came through the glow of the match and a cloud of fragrant smoke.

"I've heard that, Lois."

"What does it mean?"

"Perhaps nothing."

"And perhaps—?"

"Everything." Bruce stared thoughtfully toward the reading lamp. "Your father has been very bitter against John Carmody, hasn't he?"

"Yes. Politically, of course, they are on opposite sides of the fence. Socially, we have ignored Carmody. It is deeper, even, than that. Father is honest; Carmody dishonest. But that doesn't explain—"

"Not entirely, Lois. But I think I understand the contact. I have heard that while in prison Terry was very friendly with a man named Shannon; up for burglary, I believe. Carmody was Shannon's lawyer. Also Shannon has a niece who is Carmody's private secretary."

The girl turned away quickly. She knew that her cheeks flushed and she did not want Richardson to see. But his keen eyes did not miss the gesture and he experienced a quick contraction of the heart. "What is she like?"

"Who?"

"Carmody's secretary."

"I don't know. . . ." He chose his words with care. "I've only heard rumors, of course; not particularly pleasant ones. Her uncle is a convict. It seems to be pretty general knowledge around town that Carmody's weakness is women. . . . But then there would be that sort of talk under those circumstances. The public tongue is not overly charitable."

She spoke without looking at him. "You can find out?"

"I can try."

"You see—if she is that sort of a girl, and if she is the attraction which keeps Bob out every day and every night . . . Oh! can't you see, Bruce—how important she becomes in this effort Dad and I are making? Can't you see that it is the direct conflict between decency and indecency?"

"So is everything in Bob's life right now, Lois. I didn't know him before he went to prison; but I know him now. Even yet he is sensitive to impressions . . . and I can fancy what he must have been three years ago. In all that time he has associated only with convicted criminals; his one friend is a burglar or a robber—or whatever you like. What is more natural than that he should hate you and me—our whole class? We are the decent, smug,

self-satisfied people who do not commit crimes, who have no contact with the seamy side of life. We are the type hated by the very ones on whom Bob has relied for three years for friendship. That's why the task isn't easy; Bob has never committed a crime, but he has been made a criminal."

"A criminal?"

"Of course. Psychologically he's a criminal. He thinks as they do, sees things through their eyes. And remember that the very fact of his innocence has intensified that bitterness."

"Then you think—"

"—Merely that he cannot be made over in a day. Nearly two months have passed. Apparently no progress has been made. But there is some change. At least he has not definitely cast his lot with the friends of his prison cellmate. He continues to live in this house . . . and the environment must be having its effect. You mustn't expect too much too soon. It will work out all right."

SHE caught his hand. "You truly think so, Bruce?"

His eyes smiled, but his heart shriveled. He looked into her face and saw that her original pity for the wreck of a young man was perilously close to the borderland of a deeper sentiment. She was idealizing Bob Terry rather than understanding him. She was suffering with him, rather than for him. And so, because Lois Borden cared more for Terry than she knew, she turned in her trouble to this wistful friend of a lifetime; this tall and slender and gentle young man who had been her knight-errant and her lover since childhood—

"We must pull him through, Bruce," she cried. "I can't do it alone. Some man must help. Will you?"

If the hand which held the pipe trembled, and if the fine blue eyes clouded with pain—Lois Borden did not know. She only knew that his deep voice soothed her with its quiet confidence. "Certainly, I'll help,

Lois." Then—with a wistfulness she did not fathom—"I always have."

CHAPTER XI

AT FIRST glance, one might have noticed a physical similarity between Peter Borden and Jonas Merriwether. They were of an age and about the same height; the hair of each man was rather sparse and definitely inclined to grayness. But closer inspection would have shown that whereas Borden's eyes were wide-set and clear, those of Jonas Merriwether were too close together and rather colorless.

Merriwether occupied the seat at the head of the table. He was somewhat pompous and very dignified, as befitted the president of the Berkeley Steel Company. He spoke to his board of directors softly and suavely and seemed to take particular interest in his operating vice-president, who faced him across the length of the gleaming mahogany table.

Borden, vice-president, was ill at ease. These five men were associates of a lifetime, men whom he knew intimately in society and business. They were slightly older than he—and they discussed his intimate affairs with a frankness which grated upon him but which he could not resent because he understood the friendly spirit which backed it.

It was Horace Lambert, one of the directors, who put the question direct.

"Before we start the meeting, Peter—tell me if it's true."

"What?"

"The whole situation. I understand the thing in a general way . . . but specifically, just how far are you going with young Terry?"

The ghost of a frown crossed Borden's forehead but he did not evade the question. "As far as he will permit, Horace."

"And that is—?"

"Not very. I don't quite understand the lad. I have had him in my house now for two months. I have given him money which he accepted without a word. But he has spent very little of it. I gave him carte blanche to outfit himself with the best tailor in the city . . . but he has bought only two inexpensive ready-made suits. He avoids us as much as possible—"

"Embarrassment, of course."

"Not entirely. That would have worn off by this time. Especially in my home. It's a queer case. . . . I had intended bringing it up myself at the meeting this morning. I feel that I should not act independently, and yet—"

The cool, suave voice of Jonas Merriwether broke in: "Aren't you making somewhat of a fool of yourself about this boy, Borden? Aren't you inviting disaster?"

Borden flushed. "How?"

"By the lengths to which you are going. Of course, I suppose rumor exaggerates in this case, as it does in all others—but it is common gossip about the city that you have told Terry that whatever you have is his—and that he has only to ask for it."

"That," returned Borden with quiet dignity, "is true."

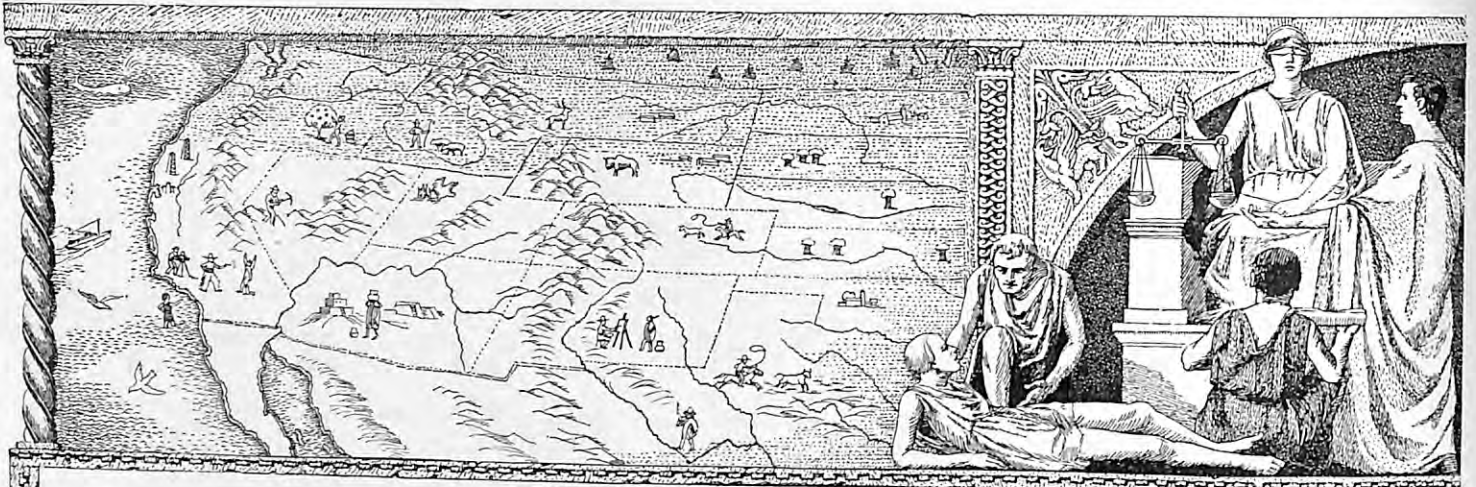
"Good God! To a criminal—?"

"Just a minute, Jonas, please. The boy is not a criminal. He never has been. He went to prison for a crime he did not commit—"

(Continued on page 46)



For an eternal instant they stared into each other's eyes; then their lips met and clung



EDITORIAL

A REAL ELK THANKSGIVING

ELKS do not await any particularly designated day to perform deeds of kindness and charity. They are ever watchful for opportunities effectively to practice that cardinal virtue of the Order. But it has long been the custom of the subordinate Lodges to make Christmas a day for special activity, marked by generous gifts to the poor and needy. And in recent years Thanksgiving has been very generally adopted throughout the Order as another occasion to be observed by like deeds of charity and benevolence.

Last year more than twelve thousand baskets of provisions, having a very substantial value, were distributed at Thanksgiving by the Lodges which undertook this special service. It is hoped that the number of such Lodges will be materially increased this year and that the approaching festival will be made memorable by even more generous contributions.

It is a truism that one can not be truly glad—alone. Elks have come to know this well; for they have learned from their fraternal experiences that every joy is doubled that draws others within its radiant influence. Each one of us has known some blessing during the year for which it is meet that thanks be returned at the appointed time. And this should not be a mere formal lip service but should practically bespeak a joyfully grateful heart. How better can this be evidenced than by a thoughtful remembrance of those less fortunate?

The day is now near at hand. If each Lodge that appropriately can will celebrate it in the manner that is growing in favor throughout the Order, and if each member who is able to do so will personally interest himself in the charitable activities of his Lodge, then the occasion will assume a new significance to many thousands as a real Elk Thanksgiving.

ANOTHER SPLENDID CHAPTER

THE Order of Elks has written another splendid chapter in the fine history of its humanitarian service. It was the first organization in the country to forward substantial relief to the stricken people of southern Florida in mid-September, when a destructive hurricane of

unprecedented violence had swept across that State.

As the reports of the appalling disaster filtered through from the devastated area, bringing confirmation of the awful totals of deaths, injuries and property damages which the storm had wrought, it was apparent that the local resources were inadequate to cope with conditions. They were such as to present a challenge to the practical sympathy and generosity of the entire Country.

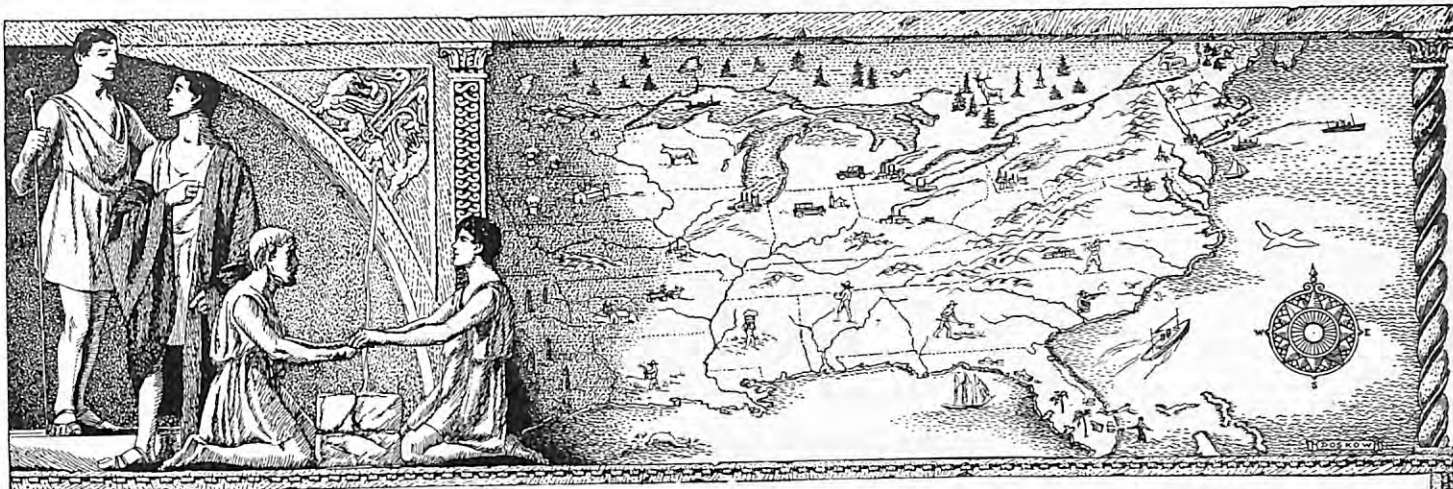
Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, with characteristic foresight, and with the concurrence of the Board of Grand Trustees, realized the situation and the opportunity for service by the Order. With commendable initiative he at once sent Brother Louis N. Goldsmith, of Philadelphia, as his personal representative, bearing to Miami Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000) in Ten Dollar Bills, as the Order's first contribution to the sufferers, with the promise of additional funds as the relief work became organized. Efforts were made to secure an airplane from the Government for this service, but were unavailing.

Others were responding with, perhaps, equal generosity and with just as fine a spirit of helpfulness; but it is pleasing to recall that, while they were moving along more deliberate paths, the messenger of the Elks was speeding southward with their offering, doubly gracious and doubly valuable, because so promptly provided.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, who was in Miami at the time of the catastrophe, and who had fortunately escaped injury, was placed in charge of the fund. And under his wise and able management it was applied to those needs which were most pressing and appealing.

In addition to this, hundreds of the subordinate Lodges, all over the country, made liberal donations to the relief funds being raised in their respective communities, swelling the aggregate of Elk contributions to many thousands of dollars. So that the Order may well contemplate the part it has played in this latest demonstration of national generosity with keen satisfaction.

It is in no spirit of inappropriate boastfulness that this comment is here made, but rather with a deep feeling of thankfulness that the Order



was able to make so splendid a response to the call of a stricken and suffering people.

KNOW YOUR ORDER BETTER

GRAND EXALTED RULER GRAKELOW, in the very first sentence of his first Official Circular, has sounded a splendid call to all Elks: "Know Your Order Better." It is a succinct statement of a real need of our fraternity.

It has long been recognized as an unfortunate lack in our initiation ceremonies, that no provision is made for the appropriate instruction of the new members in the history of the Order, its achievements, its organization, its current activities, the functions of its several administrative agencies, or even as to their own rights, privileges and correlative duties. They are left to learn these things as best they may, from sources that are not always readily available. And experience has demonstrated that comparatively few seek to inform themselves on these subjects, even to the extent of reading the Constitution and Statutes, a copy of which is presented to each initiate. As a natural result, an unfortunately large percentage of the membership remain in ignorance of many facts, the knowledge of which would inevitably stimulate their pride of membership and increase their interest in the Order. It is this condition which keeps the fraternal horizon of so many Elks at the limits of the jurisdictional boundaries of their respective subordinate Lodges; and which accounts for many inactive members.

This is not entirely the fault of the individual members. The Grand Lodge should provide a cure for it, by requiring the substance of this information, which the members of the Order should have, to be imparted to them when they first become affiliated. This suggestion has been made in these columns before. It is again repeated as one worthy of serious consideration.

The Order of Elks is a great fraternity. Its history is inspiring. Its achievements have been noteworthy. Its power and influence is a definite factor in our national life. It is recognized as a great patriotic agency of whose aid the government has been glad to avail itself. Every Elk should know the facts which sustain the truth of these claims. The Order should see to it that its members are so informed.

In the meantime, while the adoption of periodi-

cal slogans is of questionable value, if the Grand Exalted Ruler has selected the caption hereof as his slogan for the year, he has been unusually happy in his choice. The Order will experience an increased enthusiasm and activity among its members to the extent that they heed his admonition: "Know Your Order Better."

SPEAKERS' BUREAUS

IT IS a recognized fact that those in charge of the programs for the numerous occasions celebrated by the subordinate Lodges of the Order, frequently find their chief difficulty in securing speakers who are readily available, and at the same time acceptably equipped, to deliver the addresses which are usually the special features of such occasions. And it is equally well known that the programs sometimes suffer from the hasty and ill-advised selections of speakers.

It has been suggested that State Associations might render valuable service in this connection, by maintaining speakers' bureaus, to furnish information and assistance to the program committees of the subordinate Lodges. It is obvious that such bureaus, intelligently administered and kept up to date, would meet a real need.

If a committee, appointed for the purpose in each association, would make a survey of the members of each Lodge in its jurisdiction, and prepare a list of those suitably equipped to deliver acceptable addresses on fraternal occasions, with memoranda as to their availability and their special qualifications for service in ceremonies of varying character; and would arrange to furnish the information which such a list contains to those seeking it; the service thus performed would be of real value to the whole Order. Of course the fact of the maintenance of such a bureau should be kept before the subordinate Lodges so as to invite their use of its facilities. And if the bureau would keep advised of the engagements of its listed speakers, it would materially increase its usefulness, as would maintenance of information with respect to available speakers who are not members of the Order.

The general suggestion is commended to the several State Associations. The details involved in making its adoption most effective will naturally be governed by the varying conditions in each jurisdiction.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Four

Special Activities Committee

*Philadelphia, Pa.
October 6, 1926*

To All Elks—Greeting:

As your Grand Exalted Ruler, I feel that anything is possible, but only with your co-operation.

With this thought in mind, that Elkdom must record her greatest advancement this year, I have appointed a Special Activities Committee.

The duties of this committee shall be to engage in such activities as shall make possible a new high-water mark in Elkdom. The committee is now at work upon the first assignment from me. I therefore can not too strongly impress upon every Exalted Ruler and Secretary that they read carefully any communication, respond promptly to any call, and cooperate 100 per cent. with this committee.

Realizing the very important part this committee is going to play in Elkdom's affairs this year by reason of the work to be assigned to it, and the unusually prompt and efficient service required of it, I have selected as Chairman, Brother Lloyd R. Maxwell, of Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge No. 312, now residing in Chicago, whose central location and nation-wide activities will make possible his frequent conferences with each committeeman in his respective district and, I am quite sure, will produce the desired results. He will be most ably assisted by Charles A. Beardsley, Oakland, California, Lodge, No. 171; Judge John C. Karel, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Lodge, No. 46; G. Phillip Maggioni, Savannah, Georgia, Lodge, No. 183; James T. Keefe, North Platte, Nebraska, Lodge, No. 985; Eugene W. Kelly, Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85; Max L. Lindheimer, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, Lodge, No. 173; William L. Dill, Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60; Edwin K. McPeck, Adams, Massachusetts, Lodge, No. 1335, and Louis N. Goldsmith, Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, Secretary.

This committee will be just what its name indicates, a special activities committee of your Grand Exalted Ruler, and I will ask each and every brother to govern himself accordingly.

Fraternally yours,

Chas. H. Gabelov.
Grand Exalted Ruler

Attest:



Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary



Office of the
**Grand Lodge Committee
 on Social and Community Welfare**

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

Thanksgiving

632 Commercial Place
 New Orleans, La.
 October 1, 1926

*To the Exalted Rulers, Officers and Members of All Subordinate Lodges of the
 Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:*

MY BROTHERS:

I think we can make this one of the shortest official communications on record and still obtain from the Elks of America a 100 per cent. response.

The Thanksgiving season is approaching rapidly. Thanksgiving is a distinctively AMERICAN holiday.

Among the divers brotherhoods of mankind the Order of Elks stands out as *the* distinctively AMERICAN fraternity.

To the Providence under which America to-day is the most prosperous nation in the world we are grateful. How better can we show this gratitude than by making it our particular province to seek out in our respective communities every home which has not been blessed by prosperity and to give those homes at least one day of feasting and plenty? With all the earnestness at my command I urge you to "make it unanimous" this year; to let every Elks Lodge in the nation engage in the distribution of Thanksgiving cheer to the needy. A splendid plan, tried and proven by the experience of hundreds of Lodges, for making Thanksgiving distribution an occasion of merriment to the giver as well as to those who will receive, is published elsewhere in this Magazine.*

With all good wishes to each and every one of you who reads this message, I remain,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Chairman.

*For details of the Basket Plan
 see page 58 of this issue.

Annual Conference of District Deputies

Highly Successful Meeting Held in Philadelphia

APPLYING business principles and taking advantage of the reduced rates to Philadelphia which were offered because of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in celebration of the 150th anniversary of American Independence, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow invited the newly appointed District Deputies to meet in Philadelphia on Saturday, October 2nd. It was the first time since such gatherings have been held, that this annual conference of the sectional representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler was held outside the city of Chicago.

Members of the conference were enabled, at a minimum cost, to be further inspired and strengthened in their patriotism by reason of their visit to the exhibition, at the same time taking part in a conference which, in itself, was marked by straight-hitting, right-to-the-point talks which any sales manager would have considered a credit to his organization.

Some delegates arrived as early as Friday. Other arrivals on Saturday morning were in time to attend a football game in the famous Municipal Stadium alongside the Sesqui-Centennial grounds, the historic site of the recent world's heavyweight championship contest.

The first gathering of the deputies was held in the magnificent dining-room of the new Elks Home in Philadelphia. It was here that the members assembled—Grand Lodge Officers, Committee Chairmen, District Deputies and Past Grand Exalted Rulers, the latter including Joseph T. Fanning, John P. Sullivan, J. Edgar Masters and John G. Price.

The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Davis, a member of Philadelphia Lodge. To close the session the 11 o'clock toast was delivered by Lawrence H. Rupp, of Allentown, Pa., Lodge No. 130, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

One of the features of the entertainment during the dinner was the playing of the Boys Harmonica Band, of Philadelphia, composed of 135 boys under the direction of its organizer, Albert N. Hoxie, Jr.

The final feature, which came after the inspiring talk of the Grand Exalted Ruler, was the presentation to him of a set of twenty-four ster-

ling silver plates, and a traveling bag. The enthusiasm and happiness of the District Deputies, and their affection for Mr. Grakelow, was expressed by William T. Ramsey, former Mayor of the City of Chester, Pennsylvania, and District Deputy for Pennsylvania Southeast.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, in the course of his remarks, said complimentary things about THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan spoke on social and community welfare and the talk of Brother Robert A. Scott, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, concerned the wonderful home for our aged brothers at Bedford, Virginia.

The convincing manner in which Grand Esquire Robert L. Quisser dwelt upon the Grand Lodge reunion in Cincinnati next July bespoke an ability to handle the situation that causes the prediction that it will be the greatest Grand Lodge Reunion in the history of our order.

Hon. W. Freeland Kendrick, Mayor of the City of Philadelphia, welcomed the gathering, and cordially invited their attendance at the Sesqui-Centennial.

It was then that the Grand Exalted Ruler assumed the floor and summoned the District Deputies, his representatives, to strict attention.

There were several unusual features about his talk. One was a series of maps and charts, which told the story of Elkdom's progress clearly and distinctly. Another was a card, which was distributed to the audience, and which contained information relating to: number of lodges, total membership as of April 1st, 1926; net assets of subordinate lodges; amount expended for charity April 1st, 1925, to April 1st, 1926; cost of Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building; original cost of National Home at Bedford, Virginia; added investment covering ground and additional buildings; total cost of Home; yearly maintenance of Elks National Home.

One of the charts showed the membership in each administration, going back to 1900. Another was a map of the United States showing the status of each state, showing those that had gained in membership last year and those in which there was a decrease. Another detailed the gain or loss by states.

The Grand Exalted Ruler first called attention to the fact that every District Deputy represents the Grand Exalted Ruler and pointed out that the reputation he makes this year will largely depend on the work of the District Deputies.

He then impressed on the Deputies the fact that the slogan for this year is: "Know your order better," giving them information and figures relating to outstanding Elk activities.

The request was made that each new District Deputy make his first visit to the home Lodge of the retiring District Deputy and arrange that the latter be present not only on that occasion but also when the present District Deputy visits his own Lodge, in order to bring home to the retiring District Deputy that his activity in Elkdom does not cease with his retirement from office. Each Deputy was urged to hold a conference with the officers of the Lodges visited before the Lodge meeting, stressing the memorizing of rituals, participation of all officers of the Lodge in its several activities so that those in the lower chairs, when they come to the office of Exalted Ruler, may be thoroughly capable to take over the work. The Deputies were urged to stress, also, close co-operation between the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges in their districts, particularly in the matter of membership, not only in retaining the present, but in acquiring new members. It was suggested that they encourage the formation of committees in the Lodges, on bands, drill corps, glee clubs and any form of activity that will appeal to the members of the Lodge, causing them more frequently to visit the home and enabling the Lodge to participate in the civic and patriotic activities of the community.

"The formation of units and other activities," said the Grand Exalted Ruler, "will keep alive Elk interest among the present members so that they will prize their Elk membership more highly than that of any other fraternity. Retaining the enthusiasm of your members can not help but result in the bringing into your Lodge of new members, the most important thing that you can do. Elkdom is an American gentleman's organization and the larger our Order the greater

(Continued on page 81)

Another Gift from the Bacharach Family

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bacharach Give \$25,000 to Betty Bacharach Home

IN THE long list of munificent gifts by members of the Bacharach family of Atlantic City, N. J., to the charity work of the Order, none has sprung from a deeper spirit of true philanthropy—the desire to share with others not only material things, but one's own happiness as well—than the recent contribution to the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children of \$25,000 by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bacharach.

Announced on the occasion of the donors' silver wedding anniversary, the gift represents \$1,000 for each year of their married life. Many a crippled child, given health and the opportunity to lead a normal, useful life, will owe his good fortune to this sharing with him and his fellows of the quarter century of happiness of two people whom, in all probability, he has never seen.

The history of the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children is the history of the devotion to family and to public welfare of the five children of Jacob and Betty Bacharach; Isaac, Harry and Benjamin Bacharach, Mrs. Millard F. Allman and Mrs. Moses Hanstein. Named in honor of their mother, not as a memorial, but while she was alive to enjoy both the tribute and this fruition of her own long years of quiet charity, the Home was presented to Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, in October, 1923, by Hon. Harry Bacharach, former Mayor of Atlantic City, Past Exalted Ruler of his Lodge

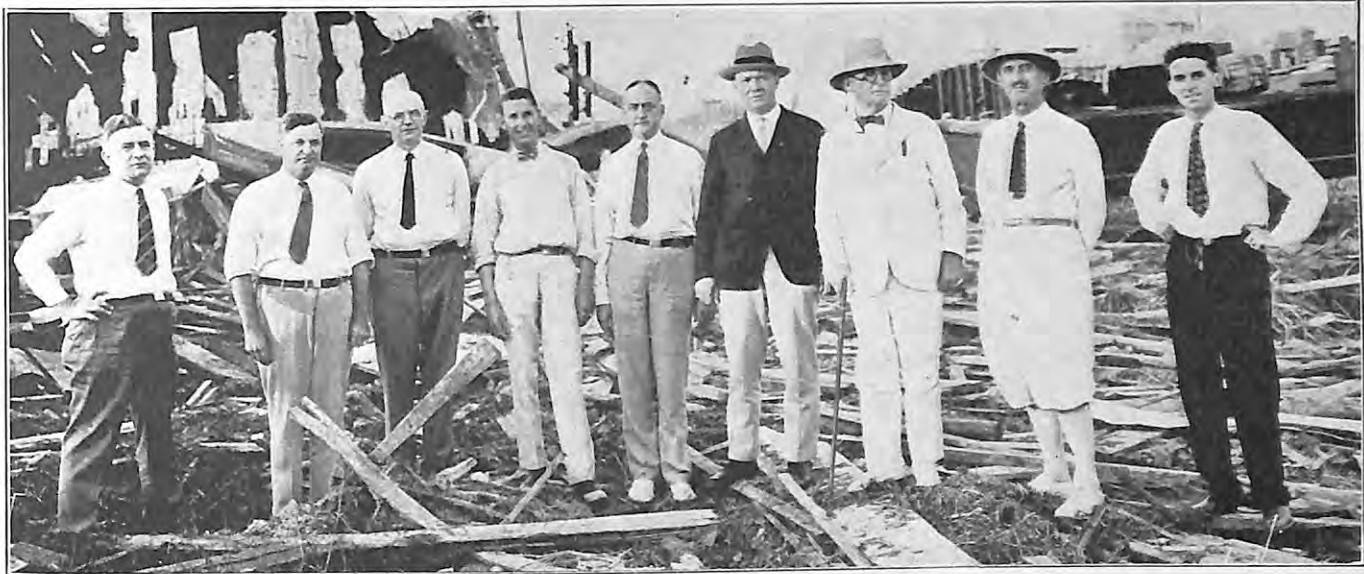
and three times Grand Esquire, and his brother, Congressman Isaac Bacharach, also active in the affairs of the Order. At that time the property, valued at \$40,000, and situated at Longport, N. J., a few miles from Atlantic City, included a fifteen-room house, with boat house, tennis courts and garage, on a plot having 150 feet of water frontage.

Following the acceptance of the gift, the Lodge, by a series of generously supported entertainments, raised the funds necessary for the initial work of preparing the building for the care of afflicted children. The approximate cost of these improvements would ordinarily have been \$15,000, or more, but through the fine spirit of the members of the labor unions employed, who gave their services free of charge, and the generosity of the material dealers who contributed the necessary supplies at cost, or at no charge, the actual expense to the Lodge was merely nominal. Some of the contractors and artisans made donations of money in addition to their contributions of labor and material, while many members and citizens also made gifts in the form of promised annual contributions, not only of money, but of foodstuffs and supplies of all kinds. All of this was done without any solicitation whatsoever on the part of Atlantic City Lodge.

In 1924, the Home was appropriately dedi-

cated on Mothers' Day. Mrs. Betty Bacharach herself was present, and was the center of an affectionate group of congratulating friends. Later that summer a contribution of \$13,000 for further alterations was made by Mrs. Bacharach and her sons, Harry and Isaac Bacharach.

At the celebration of the second anniversary of the Home in 1926, Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey turned the first shovelful of earth on the ground where two new buildings were to be erected. The first of these is an administration building, a memorial to Mrs. Bacharach who had died in March, for which \$50,000 was contributed by her five children. The other is a fifty-bed, fireproof ward, for which \$25,000 was raised by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lodge. At that time 125 children had been treated and eighty-one sent out cured. There were thirty children in the Home, and applications from thirty more were on file. Plans for the future include yearly additions to be built from donations by the Bacharach family until at least 200 beds are available. And so, by the generosity and love for humanity of one family, and the power and organizing force of the Order, hope of new life is held out to the afflicted children of New Jersey, and of other States, for no limit has been put upon the growth and extension of this great charitable enterprise.



VERNE O. WILLIAM

This picture was taken in Miami. On the left are the remains of what was once a handsome home. Behind the first figures may be seen two boats, washed up by the overflow of Biscayne Bay. In the picture, from left to right, are Past Exalted Ruler Louis N. Goldsmith, of Philadelphia; C. C. Kirby, Jacksonville, District Deputy; Irvin Gates, Tallahassee, Past District Deputy; L. F. McCready, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary of Miami Lodge; James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Chairman of Elks Florida Relief Commission; Judge John W. DuBose, Past Exalted Ruler, Jacksonville; Judge Jefferson B. Browne, Key West, Elks Pardon Commissioner; Dr. E. R. Tuttle, Past Exalted Ruler, Miami, and Harold Colee, St. Augustine, District Deputy

Elks Relief Work in Florida

Prompt Action by Grand Exalted Ruler and His Representatives Puts Elks Relief Fund First in Field

DURING the night of September 17 and the morning of September 18, a tropical hurricane of one-hundred-and-twenty miles an hour velocity swept over a portion of Southeastern Florida, from Palm Beach to Miami, leaving death and chaos in its wake. Hundreds were killed and injured. Thousands were rendered homeless and destitute. When the news was flashed by telegraph to the rest of the country, together with appeals for help, relief agencies everywhere began to function. Among these the first to swing into action was the Order of Elks.

At the time the request for assistance arrived, Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow was on board a train, en route to Chicago from Philadelphia. A telegram from his office, apprising him of the Florida situation, was delivered to him at Pittsburgh. On reaching Chicago, he communicated with the Board of Grand Trustees, obtained their approval of his plan and immediately telephoned to Past Exalted Ruler Louis N. Goldsmith, of Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, the following instructions:

"Take \$25,000 in cash down to Miami by airplane. Report to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson."

The time was short and it was possible to secure only \$10,000 in bills of small denomination. Also, because of the weather, it was not practicable to use an airplane. But Mr. Goldsmith caught the first available train and arrived in Miami September 22, bearing the first instalment of the \$25,000 appropriated for the emergency from Grand Lodge funds. The balance of \$15,000 was sent by mail.

Meanwhile the Grand Exalted Ruler had wired Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson, who was in Miami, to take charge of the distribution of the money and had instructed Pardon Commissioner Jefferson B. Browne, Past District Deputies Harry L. Bethel and Irvin Gates, and District Deputies Harold Colee, C. C. Kirby and Forrest Lake to report to Mr. Nicholson and assist in this work. Mr. Grakelow had also sent out the following telegram to the Exalted Rulers of all subordinate Lodges and a similar one to all District Deputies:

"Newspapers have informed you as to the

terrible catastrophe that has stricken our Southland, particularly Florida. We are now well represented in the afflicted area extending relief as rapidly as possible. To insure properly handling the situation would appreciate the support of your Lodges. Kindly forward at once the amount you desire to contribute to this most deserving cause to Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary, Memorial Building, Chicago. Elkdom has always made for the relief of distress. This is Elkdom's opportunity. Sincerest thanks for your most generous and prompt attention. Would appreciate your issuing call so as to insure most generous response as the need is great. Kindest personal regard."

That the membership at large was prompt to heed this call is evidenced by the report of the Grand Secretary that, at the time this issue of the Magazine went to press, contributions received from Subordinate Lodges had already reached the sum of \$65,000.

Down in Miami the members called on by the Grand Exalted Ruler to serve in distributing the relief funds immediately organized a plan of distributing the money through committees appointed by the Lodges in the stricken area. The Lodges affected were Miami Lodge, No. 048; Fort Lauderdale Lodge, No. 1517, and Sebring Lodge, No. 1520, which was just about to be instituted. The committees were composed of the following members: Miami Lodge Committee: Past Exalted Rulers E. R. Tuttle, Chairman, William M. Brown and L. F. McCready. Fort Lauderdale Lodge Committee: Samuel Gilliam, Chairman, P. A. St. Cyr, Secretary, E. E. Bush, William Buning, U. S. Cayotte. Sebring Lodge Committee: Judge A. E. Lawrence, Chairman, G. T. Nelson, James D. Mitchell, A. E. Calton.

The morning after Mr. Goldsmith's arrival with the first portion of the Grand Lodge fund, there was held a conference with the representatives of the Red Cross, and learning that the greatest immediate need was for clothing for victims of all ages the relief committee of Miami Lodge was authorized to purchase \$5,000 worth of clothing to be immediately distributed. This work of the distribution of clothing among young and old was immediately attended to by the

Miami Lodge Committee, and it has been extremely helpful in meeting most urgent needs, as the loss of clothing among poor people whose homes were damaged both by wind and water was tremendous.

Miami Lodge immediately enrolled many of its members in service for investigation and relief, and many special cases requiring food, clothing, transportation or material to render habitable modest homes from which the owners had been driven by the storm, have had their prompt attention.

As an illustration of the manner in which these members have been operating, one typical instance might be cited:

This was the case of an elderly couple who were left in a badly damaged home, unprotected from the weather, and the husband in need of hospital treatment. Within an hour after the Miami Lodge Committee had been notified of this case an ambulance was at the door prepared to take the old gentleman to the hospital and a contractor had been to the house and made the necessary requisition for supplies to restore the roof and render the home habitable. This is simply a typical case, and also an illustration of the opportunities for immediate relief that have presented themselves.

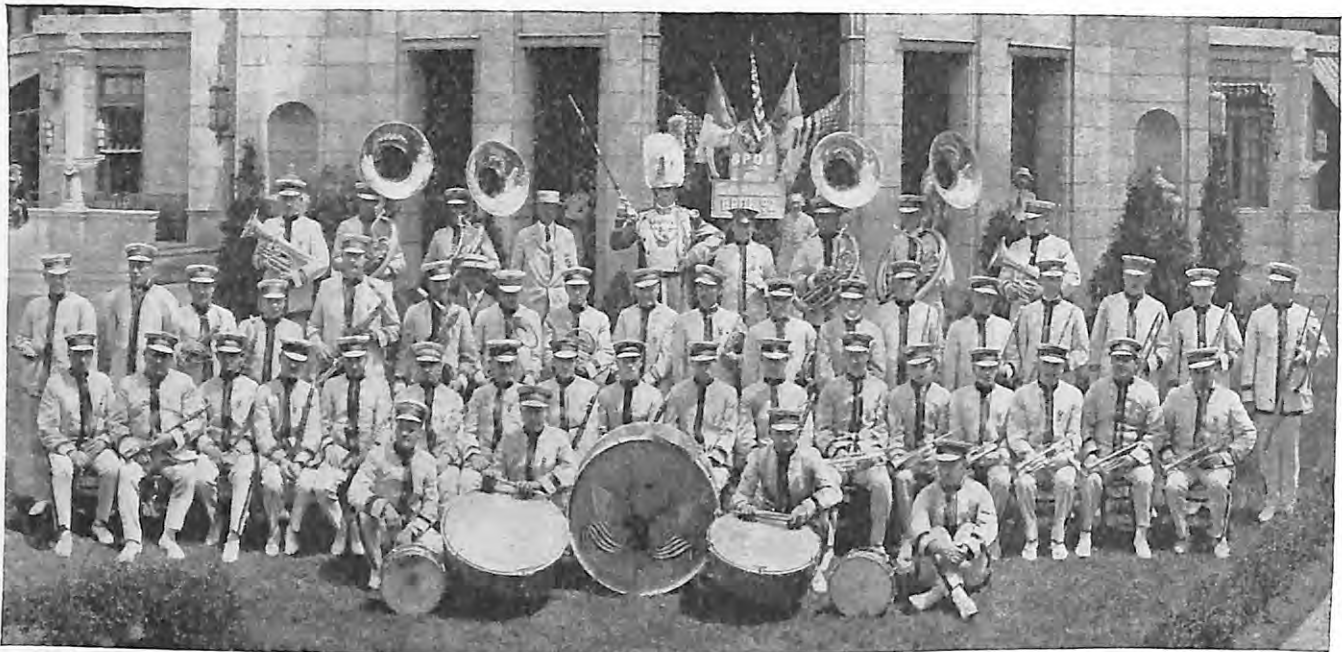
From now on the relief measures in the Miami district will proceed somewhat more orderly and methodically than was the case while emergency conditions were being met, and the local committee will cooperate with the Red Cross and other existing agencies in rendering habitable the homes from which the victims of the storm have been driven temporarily.

Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood, in which latter town many of the members of Fort Lauderdale Lodge reside, were located in the zone of the storm's greatest strength and fury and suffered more than any of the other towns on the East Coast.

The committee of Fort Lauderdale Lodge is meeting the situation in that district intelligently and effectively. As an illustration of some of the opportunities that they have to help in that district the following instances are typical:

In Davie, nine miles west of Fort Lauderdale,

(Continued on page 81)



The fifty-piece band of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, photographed at the Grand Lodge Convention. Second prize winners

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Grand Exalted Ruler Lays Cornerstone For Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge

IN THE presence of more than 5,000 persons, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow recently laid the cornerstone of the beautiful new Home which is being erected by Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. Preceding the ceremonies, members of the Lodge gathered at the present Home in South Oxford Street, and headed by the Lodge's band and glee club, marched to the site of the new structure. The ceremonies, at which Past Exalted Ruler Albert T. Brophy, Chairman of the Building Committee presided, were opened with an invocation by the Rev. Father William B. Farrell of the Church of the Assumption. The exercises were participated in by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; Hon. James J. Byrne, Borough President of Brooklyn; John F. Manning, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge; Rabbi Simon R. Cohen of Union Temple, and the Rev. William S. Winans of the Central Congregational Church. The ceremonies were honored by the presence of many distinguished members of the Order, representative borough and city officials, and members of the judiciary.

Following the laying of the cornerstone, Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow was the honor guest that evening at a large banquet in the present Home of the Lodge. Prominent members, and officers of the Order throughout the State, joined in greeting Mr. Grakelow and in congratulating Brooklyn Lodge on its fine records in every field of endeavor.

The new Home of Brooklyn Lodge will be a most unusual and handsome edifice. It will occupy half a square block in the heart of Brooklyn's business district, just back of the Borough Hall, and will represent an investment, when completed, of \$5,500,000. The building will have five special features: a large auditorium, a gymnasium, a swimming-pool, banquet halls and roof garden.

Charleston, S. C., Lodge Plays Host At Its Country Home

The Welfare Committee of Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, recently gave 56 poor children of the city a week's outing at the country Home of the Lodge at Folly Beach. The youngsters were taken by busses to the Home, which is about twelve miles outside the city, and every-

thing for their happiness and comfort was supplied by the committee during their stay. Henry Tecklenburg, Jr., Exalted Ruler, and the other officers of the Lodge, were highly gratified at the success of the outing—the first to be given by the Lodge—and are planning to conduct it again next year on an even larger scale.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Conducts Memorial at Braves Field

Members of Brookline Lodge, No. 886, Winthrop Lodge, No. 1078, and Boston Lodge, No. 10, representing the Massachusetts State Elks Association, recently held a memorial service at Braves Field, Boston, to pay tribute to the late Norman "Tony" Boeckel, one-time Braves third-sacker, and Christy Mathewson. The ceremony was held prior to a game between the Boston Braves and the Phillies at which the Association members were the guests of Judge Emil Fuchs, owner of the Braves. Led by the marine band of the Charlestown Navy Yard and a detachment of sailors and marines, Elks and members of the two clubs marched around the field, stopping to decorate the memorial tablet to Boeckel, erected there some time ago by Winthrop Lodge. Thomas J. Brady, Past Exalted Ruler of Brookline Lodge, Chairman of the State Association's Board of Trustees, was in charge of the impressive memorial services which were witnessed by many thousands.

Just preceding the start of the game, players, managers and coaches of the two teams were each presented with a box of cigars, a gift of the Association.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge to Hold Fashion Show this Month

An elaborate Fashion Show will be staged by Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, from the 8th to the 13th of this month, at Convention Hall. Eighteen models have been engaged, and they will display all of the latest fall and winter fashions. In addition there will be four first-rate vaudeville acts in connection with each of the three daily shows.

The magnificent addition to the Home of Rochester Lodge is now complete, and will probably be dedicated some time next January the ceremony having been postponed from the date originally set to allow the com-

mittee in charge to arrange for a more extensive program.

Staten Island, N. Y. Lodge Takes Part in Sesqui-Centennial

The officers, members and organizations of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, took prominent parts in the Island's celebration of the nation's Sesqui-Centennial. The drill team and more than 100 members, headed by Exalted Ruler Paul Van Wagner and the chair officers, took part in the parade, while on the following day the officers performed the Flag Day ritual at the club oval. Various beautiful tableaux in the costumes of '76 were also presented, and splendid speeches were delivered by William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1, and Judge Henry W. Bridges, Past Exalted Ruler of Staten Island Lodge.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell Visits Manila, P. I., Lodge

The occasion of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell's visit to Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, was the most notable day in the history of the island Lodge, and a great gathering of members turned out to greet the Judge, who was on a tour of the Orient. Judge Atwell was met at the pier and escorted by a parade of automobiles to the Manila Hotel. In the afternoon the wives and daughters of the members gave a tea for Mrs. Atwell at the Home of the Lodge, while in the evening there was a regular meeting and initiation followed by dinner, and an entertaining stag social program.

Judge and Mrs. Atwell arrived home in Dallas, Tex., in September after visiting China, Manchuria, Korea and Japan. They had many exciting and, sometimes, dangerous adventures in the course of their trip, but returned to America safe and sound, rested and ready for the year's work.

Colorado State Elks Association Meets in Pueblo

Held under the auspices of Pueblo Lodge, No. 90, and in conjunction with the Colorado State Fair, the recent annual convention of the Colorado State Elks Association was attended by a record number of delegates and visitors. A splendid three-day program was provided.

The first day of the meeting, largely given over to registration and the reception of visitors, saw the start of the Elks Golf tournament. Dancing, open-house receptions, special events at the Fair Grounds, theatre and card parties and sight-seeing trips, made up the remainder of the social program, which wound up with an enormous parade through gaily decorated streets, and a grand ball.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, W. V. Roberts of Fort Collins Lodge, No. 804; First Vice-President, L. Z. Jamison, of Trinidad Lodge, No. 181; Second Vice-President, H. M. McCarthy, of Pueblo Lodge; Third Vice-President, M. L. Herrick, of Alamosa Lodge, No. 1207; Secretary, J. H. Loor, of Pueblo Lodge; Treasurer, W. R. Patterson, of Greeley Lodge, No. 809; Executive Committee, three years, M. L. Anfenger, of Denver Lodge, No. 17, and W. C. Sporleder, of La Junta Lodge, No. 701; Executive Committee, one year, E. E. Brook, of Pueblo Lodge.

Three Thousand Orphans Entertained By Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

Under the auspices of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, three thousand orphans were given a picnic and outing at Seal Beach, where the youngsters enjoyed a day of bathing and romping in the sand. The Big Brother Committee of the Lodge was in charge of the affair, and arranged for the transportation of the young guests in private automobiles escorted by details of motorcycle policemen and Red Cross cars.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge to Hold Christmas Basket Carnival

From October 30 to November 6 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, will hold a huge bazaar and Christmas basket carnival. Elaborate arrangements have been made for what promises to be the biggest event ever held by the Lodge. Part of the sum raised will be used for additions and renovations in the Home of the Lodge, but the greater part will be put aside for the annual basket distribution.

Welfare Committee of Everett, Wash., Lodge Had an Active Summer

Among the activities of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, during the past summer was the securing and equipping of a clinic room where crippled children may be examined by surgeons, who have volunteered for the task. The necessary equipment was all donated by members of Everett Lodge, the services of nurses and doctors are rendered free of charge, and clinics are now being held weekly. The plans of the Committee for the winter are extensive, and the Lodge is counting on accomplishing much helpful work.

New Home of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Nearly Completed

With the completion of their new Home practically assured for December 15, members of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, are



The exceedingly attractive Home occupied by Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168

looking forward to the grand opening and dedication which will probably take place sometime during the first week or two of the new year.

At a special meeting of the Santa Barbara Elks Club a short time ago the board of directors were empowered to sign contracts for equipment and furniture to the amount of \$34,000, thus assuring Santa Barbara Elks of the very best in the way of interior decoration and furnishings.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge's Kiddie Camp Had Highly Successful Season

Despite handicaps which, at the beginning of the season, seemed almost insurmountable, the Elks-Kiddie Camp maintained by Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, was operated for five weeks during the summer with even greater success than last year. Fifty-seven children, sixteen more than were entertained in 1925, were taken care of, and their average gain in weight during their stay at the camp was 4.8 pounds. A splendid evidence of the good work done by Omaha Lodge.

Grand Exalted Ruler Attends Anniversary of Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Rush L. Holland; Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Leo Fallon; Louis N. Goldsmith, Past Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, and Furey Ellis, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, attended the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration held by Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, at the Empire City Race Track. A motorcycle squad from the New York Police Department escorted the distinguished visitors to the

city line, where they were met by a reception committee headed by Past Exalted Ruler John L. Slavin, a squad from the Yonkers Police Department, a band and an automobile parade of more than 100 cars.

The program at the track, consisting of a monster barbecue, and a circus and athletic events, was a great success and this, together with the presence of the Grand Lodge party, made the day an outstanding one in the history of Yonkers Lodge.

New Jersey Elks Provide for All Crippled Children of the State

At the recent quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held at the Home of Montclair, N. J., Lodge, No. 801, Chairman Joseph G. Buch, of the Crippled Kiddies Committee, announced that arrangements had been completed to provide medical attention for every crippled child in the State of New Jersey. Mr. Buch's report was the outstanding feature of the session, and was highly praised by the officers and delegates present. The report stated further that nearly every subordinate Lodge in New Jersey had observed "Crippled Kiddies Day" on the first Monday in August. Among the Lodges specially mentioned for their work with children were Newark Lodge, No. 21, which gave the youngsters of its jurisdiction a two weeks' vacation at the seashore; Camden Lodge, No. 293, New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784, Madison Lodge, No. 1465, and Trenton Lodge, No. 105.

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge Opens Attractive New Home

Fully 2,000 members and their friends recently thronged the new Home of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, to participate in a reception dance that marked the formal opening of the



The exceptional symphony orchestra which is sponsored by Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381. J. Paul Wait, conductor

This handsome building is the Home of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61



new building. The entire Home had been handsomely decorated for the occasion, and a program that included a large number of excellent vaudeville acts was greatly enjoyed by the guests.

The new Home of Jacksonville Lodge was erected at a cost of \$250,000, and is situated on the corner of Adams and Laura streets, in the heart of the city's business section. Exalted Ruler W. J. Kenealy and members of the Building Committee received a great many congratulations on the beauty and comfort of the new Home from the many prominent citizens who attended the opening festivities.

Cordova, Alaska, Lodge Plays Big Brother to Boys

Cordova, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1483, recently played host to all boys of school age in the city. It was a gala event for the members as well as for the lucky youngsters. The party was held in the Home of the Lodge and there were games with prizes and all sorts of good things to eat. Preceding the program in the Home, the boys were guests of the Lodge at a motion-picture.

Cordova Lodge is active in many other fields of welfare work. During the past summer it conducted two benefit performances for its charity fund which netted the Lodge a tidy sum.

Florists Honor Grand Exalted Ruler at Elks National Memorial

Two thousand members of the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association, meeting in convention in Chicago, honored Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, himself a prominent florist, and the Order, when they presented him with a huge bouquet of rare blossoms in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. Mr. Grakelow received the delegation in the magnificent new building and accepted the flowers on behalf of the Order.

Lakeland, Fla., Lodge Plays Host to Many Children

The children of the community were recently guests of Lakeland, Fla., Lodge, No. 1291, at an outing staged for their benefit at Crystal Lake. Close to 1,000 youngsters enjoyed the hospitality of the Lodge and took part in the games and water sports, for which there were many valuable prizes. Lots of good things to eat and drink were also provided by the committee in charge of the outing.

Danville, Ill., Lodge Redecorates Home for Winter Season

Danville, Ill., Lodge, No. 332, spent over \$15,000 recently for interior and exterior painting, decorating and refurnishing its Home. Every nook and cranny of the building was given

attention, and handsome new draperies and other furnishings were placed in the rooms. Danville Lodge now has one of the most attractive and comfortable Homes in its section of the State.

St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge Lays New Home Cornerstone

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles J. Dovel of Manistee, Mich., Lodge, No. 250, recently laid the cornerstone for the new \$200,000 Home which is being erected by St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541. The speaker of the occasion was the Rev. Dr. Filbrandt, and the music for the ceremony was furnished by the St. Joseph city band. Preceding the exercises, the members and visitors, headed by the band and a detachment of Naval Reserves, paraded from the temporary headquarters of the Lodge to the site of the new Home at State and Broad streets. A feature of the evening's program was the banquet tendered the distinguished visitors at the Hotel Whitcomb by the officers of the Lodge and the members of the Building Committee.

Fall Conference of New York State Elks Association

The annual fall conference of the New York State Elks Association was held recently at the Home of New York Lodge, No. 1. President John T. Gorman presided at the meeting which was attended by other officers of the Association and of Lodges throughout the State. The discussion which followed the opening of the meeting was lively, and matters affecting the welfare of the Lodges composing the Association brought out many helpful suggestions. Attendance at Lodge meetings, social and community welfare

work, interchange of Lodge visits, and the desirability of promoting a free scholarship foundation on the part of the Association, were some of the subjects discussed. The result of the conference disclosed itself in the resolve to promote crippled children's work in cooperation with other agencies throughout the State, and to develop a plan whereby the free scholarship foundation may be established, this plan to be offered for consideration at the Troy Convention next June. After the conference adjourned, the members present were guests of the Mother Lodge at a dinner which was served in the solarium of the Home.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge Conducts Successful Clinic

One of the outstanding achievements of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, in its Social and Community Welfare work, is the series of clinics which it has been conducting for the correction and cure of crippled children. This charitable work, performed only on behalf of poor and needy families, was begun in 1924. Since then the work has grown and a very large number of unfortunate youngsters have been helped in various ways. Other Lodges have been invited to make use of the Lodge's facilities for children within their own jurisdictions upon payment by these Lodges of the transportation expenses and a proportionate clinic charge.

The handsome Home of Allentown Lodge has recently undergone many extensive alterations and improvements. The billiard and reading-room is now equipped with six of the best tables, and affords the members an abundance of entertainment and comfort. The large dining-room and the spacious Lodge-room have been redecorated. An impressive bronze memorial tablet, a tribute to departed members, has been placed in a prominent part of the building.

Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, North Central, Meets

A large number of Past Exalted Rulers, members of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, North Central District, were recently the guests of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271. Following an interesting meeting at which many problems connected with the Order in the district were discussed, the visitors were entertained by a banquet given in their honor at the Home of the Lodge. Miles S. Hencle, Past Exalted Ruler of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, presided at the business session.

Lebanon, Ind., Lodge Has Help Of the Ladies

One of the unique features in the Home of Lebanon, Ind., Lodge, No. 635, is the entire floor equipped for the ladies and used exclusively by them. This section of the Home has a large modern kitchen and service for over 100 plates. It is also provided with card tables and auditorium facilities. These quarters are free to torium facilities. These quarters are free to every member's wife, daughter or mother, and are used by them frequently. The interest



Beautiful grounds surround the Home of Marlborough, Mass., Lodge, No. 1239



Bathing and water sports were among the features of the children's outing given by Lakeland, Fla., Lodge, No. 1291

displayed by the ladies in the aims of the Lodge has been of great help in carrying through many social and charitable activities.

Galena, Ill., Lodge Holds Successful Outing

With members present from Lodges in Dubuque, Ia, Platteville, Wis., Dixon, Ill., and many other points, the annual picnic of Galena, Ill., Lodge, No. 882, was an unqualified success. The outing was held on the shores of the Mississippi, and the program included a baseball game and many athletic events.

Inter-Fraternal Community Service Embodies Novel Idea

The Inter-Fraternal Community Service is the name of an interesting organization in Watertown, Wis., which is doing excellent welfare work. It is composed of representatives from five Orders: the Elks of Watertown, Wis., Lodge, No. 666; Knights of Columbus, Watertown Council, No. 1478; Catholic Knights of Wisconsin, Branch 120; Knights of Pythias, Lincoln Lodge, No. 20; and Watertown Lodge, No. 49, F. & A. M. Practically all the charitable activities of the city are handled through this unique organization which acts as a clearing house for the welfare work of the various Orders represented. At the start, each Order donated \$100 to the common fund with the assurance that no additional financial requests for support would be asked. The organization has made good its promise, and has raised money from time to time for its work by various benefits, etc. The Service functions through a board of directors, each Order appointing two directors, one for a term of one year, and one for a term of two years.

The organization is unusual in that it is made up of two bodies composed of Protestant members, two of Catholic members, and one non-sectarian group. The Service operates with a splendid spirit of fellowship, and no thought of religious differences enters its many activities.

Hon. Joseph A. Guider, Trustee of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, Dies

By the recent death of Hon. Joseph A. Guider, President of the Borough of Brooklyn, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, lost one of its most loyal and distinguished members. Mr. Guider was long active in the affairs of his Lodge and was chairman of its Board of Trustees at the time of his death. The funeral services conducted by his fellow members were presided over by John F. Manning, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and were attended by scores of his friends and associates, among whom were the leading business men and highest officials of the community. Mr. Guider was fifty-six years of age when death claimed him. His record of service in public life was a long and interesting one. He served five terms in the Assembly and had been Commissioner of Public Works of Brooklyn for

seven years. During his term as Borough President, Mr. Guider constantly stressed the need of city welfare work, especially in regard to educational facilities. His death is a distinct loss to his community and to Brooklyn Lodge.

Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Has Outing. Lodge Plans Welfare Work

Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, held its second annual clam-bake this fall at Hogarty's Grove, Burden Lake. It was a most successful affair, more than 200 members, their wives and friends attending. Before the bake, there was a program of sports and the awarding of the prizes to the winners in the various events. The day was brought to a close by a large dance held in the Home of the Lodge.

Watervliet Lodge is showing excellent gains in membership, and has mapped out a well-considered plan for social welfare work during the present season. Special attention will be paid to crippled children within its jurisdiction.

Wisconsin State Elks Association In Convention at Green Bay

The twenty-fourth annual convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association was held recently in Green Bay, with Green Bay Lodge, No. 259, acting as host to the many hundred visitors, among whom was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, the guest of honor of the occasion.

During the opening exercises, which were conducted from a rostrum erected beside the Home of Green Bay Lodge, the Lodge's excellent band played a number of selections. At the banquet that evening at the Beaumont Hotel some 300 persons were seated, who later attended the

massed band concert which preceded the grand ball at the Columbus Club Auditorium. Among those who spoke at the dinner were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills, Past State Association President William F. Schad, retiring President Carl Riggins, and other prominent Wisconsin Elks.

Despite a heavy downpour of rain on the following day, the scheduled parade was held, headed by a forty-eight-piece band brought by Manitowoc Lodge. In all there were nearly 600 marchers in line, and six bands, including that of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, which won second honors in the National Class B contest at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago. Other social features of the occasion were receptions and parties for the visiting ladies, and concerts by the numerous bands in attendance.

Addressing the delegates in business meeting, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills extended the greetings of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow and of the Grand Lodge, to the convention. Among the resolutions adopted was one calling for an investigation of the condition of the crippled children of the State, and of methods to help them. Another extended the thanks of the Association to Green Bay Lodge.

Past State Association President Schad installed the newly elected officers, who are: President, Harry A. Kiefer, of Wausau Lodge, No. 248; First Vice-President, Robert E. Curran, of Superior Lodge, No. 403; Second Vice-President, James Balliet, of Appleton Lodge, No. 337; Third Vice-President, H. G. Stewart, of Green Bay Lodge; Fourth Vice-President, Dr. J. H. Wallis, of Rice Lake Lodge, No. 144; Secretary, Theodore Benfey, of Sheboygan Lodge, No. 209; Treasurer, Leo Uecker, of Antigo Lodge, No. 662; Trustees: Robert Dailey, of Beloit Lodge, No. 864; A. J. Horlick,

The commodious Home of Canton, Ill., Lodge, No. 626



Accommodations for Traveling Elks

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

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge No. 593
 Agana, Guam, Lodge No. 1281
 Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49
 Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461
 Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101
 Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345
 Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201
 Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266
 Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 104
 Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436
 Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10
 Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181
 Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36
 Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733
 Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4
 Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210
 Decatur, Ind., Lodge No. 993
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
 Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892
 Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 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
 Joansoa City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
 Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
 Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291
 Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319
 Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
 Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
 Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654
 Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
 Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301
 Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
 Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
 Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761
 Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
 Middleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
 Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
 Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46
 Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
 Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 245
 Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 215
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487
 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
 Patenogue, 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
 Pittsborough, 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
 Rochelle, Conn., Lodge No. 1359
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
 Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge No. 704
 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. 4357
 Vallejo, Calif., Lodge No. 550
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
 Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
 Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge No. 449
 Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850
 York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

If any Lodge has accommodations, but
is not listed here, The Elks Magazine
will be glad to include it without charge.

of Racine Lodge, No. 252; Knute Anderson, of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 402; Ray Steinhauer, of Madison Lodge, No. 410; Edmund Grassler, of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46.

The 1927 Convention will be held in Manitowoc.

Alaska Lodges Visited by Justice of Grand Forum

Walter F. Meier, Justice of the Grand Forum, recently visited the Lodges located in Alaska. Mr. Meier took a month to make the trip and covered 4,500 miles. Conferences were held by him with the officers and other prominent members of Lodges at Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, Anchorage and Cordova. Everywhere, throughout his trip, Mr. Meier was impressed by the excellent work being done by the Lodges in charitable and community activities.

Colonel James Hollis Wells Passes Away

Colonel James Hollis Wells, advisory architect to the Commission which was in charge of the erection of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, recently dedicated in Chicago, died at his home on September 24. Colonel Wells was a member of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, and had a wide acquaintanceship throughout the Order. He was a former Commander of the 71st Regiment, New York National Guard, and had seen service with this regiment in the Spanish-American War as Major, commanding it in the battle of San Juan Hill. For many years Colonel Wells played an important part in the business world of New York and New Jersey, where his engaging personality and his ability drew to him a host of friends. The funeral services at his home were impressively conducted. Fifty-six officers from the 71st Regiment who were formerly under the command of Colonel Wells acted as escort, and many people prominent in the business and professional life of the community were present. Among the honorary pallbearers were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania—both members of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Handsome New Home of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge to be Dedicated This Month

Dedication of the magnificent new Home of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, on Delaware Avenue, will take place early in November. Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov has been invited to conduct the services, and many other distinguished members of the Order will be present. The program calls for a three-day period of celebration. On the first day following the initiation of a class of candidates numbering close to 1,000, a large banquet will be given in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelov, and in celebration of the completion of the building. The dedication exercises will be held in the afternoon of the second day, beginning at 2 o'clock, and will be followed by a ball in the evening. The third day will be given over to a public inspection of the building.

The Home of Warren, Ohio, Lodge, No. 295



Ground was broken for the new Home on April 15, 1925, and the cornerstone was laid on Sunday afternoon, September 27. The whole building is handsomely and carefully arranged throughout, embodying every comfort, convenience and requisite of a modern club-house. Six stories high, and with a frontage of 122 feet, it is one of the largest Elk Homes in the East. Built of brick and stone, the dignity and symmetry of its design make it one of the fine examples of American artistic achievement. The entrance is a portal of classic beauty in which marble, bronze and stone are combined. Broad staircases, the large men's lounge, the library, the banquet hall, the billiard and pool-room, the bowling alleys and the luxuriously appointed ladies' parlors all testify to the completeness and good taste of the Home.

The Lodge room of the new Home is unusually impressive, measuring 50 by 70 feet, with a beamed ceiling 27 feet high. Another attractive feature of the Home is a beautiful tiled swimming-pool, which is 75 by 25 feet, and ranges in depth from 3 to 9 feet. In the sub-basement a complete filtering and purification plant has been installed where the water in the pool will be constantly recirculated. Adjoining the pool-room are the lockers, a complete hydro-therapeutic department with control table, masseur department, a steam-room, hot-room, rest-room, and the general showers. An auditorium, capable of seating 1,900 persons, will be used for banquets, motion-pictures, dances and entertainments, and will be equipped with a stage.

Traveling members of the Order will have every opportunity to enjoy this beautiful building, as the three upper floors will be given over to living-rooms. Two hand-ball courts of standard tournament size are located on one of the floors.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Forming Large Male Chorus

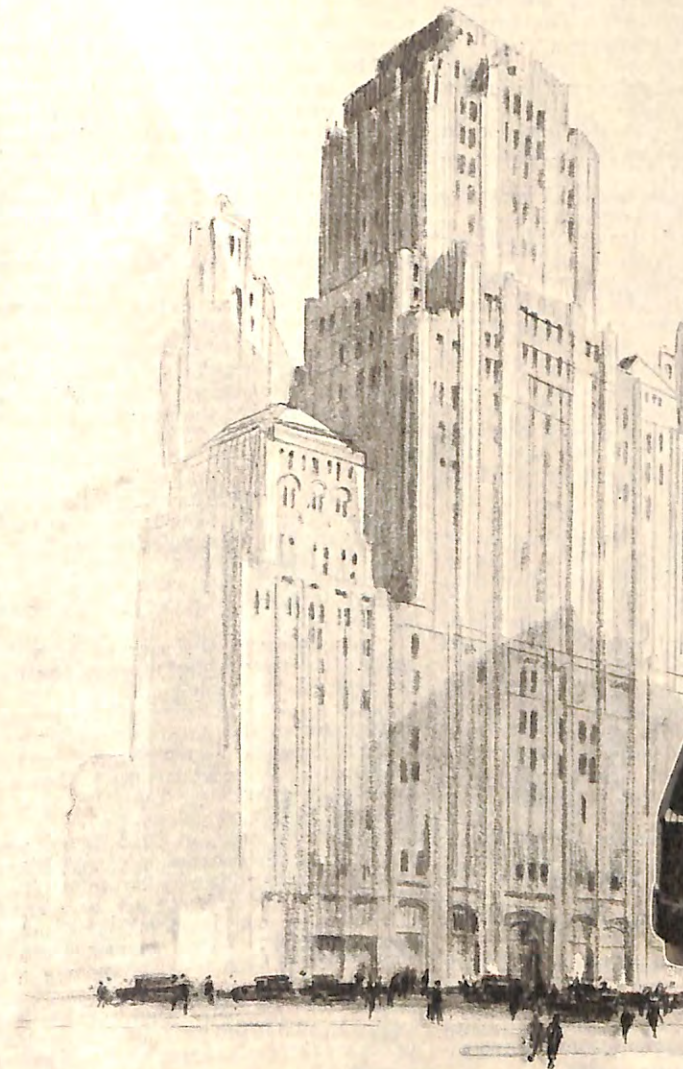
A male chorus of ninety-two voices is being formed by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, under the direction of Claude Madden, the noted conductor. There is much interest among the members of the Lodge in the new project and it is hoped to give a series of public concerts as soon as the organization is properly trained.

New Features Enliven Meetings Of Everett, Wash., Lodge

Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, opened its fall season with an unusually large attendance, which made the initial meeting one of the most enjoyable in recent years. Some new features were introduced which will add very considerably to the interest of the members. A "Glad Hand Committee" had been appointed, and functioned for the first time on this occasion. As the members arrived at the Home, each was requested to pin upon his coat lapel a slip of paper bearing his full name, and was instructed to shake hands with every other member he met, and to get acquainted with those he did not know. Every one took to the idea, and a warm spirit of fellowship pervaded the evening.

(Continued on page 70)

Sundstrand



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Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 33)

"Surely. Young and sensitive to impressions—and bitter against the world. And what has he done since: spent the three formative years of his life associating with convicts and absorbing their philosophy. That's why he isn't happy in your house, that's why this softness and indulgence is hurting instead of helping. I know something of what that boy has been through and I'm mighty sorry for him. But just the same, Borden, you're dealing with a criminal type."

"And whose fault is it?"

"Nobody's. You thought he was guilty. You were conscientious enough to drop personal feelings and assist in a prosecution which you thought was just—"

"And may I not be equally conscientious in making reparation?"

"Oh! the devil! You should have been a court house lawyer—not an industrial man. I wish you luck with the lad."

"I'm glad of that, Jonas—because I want your endorsement of something I propose to do."

"Eh?" Merriwether's suavity fell dangerously upon him again. "What?"

"Bob Terry's chief need now is work. Regular daily work—for a salary. He was an employee of this company when we sent him to prison, and I think—"

"—That he should come back to us?"

"Yes."

Merriwether's eyes narrowed. "That might be arranged, Peter. But, of course, in a very minor position."

Peter Borden rose and faced his president. "That won't do, Jonas."

"Why not?"

"You forget that this company is responsible for what has happened to Bob Terry. It is my idea to offer him the salary he would have been earning had he remained with us, as he undoubtedly would have done. Then to promote him as rapidly as possible until he holds the position which is the usual corollary of such a salary."

Merriwether laughed softly. "I'm afraid not, Peter. Such experiments are too likely to prove costly. Such a position as you have in mind is one of responsibility and financial trust. I would rather vote the boy a cash present—"

"He doesn't need money. He needs a job—and we owe it to him."

"Rubbish! Just because you are so damned conscientious is no reason why this corporation should be saddled with the burden. And furthermore—"

The voice of Peter Borden was bleakly incisive:

"I am operating vice-president of this company, Jonas. What I say goes. I say that I shall offer Bob Terry just the sort of position I have outlined. If at any time I exceed my authority and the board of directors wishes it—my resignation is before you. Is that clear?"

Horace Lambert's voice broke in, cheerful and good-natured.

"YOU two quit fighting. It strikes me that this is a great deal of to-do about nothing when we really have some important questions to consider. My opinion—and I think I can speak for the others—is that Peter has always been too confoundedly conscientious. But I fail to see that this failing is less broad than it is long. Certainly he has built this company up from a bankrupt state to the point where it is about to be a fairly large factor in the industrial scheme of the section. And I for one vote that he be given the usual free hand in whatever he wishes to do."

A short, stout, jolly man at the corner of the table made a laughing remark: "Peter will do it anyway, Jonas."

Merriwether knew that he was beaten. The cold light remained in his eyes, but he was forced to smile.

"I was giving advice—not orders, Peter."

"Thank you, Jonas."

"And of course you must not talk of resignation. I think the experiment is quixotic, but if you insist—"

"I do."

"Let's quit this and get down to business." It was Lambert speaking. "We've got a financial question to consider, and a damned impor-

tant one. Have you brought your statement, Borden?"

"Certainly." The vice-president opened a brief case and took from it a sheaf of neatly typewritten pages. "I have prepared this data carefully and if you wish—"

"Don't read it. Give us a summary."

Borden's eye swept the table interrogatively. "Will that be satisfactory?"

"Shoot!" ordered the round-faced man.

"Briefly, then, gentlemen—this company has been built up from nothing in the face of some rather bitter competition. We are ready to move into our new plant—a plant that was necessary if we are to continue our expansion. The building of that plant has been delayed because of a strike which has placed ourselves and the contractor in a rather delicate position. Callahan has laid his cards face up on the table. He tells me that if we force him to pay the forfeit under the contract for non-delivery of the plant on the specified date, he will be forced into bankruptcy. That might give us satisfaction, but certainly no profit. Now my idea is that we pool our interests with Callahan's, finance the settling of his labor troubles on the basis which the strikers ask, ourselves pay the difference and rush the plant through."

"And that will cost us how much?"

"Nothing in the end. It will require, however, about a quarter million dollars within the next three months. And there may be the necessity for another call later."

"And where are we to get this money?"

"That is a matter for you gentlemen to consider. Actually we will make a profit on this within two years. Otherwise our production will come to a standstill and we will face lawsuits over non-delivery of orders accepted on the basis of our increased capacity. If we raise this money—"

"We have exhausted our credit with the banks. They have loaned us every possible cent to finance this construction."

"I know that. And since this is very much of a closed corporation and can therefore proceed in a rather unorthodox manner, it is my idea for us, as individuals, to lend money to the company for—say—two years."

"How?"

"Negotiable securities. Among us, we hold liberty bonds, for instance, to considerably more than a quarter-million dollar total. Suppose then, that if the crisis can not be averted any other way, we lend those bonds to the company without interest. We can borrow face value on them from the bank and have the money which is essential to us if we wish to avoid a more serious condition. My idea is to finish the plant and rush into big production as soon as possible. Of course there is a chance that this will not be necessary."

Lambert interrupted. "I'm for it. There isn't an outside share of stock in the corporation and we fellows have known each other all our lives. What goes on inside the company is our own business . . . and not to be governed by general rules of industry. We're really risking nothing, and buying safety at medium cost. My vote is aye."

"And mine!" chorused two others.

Borden held out a restraining hand. "No necessity to rush. I merely wanted to explain the situation and sound you out. If you agree with my plan, then I shall know how to proceed. We may not have to do it at all; or again, we may need the money in an instant to reestablish credit. Is it agreed?"

They nodded. "Sounds like the only way," remarked Merriwether. "I can spare a hundred thousand dollars' worth now."

"Good. And you, Horace?"

"Forty."

"I can put in forty thousand," said Borden. "And you, Jim?"

Ten minutes later the chairs were scraped back from the table. But when the others left, Jonas Merriwether held back. He dropped his hand on Borden's arm.

"I trust your business judgment implicitly, Peter," he said, "but I'm doubtful about this Bob Terry thing."

(Continued on page 48)



Courtesy of
The Metropolitan Museum
of Art

1742-1743

—hall-marks on an 18th century cup.

Western Electric

—a modern craft's mark on the telephone.

Both worthy to be signed

A SILVER CUP BY LAMERIE — DATED 1742
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Each a masterpiece in its art. The one a thing of beauty—the other, of utility—both living up to craft standards that warrant their makers' signing them.

The proverbially high standards of old-time craftsmen find their counterpart in the

standards of modern craftsmen at the Western Electric telephone works. Here every item of apparatus must measure up to the mark of greatest efficiency and durability.

And so, by producing reliable equipment, Western Electric furnishes the Bell Telephone System with the very foundations of reliable service.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 46)



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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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WHY is it that in the thousands of letters we have received from pleased wearers of Foot-Joy Shoes so many use the same phrase; "I wouldn't know I had feet"?

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"There's no need, Jonas. The boy is pathetic."
 "I agree. But he has been exclusively in contact with criminals for three years . . . and he is human. Don't forget that, Peter. He is human."
 "Good God! Jonas—that is the very thing I am trying not to forget; can't you understand?"
 "Yes," answered the president, "I can. Better, perhaps, than you."

CHAPTER XII

TWICE Lois walked past Bob's door. Twice she paused and raised her hand to knock. And twice the thumping of her own heart frightened her and she moved away in a panic.

Lois was more worried than she knew. She herself did not realize what Bruce Richardson already knew—that her pity for this man had already overstepped the bounds of impersonality. Lois herself would have been amazed at the knowledge that she was in love with Bob.

There was much that Lois did not know about Bob Terry—and by the same token, there was much that she did know. She knew, for instance, that he was not unconscious of the fact that those who tried to cultivate him did so because they were curious; she knew that there was no business man in the city who would trust Bob. The bitter light of the criminal flamed occasionally from his eyes . . . and at times he was furtive and secretive. But society had been outwardly nice to him, because he was the seven-days wonder of the city: the man who had served three years in a penal institution for a crime he had not committed.

There were some who came to the Borden home with the idea of asking questions. There was one woman—a social worker interested in prison reform—who called one afternoon with the idea of discussing with Bob her theories of prison life. He had sat in the corner staring at her out of his dark-rimmed eyes and finally he had risen and walked from the room without a word. The lady was duly insulted and properly scandalized and went around the city telling her friends that Bob Terry was a beast who belonged in prison.

Lois knew that the public believed that Terry belonged to it. Individually and en masse it proffered community sympathy when really all it held was curiosity. Newspapers tried to interview him and at one such attempted interview Bob remembered that he was no longer a convict and told a particularly impertinent reporter to go to hell. This reporter rushed back to his office and wrote an interview which his city editor wisely refused to print.

"Libelous," said this man—"and damned unkind."

Yet it was not that which worried Lois Borden—unfair as it was. The thing which preyed upon her mind was the fact that Bob was not entirely out of contact with life. Somewhere he had discovered human interests. John Carmody, of course, that silken-voiced, ultracourteous man who controlled the city, the county and a goodly part of the State.

And Kathleen Shannon.

Lois didn't know Kathleen and could not understand why she hated the girl. It did not occur to her that she was jealous. She thought simply that she was afraid for Bob because the kindly Bruce Richardson—who never spoke ill of anybody—had told her of the scandal which people were pleased to imagine existed between the Shannon girl and John Carmody.

That seemed to indicate, then, that Kathleen Shannon was not a fit woman for any man to know intimately—particularly a person suffering from mental unrest.

The door of Bob's room opened and he stepped into the hall. Sight of him restored Lois's courage and she moved forward quickly to his side.

"Bob," she asked—"won't you stay home to-night? I wish to talk with you."

His face was expressionless. "Why?"

"I do. It is important. Won't you, please?"

Bob had not yet learned to refuse, but he asked one question. "Alone?"

"Yes—alone. Oh! Bob—aren't you ever going to forgive Dad for his mistake?"

And Bob Terry looked at her with an expression which caused her soul to shrivel. It was

agate hard, and his voice was like the rasp of a file. What he said was: "No!" She shuddered—then spoke kindly again.

"You will stay home?"

"Yes, ma'am." He himself flushed at the "Ma'am." "I'll telephone. . . ."

She could not help but overhear his call. It was to Alfred Gregory—State Senator Al Gregory. Lois knew him; a legal associate of Carmody's, well-born, handsome in a coarse, egotistic way; a loud and florid orator and a thorough political spellbinder who was overly cautious, utterly unscrupulous, and who was spoken of generally as a gubernatorial possibility. There was grave danger in Bob's association with this man. It seemed that the Carmody web was weaving about him, meshing him inextricably in its invisible strands: Carmody himself, Todd Shannon, who was Carmody's client; Kathleen Shannon, his secretary; Whispering Willie Weaver . . . and now State Senator Al Gregory. Lois listened to the conversation—innocuous enough in itself, but conducted by Bob Terry with a freedom and lack of restraint which had never been apparent in his relationship with her. It was with a feeling of desperation that she led the way into the living-room and seated herself on the lounge beside the young man with the tired eyes.

She did not equivocate, although her voice was rather strained.

"Bob," she questioned, "why won't you accept that position which Dad offered you?"

His eyes were focused blankly on the opposite wall.

"I don't care to work in that office again."

His unblushing candor helped her.

"Why?"

"Isn't that obvious?"

"Not exactly. Dad is trying to help you."

"I don't want any help. I don't need any."

"But Bob—you do. It has been a long time . . . and you've done nothing. Oh! I know you don't need the work for the money it would bring you. When Dad said he owed you an irreparable debt, he meant it. He meant that you could call on him for every cent of his personal fortune. But that isn't the point: You're in an unhealthy mental condition—"

"Is that unnatural?"

"**C**ERTAINLY not. And it isn't unnatural for one to contract pneumonia after exposure . . . but then one tries to cure the disease. You have been sitting around thinking, and thinking isn't good for you."

"I got the habit—in prison."

"But you're not in prison now, Bob—"

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Oh! can't you see what it is all leading to: this inaction, this refusal to let us help? What are you waiting for?"

"Todd Shannon."

"Your cellmate?"

"The only friend I have. Mr. Carmody says he'll be out any day now. I can talk things over with him. He understands."

"But he's the one person who doesn't understand. He's a criminal, Bob—a convicted criminal."

"So was I."

"But you have said that he doesn't even claim to have been innocent. I don't say he's not a loyal friend and that you shouldn't be fond of him . . . but I do say that his judgment cannot possibly be good. His judgment is warped."

"It's good enough for me."

"No-o . . . you merely think it is. Please try to pull yourself out of this. Work—any kind of work—outside interests. . . ." She leaned forward earnestly: a cool, slim blonde thing through whose golden-brown hair the soft light of the reading lamp filtered exquisitely. "Your real friends are here. You are bitter against Dad—I understand that; but he is trying to help. Bruce Richardson is trying to be your friend. Don't you like him?"

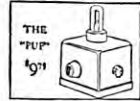
There was a touch of animation in the man's set face.

"Yes. Richardson is all right. But he doesn't understand."

"What?"

(Continued on page 50)

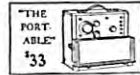
CROSLY RADIO
All prices slightly higher west of Rocky Mts.



THE "PUP" '29
This little double-circuit 1-tube set has made long distance records.



THE "4-29" '29
4 tubes. Amazing efficiency, Crescendon equipped!



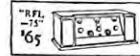
THE "PORTABLE" '33
The 4-29 in portable form.



THE "5-38" '38
Five tubes, tuned radio frequency. Two stages non-oscillating radio frequency amplification, Crescendon, two stages audio frequency amplification.



THE "5-50" '50
5 tubes, 1-dial control acuminators, Crescendon, power tube adaptability.



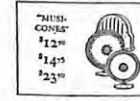
"RFL" '65
5 tubes. True-cascade amplification; non-oscillating and non-radiating.



THE "5-75" CONSOLE '75
In solid mahogany console, 6-tube \$50 instrument, Crosley Musicone speaker, ample compartment for batteries.



"RFL-90" CONSOLE '90
Double drum station selector! Musicone and room for batteries and accessories.



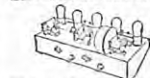
"MUSICONE" '12.50, '14.75, '23.50
12-inch size, \$12.50. Super Musicone, \$14.75. Musicone Deluxe, \$23.50. Also beautiful Musicone console with room for batteries and accessories, as below.



Crosley Features

"CRESCENDON"
When, on ordinary radios, ears must strain to catch a station miles away, a turn of the Crescendon on Crosley radios instantly swells reception to room-fil-

ling volume. An exclusive Crosley feature. **ALL-METAL SHIELDED CHASSIS**



This truly great radio achievement, found in several Crosley sets,

furnishes a substantial frame for mounting elements, produces excellent alignment of condensers, shields the units from each other, prevents interstage, improves the stability of the circuit, increases selectivity and saves costs by standardizing this phase of manufacture.

THE SINGLE-DIAL STATION SELECTOR

Nothing in radio equals the joy or the convenience of single dial control. Crosley single drum control enables you to find the stations sought without log book or "tuning"

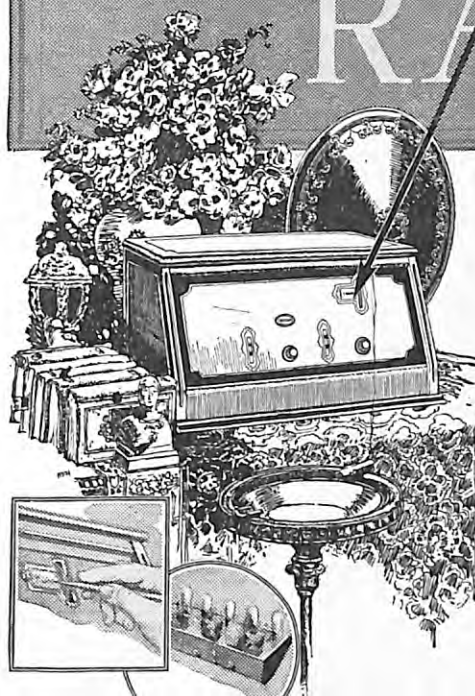
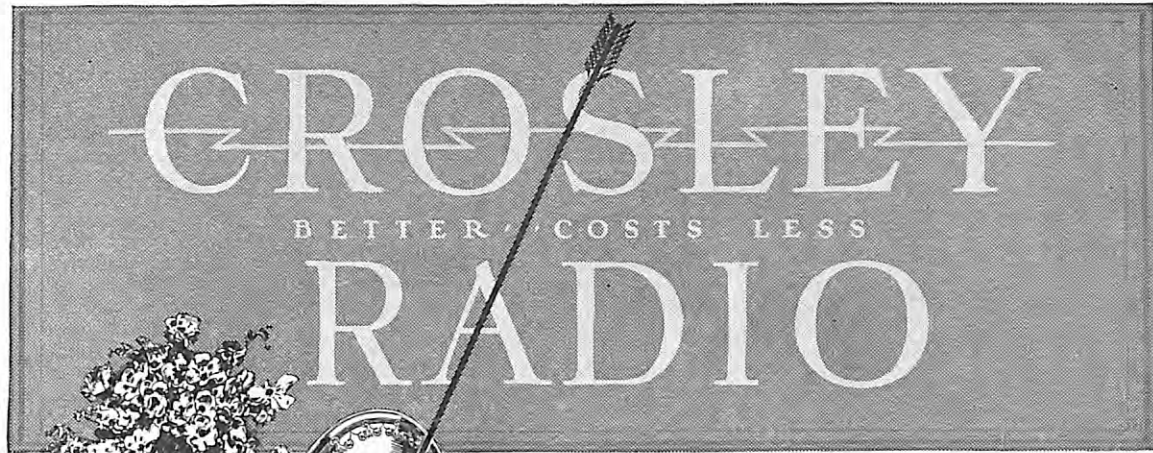
THE "ACUMINATORS"

Crosley Acuminators provides sharp tuning where reception spreads broadly over dial, easily tune out local and bring in far stations. Ordinarily, once adjusted and they need not be touched again.

USE OF POWER TUBE

Power tube adaptability marks the Crosley "5-50", "5-75" and "RFL" sets. This feature typifies Crosley provision for best radio reception at moderate cost. This feature is in keeping with all that is most progressive.

QUALITY AND BEAUTY IN CABINETS AND CONSOLES



One-dial control. You find your station, then write its letters on the graphic dial, locating it once and for all, to turn to whenever your fancy dictates.

The new Crosley all-metal shielded chassis not only aids in producing astounding selectivity, but standardizes manufacture and helps make possible the price of \$50.

One-Dial Control!
... in this amazing 5-tube set at \$50

Already the new 5-tube Crosley set, at \$50, has met such a tremendous demand as to confirm the prediction that it will replace thousands upon thousands of sets now in use.

Confronted by high prices, many people who desired to replace their old sets have hitherto hesitated to do so. Now... in the new Crosley "5-50"... they find the features and qualities they desire, formerly exclusive to very high priced sets... available at small investment.

The incomparable joys of Single-Dial Control! Uncanny selectivity, resulting from its metal-shielded chassis and the surpassing efficiency of the Crosley circuit's advanced design! Exquisite volume, thanks to the matchless Crescendon! Crosley Acuminators, power tube adaptability... all the attributes of radio at its best... for \$50!

In all the Crosley line no instrument represents a greater triumph than this wonderful 5-tube set. Examine the line in full, as illustrated in the marginal column at the left... each item a victory for mass production in reducing radio prices. Then see the Crosley line at Crosley dealers... including the new "5-50"... now on display!

See it... hear it. View the refreshing beauty of its solid mahogany cabinet. Operate it yourself. Watch the stations, written in on the graphic dial, parade before you and usher in their programs with unerring accuracy. Sharpen the selection with the Crosley Acuminators. Release inspiring volume by means of the Crescendon.

Know what heights... in tone, volume, selectivity and sensitivity... radio of moderate price has reached!

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Crosley manufactures radio receiving sets, which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149 or under patent applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc., and other patents issued and pending. Owning and operating station WLW, first remote control super-power station in America. All prices without accessories.



President
For Catalogue write Dept 215



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HATCHWAY No-Button Union Suit

Is just what the name says. It is knit without a single button in its entire construction. This buttonless feature which is found exclusively in Hatchway insures maximum comfort, a snug fit, and a longer life for the union suit. You are saved all the bother of replacing buttons which are always coming off old-fashioned garments. Just step into the legs and slip your arms through the shoulders . . . simple as can be. Hatchway No-Button union suit saves the man's time in dressing and a woman's time in sewing on buttons.

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

\$2.00; \$2.50; \$3.00; \$4.00; \$5.00; \$6.00

Boys' Suits

Ages 6 to 16 only—\$1.50; \$2.00

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.

DEALERS

Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
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Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada.

The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 48)

"Things," he answered vaguely. "The same sort of things you don't understand, either."

"Well, then—myself. I want to help . . . and if I don't understand, it's because you won't let me. Is that fair, Bob? Is it fair to shut me out as though I didn't exist?"

He faced her, a puzzled expression on his countenance. He closed his eyes slowly—and opened them again. It was as though he were seeing her for the first time.

She took shape before his eyes, now; and he knew that once he had worshiped Lois Borden from a great distance, and it came to him that here was that same woman pleading with him to accept her friendship.

A warm glow suffused him. He experienced an emotion which he had not known since that ghastly day three years and a half before when they had arrested him for embezzlement. He turned away, as though blinded by the white light of this revelation that prison had not robbed him of woman consciousness . . . and he felt the first vague stirrings of a desire to please this slender girl, to make her glad with him.

"I—I do know that you exist," he said slowly. "God knows . . ." He bit his lip.

"And you will let me help?"

"If you think I'm worth-while—yes."

"Worth-while!" In her exultation, the words were out before she realized. "You are the most worth-while thing in the world!"

It was not her words, but the timbre of her voice which caused him to turn and gaze straight into her eyes. And there, alone in that room, they realized that they were man and woman and the barriers of the past were momentarily swept away as they sensed that from this moment on their relations could never be other than intensely personal.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ebony face of Croesus was insinuated through the door.

"Mistuh Terry," he announced, "somebody has done calt you on the telephone."

Bob smiled slightly. Croesus was one of the few persons in the world who could cause Terry's lips to expand with humor.

"Any idea who it is?"

"Dunno, suh. But I think—" Croesus lowered his voice and looked carefully about the room—"I think it was that lady fum Mistuh Carmody's office."

A faint touch of color reddened Bob's cheeks. He finished knotting his scarf, donned his coat and went to the little telephone alcove in the upstairs hall. His voice was scarcely more than a whisper.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Bob?"

"Yes, Kathleen."

"Mr. Carmody wants to speak with you. I'll connect—"

"Just a minute. I'd rather talk with you."

"Now, Bob—"

"I would—really. There are lots of things—"

"I can't now, Bob. Mr. Carmody is waiting."

"When, then?"

"Lunch?"

"Oh! Great! I'll be—" Then the telephone was blank and an instant later he heard a click and Carmody's silken voice came to him over the wire.

"Terry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Coming down this way to-day?"

"I can, sir."

"How about sparing me a few minutes during the morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good."

The connection broke. That was Carmody's way: superbly courteous and embarrassingly definite. But Bob was not at all averse. His problem in the Borden home was becoming acute and the birth of a personal interest in Lois had rather complicated matters. He felt the urge toward a definite step—the inaction of the past three months was cankerous, and if John Carmody wished to see him . . .

Kathleen was at her desk when he passed through her office, but she refused to talk with

him. He stood regarding her for a moment, and there came over him the subtle difference which existed in his relations with her and with Lois Borden.

For three months he had been in intimate contact with Lois, yet not until recently had he sensed her as a woman. From the very outset, on the other hand, he had experienced sex consciousness of Kathleen Shannon. It was, perhaps, because she gave understanding rather than sympathy; because she, too, knew the dreary combat of a prison problem in one's personal life; because she spoke the language that he understood. . . .

He looked up to Kathleen, but it was not the impersonal worship which he had accorded Lois in the old days before he had been sent to prison. Kathleen was disturbingly real, amazingly desirable.

And they belonged on the same plane. Therein lay the difference in the quality of his feeling toward the two girls. Lois was a creature of lofty altitudes: Kathleen with a touch of boyishness own kind. He smiled with a touch of boyishness as he pushed open Carmody's door and entered.

The slender man rose and advanced with hand outstretched. Bob's fingers, themselves not large, completely enclosed Carmody's hand, and he had the feeling that he could crush every bone in the lawyer's hand by a mere contraction of the palm. Yet there was something in Carmody's eye which had prevented many men from that—not a gross threat of physical reprisal, but a promise of danger in case of enmity.

Carmody pressed a cigarette upon his visitor, installed him in a comfortable chair and spoke sociably.

"I've been waiting, Terry."

"For what, sir?"

"Your answer to my offer."

Bob hesitated. The man opposite cast a spell over him. He was so powerful in his weakness.

"I don't know, Mr. Carmody—"

"Listen to me, Terry—and I am trying to be friendly: aren't you rather letting things drift a bit too long?"

"I think so, sir. But then—"

"—You haven't your bearings yet, eh? I quite understand that. It is the chief reason I called you in here. I want to talk with you. I like you and want to do what I can for you. No—it's not charity. You can be useful to me—quite useful. Your position in this city is unique. You have social contacts which this office can use in ways which will become clear to you if you accept my offer. May I ask a personal question?"

"Of course."

"What do you think you will do? What problem has kept you idle?"

Their eyes met. In Carmody's glance was penetrating keenness and understanding. And there was something else . . . cold speculation.

Bob spoke haltingly—"I'm afraid you wouldn't understand. . . ."

"I would."

"I went to prison for something I didn't do. It rather broke me. I used to have what you call ideals. I haven't any more. Does that seem queer?"

"Not at all."

"In prison I was a convict. People came and stared at me. Once in a while somebody would ask who I was and the guard would tell them—right out loud, as though I were not a human being and didn't have any right to be ashamed. And after a while I wasn't ashamed. It was like that: They found out that I could sing a little, and when the prison had a concert for some club women they made me sing. I didn't want to—but they told me to do it, and I had to. A sentimental ballad. And the women all said how pathetic it was and they came to me afterwards and wanted to know why I was in prison and I told them embezzlement. There never was any use explaining I was innocent." His fist clenched—"I could never sing again, Mr. Carmody."

"Go ahead."

"Todd Shannon was my friend. He made it pretty easy for me there. When I couldn't get my task at first in the mill . . . each prisoner

(Continued on page 52)



Condemned to Siberia for the winter ...is this your family?

MANY a free-born American family today stands on the brink of Winter, condemned to the discomforts of cold radiators and shivery rooms.

They will be cold because the heating system is not kept warm—not properly insulated. They will wear wraps and shiver when proper wraps on the heating system—pipe covering—should keep them comfortable.

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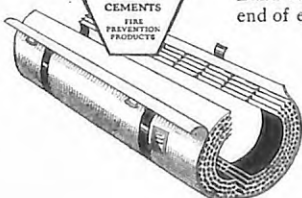
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Look for the Red
Band on the inside
end of each length.



Improved **Asbestocel**
SAVES FUEL

The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 50)



Thanks for the Buggy Ride and

BUCK JACK



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Depending on weight of material

TAKE your best girl for a ride—you all dolled up in your Buck Jack—and you are either going to stop on the way and buy her one, or come home minus your own.

And no wonder! Buck Jack has sweaters, flannel shirts and coats lashed to the mast. WARMER than a sweater, convenient as a shirt, and far, far cheaper than a coat. And as for looks—oh, man!

Fleecy, all-wool fabrics—hundreds of them. Hefty, stout flannels, tightly woven, that won't let the c-c-cold wind through. And what Colors! Rich warm Reds—Gulf Blues—Hemlock Greens—Yellows brilliant as sunlight—colors that glow and flame. Springy belt, double stitched seams, convertible collar, over-size flap pockets, adjustable two-button cuffs.

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Mail me a Free copy of your "Family Album" folder showing Buck Jacks in a variety of patterns, from \$5 to \$8.50; and showing also the famous Buck Skein Shirt at \$4 and Buck Skein Jacket at \$6.50.

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has a certain amount of work to turn out each day. . . . Todd would stay over and help me. There were others, too; murderers and burglars and hold-up men and sneak thieves and liquor-runners and dope peddlers. Those were my only friends for three years . . . and all that time I remembered that I was innocent and that I would not have been there except for Peter Borden. And I swore that some day I'd get even for what he had done."

"Yet you went into his home as his guest." There was mild reproof in Carmody's tone.

Bob bit his lip and a fire of fury blazed in his eyes.

"Because that was the best way to discover what would hurt him worst!"

"A-a-a-ah! I see."

"No you don't. Nobody does. Nobody will ever know how I feel toward that man. If I could kill him and never be caught I wouldn't—because he wouldn't suffer. I pretend that I have forgotten and forgiven, but I haven't. I can't think of my future, I can't think of work, I can't think of anything except getting even. I don't care a damn what they do to me afterwards. . . ." His voice dropped to a whisper. "But it isn't easy to make a man like Borden suffer. He has so much. . . . When I was coming out of prison I thought I'd steal from him: make him suffer in a material way. But he denied me even that pleasure by offering to give me everything he has."

"And you—?"

"I'm helpless. There would be no use in stealing what I could have for the asking . . . and day after day I've been sitting at the house or walking around wondering what I could do to get even—I don't suppose you understand that."

"Yes, Terry—I do. It is human and natural. And it was because I suspected all this that I sent for you to come to me. In one way our interests are identical."

Bob showed his surprise. "Ours?"

"Yes. I have long had a crow to pick with Borden. There are reasons. . . . It may be that, together, something might transpire. Of course, if your feelings are not genuinely bitter. . . ."

"God knows they are!"

"Then your presence here might help. I don't want to rush you, though. The offer remains open. The place I offer you is for general work of a sort which can not instantly be explained." A frosty smile crossed Carmody's lips. "You have probably heard a great deal of me—none of it pleasant. It may be that my code of ethics is not the same as that of certain other men—Peter Borden for instance. But I do a great deal of good in my own way. My own way, you understand. And the men who benefit most are those who have been your associates and friends for the past three years. Men like Todd Shannon. Think it over, Terry."

Bob rose. He was vastly impressed and deeply grateful.

"I'm just waiting for Todd to get out, sir. I sort of want to talk things over with him. I think I'll accept, though . . . I know I sound ungrateful, but you see, I can't think of anything except how I hate Borden. And what you said to me just now—"

"Good-by, Terry."

"Good-by, sir."

Bob Terry entered Kathleen's office and closed the door. But before he could speak with her the buzzer sounded from Carmody's desk and she vanished in answer to the summons.

Carmody was smiling as he looked up at the girl. He was drumming softly on the desk with the tips of his delicate fingers.

"I've hooked him," he said with a frankness he used only with his secretary and with Whispering Willie Weaver. "You land him for me."

CHAPTER XIV

IT WAS difficult for Bob to raise his eyes when he walked. It was impossible for him to change expression save for an occasional fleeting smile over something Kathleen said. He did not know that the girl at his side yearned over him because of the unjust scars, he could not

know that through more than one night she sat dry-eyed and staring, thinking of him, suffering with him.

They entered a modest restaurant and found a corner table for two. She stated her order concisely—then sat back and studied him as his haggard eyes focussed upon the menu.

There was a change in the man since she had first met him: a bit of color had crept into his cheeks, the dark circles around the eyes were less prominent, the cheek bones were not so much in evidence and, occasionally, he gazed squarely into one's eyes—briefly, amazingly, as though shocked at his own temerity.

Kathleen knew that Bob's battle with himself was unconscious. He did not know that he was overcoming—with ghastly slowness—the sinister impressions of his three-year imprisonment. That eternity had schooled him against yearning into the future. Only occasionally did he galvanize into action and that was when he thought of Peter Borden. . . .

Kathleen shared his hatred of Borden. True, she knew Borden almost exclusively through the eyes of John Carmody; but with the living victim of the man's conscientiousness facing her across the luncheon table . . . she hated Borden even more bitterly than Terry himself. And therefore, with a revealing human frankness, she was not unwilling that Bob should satisfy his longing for reprisal.

THERE was another angle to the situation which was clear: Inaction was Bob's greatest single enemy. It was impossible for him to continue as he had since leaving prison: moving indifferently, automatically from one day to the next. He needed to become an actor in the little drama—to do something definite and positive. And even though that something was an act of revenge against Peter Borden it were better than this unhuman, purposeless existence.

It was because of this that Kathleen was a willing ally of Carmody's. She preferred for Bob any action rather than no action. She knew Carmody—knew him better, probably, than anyone in the world. She knew just what the man would, and would not, do; she knew the exact degree of elasticity in his ethical code. She knew everything about him . . . except the fact that when Carmody looked at her it was with covetous eye. That she did not, and could not suspect. She scarcely knew that there was a physical side to Carmody.

"Bob—" She leaned across the table—

"Why don't you do it?"

"What?"

"Come to the office—accept Carmody's offer?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. . . . There's no hurry, is there?"

"He can't wait always."

"No-o. Why is he so interested in me, Kathleen?"

"Several reasons. For one thing Peter Borden is an open and active enemy. Borden, as you know, is our Model Citizen: leader of reform campaigns, originator of clean-up movements, a great crusader against vice. But the real basis of Mr. Carmody's hatred of Mr. Borden was the latter's effort to have Carmody disbarred."

"I hadn't heard—"

"No. You were—away—then. Mr. Carmody quite frankly fixed a jury to suit himself. It is done frequently, but Mr. Carmody only does it when he feels that he is defending an innocent client who faces hopelessly convicting evidence. His fixing was done by arranging with someone in the clerk's office that nothing but favorable names were to be in the jury box . . . you understand."

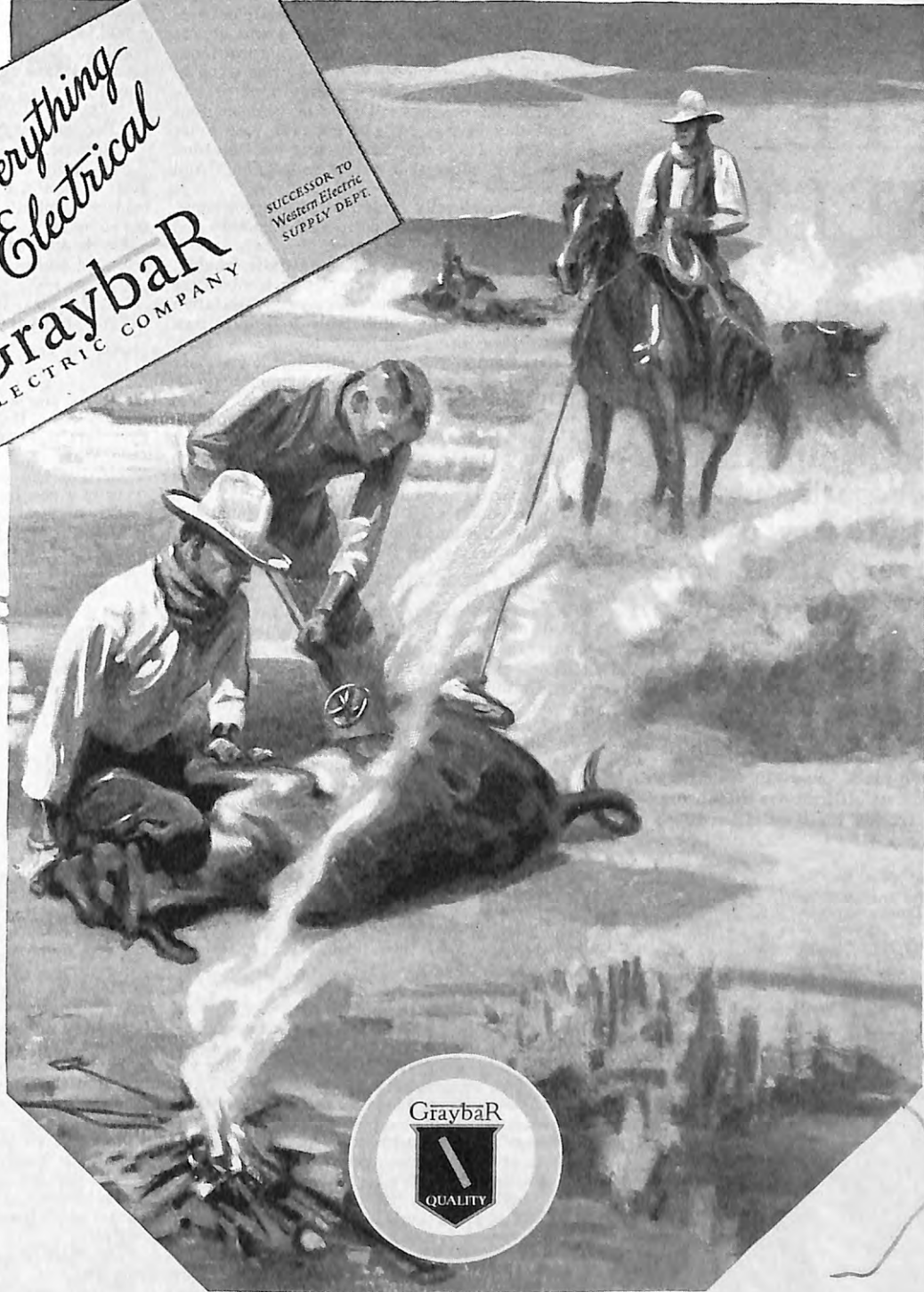
"Yes." Bob nodded slowly. "I have heard all about that sort of thing."

"It is dishonest, of course. But I've seen it bring justice more times than injustice. At any rate, this time it was pretty crude, and through his brother-in-law, who is a rather prominent attorney, Peter Borden sought to have Carmody disbarred. And the attempt very nearly succeeded. For two or three days Carmody was like a crazy man. Before, he had been laughingly indifferent to the attack. But when it

(Continued on page 54)



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75 cents each.
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CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine.
Toledo, Ohio



The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 52)

began to look as though the foundations were to be blasted from under him—he was almost wild. And for weeks after things turned out all right, I thought Mr. Carmody was going to have a breakdown. He couldn't think or talk or transact business. To me he confided that some day he was going to get even with Peter Borden. The thing has become an obsession with him—together out of proportion. And now—"

She gazed levelly at him: "And now you come. You are a victim of Borden's smug honesty and nauseating conscientiousness. You are intelligent, you are bitter. You are, quite frankly, not overburdened with scruples or troublesome ideals—because of your three-year association with men who think differently from most men—and are being punished because of that. Peter Borden takes you into his home. He makes a great public gesture of acknowledgment that he has been wrong. He becomes a hero in his own eyes and in the eyes of the public. He does, perhaps, everything in the world that he can to make amends—I'll admit that much for him. But John Carmody knows that you are a perfect person for what he wants. You are in contact with the intimate, personal side of Peter Borden; you are in a position to find the weakness which Borden doesn't show in his dealings with the outside world. Now do you understand?"

He regarded her gravely. "I'm glad you told me this, Kathleen. It seemed awfully queer that Carmody should want me, specifically. I knew there must be some deeper reason."

"Carmody is a big man, too, Bob." She spoke with convincing earnestness. "I've been with him a long time—I know just how big he is. He would naturally have been glad to do something for you: Your friendship with Uncle Todd . . . I do wish you'd come down to the office. It would give you something to do."

"I don't have to work, you know."

"You mean money? Borden's money?"

"Why not? Haven't I earned it?"

"I'm not criticizing. I'm just saying I wouldn't."

His eyes narrowed speculatively. "You think less of me for it?"

"No-o. . . ."

"You do!"

"It's none of my business, Bob."

"But it is." He spoke swiftly . . . a rare thing with him. "It is your business. You—you—"

The color drained from her cheeks. She was staring at him wide-eyed. "Please, Bob . . ."

"You've been kind to me. No—I don't mean kind. You have seemed to understand. I haven't felt embarrassed with you. I used to think it was because you were Todd's niece. But it isn't that. It's because you . . . because you and I . . ." He clenched his fists and looked away. "Oh! damn it! Kathleen—I'm always messing things up."

She did not speak. She sat looking at his averted face, the deeply chiseled profile, the lines of torture about the corners of eyes and lips, the stooped shoulders. . . .

"Bob?"

Her voice came to him softly above the clatter of silverware and the chatter of conversation.

"Yes?"

"What were you trying to tell me?"

"Nothing."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'm just a fool, Kathleen. I'm no good. I can't think of anything except Borden. I hate the man so deeply I'd kill him if I had the nerve—and that's rotten. What right have I—"

"Stop, Bob—please. Let me say something: There isn't but one thing in the world I truly hate—and that's a quitter. When you tell me that you want to get even with Borden, I can applaud you, because it takes a degree of courage and of manhood. If you want to make him suffer—go ahead. You have that privilege. You hate—and only strong men can hate as you do. But for God's sake—do something. I've watched you, I've suffered with you. I know you. And I'd rather see you working with Carmody, doing some of the things which

he would ask you to do and which the world would frown upon—than see you continue to do nothing. That is why I am so insistent—it is because I have thought so much about you, and hoped for you."

"Why?" His voice was sharp and direct.

"Because . . ."

"Because you are sorry for me?"

She hesitated, then with a quick, impulsive gesture, placed her hand over his. "Bob," she said: "A minute ago you were trying to tell me something. What was it?"

He looked at her in a panic. His heart pounded and his vision blurred.

"I—I—"

"Will it make it easier for you to say it, Bob—if I tell you that I love you?"

CHAPTER XV

FOR a single glorious moment, the world stopped. Bob's heart was pounding, his eyes were wide, he trembled. Looking into the twin stars of Kathleen Shannon's eyes, Bob knew that this instant marked the commencement of a new epoch in his life.

The declaration had sprung unbidden from her lips. She had not thought of it—nor weighed consequences. It had seemed the frank and natural thing to do, and she did it; without hesitation, without mock modesty, without reserve. But her cheeks were very white and her eyes very dark as she watched the effect on the man opposite. She waited tensely for words which were so slow in coming—

"Oh Kathleen!" he said at length—"Oh Kathleen!"

That was all. They were oblivious to everything in the world save themselves and this exquisite moment . . . and then his voice came again: broken, piteously pleading.

"You don't really mean that, Kathleen."

"Yes, Bob. I mean it."

"But you couldn't. I'm no good. I'm a jailbird. I'm—"

"I love you, Bob. And it isn't fair that you should not know."

He bit his lip. "Do you love me, Kathleen—or are you just sorry?"

"Can't you look at me and answer that for yourself?"

Her eyes compelled his. She was gloriously alive and vivid: eyes and hair of midnight, lips of coral and cheeks of roseblush and there was in her whole attitude the manner of a woman who surrenders to the man she loves. Kathleen was too strong a character to regret what she had done; too sure of herself to harbor petty fears that she perhaps had overstepped the bounds of convention. And, most important of all, she knew herself. She loved Bob Terry—she realized now that she had loved him almost from the moment when he had stepped into the Carmody offices; pallid, broken and bitter.

His voice brought her back to the immediate moment:

"You would really marry me, Kathleen?"

She did not evade. "Yes."

"Oh. . . ."

He looked away from her; but whether into the past or the future, she could not tell. And because she was intensely a woman, she questioned him:

"Do you want me, Bob?"

"Want you?" He swung back to her and she saw a flare of wild passion in his eyes. "Want you? Good God! can you doubt that? Haven't you known it—always? From the moment I saw you in Carmody's office? Haven't you felt it every second we have been together? I can't talk. I have forgotten how . . . but most especially cannot talk about—this—you and me . . ."

She traced on the tablecloth with the tip of her slender finger, and a wistful little smile played about her lips.

"I expect Uncle Todd in a week," she said. "He will be surprised."

"Will he?" The question came naturally, without thought of its penetration.

"Perhaps not," she answered gravely. "He loves us both very dearly."

"We will tell him together."

"Yes. It will make him happy."
 "It will. Queer man—Todd."
 "Queer. And lovable. Naturally honest, naturally decent . . . yet with a mental quirk which occasionally overbalances his brain. He does things . . . perhaps he will again."
 "Not with us—!" He stopped short and stared at her. "When will we be married, Kathleen?"

And now her bravery vanished and it was she who looked away. Lovemaking had seemed so safe and wonderful in the crowded restaurant. The merest mention of marriage . . . her exquisite body went cold and then hot. For a few minutes she was just plain woman.

"Not now, Bob."
 "Why?"
 "We must wait."
 "For what?"
 "You. You must pull yourself together. You must do something. I love you, Bob—and I wouldn't hurt you for worlds . . . but can't you realize that I couldn't live on money which Peter Borden was giving you?"

Bob felt himself shriveling. For the first time since leaving the penitentiary, he experienced a sense of shame over his anomalous position in the Borden home.

"If I did something? If I went to work for Carmody?"
 "Then—when you were able—and wanted me, I would come to you."

He gazed levelly at her, and she quivered to see the smoldering flame. "You understand one thing, Kathleen—I hate Peter Borden."
 "I understand."

"From the day I went to prison I swore I was living for one thing: to make him suffer. That has been my single idea since I came out. Perhaps that isn't heroic . . . but it is the one thing which I shall do. Much as I love you—and you don't know how much that is—I could never be happy until I had made Borden understand from personal experience what it means to suffer. I don't know how I shall do it. I don't know when. But if there is a single ambition in my soul—that is it. And it wouldn't be fair to you—if you didn't understand."

"I do, Bob."
 "And sympathize?"
 "Yes—I do. That, too, may be a hopelessly human confession. But I must be honest. If I were in your place, I should feel the same way."

The bond between them was cemented more firmly. They were allies in this thing. The girl did not quibble. She accepted his hatred as human and strong and natural. . . .

"We'll tell Todd when he comes out, Bob. But nobody else."

"Very well. I'm going to wait until I see him—and talk things over—before definitely accepting Carmody's offer."

They moved from the restaurant together. In the street his finger tightened on her arm and they both trembled. And then suddenly he moved to the curb and hailed a taxi. She looked at him in amazement.

"A taxi, Bob?"
 He did not answer. They entered the cab and he gave the address to the astonished driver who was unused to being summoned for rides of a meager four blocks.

The Bob Terry inside the taxicab, however, was not the furtive, uncertain Bob of the past months. He had called the taxi for a definite reason. Time was short. . . .

His hand closed over hers. Then it swept boldly about her shoulders and he drew her to him with a strength she had not suspected.

She did not coquette. For an eternal instant they stared into each other's eyes: then their lips met hotly and clung. . . .

She dismissed him at the entrance of the office building and her eyes were sparkling as she watched him swing through the crowds with a free-hipped stride she had never before seen. She passed into the building and rode to the floor where the Carmody suite was housed. Willie Weaver whispered a greeting through the open door of his office. Kathleen seated herself at the machine and touched the keys. But the sound of typebars against platen was evidently the sound for which John Carmody had been waiting. The door of his office opened and his frail figure stood beside the girl's desk.
 "What luck, Kathleen?"

(Continued on page 56)

This New-Type Lather softens your beard at the base—scientifically

—brings comfort you've never known before

A NEW shaving experience awaits you—an experience such as you have never known before.

It is a complete new shaving method—developed by Colgate chemists to meet today's need for a scientific softener of the beard.

It is really shaving cream in concentrated form—a super water-absorbent that soaks the beard soft with moisture at the base, right where the razor work is done.

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In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows. This gives two distinct advantages: (1) They hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard. (2) They penetrate right to the base of the 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.

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In this way the beard becomes properly softened



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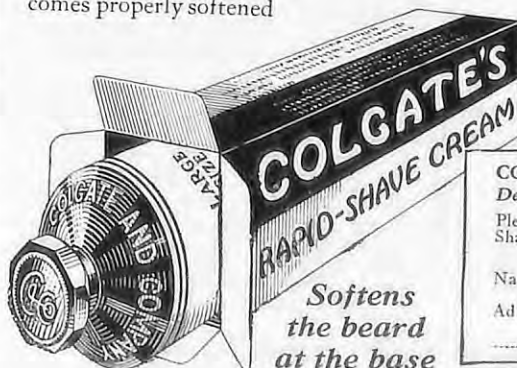
Once you try Colgate's, you'll never be satisfied with any other method.



ORDINARY LATHER
 Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER
 Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.



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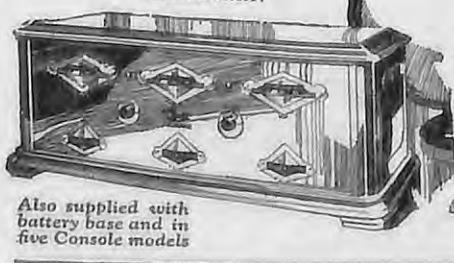
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The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 55)

His silken voice brought her back to the present. "With Bob Terry?"

"Yes."

She looked up into the face of her employer. Her own was radiant with new-found happiness . . . and it told the story which she had determined not to tell.

"All the luck in the world, Mr. Carmody: just simply all the luck in the world."

He understood . . . and just as the girl had never suspected that he coveted her, just so she could not suspect the wave of black anger which suffused him now: He merely bowed and walked rigidly back into his office.

He stood alone beside his desk: a slim and terrible figure.

(To be continued)

The Mystery Lover

(Continued from page 9)

"I did," said Mark. I asked him particularly, why he was carrying a suitcase."

"Was he?"

"Yes. Obviously a heavy one, too."

"What did he say?"

"He said he had gone back to the office to get some liquor he had cached there. He was nervous about it and went a back way because, you know, Mr. Carberry is rather against men in his organization drinking. That was Sam Minor's story."

"Sounds reasonable," I observed.

"It would," said Mark Boone, "but I found out that Sam Minor had a motive for stealing the money. You know he has the reputation of being a sport. Fond of good living, cards, and all that. He goes to Albany every weekend. Why?"

"I don't know."

"I found out," said Mark Boone. "He goes there to gamble. He plays a stiff game and he's had a run of bad luck lately."

"What does that prove?"

"**CESAR** was wrong," was Mark's answer, when he said, 'Let me have men about me who are fat.' A fat man is usually a lazy man and a thief is usually a lazy man. My statistics show that most men, especially embezzlers, are faddish men who like to live high and who think it's easier to steal money than earn it. Sam Minor weighs two hundred and twenty-eight."

"But," I said, "Sam always struck me as being a good-natured, easy-going fellow who wouldn't hurt a fly. I can't imagine him knocking Adamson on the head."

"I don't say he did," said Mark. "But there's a chance of it. Don't forget this: That safe was not opened by force. The man who opened it knew the combination. Also, he knew just when to rob it. He knew when the pay-roll cash would be there. He knew when the watchman would not be there. He knew Adamson's habits. It was Adamson's hard luck that he dropped into his office ten minutes earlier than was his custom. Adamson met the thief in the outer office, as the thief was making his get-away. Adamson had just come in, for he still had his rain-coat on, and his hat lay beside him. Now, Adamson was a spy, quick-witted fellow with a good pair of lungs. Also, there was an electrical burglar-alarm within two feet of where he fell. The night watchman was some distance away, but in the same building and on a quiet night like last night he would have heard a cry in the empty mill. Certainly he would have heard the burglar-alarm. He heard nothing. The blow that killed Adamson hit him squarely between the eyes. He was not struck from behind, mind you, nor were there any signs of a struggle, or that he even tried to ward off the blow. Don't you see what that goes to show?"

"What?"

"That Adamson knew the man who struck him down, knew him and trusted him and was not alarmed at finding the man in the office at that time. The murderer did not plan to use violence. He'd brought no weapon. He hit Adamson with one of those heavy cast-iron things they use in stamping clips into papers. He picked it up off a desk and carefully put it back into place. A cool hand did this job. Listen to this: After he struck Adamson down he stopped long enough to make sure Adamson was dead."

"How do you know that, Mark?"

"Adamson's rain-coat, coat, vest, shirt and

undershirt were unbuttoned. His murderer felt to see if his heart was beating."

I shuddered.

"That took steel nerves," I said. "It doesn't sound like Sam Minor to me. He'd have been in a panic."

"I'm telling you the facts I've gathered," said Mark Boone. "Here's one more. It is certain that a strong man struck that blow. Well, you yourself have seen Sam Minor drive a golf ball two hundred and sixty-five yards. Sam fits in this picture, absolutely."

"You've often said that circumstantial evidence cannot be relied on," I reminded him.

"It points the way," said Mark Boone. "Bear this in mind: Not counting Adamson there were only four men who knew the combination of that safe. Sam Minor was one of them."

"Mark," I said, "you've made out a strong case against Sam Minor. Why don't you go to the police with it at once?"

He shook his head slowly.

"I'm hopelessly at sea," he said. "Because—I've found out other things."

"What?"

"There are four men who know that combination," Mark Boone said. "Let's say it was one of them. There's a remote possibility that the job was done by an outsider, a professional yegg or a gang of expert safe-robbers, but that isn't likely. That leaves Sam Minor, and three others."

"Who are they?"

"First, there's Mr. Tait," said Mark. "We can eliminate him. The motive is of the highest importance in a crime, and he had no motive. Mr. Tait gets a big salary, has an interest in the business, and is in line for the presidency when Mr. Carberry retires. He lives quietly, has no bad habits. Besides he has an incontestable alibi. He played bridge at Dr. Harbison's house till after ten, when he went straight to his home, and to bed. His housekeeper heard him in his room, heard him snoring in fact. This was from a little after ten till a messenger woke him with the news of the crime. The housekeeper is sure of this because she was awake reading and heard the clock strike. We can definitely count Mr. Tait out. He had the combination, but he had no reason to use it, and no time."

"That leaves?"

"Keenan and Finlayson," said Mark Boone.

"Any evidence against them?"

"Here it is. Keenan is my chief. I've studied him. He's money crazy. On the make all the time. Lately he's been nervous and worried. When the New York papers come in he grabs them, and turns immediately to the financial section."

"Plenty of men do that," I observed.

"Keenan has been playing the market," went on Mark. "I know that Keenan has been trying to make a killing in Green Coast Oil. I know that. Heard him talking over the phone to his brokers in New York. Did you happen to notice what Green Coast Oil did three days ago?"

"No."

"It crashed twenty-one points. Keenan had everything he owned up on margin—and maybe a little more."

"Which proves," I said, "only that Keenan was a bad guesser and that first mortgage bonds are safest."

"It proves that Keenan was up against it—hard. Why, the last three days he's been so agitated he hasn't been able to do a lick of work. To-day he was different. Looked like a

man who has taken a new grip on things. This afternoon I answered his telephone. That's part of my job when he's out. It was a New York call. The party at the other end thought I was Keenan. He said, 'That money you wired will carry you along until the market rises, as it should in a few days.' Now Keenan was in pretty deep. He'd have had to put up at least twenty thousand to cover him. Where did he get it?"

"There are other ways of getting money besides stealing it," I said.

"That's what Keenan said to me," said Mark. "Do you mean to say you asked him?"

"Sure, I did," said Mark. "It seemed only fair to give him a chance to tell his story. He said he had borrowed the money from an uncle."

"That's conceivable," I said.

"Yes," said Mark, "but there was one thing Keenan could not or would not explain."

"What?"

"Where he was last night between nine and midnight."

"How do you know he wasn't in his room right here in the club?"

"By chance," said Mark. "Perhaps fate had something to do with it. When I came back from my walk about half past eleven I tripped on the rug in the hall quite by accident. I fell against Keenan's door. It had not been securely closed. I tumbled half way into his room. I got up, apologizing to Keenan. He didn't answer me for the simple reason that he was not in his room."

"He wouldn't tell you where he was?" I asked.

"No. Flatly refused. Then he threatened me. Said he'd wring my neck if I didn't keep out of his affairs."

"Affairs?" I said. "There are all kinds of affairs, you know, Mark. Keenan's a good looking fellow and I've heard rumors that he's more than a little interested in women. Doubtless he has excellent reasons for not wanting anyone to know where he was last night."

"That's possible," conceded Mark. "But all I can say is that Keenan picked an unfortunate night to go courting."

"What about Finlayson?"

"First," said Mark, "he looks guilty. He's the weak type. I've seen faces like his in Lombroso's book on criminal types. No chin, furtive eyes."

"Finlayson is no beauty, surely, but then neither are you, Mark. What of it?"

"I WOULDNT go on a man's face alone, of course. There are other facts. Some years ago, in another job, Finlayson, I just found out, helped himself to the firm's money. He confessed, when he saw he'd be caught, and they let him off. It was a matter of a few hundred dollars, I believe. At this minute his bags are packed as if he intended to go away in a hurry. I found that out. He did not pack his bags until after I told him I heard his car on the road near the mill about eleven last night. You know that one-lunged old bus of his. It makes a noise you can't mistake."

I nodded.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He stammered and flushed and said he was out on private business."

"Joy-riding, maybe," I said. "That's more in his line than burglary and murder."

"I'm not accusing Finlayson, or anybody," said Mark Boone. "I'm simply presenting certain facts. It might be Minor or Keenan or Finlayson, on the evidence."

"How about another man?"

He gave a start and bent on me one of his searching looks.

"Whom do you mean?" he queried.

"You."

Mark Boone grinned.

"I can eliminate myself," he said, "because I know I didn't do it. Which of the three did, then? Or were all three in it? Or two of them? If so, which two? I'm a mystery-lover, I guess, but I've certainly stepped into a sweet one."

"What are you going to do?"

"I have a plan," said Mark Boone. "That's the reason I told you all this. I want your help. Also, I want you to trust me and my judgment. I'm going to take a chance, a stab in the dark. If I'm wrong, I'll shoulder all the blame."

"What's your plan?"

"You'll have to trust me. You'll see soon. What time is it?"

(Continued on page 58)



Short Shot String

The Secret of Super-X Remarkable Effectiveness at the Longer Ranges!

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The Mystery Lover

(Continued from page 57)

"Eleven forty."
 "We'll start at half past twelve."
 "Where?"
 "I tell you you must trust me. Will you come with me? I need you."
 "Are you sure you know what you are doing?"
 "I'm betting everything on my plan," said Mark. "You must come. It may save an innocent man and convict a guilty one."
 I agreed to go with him.

At half past twelve Mark Boone and I stole out of the Carberry Club. We wore rubber soled tennis shoes. That was his idea. We made our way along the deserted streets of the dark, silent village. Before an unlighted house we stopped.

"Mark," I asked, "are you sure you're doing the right thing?"
 "Sssh," he whispered. "No one can be sure of anything. Trust my instinct."
 He took my arm and steered me toward the house, across the lawn, so our steps made no sound. I had expected him to ring the front-door bell. He didn't. From his pocket he took a skeleton key and softly opened the door. I grasped his arm.

"This is burglary," I whispered.
 "For the love of heaven, keep quiet," hissed Mark. "We can't turn back now. Follow me."

ON TIP-TOES he started up the carpeted stairs which led to the second floor. I followed. Outside a door on the second floor he stopped, listened. In the room we could hear the deep, sonorous breathing of a sleeping man. With infinite caution, Mark turned the knob of the door. It seemed to me that he took an hour to do it. He stole into the dark room. I was trembling as I followed him.

Then, suddenly, he shot the concentrated ray of a powerful electric flash-light straight into the face of the sleeper and at the same second bent over him and cried sharply in his ear:

"Where's the money?"
 The voice of the man in the bed escaped like a startled cry.
 "In the cellar."

Then he sat up, blinking, and in the spot light of the torch the face of Warren Tait was a ghastly greenish white.

Mark Boone switched on the room lights.
 "Sorry, Mr. Tait," he said. "Better tell us all about it."

It was the old story that the general manager, his nerves in a state of collapse now, told us—greed for money, secret speculations, imminent ruin, desperation, despair.

When he had finished, and we had phoned for the police, Mark Boone went to a small phonograph in the corner of the room. It was electrically wired so that it would run indefinitely. Mark started it. The sound that came from it was not music, but the same sound we had heard when we listened outside the door, the deep, regular snore of Warren Tait.

"Almost too clever," muttered Mark Boone. They made a great fuss over Mark Boone next day. One heard no more talk about "poor, old Mark." It was—"Keen-minded chap, that Boone. Analytical as they make 'em. How on earth did he figure out that it was Tait, the last man in the world anyone would suspect. There was no evidence against him. Yes, a mighty smart fellow, Mark Boone."

Mr. Carberry came from New York and personally gave Mark the check for the reward, and said flattering things about Mark's brain and Mark's future in the silk business.

Mark looked very uncomfortable as he drawled:

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Carberry, but I really am not smart at all. I guess I couldn't get far in business. I'm going off to Harvard this fall and learn some more about mathematics."

But of course no one believed Mark when he said he wasn't smart. They put it down to modesty. "How did he do it?" they asked. Mark kept his secret. From everybody, that is, but me. I'm telling it now because Professor Mark Boone is so well established in the field of higher mathematics because of his original contributions to relativity, that no one will believe it. In his room that night he told me.

"You see," he said, "I've read hundreds of mystery stories. They're all the same. The men who seem guiltiest are never the guilty ones. It's always the chap who seems most innocent who really did the job. That's the only reason I had for tackling Tait."

I whistled.
 "Well I'll be everlastingly hanged," I exclaimed. "Just suppose you'd been wrong."

Mark grinned.
 "I wasn't," he said.

Thanksgiving Basket Plan

NAME a committee, with a chairman and vice-chairman, as early as possible. To every member of the Lodge send blank cards on which each member can fill out the name and address of some families of worthy poor in his own neighborhood. For two such names the member encloses his check for \$5 (if that is the amount your committee fixes) or as many more as he wishes, paying in proportion. Should he merely enclose his check and no names, the committee distributes the baskets his money buys, at their own discretion. None but Elks are permitted to subscribe to the Thanksgiving Basket Fund.

The names are recorded as the cards and checks come back from the members, and are listed in city districts by routes for distribution. These lists are made by professional routers from the largest department stores. Then the committee, its lists complete, its fund in hand, on a certain date, buys the supplies. It gets wholesale rates. Many times, from charitable firms, it gets food at cost or less than cost. While the food in each family basket could not be bought for less than \$10 at retail, the Elks get it for from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a basket.

The committee obtains the use of some ware-

house, or other suitable place, for storing and packing the food. On the evening before Thanksgiving, the Elks, their mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, all meet at the warehouse. The food has been arranged in piles on tables 10 or 15 feet apart. The basket carriers form in line at the end of the food line and pass the tables, where Elk workers fill the baskets swiftly. Other workers tie on the address labels. The filled baskets are placed on the opposite side of the warehouse. Auto trucks and automobiles donated by business firms and individuals drive alongside the filled baskets where other workers give them their load. To each machine is assigned an Elk and a helper.

Usually the packing is ended by 10 P.M. From then to midnight the Elks and their ladies have supper and dance. At midnight, shrouded by darkness, the motor caravan of charity sets out. Stealthily going about their tasks of doing good, the Elks go from house to house. A flash of an electric torch to confirm the house number, a knock at the door or a ring at the bell—and then as the door opens, a silent form slips away in the dark. No others know of that charity save those who give and those who receive.



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Actual microscopic view. Torn pores have had chance to partly heal.

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More than a 24-hour healing process is necessary for tender skins.

Men . . . that's why we made this new shaving cream. Daily mutilation of tender skins demanded this: Ingram's Shaving Cream. A cream that cools and soothes . . . as you shave.

A brand new principle makes this possible. No hot towels—lotion—fancy time-wasters necessary. Complete in itself.

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SHAVING CREAM
 7 Shaves FREE

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shaving...

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The World's Sport Bill

(Continued from page 18)

to the Germans. They were given entirely to group athletics always with the object of making the national goose step more vigorous and rhythmic. Competitive sports were practically unknown unless one would call the collegiate duel a competitive sport.

By the way, I have heard some vigorous defense of the collegiate German duel as a builder of character. It has not been abolished as was announced some time back. There is no more chance of it being forbidden in the near future than there is of the Association of American College Professors doing away with inter-collegiate football in the United States.

In Germany, too, the expenditures for sport are encouraged rather than frowned upon. Now that the Germans have gone in for athletics in their thorough fashion you may look for German athletes of note beside the two mentioned. It will not be long before German athletes will begin to figure decidedly in international contests. A country that can produce tennis players to beat Richards and Kinsey is bound to figure in the Davis Cup matches and one of these years the flag of the German Republic will be raised with annoying frequency at the Olympic Games.

ALL through Germany you can see bare-legged athletes trotting along the roads at their training. All along the Spree near Berlin are shells with oarsmen and oarswomen on week days as well as holidays. In one lake near Berlin I saw in one afternoon more yachts in one regatta than I have seen on Long Island Sound in a week. You must remember that yachting is the most expensive of all the sports, even in Germany. The Germans may be in a fever of post-war thrift but they are not stinting themselves in regard to their sports. The republic encourages such expenditures and votes appropriations for the promotion of athletics. It is done with the notion of providing diversion as well as building up the race. The efficient ones have learned the value of diverting the nation.

The German Republic's bill for boxing gloves and resin alone must be considerable, yet before the war there was not a set of boxing gloves east of the Rhine. The pioneer of boxing in Germany was one Kurt Premzyl, who spent the entire period of the war in a detention camp in England. Kurt utilized his time by learning the manly art of self-defense from the people who perfected it.

He was a lightweight and rather fragile in physique but he developed rapidly and before long was able to give such a good account of himself that he became a very popular figure at boxing bouts in the British camps. After the Armistice he returned to Germany with some sparring partners and plenty of paraphernalia. It was not long before the German youth began to take up boxing with German seriousness and thoroughness.

The nation became so interested that they induced our Mr. Jack Dempsey to come to Germany and give some demonstrations of the strange new sport which was much more exciting than a duel with the sabres. They paid Dempsey \$25,000 for one exhibition, which was a considerable sum in the days when the mark was falling rapidly to less than nothing. Mr. Dempsey, of course, was paid in gold and not in the disappearing marks.

One of these days a new heavyweight champion may come out of Germany, perhaps from the region of the Black Forest or perhaps from Prussia. There are plenty of German giants and one of them may have the reflexes for the boxing game. If the Germans can produce a successor to Dempsey they will feel repaid for all of their expenditures for athletics. The pride in athletic achievement will replace the pride in military perfection and the iron crosses of the future will be given to the heroes of track and field and of what they call the squared circle.

This year the Viennese sent to the United States the Hakoah football team made up of players of the Jewish race. The Jews of Central Europe are spending lavishly for sports of all sorts with the hope of having the blue and white flag with the Star of David hoisted at some

(Continued on page 60)

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The World's Sport Bill

(Continued from page 59)

future Olympic games. Next year Czechoslovakia will send its champion soccer football team to this country.

This game is the one international game. It is played in every country in Europe and in South America. In Buenos Aires, the biggest stadium is devoted entirely to soccer football teams. The little South American republic of Uruguay won the last Olympic championship in this game from all of the countries of the world. One of these days there will be a real international soccer league that will include every country in the world and the world series crowds of the United States will be dwarfed at playoff time.

In the distant Orient the sport bill is increasing daily. Japan is turning to baseball, tennis and soccer football. The traffic in sport goods in Japan grows by leaps and bounds. There are heavy importations from the United States. At first it was the imitative instinct that induced the Japanese to turn to the sport of the Occidentals. Now the interest increases because the Japanese have acquired the joy of play and the pride of athletic achievement. They have spent heavily to induce American big-league players to visit Japan and to give exhibitions of the American national pastime which promises also to become the national pastime of Japan.

The Japanese are looking forward to the time when the Tokio Samurai will be playing the New York Giants or the New York Yankees in the final games of an East and West series. If that could be hastened there is no doubt that they would make a large dent in the Japanese treasury and possibly forego a few battleships to hurry it along. No matter how high sports may come the modern Japanese must have them.

In all of the countries with the exception of England the expenditures for sports have grown by leaps and bounds. In England the increase

has been gradual. For instance, Mr. Jack Hobbs, who is the greatest of the cricketers and the Babe Ruth of England, has had his salary increased to something like one hundred and twenty-five pounds a month. Mr. Hobbs, who runs a sports goods store in Fleet Street, announces that business has increased more than 50 per cent. since the war. The future Jack Hobbs may attain such affluence that it will be necessary to make him a knight or even a Lord.

The professional athlete gradually is coming to his own even in England where the class distinctions are drawn with such decision. Latest reports from Lords are that professional cricketers are now permitted to enter through the same gate with the amateurs. This is a revolutionary step of much significance. Not only has England become prodigal with expenditures for sport but also with honors and concessions to the heroes of sport.

Perhaps we never will get the complete statistics on the money the nations are spending on sports. But we can hazard this guess, the nations of the world are spending enough on sports in one year to pay all of the war debts of all of the nations involved.

IF SPORTS were prohibited for twelve months the debts could be settled. If sports were prohibited for another year and the money diverted to the necessary channels, there is no doubt that the world could afford a new war. But somehow nobody has as yet put this notion up to the World Court. Obviously it is much better that the nations should invest in bats and racquets than in cannons and machine guns. Either way it may sound like squandering money but the nations know that war money is utter waste while sport money may bring returns, the extent of which the new sports fans can not yet compute.

Money

(Continued from page 28)

to tell him the truth: that you asked to go—and that I didn't send you."

"Yes, Mother," she called over her shoulder, and ran.

Louise sat down in the Morris chair by the window, and after a while the ice melted suddenly in her heart.

"What difference does it make," she said, "which of us is right?"

And she, too, went through the leas of the summer day to the old brick building where Charles Stearns Wyant, son, father, and grandfather, had conducted a law business for sixty years. For sixty years the same black gold-lettered sign had been bolted into the wall, and its replica had swung on creaking hinges from the little iron balcony in front of one of the windows from which the three Wyants had looked out upon the town with much of the same serenity. It was so easy to condemn, Louise thought, as her feet sought familiarly the deeply worn treads of the ancient stairs, and sometimes so hard to understand. Sign, windows, office, profession, house, name, disposition, and all the details of his manner of life, had come to Charlie all-of-a-piece, as its shell comes to a conch. It was very hard to remove a man from an agglomeration of that sort.

The door was unlocked. She opened it and stepped quietly into the outer room. It was almost dark. Through the other door she could see Charlie lying on the old sofa, with Charline in the curve of his arm. The fading light lingered on their happy faces. They were always happy, she thought with a pang, when she would let them be. A tide of tenderness flooded into her heart. She started toward them.

"Why do people have to have so much money, Father?" Charline said thoughtfully, as she stopped.

"Well, they don't, really. They just think they do. Money's not so very important." The words and cadences were as familiar to Louise as a childhood hymn.

"Now, take you and me, for instance—"

"Oh, yes, do take us!" Charline begged.

"Well, we'd get along splendidly, if nobody would bother about us. We don't mind an old house, and old clothes, and living in an unfashionable part of town, and all that, as long as we have each other. Just things don't make you happy. It isn't the amount of money you have, you know, but what you buy with it. Now, if you and I can buy happiness. . . ."

The tide of tenderness ebbed away. Louise slipped out as she had come, silently, and went home, and sat beside the window until they returned, while things banked up inside of her.

* * * *

That night she said to him seriously and quietly: "You've got to make more money, Charlie."

He was untying his cravat at the bureau. His hands fell from it quickly. He left it in a bulging knot between the ends of his unbuttoned collar and turned and faced her. There was a look in his eyes which she had seen there a great many times. They were hard and hurt. Something cried out within her, for his sake. She didn't want to make him hard, and she didn't want to hurt him! Why couldn't they settle things lovingly? She almost went to him and put her arms around him—but she knew the end of that!

"You've simply got," she said over again, feeling all sick inside, as if she were striking a child. "You've simply got to make more money."

He sat down and looked at her from the midst of an immense quiet despair. She knew all he was going to say, and he all that she was going to say in reply, and each knew that the other knew. The dreary futility of mouthing it! But patiently he began.

"I can't go out and drum up trade. I'm not a grocer, or a laundryman, or a baker. God knows I wish I were. There are too many lawyers in town, and I've been squeezed out between the very able and the unscrupulous, but I've got a pretty fair practice, at that."

"Drawing up wills for old ladies," said Louise, "and writing out mortgages, and acting as notary public! And it's not pretty fair. It just doesn't pay enough to live on, and you know it!"

He let his hands drop to his sides and his eyes flashed an angry spark. "What's the use? We've been over this a thousand times! Hundreds of thousands of couples all over the country are living on it—couples just like us! We've got to make it enough."

"We can't," said Louise. "I need a new stove, two new dresses, and a hat, and Charline—"

Charlie started from his seat and began to walk up and down. "If you go over that again, I'll lose my mind! Don't you suppose I'd make more money if I could?"

"It isn't a question of *could*," she said; "it's a question of *got to*."

And there they left it. There they always left it—though there were desperate moments when each was convinced that the other was right.

None of their habitual phrases of attack and defense had meaning now, except as signals—signals for the advance of invisible, perfectly drilled, fanatical legions from out the past, that fought out always the same old bitter, foolish sham-battles. Each stirred up in the other a host of rancorous feelings that were fully understood only by himself; that became with the passing of every day more futile because more incommunicable.

They quarreled now before the child. They knew they were hurting her, but they were so hurt themselves that they didn't care—until afterwards; and then they were overwhelmed with remorse. But it didn't stop them. Their manner seemed to say: "We'll make it up to you some day, but we can't stop to regard you now. We've got to fight this out." And on calm reflection off alone, that seemed very sad and paltry and humiliating to each of them, remembering how long they had fought and how hopelessly. But they couldn't stop.

And so their little drama worked toward its Third Act, which might be called:

The Coming of Sallie Mayhew.
"She's only going to be in town two days," said Charlie, looking up from the letter that had come by special delivery while they were at breakfast, "and she wants to see us whether she sees anyone else or not."

Charline stopped eating her oatmeal and her eyes shone. "Does she know about me?"

"Sure she does: I wrote her. She says—" He found the place among the scrawled-over pages. "Breakfast, dinner, supper, tea, a box of ginger snaps in the corner of the yard under the maiden blush apple tree, or condensed milk out in the grape arbor (do you remember how we used to eat it from the can, with the wooden spoons you made yourself?), broiled sparrows like those you shot with your air-rifle, hot dogs and coffee, or what have you? Only let me come, and make Charline and Louise like me a frightful lot!"

HE LAID the letter down with a look on his face that cut back through all the shabby years.

"People like Sallie," he said to Louise, though he looked at Charline because he liked the way her eyes shone: "People like Sallie—if there are any others, which I doubt—never change. I thought we'd have her to dinner. The day she got here. In the evening, after she'd had a chance to get rested, and—"

"Are you crazy?" said Louise. Her repressed resentment poured into the casual moment was like vinegar in cream.

He thrust the crumpled letter slowly into his pocket, staring at her. He often forgot—after all the telling!—the real cause of the trouble between them.

"To want the oldest and best friend I have to come to my house?"

"To want anybody to come here who doesn't have to! And as for dinner—"

She rose and opened the drawer of the side-board and held up a tablecloth between him and the light. There were two conspicuous darns in it and several places worn so thin that the threads all ran one way.

"It's the best we have. Can you imagine inviting Sallie Mayhew to dine off it?"

"She wouldn't are a rap!"

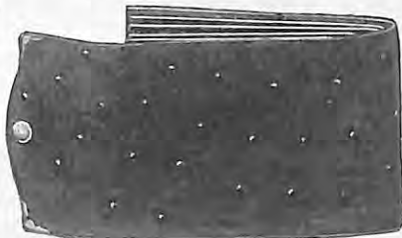
(Continued on page 62)

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Very Latest! Genuine Ostrich Hide

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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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Send me the Halvorfold for free examination, with my name, address, etc. in 23-K Gold, as per instructions below. If I decide not to keep it, I will return it at your expense within 3 days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send you special price indicated below. (This offer open only to Elks. For protection mention here your Member's No. _____ and Lodge _____)

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50c Off, to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money sent as to back of coupon.

Money

(Continued from page 61)

"Well, I'd care! I wouldn't be conscious of anything else!"

Charlie got up. "God knows I believe you," he said quietly, and went into the hall.

He took his hat from the rack and came back and stood in the doorway, turning the hat with his fingers. "I won't ask her to anything. I doubt if I have the heart even to see her. I—" His voice grew flatter and flatter. "I was a fool to suggest it."

He walked matter-of-factly down the hall, but at the front door anger boiled in him until he shook, and as he went out he slammed the door so hard that he broke one of the small panes of glass in it.

* * * *

SALLIE MAYHEW came without being asked. At two o'clock Sunday afternoon.

They had finished dinner and were all in the living room. Charlie was reading by the window in an old smoking jacket with threadbare elbows; Charline lay on her stomach on the floor in a welter of newspapers, rooting out the "funnies," and Louise was on the couch in a dress she had made of off-color brown cotton crêpe which she would never have bought if it hadn't been so cheap. Soon she was going to sit up and change her dress and get hold of herself, but in the meantime she lay with her eyes closed. She had had a backache all day.

The table in the dining room was clearly visible through the cane and bead portiere that hung between the rooms. One end of it was littered with the débris of an eaten meal, and the other with a box of water colors and some paper dolls that Charline had been painting, a pipe and tobacco jar and a ball of blue yarn with a crochet needle in it.

When the taxi stopped at the curb and Sallie got out, Charlie gave her a startled glance, a more startled one to his rooms and family, and said quietly:

"Here's Sallie Mayhew."

Louise sat up so vigorously that the couch creaked. The scene had been peaceful and flat, stale and depressing; at the utterance of Sallie's name it became tawdry, humiliating.

"She can't come in—with things like this!" She went to his side and looked over his shoulder.

"She *mustn't* come in, Charlie. She *mustn't*!"

"Don't talk so loud; she'll hear you. And don't be a fool, she's *got* to come in! She's seen us."

Their eyes had met. The essence that was Sallie had come in to him through the window and stirred the quick of him. He had some of the same sort of feeling for her that he had for Charline; nothing could change it. Good old Sallie! They had met in a lightning-flash—after all these years!—through the window.

But they didn't meet again. Louise fixed that. She couldn't help it. Things had got beyond her now. She didn't want to, but she sent him to the door a shabby man, who had failed at home and in his work and had no heart for talk.

And Mrs. Aldington (that was her name now, when one stopped to think of it; she was married to a very rich man in London) came in, beautifully, perfectly, expensively dressed and millinered and shod and bobbed and manicured; perfected, indeed, in every way known to wealth and taste and ingenuity. . . .

When she went away the littered ugly room became real again. An immense clatter seemed to have died out of the air. Charlie had had no heart for talk, but he had said a great many words. While Sallie had looked at him strangely: puzzled; probing for the boy she had known; appealing now and then, first in one way and then in another, to Louise to help her find him.

Well, he hadn't come out! He was sick and miserable, curled up away down at the bottom of Louise's husband. The latter stood in the middle of the room now, looking round him at his home—taking care not to see Louise who had thrown herself face down on the couch again—and then went and picked up his pipe and stuck it in his mouth and started for the door, meaning to take a walk; but Louise brought him back.

She raised herself suddenly and said: "I want to talk to you." And then, "Go and play

in the garden, dear," she said to Charline, "and don't come in until I call you."

Charline moved toward the door. Louise swung her feet over the side of the couch.

"No; you'd better stay, after all."

The soft dark coil of her hair slipped until it was like a little toque stuck on rakishly just above her right eye. One of the straps on her flat-heeled slippers was loose. Her dress was drawn up until one plump white-stockinged leg showed to the knee. She looked sick or drunken.

Charline wavered toward her to pull down her dress and straighten her hair, and then edged almost imperceptibly toward her father.

"The time has come when she ought to know the truth!"

Charlie took his pipe out of his mouth. "She won't get it from you now; you're too excited. If you keep her here you'll regret it."

"There's very little about my life that I *don't* regret!" Her voice was as shrill as metal. She was almost too angry to know what she said. "She's seen me slaving and skimping and saving—going without everything I need to keep me decent—thinking only of her and you—and now I want her to realize that she's seen what happens when a woman is such a fool as that! Maybe it will help her a little bit when her own time comes to pick a husband. She's seen her mother subjected to the most humiliating, the most degrading, the most shameless—"

"You talk as if I had arranged it."

"I'm not blaming you because she came. You couldn't help that. But if you are not to blame for the way things are with us, the heart-breaking, degrading, miserable poverty we live in, then who is?"

Charlie had a slight nervous twitch in a muscle near his left eye, which wasn't noticeable sometimes for weeks at a time. It began to flutter now at the top of his cheek. But his voice was still quiet.

"Nobody. Nobody on God's green earth. I've done the very best I could, and you know it."

"I *don't* know it!"

A bleak pinched look came into his face. "Do you mean that?"

"Haven't I been saying it to you in a dozen different ways for years and years? Of course I mean it!"

He looked at her for a long moment, while the muscle beat, beat, beat at the top of his cheek.

"What do you want me to do?" he said painfully.

"HOW do I know what you can do? I know what I'd do in your place! If I couldn't make more money than you do at your precious old law, I'd open a garage, or a butcher shop, or learn how to lay brick, or go into the undertaking business. Heaven knows what! But I'd do *something* that would give my family a decent living!"

"You sound like a lunatic," he said slowly, almost to himself, and not angrily. It was their first bitter quarrel in which he had not lost his temper.

"I'll probably be one if this kind of thing goes on."

"You must send Charline away or stop talking like that."

"She *shan't* go away! And I *won't* stop talking! She's going to hear this out! Come here, darling, to Mother."

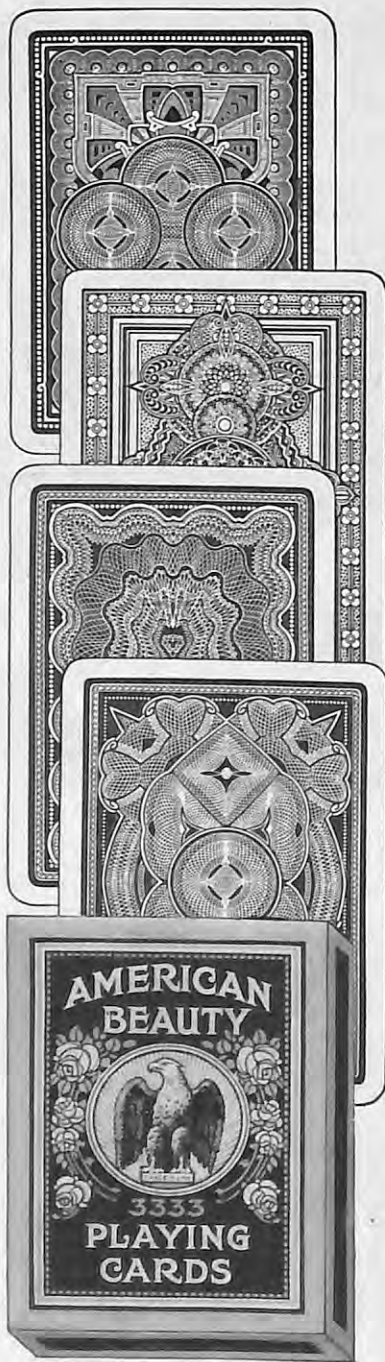
But Charline didn't come. She closed her fingers tightly around the hand her father slipped down to her over her shoulder.

Charlie made a beginning sound in his throat, but Louise swept on.

"You ought never to have married! You're too easily satisfied. Anything will do for you, as long as you have your pipe and a good light to read by and Charline and enough to eat!" She was close to hysteria now. "And you can't learn that other people aren't like that. I'm not like that! And I'm *through*. I'm going to Longfield to-morrow to Mother's, and I'm going to take Charline with me! I've seen myself with another woman's eyes, and I'm *through*!"

"So am I," said Charlie levelly. "I'll send you enough somehow for you and Charline to live on in the wretchedness to which you are accustomed, and I'll see Charline, of course, as

(Continued on page 64)



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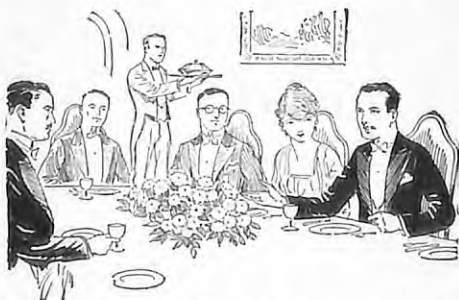
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Money

(Continued from page 62)

soon as possible, but it isn't likely that I'll ever want to see you again."

His face was white and slumped looking. His eyes glittered angrily. There was a stillness about his whole body, as if he had gone a long way off.

He bent and kissed Charline. "I'm going out now, and I'm not coming back until you've left." And he walked out of the room neither quickly nor slowly, and was gone. His shutting of the front door was more ominous than when he had slammed it. It seemed to put a firm quiet period to what the three of them had known as life.

"ARE you asleep, darling?"

It was long after they had gone to bed that night, in the quiet bedroom at the back of Louise's mother's house in the little near-by town of Longfield, Louise in the big bed and Charline in the cot over against the wall.

Charline didn't open her eyes, but lay still and made her breath come as regularly as she could. But she couldn't keep her eyelids from twitching. She did not want her mother to kiss her.

Louise saw and understood. She tucked the covers in and lightly touched the child's hair and sighed and went back to bed. Her heelless slippers scuffed wearily over the floor.

Charline's heart wanted her to slip out of bed and run after her and try to comfort her; but her body stiffened. She shivered and pulled the covers over her head. She was trying to shut out the picture of her mother sitting on the edge of the couch with her hair awry, her eyes blazing and one white-clad leg showing to the knee. She began to cry softly. She felt that she had lost her mother as well as her father.

Louise settled herself on the pillow, but she didn't sleep.

Louise finished making the salad for midday dinner and slipped it into her mother's refrigerator. She sighed as she closed the refrigerator door. She had been away from Charlie three weeks, without a word on either side.

She walked through the house to the front porch where Charline sat on the top step, her hands in her lap and a new quietude about her, and sat down beside the child.

"Is four o'clock when the mail man comes, Mummie?"

"Yes, dear."
"Do you think—? Don't you s'pose he might possibly bring a letter—? Just a little one? Maybe to me?"

"He might, darling. He never has, but he might."

"He didn't say he'd write, did he, Mother? He said, 'I'll see Charline, of course, as soon as possible,' but he didn't say he'd write. Not even to me."

"No. But we never can tell. He might."
"Oh, if he'd only write down on a piece of paper 'I love you, Charline!' Or 'Your loving Father!' Or even just 'Father!' That would be ever so much better than nothing, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, dear, ever so much."
She slipped an arm about her daughter and they fell silent. Her mind was like a shaken compass: whenever it was left quiet it crept back toward its north, which was Charlie. She could lose all sense of time and locality by beginning to think of him, she wanted him back so intensely.

She had taken him to pieces in those three weeks and examined him minutely. She had sorted him out, trait by trait, and totted him up pro and con, and, along with him, herself and life, the past and the future. For some time she had known that the Q. E. D. of the process was waiting below the surface of her mind. It came up now, quiet and clear and dreary.

"I've got to give up. I can't change him, and I love him. We'll have to get along without a lot of things we ought to have. I've got to give up—and do it for good."

"Why, Mummie, you—you're crying."

Louise gathered her up until it hurt. "Let's go back to him, Little Charlie!"

"Oh, Mummie, would you?"

In the taxi, rolling along the familiar streets, Louise saw that this had been coming ever since her marriage, that it was inevitable. It would be easier always, now that she had accepted it. After she had tried long enough and honestly enough, she might even get the kind of serenity that Charlie had; might learn to want, not what she needed, but what she had. It was a big, hard thing she meant to do for Charlie. It would have been impossible if she hadn't loved him a great deal.

As they turned the corner by the "Mortuary Home" there was a new peace in her heart. "Whoso loseth his life shall find it." She saw now what that meant. She looked at the old landmarks with a new tolerance. They'd make out there well enough. Charlie was worth it. "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

"M-mummie!" squeaked Charline's startled voice. "Wh-where is the house?"

Louise realized blankly that she was staring straight across the place where it had stood, and that there was nothing there but a rubble of bricks and a gaping hole which had once been the cellar. A sign on one of the trees read: "MANSON & SHARPLESS WILL ERECT A NEW MODERN BOTTLING WORKS ON THESE PREMISES." Her heart rose and choked her. Her blood was singing in her ears.

"What'll we do for a place to sleep?" Charline said in a little scared voice.

The taxi driver had got out and was looking in at her curiously. "Is this the place?"

"Drive to—the Mills Block, on the corner of Main and Lincoln," she said, and took hold of Charline's hand, and they sat up together straight and stiff while he did so.

The letters of the sign, white on a green background, kept jiggling before Louise's eyes: "A NEW MODERN BOTTLING WORKS ON THESE PREMISES"—just as she had adjusted herself to remaining there for the rest of her life.

"What do you s'pose did it—a earthquake?"
"No, dear," she said with an effort, "it wasn't an earthquake. Father has sold the house to somebody who's going to build a bottling works there. Try not to think about it until we see him. We'll get to the office now in just a minute, and he'll tell us all about it."

"But s'pose he's not in the office?"
"He's always in the office until half-past five, and it's not four yet."

"FOR RENT." The words leapt at her from Charlie's window, and slowly the street began to turn around. Through the welter of it she searched the wall for the old familiar sign. There was only a lighter spot in the bricks to show where the first Charles Stearns Wyant had bolted it there sixty years ago. And the other sign was gone from the balcony. The street turned slowly, and the buildings leaned forward over her.

The man was holding the door.
"Take us to the Saddler Hotel," she said. "Something has happened. My husband is not here."

"If you're Mr. Charlie Wyant's wife—"
"Yes, yes, I am."

"—he's over at the garage. I saw him there a while ago. It's across the street from my stand. Half a minute!"

He jumped back to his seat and started with a jerk. "Right around the corner," he called in through the window.

She sat as rigid as if she had been frozen. She was cold from head to foot. The taxi swung around the corner.

She saw his back first, with "Modern Methods Service Company" stitched across it in bright yellow script. He wore brown denim overalls and was bending over the tank of a touring car, filling it with gasoline. One hand held the end of the hose and the other rested on the lever that controlled the pump. He was looking up at the indicator. "Five," he said. "That's all she'll hold. A dollar thirty. And remember that we've got the best mechanics in town when you need repairs."

(Continued on page 66)

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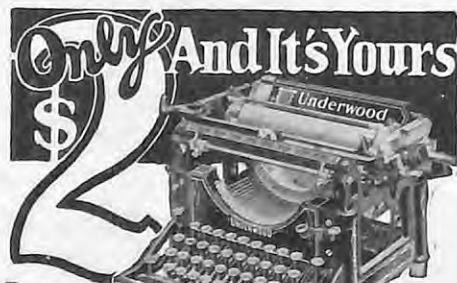
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Money

(Continued from page 64)

"I'll do that same," said the man in the touring car, holding out a two-dollar bill. "How do you like it, Charlie, as far as you've gone?"

Charlie handed him back seventy cents. "I like it fine. And as for the law, I feel like the youngster who went off to law school and stayed two weeks: I'm sorry I learned it."

The man laughed and let in the clutch. "You can count on my trade," he said as he rolled away.

And then Charlie turned and they faced each other. Little candles lit in his eyes. "Why, Louie!" he said, and stuck his head and arm in the taxi window and held her tight and kissed her first on the cheek and then on the lips. He hadn't called her that since they began to quarrel.

"Hello, little duck," he said to Charline. "Out with you!" He opened the door, and Charline jumped out and began to climb him as if he had been a tree.

Louise followed. "Go on into the office there where we can talk. Here you are, Joe." He disengaged himself from the tangle of arms and legs, set Charline down with a pat and paid the taxi man. "Never mind the bags; just leave them there. I'll bring them in later."

"You don't work here, do you, Father?" Charline said on a long, frightened breath as the taxi driver went away.

"Don't I, though! I work here about fourteen hours a day!"

He shut the office door behind them and turned to Louise.

She held out her hands to him with a smothered sob. "Oh, Charlie, I've smashed your life! I've been terribly wicked! I—"

HE TOOK her hands. "You've jarred me out of a rut three generations deep. It was so deep that I couldn't see anybody's point of view but my own. I couldn't see that a man hasn't got the right to decide that his wife and child must do without money just because he doesn't care about it. I—"

"Money!" she said with a little moan. "Money's not as important as I thought it was!"

"Well," said Charlie, "I'm making about twice as much of it here as I used to, with every chance of making more."

"By working fourteen hours a day and wearing

the uniform of a servant! In a town where your father and grandfather—I'll do anything on earth to help you. I'll take in sewing or study stenography—or anything! I'll live on whatever you make! Only you must get out of here and go back to your profession! I"—she looked around her and shivered—"I couldn't stand this!"

"Poor old Louie!" he said gently. "Did you think the scion of the House of Wyant was hired here? I own it. I'm ill!" An old grin came up out of the past. "The Modern Methods Service Company—that's me. That"—pointing to another man outside, in a uniform like his own, dispersing gasoline to a truck—"that is one of my minions. Do you see that arrow on the gasoline tank? Watch it. Every time it passes a gallon mark, that's four cents profit for me—that is, us—you and me and the hop toad here."

Staring at the fascinating red arrow, Charline's eyes got bigger and bigger. And then she noticed a second tank. "Is that yours too?" she said in an awed voice.

"Everything's mine," said Charlie grandly, with an inclusive gesture. "And, Louie, look here." He pulled out a sales sheet from a drawer. "Yesterday we sold 445 gallons. I'm going to make more out of gasoline alone than I used to make at the law. And in addition there's storage, and parts, grease and oil, repairs, and every prospect of getting an agency for a good cheap car by the first of September."

"But how—?"

"I sold the house dirt cheap—I had to get the money quick—but it was enough to make the first payment here; and—I've been an awful fool, Louise! The Middle Western Security Company took a mortgage for the rest without batting an eye. I could have done this any time I wanted to! And I'd never have done it if it hadn't have been for you!" He gave her a long honest look, free from any touch of rancor. "There'll always be money enough now."

"Oh, Charlie," she said humbly, "I'm so—so sorry for my part of it!"

"Don't be sorry," he said gently. "Money's far more important than I thought it was. It's a hard thing to get at the truth about—money."

In Moose Country

(Continued from page 25)

knock the bottom off a bottle and use it and call a moose to you under the right conditions. But as far as fooling that bull and making him believe for one minute you are a nice cow or a not nice bull looking for a scrap, well, it isn't done!

Moose are very curious during the mating season. I've had them stand and watch me for several minutes in September, while under like conditions a few months later they would vanish like a blue streak. Any unusual sound (and most of the attempts at imitating their own private calls are certainly unusual) will often cause them to investigate, nor does this rule apply solely to the males. An illustration:

One fall a partner and I were making preparations for the winter's trapping, in a region where moose were very plentiful. We were clearing a trail through heavy brush right near the bank of a large creek. Pard was chopping away, not making any attempt to curb the noise of the axe, when suddenly I had that queer feeling that something was watching us. Glancing back over my shoulder I saw a cow and two calves on the top of the bank less than fifty feet distant. Their enormous ears stuck straight out in front and there was actually no expression of fear in the great dark eyes that watched us so solemnly. With one good jump they could have landed fairly upon us and perhaps it was their elevation which gave them the courage which was so audaciously manifested.

Just about the time I was beginning to enjoy the situation my rattle-brained partner spoiled everything. He let out a yell, grabbed his rifle and let fire. The moose trio wheeled and disappeared unhurt with Pard scrambling madly up the bank in pursuit. I was a short scratch

behind, determined to prevent any slaughter if possible. When we got on top there was another surprise waiting for us, a big bull. I yelled just as my companion fired, and this time he caught the bull in the hip, a mere flesh wound. The sting of the rifle fire caused the bull to kick up his heels like a mad mule and away the whole quartet stampeded, leaving us standing there with our mouths open—the partner's from astonishment and mine because I couldn't say what I thought with it shut. I told him the next time he shot at a moose that we had no use for I'd take his gun and pitch it into the creek and him after it. He was a big fellow and probably more than a match for me, but I was mad enough to do anything right then. Just how well he minded what was told him is borne out in this incident.

Two is a Company

We had a small cabin that fall at the head of Lynx Creek, way up in the Moose Mountains. Back of the cabin some hundred yards or so was a moose lick. These licks are merely natural springs which come out of the sides of mountains or hills and the water has a saline flavor that is particularly gratifying to any animal belonging to the deer tribe. Great deep paths are worn in the soil where the animals go to and from these rendezvous and in the fall it is a simple matter to waylay a moose in such a place.

We worked around that spot for some time, remodeling the cabin, cutting wood, etc., and every day for upward of a week we heard two bulls calling up on the mountainside just back of the lick. One evening I slipped out there and surprised them standing knee-deep in the mire of the lick. They were bulls almost identical in size and may have been brothers, for after the

first experience the cow moose generally has twins.

It was too early in the season to kill any meat for the winter's use unless we stopped to "jerk" it, a method of smoking and drying the meat against spoiling. I had tried my best to impress upon my partner's mind the senselessness of killing game at that time, so you can imagine how I felt when, on returning home from a prospecting trip in the hills, to discover he had killed *both* those bulls. We didn't trap together that season, nor any other.

It has been my experience that two bulls, or more, will travel together during the mating season on perfectly good terms until a prospective spouse heaves into view. Then the battle commences and the old, old "eternal triangle" turns into a regular merry-go-round.

A Stag Party

TRAVELING through a tamarac swamp once on a bench land just above the Athabasca Valley, we came onto a regular stag party, eight bull moose in one group. One of them was a monster, yet there was nothing to make one believe this particular bull was the boss of the gang. They all seemed to be on perfectly amiable terms, but just what brand of circumstance had brought them together was a matter for conjecture. There were no wolves in that part of the country and the snow was not sufficiently deep to cause them to yard.

I've seen three and even four bulls together a number of times, but the above-mentioned party of eight was unique, in my experience at least. A number of men who have spent most of their lives in moose country have also informed me this was an exceptional case. Twenty moose, a conglomerate group in matter of both size and sex, is not an extraordinary gathering, for when the animals are forced to yard on account of deep snow the two sexes mix indiscriminately and, naturally, the bulls become the protectors of the females and young.

Warding off Wolves

Many people believe the antlers of the bull moose are a means of defense against wolves, in fact I thought as much myself at one time. Then there came a day when two of my pack dogs attacked a big bull and got him in a tangle of down timber where he was forced to fight. The moose had an unusually wicked looking pair of antlers, but he never once used them in warding off the attack of my big dogs. Instead, he struck with his forelegs, and the thrust of those terrible hooves was sufficient in power to floor a grizzly bear. One thing which has always struck me as peculiar is this fact: very few illustrators in drawing pictures of the bull moose ever give proper attention to the length of limb on the animal. Once I measured the foreleg of a moose, from the knee to the tip of the hoof, and it was over twice as long as the same part of a domestic bull which had undoubtedly weighed at least two hundred pounds in excess of his remote cousin. It is the extreme reaching qualities in the foreleg of the bull moose which renders it such a powerful weapon for defense.

Only with his head erect can the bull moose keep track of his assailants, and to lower that towered mass of antlered growth would surely invite disaster. Only in a conflict with one of his own kind are his antlers of use.

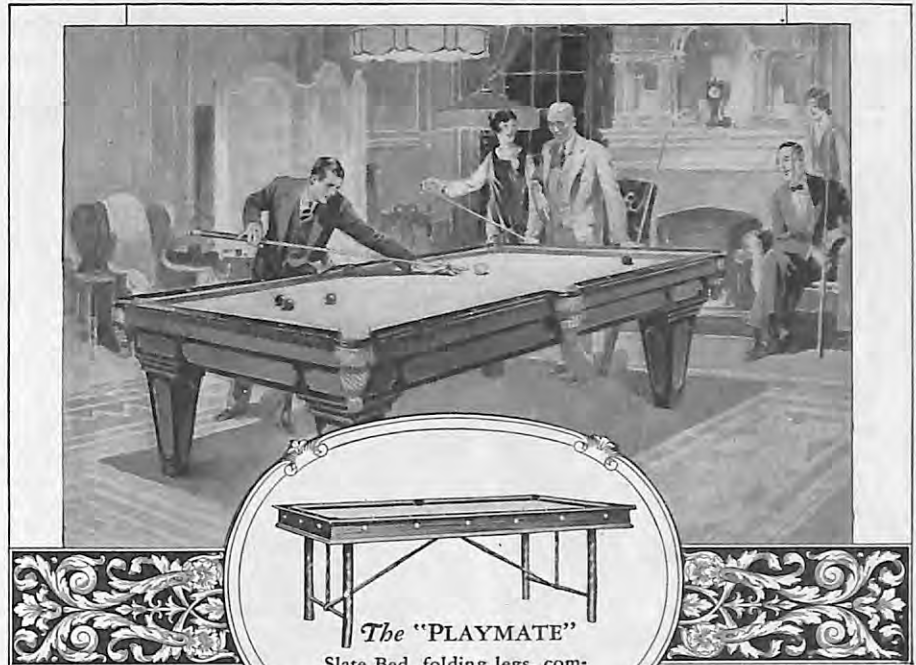
Wolves seldom become a menace to moose until the snow is very deep and the winter well advanced. At this time the bulls have shed their antlers and we may be sure Dame Nature did not intend to leave such a noble creature entirely at the mercy of its enemies. This fact alone is sufficient to explode the theory that antlers are a means of defense against wolves.

The Strange Loss of a Splendid Trophy

Living again the many glorious days spent on the game and fur trails of Athabasca, an incident is recalled which had to do with the killing, and losing, of perhaps the biggest game head ever seen in the wilds by the writer. One fall a man from Colorado, Wells by name, was out with me. I was prospecting for fur, looking over some new country with the idea of trapping there later on, and took John Wells along because he was simply wild to secure a fine trophy in the form of a moose head.

Wells proved to be one of the most level-headed fellows I have had the pleasure of being

(Continued on page 68)



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In Moose Country

(Continued from page 67)

out with. On that trip we passed up forty-seven moose, many of them fairly good heads, because John Wells had an ideal he wished to carry out and was willing to wait for its fruition. He wanted a spread that would at least compare favorably with those bordering on the record class. Now, the securing of a record moose head is not an easy matter, even in a country where there are thousands of moose. For instance: just this past fall another man and myself, traveling in a part of the Athabasca country where we never saw a sign of a human for two months, counted as high as thirty moose in a single day, and never once did the glasses reveal what appeared to us as a record head.

So it was the time Wells and I were out. Finally we stopped one evening at a sort of back channel in the Athabasca River, where I wished to size up a beaver colony. My work was accomplished and we sat on the bank admiring the glories of the departing sun, over the hills to the west. Accustomed as my eyes were to the varying changes wrought by the restless forms of wild life in that country, I saw something which thrilled me unspeakably. Across the three-hundred-foot channel of the river, where he had just emerged from the blue-black spruce timber, stood a bull moose whose antlers seemed surely in the six-foot class. Perhaps it is because we lost him that his head appeared so magnificent, it is often that way with things we almost have and let slip through our grasp.

The bull was walking along the shore, to all intents unaware of our existence. Once he glanced over our way, but I was sure his angle of vision was above and beyond us, as though he were considering the desirability of crossing the river to the alder-clad slopes back of us. Incidentally, moose are wonderful swimmers and have no fear of water whatever, even when the ice is forming in treacherous streams.

It took me several seconds to point out the bull to John Wells, for though the animal looked as big as a barn in the middle of a small field, through my eyes, Wells must have been looking above and beyond him. At last I saw his rifle go up, an age of deathlike silence followed, then the calm of the wilderness was stabbed by the roar of rifle fire. I saw the big bull hunch up his shoulders and flatten his ears, a sure sign of a deadly hit, but he did not fall. Staggering slightly he endeavored to climb the rather steep bank, gave it up and walked dangerously near the swift-running waters.

At my prompting, Wells fired again, and missed completely. The third shot was paralytic; the giant bull staggered, half sank to his knees, regained his feet, reared straight up in the air and toppled over backward in the rushing current of the Athabasca! We were helpless. Had we been possessed of a boat, chances are something might have been done to salvage the fast disappearing trophy; even a raft would have been of some avail. But darkness was only a matter of minutes distant and the construction of even a flimsy raft requires considerable time. So we stood there dumb, watching the bull moose float down the river, his great black bulk rising and falling in the rapids just below us, so near and yet so far!

Next morning we built a raft and went down the river, hoping against hope the magnificent head might yet be spared us, for there was one chance in a million that it might be washed ashore on some island or drift into a channel whose waters were not sufficient in depth to carry it through. But we were doomed to disappointment, and although we killed three bears that day I think we were both so chagrined over the unlucky event of the previous night, the latter stroke of fortune found us rather impassive.

A Strange Incident

A fur trader whom I have known for years, tells this strange story which will bear out my initial statement that a bull moose is a queer animal. "John Gray," as we will here call him, was one of three brothers who ran a trading post on the Athabasca River, and in addition to their trade with the neighboring trappers they also had several hundred miles of trapline scattered through the hills and which they took turns in tending. Trappers are always anxious, as the cold weather approaches, to lay in a good supply

of meat for the coming winter, for what with their own demands to take care of and a dog team or two requiring to be well fed, even such a large animal as a moose does not last so very long.

One evening in late October, John Gray took a raft and crossed the river to the opposite side from his headquarters. Once across, he traveled by foot up-river and finally came to a natural meadow which was practically void of trees except for a few scattering pines. There it was his good fortune to discover a fat young bull moose standing beneath one of these trees. He shot this moose and went about the business of skinning and cleaning. Incidentally I may say that handling a bull moose is a real man-sized job and requires not only considerable strength but a general knowledge of what to do next!

Darkness overtook Gray at his task, a fact which bothered him not in the least, for the hardy trapper of the north country thinks no more of traveling at night, if occasion arises, than the average man is concerned about going to bed. However, the coming of night forced him to build a fire to light up the surroundings so he could finish his work. Of a sudden he hears a strange sound behind him and glancing hurriedly over his shoulder, saw three bull moose at unusually close quarters.

By that strange perverse manner in which fate often works, the fur trader had left his wilderness home with but a few cartridges for his rifle, and after killing the one moose had but one charge left. When he saw the trio of bulls standing there he was somewhat nonplussed, for never in all his experience had he been witness of such phenomena. Whether it was the smell of blood which had drawn the three or the noise of the crackling fire, the fact remained—they were there and, to all intents, for no good purpose. Perhaps the darkness, together with the fact that in union there is strength, gave these bulls their temerity, for without warning they actually charged the hunter.

Gray swung himself up into the tree which luckily was right near him. The bulls ran clear up into the circle of the firelight and though they snorted and trembled as though afraid of the flames, stomped about in the blood and gore of the kill and gave that queer grunting noise which the moose adopts as a sign of great wrath. Gray told me, in relating this story, that had he carried the rifle in the tree with him, he would have fired the last shot it contained on a chance of frightening the moose away. As it was, the animals kept him in the tree for upward of three hours before they finally departed and he said they left none too soon for he was becoming almost senseless with the cold, for even October nights in that country are often such as to cause the mercury to drop below the zero mark.

How account for this altogether strange happening! Gray and I have discussed that incident many, many times, for we have known each other for years and often meet on the wilderness trails to talk over past experiences. The most plausible excuse for the queer performance on the part of the three bulls is this—we know for a certainty that the smell of blood from the slaughter of their kind will drive domestic cattle to madness at rare intervals. Perhaps this was the reason the moose acted so, for Gray has confessed to me the animals actually seemed to notice their dead kin more than they paid attention to him in the tree, except, of course, when he made any motion of descending.

Still Hunting the Moose

Despite the fact that moose are undoubtedly a type of animal in which native instinct for self-preservation has been developed to the *nth* degree, a clever woodsman, familiar with the habits of the animal, has no trouble whatever in outwitting him at his best. The amateur will travel through the woods for months at a time, right in the heart of a wonderful moose country, and only by accident get within rifle range of his quarry, simply because he does not observe a few simple rules.

The story is told of two Indians, both of great repute as hunters, who got into a heated argument as to their relative abilities as Nimrods. A test case was arranged so as to prove which was really the greater woodsman. "Old Stony" went out first and came back with the news that he

had discovered a bull moose lying down in a dense willow thicket and had returned without awakening it. "Neassus" said he would go out and kill that very moose with his hunting knife, which he did.

The judges of the contest were about to give Neassus the honor of being the greater hunter, when Old Stony threw his cards on the table, saying, "On the right forefoot of this moose you will find a cross scratched with my own knife as the animal lay there asleep." They looked and it was so, Old Stony had actually crawled up on the recumbent moose and scratched the rude figure of a cross on the animal's hoof.

An animal the size of the bull moose does not travel through the woods day after day in constant terror for his life, except in rare cases during the hunting season he is actually rather indifferent as to what goes on about him. Even the giant grizzly has no terrors for him, hence he must be aware of some real danger before he is actually alarmed. And to be aware of this menace he must sense it, either through his nose, ears or eyes. Supposing the hunter is concealed "upwind," that is, in a position where a moose coming from a certain direction is unable to smell him because of the wind which wafts the odor in the wrong direction! Well, you say, he can still see and hear! Granted, but again let us suppose the hunter has brains enough to remain in hiding and quiet enough to preclude the possibility of being discovered through any noise on his part, what then! All that remains to make this kind of still hunting a success is first, the ability to judge a likely place where the animal will travel sooner or later, and secondly and probably as important in a sense, the patience to stay there until rewarded!

I've traveled days in a raging storm just because of the rare opportunity such storms afford one for approaching real close to big game. I've seen moose standing under thick spruce trees dreaming away the hours while the leaden skies poured rain upon them. I've seen them with their backs to a storm for all the world like a band of range horses in a blizzard. I've climbed trees and stayed there until I was so stiff I could hardly get down, watching the queer antics of the moose family. I've seen them from the very door of my camps, time and time again; seen them in their loves, their fights and their contented family life.

I've watched them in midsummer when the sting of the black flies, the bite of the gnats and the buzz of the mosquitoes drove them to water. I've slipped up on them in canoes and slapped them playfully with a paddle, just to watch that magnificent frame stretch out and cleave the waters in flight. And in deep of winter I've watched them when they were forced to feed for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, in order to keep up the vitality so necessary to carry them through till spring.

I've found the calves when they were but a few hours old, held the awkward fearless rascals in my arms and turned them loose again to the everlasting gratitude of the frantic mother.

To know the moose as we woodsmen know them is good!



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 41)

Another innovation at this meeting, which will be continued throughout the year, was the supper and entertainment provided the members. A steady increase in attendance, a more lively interest in the affairs of the Lodge, and new applications have come as a result of these new features.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Prepares Candidates for Initiation

For the first time in the history of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, a class of candidates has been especially coached for the ceremony of initiation. In addition to this preparation, the thirty prospective members organized themselves into the Dr. A. H. Palmer class, taking the name from the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. Officers were elected and plans made for the immediate participation of the new Elks in the affairs of the Lodge. Pasadena officers believe that such procedure assures a more complete understanding on the part of new members of their responsibilities and privileges, and are planning to continue the practice.

Championship Band of Minneapolis Lodge Plays for Children's Sanatorium

The band of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, winners of the Class B Championship at the Chicago Grand Lodge Reunion, scored another great hit when it played for the patients at the Glen Lake Sanatorium on the occasion of the Lodge's presentation of a set of playground equipment. The main concert, played in the auditorium to a crowd of nearly one thousand, was followed by one from the lawn, for the benefit of bed-ridden patients, and another for the youngsters in the children's hospital. It was a great day for the little patients as they swarmed over the new playground apparatus presented by the Lodge, acclaimed the musicians, and beat upon the drums to their heart's content.

At the time that this issue of the magazine went to press, members of the Lodge were planning a testimonial dinner to the band in partial expression of their pride in and gratitude to the organization which has added so much to the prestige of the Lodge.

Mother Lodge Acquires a "Book of Gold"

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, has a "Book of Gold." It is a beautiful volume, bound in a golden cover, inscribed in symbolic blue, with pages of finest linen, a rare example of the book-binder's art. "The Book of Gold" is the conception of Augustus F. Groll, Chairman of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, and was presented by him to the Committee as a book of permanent record. In the "Book of Gold" will be inscribed the names of all donors to Social and Community Welfare funds, and at the end of the year it will be placed in the archives of the Lodge.

New Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Goes Ahead Rapidly

Work is going ahead splendidly on the new Home which Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, is erecting on East Fourth Street, and the members are looking forward to occupying the handsome quarters early in the spring. It will be a thoroughly modern structure, and will embody many features necessary to the large and growing membership of the Lodge.

Morristown, N. J., Lodge Loses Two Of Its Most Active Members

Members of Morristown, N. J., Lodge, No. 815, were deeply affected recently by the death of John J. Walsh and Buckley B. Evans, who had been prominent for a long time in the affairs of the Lodge. Mr. Walsh, who served as a First Lieutenant in the United States Army during the war, was always the dynamic center of welfare movements sponsored by the Lodge. Mr. Evans, who was number one man on most of the athletic teams, will be missed greatly by

the younger members who used to come to him for coaching and advice.

California State Antlers Association Holds Fine Convention

The second annual convention of the California State Antlers Association, the junior organization sponsored by many Lodges, held at Long Beach under the auspices of Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, was a huge success. Business and committee meetings were run off with dispatch and efficiency, and the social side of the convention was delightfully taken care of. A banquet was served at the Virginia Hotel at which toasts were given by a speaker from each Lodge of Antlers, and by Past Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols, of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. At the final business session the new officers were installed, and the boys decided to hold next year's meeting at San Francisco.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Lays Cornerstone of Sheffield, Ala., Lodge

In the presence of a large crowd, and with impressive ceremonies, the cornerstone of the splendid new \$75,000 Home of Sheffield, Ala., Lodge, No. 1375, was laid by Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Harvey M. Blue, assisted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Bell, Dr. M. B. Potts, Exalted Ruler, and other officers of Sheffield Lodge. A beautiful musical program accompanied the dedicatory services, which were brought to a close with speeches by Judge Blue and Mr. Bell. Judge Blue and his party, which included besides Mr. Bell a number of prominent Alabama Elks, were most hospitably entertained during their short stay in Sheffield. Upon their arrival they were given a breakfast by Dr. Potts, and in the evening were the guests of honor at dinner at the Tennessee Valley Country Club.

The new Home is a beautiful structure of brick, steel and stone, and is situated at the corner of Jackson Highway and Thirtieth Street. The basement is largely occupied with the recreation rooms and shower baths, while on the first floor are the library, billiard and lounging rooms and the ladies' reception room. The Lodge room is on the second floor. The top floor is a roof garden with all up-to-date café features, and the building as a whole is one of the most comfortable and complete Lodge Homes in the State.

Missouri State Elks Association Meets in St. Joseph

Meeting at St. Joseph, Mo., in its seventeenth annual convention, the Missouri State Elks Association elected Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sam D. Byrns, last year's Secretary, as its new President, and O. W. McVay, of Trenton, Mo., Lodge, No. 801, Secretary. St. Joseph Lodge, No. 40, acted as host to the visitors, and although the numbers were less than expected as a result of heavy rains and floods, the affair was thoroughly enjoyable.

Orphans Guests of Raleigh, N. C., Lodge At Ball Game and Picnic

Close to 500 children were the guests this fall of Raleigh, N. C., Lodge, No. 735, at the Baseball League Park where they witnessed a double-header between the Capitals and the Bulls. The youngsters were taken to the Park from the Methodist and Catholic Orphanages of the city in large busses and were royally entertained there throughout the afternoon by the committee in charge of the outing. Peanuts, ice cream, pop corn, lemonade, and other good things were served the children. This was the second time that the boys and girls of the orphanages have been guests of the Elks, the children having been treated to a similar outing last year.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Launches Interesting Welfare Plan

As this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE goes to press, Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, is

(Continued on page 72)



“Here Comes Harris —He’ll Know!”

HE CAME sauntering across the club-room, smiling, poised. It was easy to see that he was popular. Every few steps he stopped to shake someone’s hand, to exchange greetings.

As he approached the little group near the lounge, the men turned to him eagerly.

“Here, Harris! Settle this question for us, will you?”

Laughing, Harris joined the group. “Well, what great problem are you solving now?”

“We want to know who said ‘Henceforth I seek not good fortune.’”

“I say it was one of the old philosophers, Seneca or Diogenes,” one of the men declared.

“And I think it was Benjamin Franklin,” ventured another.

Harris hesitated a moment then began. “‘Henceforth I seek not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,’” he quoted, “‘Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.’ That is from ‘The Song of the Open Road’ by our rugged old friend, Walt Whitman.”

“That’s it!” cried the man who had first called to Harris. “Didn’t I tell you he’d know!”

As Harris went over to join another group Davis remarked, “Amazingly well-informed chap, Harris. It’s really a treat to talk with him. He must do a tremendous amount of reading, and yet I don’t know how he finds time for it, because I happen to know he’s a very busy man.”

How Harris Did It

Bill Harris was a busy man—also a very successful man, and like so many other successful business men, he never

had had much opportunity to read. The little knowledge remembered from school-days stood him in poor stead when he found himself in the company of cultivated and well-read people.

So much of the conversation was clear over his head. He heard names . . . Dante, Emerson, Schopenhauer, Huxley, William Morris. Names vaguely familiar. Who were they? What had they done? What had they said? Why were they famous?

He couldn’t spare the time to read about them. He couldn’t spare the time to study literature, history, philosophy—all the fascinating things well-read people talk about. If there were only some one volume that would give him the “high lights”—the information he ought to know—without words, words, words!

Someone told him about the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book. Told him that it was a whole library condensed into one volume. More in curiosity than anything else, he sent for a copy—and that unique volume alone quickly made him a well-informed man—able to talk intelligently on almost any subject!

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

Elbert Hubbard was probably the most versatile genius that America has ever produced. Writer, orator, craftsman, business man—he astounded the world by his many-sided activities and his extraordinary success.

Hubbard set about deliberately to make himself a master in many fields. When still quite young, he began to keep a scrap book. He put into it all the bits of writing that inspired and helped him most. He read everything—searched the literature of every age and every country—to find ideas for

his scrap book. He added only what he thought inspiring and great.

As the scrap book 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.

Now the remarkable Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book has been published—and you, too, can possess this collection of the best thoughts and ideas of the last 4000 years—you, too, can become well-informed without wading through a lot of uninteresting reading!

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The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft book-making. Set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape. The best of a lifetime of discriminating reading, choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

Examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination—if you act at once. Just send off the coupon 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.

We urge you to act now. We want you to see the Scrap Book, to judge it for yourself. Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Dept. 511, Roycroft Distributors, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors
Dept. 511, 50 West 47th Street, New York City

You may send me for five days’ free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard’s Scrap Book in cloth-lined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation or keep it for my own and send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

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Substitutes good, solid tissue for bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently you hardly know it is there.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and few could take advantage of it.

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At last a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Well Scientific Reducing Belt by means of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber is so constructed that as you wear it every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you every second, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

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It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. You look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Well Method of reduction is used by athletes and jockeys because it reduces quickly and preserves their strength. Highly endorsed by physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

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Gentlemen—Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Well Scientific Reducing Belt and your special 10-Day Trial Offer.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 70)

about to sponsor what it considers one of its most interesting activities in community welfare work. It is the Lodge's intention to make a selection of fifty of the best known physicians in the city, who are members of the Hennepin County Medical Association, and to establish a clinic wherein the doctors will make a thorough physical examination of at least 1,500 babies under three years of age. A full report on the condition of each child will be given the parents, and every mother will receive a free photograph of her child. A series of beautiful loving cups and other prizes will be awarded the most perfect specimens of babyhood. It is expected that many of Minneapolis's largest manufacturing concerns and public utilities will cooperate with the Lodge in the undertaking. Plans are also under way whereby a series of interesting events will be conducted in connection with the Baby Show.

Past Exalted Rulers to Preside At Sessions of Lodge

Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, has developed a plan which provides for many interesting sessions of the Lodge during the coming months. It is the Lodge's intention to have every Past Exalted Ruler preside at a regular meeting and that he shall have as his associates in the chairs as many of the officers who served with him during his term as it is possible to assemble. The Past Exalted Rulers will be taken in the order of seniority, and it is hoped that all members who were initiated during the term of the presiding Past Exalted Ruler will attend his session and renew acquaintance and association. The idea has worked out admirably so far, resulting in increased attendance and new interest.

Marion, Ohio, Lodge Constructs Elks Rest

Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, has begun construction in Marion Cemetery of an "Elks Rest" which will be the burial-ground of its deceased members. A life-sized bronze elk, mounted on a granite pedestal, will be erected in a prominent part of the plot.

Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge Initiates Special Class of Candidates

Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 757, recently conducted a selective membership campaign through which the enrollment of the Lodge was increased by fifty-four of the representative men of the community. A special celebration marked the initiation of these candidates. Representatives from many neighboring Lodges were present, the guest of honor being Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494. Mr. Masters praised highly the work of the Lodge, and especially the impressive manner in which the initiation was conducted. At the close of the meeting the members and the visitors were guests at a supper given in the banquet room of the Waynesburg Christian Church.

Interesting Work Done by the Institute For Crippled and Disabled Men

The work being done by the Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men located in New York City should be of interest to members of the Order, especially to the committees in charge of similar activities being conducted by their Lodges. The Institute was founded by the American Red Cross in 1917 to fill the need for an organization to which the crippled man could turn for vocational advice and help. Since the war the Institute has continued its excellent work and has broadened the field of its operations. It conducts a school for cripples known as "The School of Another Chance"—but this is just a small part of its work. Its greater purpose is to show each community how to train its disabled men and women. The Institute is in charge of Dr. John C. Faries, and is located at 245 East 23rd Street, New York City. The informative literature published by the Institute will prove interesting and helpful

to any Lodges engaged in or contemplating welfare work in this field.

All Lodges Warned to be on Lookout for These Two Men

All Lodges are warned to be on the lookout for two men who, posing as members of the Order, have obtained money under false pretences. One of these carries a card on Joliet, Ill., Lodge, No. 296, bearing the name of P. J. Egan; the other has a card made out to John G. Bailey, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46. Secretaries of these Lodges have reported that no such names exist on their rolls. Each of these men has a very good appearance and is of average weight and height, and about forty-five years of age. These men should be held and the Secretaries of Joliet and Milwaukee Lodges notified immediately should they present their cards. It is suggested that a notice to this effect be posted on the bulletin boards of all Lodges.

Greensboro, N. C., Lodge to Celebrate Silver Jubilee

Greensboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 602, will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on the 5th of this month. Never in the history of the Lodge have such elaborate plans been made for an occasion. The program will especially honor all Past Exalted Rulers and charter members, particularly the two living Past Exalted Rulers who chartered the Lodge, and will open with a banquet at the North Carolina College for Women, at which every lady present will receive a beautiful souvenir of the occasion. In addition to the banquet there will be twelve specially selected vaudeville acts, and an address by a high official of the Order, possibly a representative of the Grand Lodge, followed by a grand ball. The city is cooperating with the Lodge on the day of the celebration by holding band concerts and a street parade. Ben G. Ginsberg heads the committee in charge of the affair.

San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge Will Welcome Elk Travelers

When the Elks West Indies and South American Cruise ship *Doric* arrives at San Juan, Porto Rico, early in January, the Elks on board will be met by a large escort of members from San Juan Lodge, No. 972, and will be taken to their hotels and to the private homes of the resident members. Luxurious sight-seeing omnibuses will take them across the eighty-five miles of smooth military cross-island road to Ponce, Baths of Coamo and to other quaint old towns. After their return from this trip, a banquet will be given in their honor by No. 972 at the Hotel Conado-Vanderbilt in San Juan. There will also be a theatre party, a dance, and winter swimming in the warm waters of the Caribbean Sea for the visitors.

Louisville, Ky., Lodge Honors Past Grand Exalted Ruler Apperly

Appreciation of his nearly forty years of service as an officer of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, was rendered Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly recently at a reception in the Home of the Lodge given in his honor by his fellow members. Preceding the reception, Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge were hosts to Mr. Apperly at a dinner where tribute was paid to his loyalty and his untiring enthusiasm for his Lodge and the Order in general. Mr. Apperly is eighty-two years old, the oldest living Past Grand Exalted Ruler, and is likewise the oldest member of Louisville Lodge. The reception and banquet were also in the nature of a farewell, as Mr. Apperly is retiring from business and leaving Louisville to take up his residence in Champaign, Illinois.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Fulton, N. Y., Lodge members enjoyed a most delightful outing this Fall at Three Rivers. Over 200 were present.



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We are informed by R. T. Lynch, Secretary of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, that William R. Howard, who was expelled from this Lodge last April, is using his card to pass worthless checks.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge held its annual outing recently and 1,400 Elks and members of their families turned out.

The cornerstone-laying celebration of the new Cliffside Park, N. J., High School, was held under the auspices of Cliffside Park Lodge.

"Purples Flashes," the revue staged by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge was an unqualified success and netted a considerable sum for the Lodge treasury.

Nearly 1,500 children were given an outing at Olympic Park by Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge.

Nashua, N. H., Lodge will celebrate its 25th anniversary on Armistice Day, November 11.

Members of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge have accepted the invitation of Freehold, N. J., Lodge to pay a fraternal visit on November 22, when their officers will initiate a class for their hosts.

Some 4,000 youngsters, headed by the circus band, marched to Athletic Park, where they were the guests of Meadville, Pa., Lodge at its Elk Circus.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge will hold its annual Charity Ball in its Home on November 24.

Blank membership cards, stolen recently from La Grange, Ill., Lodge, are being used to cash bad checks in various parts of the country. Cards filled out in the names of W. G. Hill, W. E. Barkelew, and R. A. Whitmore, have already been presented for this purpose, we are informed by William A. Goss, Secretary of La Grange Lodge.

Lodges in Bergen and Hudson Counties, N. J., are again organizing an indoor sports tournament to consist of bowling, pool, billiards and pinochle contests.

Arrangements are being made by Portland, Ore., Lodge to organize a trapshooting team. The Lodge, with many good shots, should be able to put an excellent team in the field.

Marion, Ohio, Lodge will stage a large minstrel show for the benefit of charity on December 13-15.

Eugene Gallaher, Chairman of the Crippled Kiddies Committee, represented Millville, N. J., Lodge at the annual reunion of workers and former patients at the tuberculosis sanatorium at Glen Gardner.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge presented a beautiful silk flag to the Alki Congregational Church a short time ago.

The officers of Dover, N. J., Lodge, accompanied by a delegation of members, journeyed to Madison, N. J., Lodge, where they initiated a record class for their hosts.

More than \$7,000 was realized by Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, at its Annual Fair.

The Elks Baseball Team of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge won the city championship and the Spaulding Cup during the season just closed.

Newport, R. I., Lodge celebrated its 38th Anniversary on October 28.

The Glee Club of Newark, N. J., Lodge has been reorganized and is now holding regular rehearsals.

The Last Bucks of the Bronco

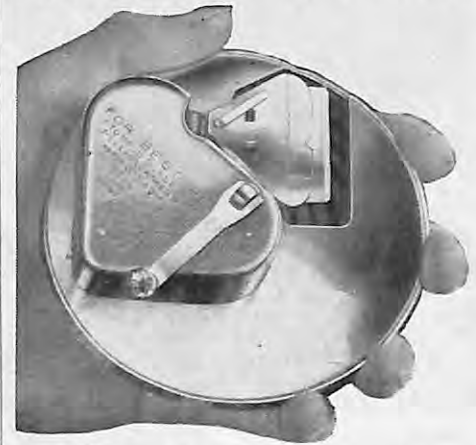
(Continued from page 16)

Wherever horse round-ups are held, the cowboys keep keen watching for possible bucking talent to supply to wild west shows and the local rodeos which are too numerous in the West nowadays to be cataloged. The supply of bucking horses, according to those who have the shows in charge, is constantly growing less. A good, consistent buckler is worth many times the price he will bring at public auction. The longer he bucks the more he postpones that inevitable day when his hide shall be made into baseball covers and his hoofs into the glue of commerce. All the wild and unclaimed horses that are caught are saddled and ridden by cowboys who are experts in the ways of the buckler. If a horse shows signs of being a "sunfish" or can

(Continued on page 75)

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THINK OF IT! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere!

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Use these blades and keep renewing them with KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. If any one goes back on you I'll recondition or replace them free! This sweeping written guarantee solves your blade problem for all time. I mean every word when I say "I'll keep you in Razor Blades for Life."

Get Details of Free Offer

This astonishing offer is limited. Guarantee will be withdrawn Dec. 31st and never offered again. So act quickly! Send for information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions today. They are never sold in stores—and are even more remarkable than I can tell you in this short space. Clip the coupon today. No obligation.

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Make big money as a KRISS-KROSS representative. \$75—\$200 a week. J. C. Kellogg made \$200 in 7 days. H. King earned \$66 in one day. We show you how. Spare-time workers, office and factory men make \$5—\$10 extra a day just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends. Check bottom of coupon and mail at once



Thousands Have This Priceless Gift - and Never Discover It!

Many men rob themselves of success, popularity, achievement and position which could rightfully be theirs if they would but recognize the presence of a priceless gift retiring instead of using this natural gift to dominate and control others and become leaders among men. Seven men out of every nine have this gift. You can now find out for yourself, by means of this amazing FREE test, if you are one of these.

No sane man would deliberately and knowingly throw away a chance to become an outstanding, influential and important figure, occupying a high-salaried job in his chosen profession. Yet, without knowing it, thousands of men are throwing away a priceless gift which, if they would but bring out from its hiding and use it, would obtain for them influence, position, popularity, power, leadership and money.

Nearly every man has in him the knack of powerful and convincing speech. This magic power is that thing which often rises up within you and demands expression, but is never heard because you lack confidence in your ability to speak with force and conviction.

Now Easy to Become a Powerful Speaker

I don't care what work you are now doing. I don't care what may be your station in life. I don't care how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak. If you will give me just fifteen

minutes each day in the privacy of your home I will make you an accomplished and powerful speaker in a few short weeks or not charge you a single penny. You need not have a college education, nor do you need any kind of vocal training. By this amazing, easy method you have only a few simple,

easy-to-remember principles to learn. Then you will see how really easy it is to have the power of effective, convincing speech.

Why Powerful Speakers Are Picked for Important Jobs

If you will take particular notice, you will find that the big, important, high-salaried jobs invariably go to men who are convincing talkers. Often

you will see a man of this type forge ahead in business at an amazingly fast rate, while men of even greater ability stand tied to one job because they lack speaking power. That is the reason you quite often are astonished to see a man jump over the heads of many superiors into a job among the big leaders. It is the power and ability to speak with force and conviction that flashes men from obscurity and low wages to prominence and high salaries.

What 15 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
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- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
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- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
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If you will fill in and mail the coupon at once, you will receive a remarkable new book called "How to Work Wonders with Words." This book gives you an amazing test by which you can determine for yourself in five minutes whether you are one of the seven men out of every nine who possess the "hidden knack" of powerful speech, but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow 15 minutes a day to stand between you and success. Thousands have found this to be the biggest step forward in their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not in yours? Then mail the coupon at once.



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

The Last Bucks of the Bronco

(Continued from page 73)

"change ends" rapidly enough to unseat the average rider, he is set aside for further riding. If he proves to be a genuine buck, with the spirit of a demon and a backbone that should properly belong to a boa constrictor, he is sold "down the river" to the big-league shows such as Cheyenne or Pendleton. Of if he is just a plain, ordinary "fighting fool," he goes to one of the big shows to take part in the wild horse race which is an annual event looked forward to by countless rodeo fans. Nobody who has seen the wild horse race at the Cheyenne Frontier Days show will ever forget it—the saddling of fifteen or twenty frenzied, fighting animals, the collisions and spills when the cowboys endeavor to mount, and the bucking and kicking that go on when the wild horses are urged around the track. Wild horses that have sufficient spirit to put the required "pep" in this part of the show are in demand at big prices.

The genuine wild horse has been found in the southwest for many years, and occasional bands roam as far north as the plains of eastern Oregon and Washington. Their chief strongholds are in Utah and Nevada and that part of Arizona north of the Grand Canyon. These horses are not products of economic disturbances. They bear no brands and they have never felt the touch of rope. Unlike their cousins in the northwest, they have not been abandoned by small ranchmen who have given up the homesteading struggle. Many of them are descendants of the first horses brought into this country by the Spanish explorers in the southwest. It is known that there were two hundred and sixty horsemen in Coronado's expedition from Mexico in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola. On his return, after explorations which had carried him as far north as the Kansas of to-day, his faithful cavaliers could count few horses between them. The animals that had not been killed had been captured by the Indians, who were not slow to adapt themselves to this swift form of locomotion. Other explorers and colonizers—Don Antonio de Espejo, Don Juan de Onate, and De Vargas among the number—brought horses into the southwest. Some of these horses wandered away and were picked up by Indians. Others were run off in Indian attacks. They were pure Arabian horses, for Viceroy Mendoza and other representatives of the Spanish crown in Mexico, who fitted out these expeditions largely for their own glory and possible profit, would have nothing but the best.

Thus it was that the horse first came into possession of the Indians south and east of the Colorado River in the sixteenth century. It remained for Padre Francisco Silvestre Velez Escalante to introduce the horse to the Indian tribes north and west of the tremendous chasm of the Grand Canyon. Just about the time the Liberty Bell sent forth its appeal to the slender contingent of patriots grouped along our eastern shores, the good padre was starting from Santa Fe for the purpose of establishing a trail to the Spanish missions of California. He traveled through the southwestern Colorado of to-day and gave many streams and mountains the musical names which fortunately they now bear, such as the San Miguel Range and the Rio de Las Animas Perdidos (River of Lost Souls.)

CROSSING the Colorado River, Escalante went northward as far as Great Salt Lake. His account of his journey tells of Indian paintings on canyon walls, of great herds of buffaloes, and of savages different from any yet encountered by Spanish explorers. His log also tells of horses run off by these same Indians—for, although the Spanish padres always walked, on those exhausting journeys of exploration through desert lands, they were protected by cavalry guards as well as foot soldiers.

These horses stolen from Escalante's accompanying cavaliers undoubtedly were the first to make their home in the plateau region north and west of the Grand Canyon, and were the ancestors of many of the wild horses to be found there to-day. Such ancestry speaks for itself in the pinto horses that occasionally are brought in from the range by the wild-horse hunters—"throwbacks" they are called, with their Arabian blood speaking through color and con-

tour. Of course inbreeding has done its work in many cases. How could it be otherwise, under the circumstances, with these wild horses living their secluded lives for centuries, augmented only by strays from the ranches as the country was settled in more recent years? Under-sized, shaggy, buzzard-headed, splay-footed—such is the description of many a "broom tail" or "tacky" of the southwest. Swift and cunning withal, and even the most degenerate specimen as clever as a fox about hiding out in his homeland. Take them away from the country where they have been wont to range unhindered and they are sodden and unresponsive, but let them get within smelling distance of home and you will do well to see that your stake pins are driven deep every night or the hobbles are extra strong, or your caravan will be short of horses in the morning.

Superintendent Evans of Zion National Park told me a story illustrative of the homing instinct of the wild horse.

"WE HAD been on a long trip on the south side of the canyon, and over there had picked up a pack horse known as Broomy, from the fact that he was a typical broom-tail, or wild horse. We were warned to look out for Broomy when we had crossed to the north side of the Grand Canyon. 'Broomy comes from over there,' we were told. 'He's all right on the south side of the canyon. You can't chase him away from camp over here. But he may give you the slip when he gets back to his old stamping ground.'

"We didn't pay much attention, because Broomy had been caught young and sold off on the other side of the river years before. He was quiet, even to the point of lethargy, and it didn't seem possible for him to develop any acute case of nostalgia. He was as sober as a deacon all the time we were crossing the canyon and never wobbled on the trail. But as soon as we got up on the north rim he began to act restless. Two or three bands of wild horses were sighted, and Broomy lost all value as a pack horse. The first night out on the north rim, he slipped his rope and disappeared. We thought it was the last of Broomy, unless he happened to be rounded up by some wild-horse hunters, but two nights later he reappeared in camp, as sober as when we first got him. He had had his fling among home surroundings and was willing to go along and be a good pack horse thereafter."

Methods of hunting wild horses have changed little since early days. The first hunters on the prairies were known as "mustangers." They found it difficult to run down the plains mustangs so they had more frequent recourse to the rifle than the wild-horse hunters of to-day. Using the rifle means "creasing"—a difficult performance calling for perfect marksmanship and at the best resulting in many slain horses. "Creasing" means shooting a horse close to the spinal column on top of the neck, just in front of the withers, thus temporarily paralyzing the animal. But "creasing" isn't done to-day unless every other method of capture fails. The early-day Mormons, who were great hunters of wild horses, found that the most effective way was to trap the animals at the water holes. This method is the one most used to-day in the southwest. A corral will be built around a water hole, and a man, who is well concealed, is left on guard near the gate. When the wild horses come to drink, the chances are they are suspicious. Everything is left to the stallion leading the band. Sometimes he will stand for hours watching the water hole. If the man in concealment happens to show so much as the top of his hat, the stallion whirls and leads the band to another water hole, perhaps twenty-five miles away. But the horse hunters may have closed the other water holes. Or maybe they are camped there for the purpose of making the wild horse bands go to the one oasis where the corral has been built. Thirst finally triumphs over the suspicion that all is not as it should be. Slowly, sniffing as he goes, the stallion approaches the water hole, with the rest of the wild horse band following him. At last they are all in the corral, drinking greedily. Then the watcher rises from his place of concealment

(Continued on page 76)

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The Last Bucks of the Bronco

(Continued from page 75)

and closes the bars of the corral. Perhaps he is quick enough to trap all the horses and perhaps he is not. If he doesn't get the last bar up in a hurry, the horses are over it in a stream, and it is well for the horse hunter to be out of the way, though there is a case on record of an entire band leaping over a gate and man and not inflicting any injury upon the prostrate cowboy. Horse hunters aren't always so lucky. Sometimes they are severely kicked or bitten by corralled horses of the man-eater type.

Most of the farm youths in southwestern Utah hunt wild horses. The Mormon farm boys have been doing it for generations. Being born and brought up in the saddle, in the heart of a wild-horse country, it is only natural for them to turn to a sport which one and all declare to be the most exciting in the world. When they speak of wild-horse hunting as sport, they do not refer to trapping the animals at water holes. That is the commercial way of gathering the animals. The sportsman gets out and runs them down in the open. Such hunting isn't done with heavy stock saddles on the mounts of the riders—far from it. The wild horse is speedy and tricky. He can race at breakneck speed over the roughest country. The rider who tries to compete with him must strip his horse of saddle leather. A saddle blanket is permissible, held in place by a surcingle, which serves a double purpose, inasmuch as to it is fastened the relay rider's rope, which ordinarily would be attached to a saddle.

With the relay riders stationed at places deemed most favorable by the captain of the round-up, the wild-horse band is started—perhaps from a vantage place near a water hole. The first relay riders have no chance, unless they are fortunate enough to be able to approach the wild horses unexpectedly from some place of concealment. They are rapidly distanced in the race, as even a good saddle horse, bearing the weight of a man, is no match for a wild horse at the beginning of a race. But as other relay riders take up the chase when the wearied horses drop out, the pace of the wild horses begins to slacken. Perhaps they have been waiting two or three days at a water hole for a chance to get a drink, and are in none too good condition to race. But even under the most favorable circumstances they will be worn down by relay riders if the "breaks" are with the horse hunters.

The "breaks" in wild-horse hunting may mean many things. The "breaks" are with you if your horse does not step in a badger hole while going full tilt. In case of such an accident, being without a saddle you are thrown free of the usual entanglements, but you may get badly jarred. Then, before you can capture your mount, your horse may conclude he has had enough of hunting his wild brethren and has beaten it back to camp, leaving you to face a walk of several miles across the desert. In case you get close enough to a wild horse to throw a rope, it is well to be on your guard against a tumble. Having no saddle horn to wind the rope around, the rider is at a disadvantage. He may get pulled from his horse's back, or horse and rider may be thrown as soon as the cast is made.

IF THE relay hunt has gone according to plans up to the final stage—if the fresh riders have picked up the tiring band according to schedule, and the horses have been worked around toward the camp and the corral—there is still a big chance that the day will be lost. A misplay at the critical last moment will let the horse band through the circle of riders. Instead of being safely corralled, the horses will be heading once more for the open spaces of the desert, tired but still capable of putting up a good race. The Parry brothers, "Chance" and "Gron," of Cedar City, have hunted wild horses all over southern Utah and along the "Arizona strip" between the Grand Canyon and the Utah line.

"I have played all sorts of games, including college football," said "Gron" Parry, "and there is no sport comparable to wild-horse hunting when it comes to getting a real thrill." "Chance," who has hunted wild horses in every conceivable way since he was ten years old, agreed with his brother. But "Chance,"



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who was an aviator during the war, and who was one of the first to fly over and into the Grand Canyon, has one wild-horse hunting thrill up his sleeve. He plans to hunt them from an airplane. On some of his exploring trips he has flown over bands of wild horses. He noticed that invariably they ran without stopping, seemingly trying to get away from the sound of the motor over their heads.

"With relay riders properly stationed, it would be easy to tire out a wild horse band," said Parry. "There is a band of pintos—several in all—which I have never been able to catch in any other way. Someday I am going to try running down those pintos in an airplane."

Wherever one inquires into the wild-horse situation in the West, it is found that the sheepmen are the prime movers in the effort to clear the range of unclaimed horses. The sheep interests have been steadily usurping the range, North and South, for several years. They have even entrenched themselves in the Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming, where a few years ago the cattlemen were so strong that it was their boast that no sheep ever would be allowed to cross the deadlines that had been drawn around the stronghold of the steer. It is related that a woman home-steadier in the Jackson's Hole country acquired a pet lamb for companionship. She was waited on by a committee of cattlemen and the spokesman curtly informed her that she would have to get rid of the lamb or have it killed, as Jackson's Hole was a cow country.

IT HAS been so ordered that sheep have been the one live asset of the range left undisturbed in recent economic upheavals. The sheepman has gone steadily on counting his profits, whereas the cattleman and the general farmer have counted their bruises. The sheep are now working their disastrous way over ranges heretofore forbidden to them. And the cry is always for "more grass." Down in Utah and Nevada, where the sheep bands have been increasing as the cattle herds have decreased, the sheepmen have taken summary action against the wild horses that have been living on the scanty herbage that has been their support for centuries. They have taken to shooting down wild horses in the open and lying in wait for them at the water holes and shooting them down without mercy. Cattlemen aren't so keen against the wild horse. Cattle raising and horse raising naturally go together, and, even if the cowman had his old-time dominion of the range, it is likely that he would find a way to share a corner with the wild horse. But the sheep interests are not so disposed. It is figured that one wild horse crops enough grass to support several sheep.

What use is made of the horses that are rounded up and shipped to distant markets? Here more or less of mystery enters the situation. Meat packing plants, where horse meat is said to be put up for European consumption, have been established in various places. A cowboy from Montana was arrested for trying to dynamite one of those plants at Rockford, Ill., some months ago. He said he was a friend of the horse and could not bear to think of the noblest of animals being slaughtered for human consumption. Horses from the Montana ranges have been sent to Butte, and dispatches a few weeks ago told of the shipment of a large amount of chilled horse meat to Europe, via the Panama Canal from Portland. The announcement further said that refrigerator ships would carry such supplies regularly to European lovers of horse meat. The press agent even glowingly prophesied that the time would come when horses would be raised in this country for the purpose of supplying European tables with meat. Hides, hoofs and bones make by-products of commerce, but even when the wild horse is figured up in terms of table meat, glue, baseball covers and fertilizer, the sum total is not sufficient to pay round-up expenses and leave a profit to brand owners. Nor are the lovers of horses sorry that such is the case. They would rather think of the wild horses running the gauntlet of traps and bullets than making a profit for the emissaries of packing houses and glue factories. Between the two avenues of tragedy that seem to have opened ahead of "man's best friend," it would seem that the better way for the wild horse would be quick death on the range where he has been roaming in splendid freedom.

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The Uses of Capital

By Paul Tomlinson

ONCE upon a time there was a prevalent popular belief that the man who spent his money fastest was rendering the greatest service to the community. This was in the days when good investments were scarce and riches were represented by gold hidden in a china crock under the hearthstone, and thus kept out of circulation. Unquestionably the world derives more benefit from dissipated capital than from capital that is withheld from circulation and put to no use at all; but at the present time there are so many constructive uses for capital that money spent extravagantly is by comparison money wasted. There are not only uses for capital, but urgent demands for it from all corners of this industrialized world, and when it is productively employed the results are most happy: more workers are needed which means higher pay, and production is increased which means lower prices. This is a fundamental, inescapable truth, and failure to grasp it has ever been the cause of much misunderstanding and trouble.

There is an old saying that money makes money, and most people are convinced of its soundness. Rich men make more rich men, is a statement that some may question, but provided only these rich men employ their riches constructively, one that it would be difficult to prove false. Suppose a man is the owner of a company which earns a profit of \$100,000 a year, and calls for the services of one hundred people; this man if he is wise does not take all this profit out of the business and spend it. In practically every successful company the largest part of the profit is left in the business for extensions and additions to the plant. This means that the enterprise is furnishing its own capital, and saving itself, and its customers, the expense of purchasing this capital by means of an issue of securities and an underwriting fee. And if the business grows and prospers the owner is not the only one to benefit; every capable person working with him is bound to have his share. Moreover, more workers are needed in an enlarged business, and employment is furnished to more and more people; the dollars thus earned support the earner's families, and these dollars paid out for food, clothing, rent, and the other necessities of life indirectly benefit scores and hundreds of other people.

Suppose you were the owner of property located in some city, and you decided it would be a good idea to put up an office building on this site. If you did not have sufficient capital to pay the construction cost yourself, you would have the problem of how to raise the amount required. Probably what you would do would be to form a corporation and arrange to sell bonds secured by the land and building; then you would sell stock to provide the additional funds needed to go through with your program. If the bonds and the shares of stock could successfully be disposed of, it can be supposed that sufficient funds would be re-

A Far-Sighted Banker's Idea of Advertising

by FESTUS J. WADE

President, MERCANTILE TRUST
COMPANY of St. Louis

DO I believe that a banker considers reputation, as developed by advertising, in extending credit? There probably are bankers who will give a negative answer to this question and believe they are giving the right answer.

But let those bankers be approached by a credit-seeking national advertiser, who has established his name, therefore a market for his goods, and see what happens. In nine cases out of ten the fact that those goods have become a household "buy-word" will be the greatest factor in granting the credit.

The banker himself will have become subconsciously sold on the firm through its consistent advertising. He will say, "Oh, yes, that's a big house—well known, good reputation," etc., not realizing that it was advertising that did the work.

The next minute he may be approached by a new company, trying to make its name, and turn down the loan because too much of it is to be spent for the purpose of advertising. In the first application he has helped the big advertiser to cash in on his reputation, and in the second was depriving the newcomer of the right to build a reputation.

This is only a hypothetical case, and I am glad to say I don't believe it happens as often as it did in the past.

Just as we learn something new every day, so every day another banker wakes up to the underlying power and pull of advertising.

Published by The Elks Magazine in
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Association of Advertising Agencies

ceived to make the completion of the building an assured fact.

Operations of this sort are of most common occurrence, and it is interesting to consider the number of people who are affected by such an undertaking. First of all, there you are, the owner of the site, and because you were successful in selling bonds and stock you are enabled to erect the building. There are the bondholders, who have loaned their money to your corporation, who expect to be paid their interest regularly, and who consider their loans to be amply secured and safe during the life of the bonds. There are the stockholders who believe that after the fixed obligations are paid there will be sufficient earnings to justify the distribution of substantial dividends. There are the people who worked on the construction of the building: the architect, the contractor, engineers, laborers, masons, carpenters, plumbers, steel workers, painters, all given employment and the opportunity to earn money for their own support and the support of their families. When the building is in operation, janitors and elevator operators will be required, real estate firms will be enabled to rent stores and offices, collect the rents, and expand their businesses. And of course space in the building offers opportunities for storekeepers to do business; offices are to be had, and facilities presented for more people to earn their livelihoods than existed before.

Without capital such an enterprise would be impossible. It is not too much to say that without capital any industrial enterprise would be impossible. Nor does any one person or group of persons reap all the benefits. One man borrows, another man loans, and with the money so obtained industries are started and carried on, and advantages accrue to thousands of people, many of them entirely unaware of where these advantages come from, and ignorant of the processes by which they have been made possible. The borrower and the loaner are indispensable to each other in this modern world. Without borrowers, initiative and enterprise would disappear, and if there were not people with money to loan, and willing to loan it, there would be no business.

WHEN business and commerce were young it was possible for an individual who needed capital to obtain it from some other individual. Private banks and bankers were a later development, and still later single banks could supply whatever funds were necessary. Such agencies still exist, and still function, but nowadays when governments and cities and corporations want to borrow money running into the millions of dollars more than one source is necessary. Banks, institutions, and individuals, all of whom have funds for investment, band themselves together and supply these large amounts of capital, for in this day and age no one agency, no matter how great its resources, is in a position to furnish all the money that is frequently wanted. So it is that opportunities are offered to a large group, not only to employ their funds profitably, but to contribute something to modern civilization, and to help make industrial progress possible.

Capital is seldom considered in the light of a menace any more. The reason is that, in this country at least, nearly every person is a capitalist in his own right; every man who owns a piece of property, a share of stock, a bond, or who has a bank account is himself a capitalist, and if he thinks capital a menace he is disapproving of himself first of all. And how can capital be evil if, when it is set to work in proper ways, it provides work for millions of people and benefits every one who comes in contact with it? Europe to-day is suffering from lack of it, and next to the lives destroyed the greatest evil resulting from the war was the destruction of capital. Without capital there can not be production, and without production there can be nothing but a low standard of living, for it is upon production that the material welfare of the world depends. No nation can be prosperous to-day unless there is a surplus of capital accumulated each year and reinvested in beneficial production. Of course if each citizen would do his part in this saving, that would be ideal, but the important consideration is that savings be made, and unless somebody saves every one will suffer.

(Continued on page 80)

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The Uses of Capital

(Continued from page 79)

In these modern days we all of us ride on trains, and in motor cars; we use gas and electricity and other conveniences of life which have become so commonplace that we take them for granted and scarcely give them a thought—unless they cease to function perfectly. Does everyone realize that these conveniences could not possibly be supplied, indeed could never have existed, without capital? Moreover, they are at the disposal of all people, have added greatly to their comfort, and are theirs to use whether they themselves have ever owned a bond or a share of stock in any company supplying these conveniences or not. In other words, even the wasters reap some of the benefits provided by those who save and invest their money, and if large fortunes are made by a comparative few, large benefits are reaped by a multitude. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Ford, and other rich men have every one of them made much more money for the country than they ever made for themselves. You who read these words have yourselves reaped your own reward from the enterprise, initiative, and business acumen of such men.

We forget sometimes that railroads, public utilities, factories, machines of all sorts, are really nothing but implements of labor, tools which increase production and lower prices to consumers. What would be the price of roast beef a pound if cattle had to be driven to the markets? Suppose every consumer of milk had to call at the dairy each morning for his day's supply? What if there were no electricity to drive the machinery in our factories, furnish light in our homes, and carry our voices over the telephone wires? What if no capital had ever been available for making these aids to comfort and industry possible? Every American workman has the equivalent of four horsepower at his command, probably equal in efficiency to at least fifty of the Egyptian slaves who toiled to build the Pyramids. Capital has made this power possible, and if capital were suddenly to disappear we should probably revert to the standard of living of the Dark Ages, certainly to that of Russia. Who wants that to happen?

A steamship company may find that by building new docks, at a cost of a million dollars it will be able to save two hundred thousand dollars a year in handling charges. This means that the company's earnings will increase, the stockholders will benefit, and perhaps it will be possible to reduce freight rates; every one sending freight by that line will benefit by the lowered rates, and the people buying the goods will in turn be able to purchase more cheaply. Of course the steamship company will have to have saved the million dollars itself or obtain it from investors. In any event the money represents a margin of profits over expenses either for the company or the individual investors, and goes to show that money makes money, that profits beget profits, all to the end of reduced prices, and increased prosperity.

IT HAS been estimated that employment is furnished one laborer for every \$5,000 of invested capital. Every time a man purchases this amount of bonds or stock in a legitimate enterprise he not only increases his own income and betters himself to that extent, but provides employment for some one else, and betters the lot of another. If a rich man with an income of \$100,000 a year saves half of it, and invests it profitably, he not only increases his own income the following year by from \$2,500 to \$3,000, but makes it possible for ten additional laborers to secure employment.

Capital represented by sound investments is, in addition to its other virtues, splendid insurance for its possessor. Profit from investments is not nearly so important as an assured income which safeguards dependents and protects old age. Moreover, it is a fact that as a man grows older he becomes necessarily dependent on the things that money can buy, not only for his amusements, but his necessities as well. The moral, of course, is obvious, particularly as declining years are usually accompanied by a decline in a man's earning power.

Capital in the first instance, and from the individual's point of view, is not something to

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8%
for 20 Years
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A \$10 BILL
will protect you for a whole year against
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be used philanthropically. It does do much good, and it does make industrial development and growth possible; its proper use raises the standard of living of all who come in contact with it, and it is absolutely essential if a community or nation are to prosper. It is perfectly fair, however, for a man to accumulate capital for his own protection and the protection of his family, and if doing this incidentally contributes to the welfare of his fellow men that is added satisfaction. It is also satisfying for us all to know that we benefit from the accumulation of capital on the part of others.

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.

Annual Conference of District Deputies

(Continued from page 38)

results we can accomplish along the lines of combating the various isms that tend toward undermining the institutions of our country.

"Elkdom means much to the United States and their future and every American should be an Elk to make possible the fulfilment of our Order's duty to our country."

The Deputies were requested to urge the Exalted Rulers of each Lodge to have a speaker on some important topic present at every meeting of their Lodges, so that the members might be enlightened on subjects other than those with which they are familiar in their daily lives, so that their attendance at Lodge meetings will be of particular benefit to them in giving them food for thought, and so that they will have more than merely the ordinary routine of Lodge business.

Commencement of visitations by the Deputies immediately on their return to their jurisdictions was stressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, that they may make a complete round of their Lodges and report to the Grand Exalted Ruler by the first week in January. This will make possible a return visit to the Lodges where suggestions have been made, to observe the results of the execution of those suggestions.

Each Deputy was asked to organize immediately a group of members of his own Lodge who will accompany him on every visitation. Their presence will make for a far more beneficial meeting.

The card distributed to the Deputies contains spaces for recording the membership in 1925, the membership in 1926 and space for the gains or losses. Carried by the Deputies, they will be a constant reminder of their responsibilities.

"Grand Exalted Ruler is the title of the head

Elks Relief Work in Florida

(Continued from page 39)

situated in the reclaimed land of the Everglades, out of possibly fifty or sixty dwellings, only two remained standing after the storm. In the midst of what had been a settlement, members of the Fort Lauderdale Lodge committee came across an old man sleeping under boards stacked up in an improvised manner—near by there was a little plowed land. He answered an inquiry relative to his method of obtaining food by saying that he walked one and a half miles into Davie to get it from the Red Cross Relief station. Asked what he proposed to do about the plowed land he stated that if he could get enough seed he could plant a crop of early beans which would be very helpful in getting him on his feet again. This was the character of assistance that was rendered in this instance.

In Dania, five miles south of Fort Lauderdale, a family was found living on a cone roof, the rest of the house having been blown away. Just as the members of the committee arrived the man was emerging from a hole cut under the

"Invest by the Income Map," the Trust Company of Florida, 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.

The Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J., will send information on the advantages of having a trust company handle your estate.

"Safety and Service," Davenport & Rich Mortgage Co., 214-218 N.-E. Second Avenue, Miami, Florida.

"Investment Trust Organization and Management," by Dr. Leland R. Robinson, will be sent on request by The American Founders Trust, 50 Pine St., N. Y. City.

In writing for information please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

of our Order," said that officer, in concluding. "The incumbent is lovingly known throughout the land as Charlie Grakelow. Always bear in mind that I am just as human as you, working with you day and night to record this year Elkdom's greatest advancement, and knowing that no act of yours, or any Lodge in your district, will at any time lead to my embarrassment.

"Application, diplomacy, will make this a record-breaking year. The job is yours. You can best hold it down by taking unto yourself the slogan of this year, 'KNOW YOUR ORDER BETTER.'"

On the following day the entire delegation of District Deputies, Committee Chairmen, Grand Lodge Officers, together with their ladies, were the guests of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition. Leaving in a body from the Elks Home in large auto buses, the party was taken to Race Street Wharf, where they boarded City boats for a trip down the beautiful Delaware River to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and by special permission were permitted to land at the Navy Yard docks. From there the buses proceeded through the largest navy yard in the country directly into the Sesqui-Centennial Grounds, where those who desired attended a special pontifical mass celebrated by His Eminence D. Cardinal Dougherty, in the Municipal Stadium. Others circulated through the Sesqui-Centennial Grounds inspecting the many interesting buildings and exhibits. At four o'clock the party again boarded the buses which were awaiting them and journeyed back to the Elks Home, where a dinner marked the end of the meeting.

gables. Investigation showed that he and his wife and seven children, the oldest about nine years, were living under this roof and obtaining food from different charitable organizations. He was working as a day laborer but up to the time the committee called had received no pay. The water at the time of the storm had been four and a half feet in this house, and they had crowded to the top of the roof under which they were then making their home, to keep the small children from drowning. In this instance immediate relief was advanced and an attempt is to be made to assist in the reconstruction of this home.

Sebring was not within the danger zone of the storm, but the town of Moore Haven, in its immediate vicinity, was entirely wiped out—the result of the destruction of the dyke at Lake Okeechobee—and the entire population of Moore Haven was either forced by the necessities of the situation, or ordered by the authorities

(Continued on page 82)

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SMITH BONDS are safe bonds because the first mortgages behind Smith Bonds are fundamentally sound. They are fundamentally sound because they are based upon the economic law of supply and demand—the demand for modern apartment buildings and office buildings in the great centers of population in the eastern United States.

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It is the first mortgage on such an income-producing building, and on the land it occupies, that constitutes the security for each issue of Smith Bonds.

Current offerings of Smith Bonds are available on properties in Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo and Albany—safe cities; safe bonds. You may invest in \$1,000, \$500 and \$100 denominations, and in 2 to 10-year maturities. The yield is 6½% and each issue is protected by safeguards that have resulted in our record of no loss to any investor in 53 years.

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Name.....

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Elks Relief Work in Florida

(Continued from page 81)

to leave town. Sebring being the nearest community of any size was confronted by the necessity of caring for all of the refugees of Moore Haven. This was a community of one thousand souls, 25 per cent. of whom lost their lives in the hurricane and the flood that followed the bursting of the dyke.

The refugees arrived at Sebring exhausted by exposure and the lack of food and with the scantiest possible wearing apparel. The committee of Sebring Lodge has taken an active part in providing food, clothing and temporary shelter for these unfortunate victims of the hurricane, who had not only lost their all but had been forced to abandon all attempts to recover even what might have been salvaged if conditions had permitted them to remain in the vicinity of their former homes.

Immediately following the hurricane, H. A. Bennett, Past Exalted Ruler, West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352, and President of the Florida State Elks Association, wired to the Lodges in Florida asking them to send contributions for

relief and the Florida Lodges have responded most generously. The officers of the Florida State Elks Association have placed this fund also in the hands of the relief committees of the local Lodges so that the entire program of Elks relief is going forward in an orderly manner.

While the great hotels of this district, the office buildings of the leading cities and the finer residences have not suffered any serious damage as the result of this hurricane, there has been great loss and suffering resulting from the destruction of the cheaper built homes of the poorer people and thousands of families have seen their habitations destroyed before their eyes and are now homeless.

The immediate need of food and clothing has been met. The requirements of shelter will be met. This does not mean the erection of fine homes, but the repair and restoration of the cheaper built homes of the poor victims of the hurricane who are now being temporarily sheltered in the homes of others or attempting to exist in temporary shelter.

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First, I studied the bonds themselves. The booklet, "Bonds That Pay Themselves Off," explained to me why no investor has ever lost money in these bonds.

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Then, with the aid of the booklet, "2% to 4% Extra," I figured out my gain if my investments paid 8%.

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These booklets will tell you what you want to know and you will profit by reading them. They are free. Mail the coupon.



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The Escape into Romance

(Continued from page 22)

ante-bellum days in Tennessee; the picture of a life, spacious, plentiful, engagingly "grandiose" and rich in ardent human relationships. Once more it evokes for us a past world, that last child of feudalism which was our Old South.

Some of the author's happy observations insist upon being quoted, and they give the key to the gentle insight with which the novel is sustained throughout.

"As a child I used to watch her hands and I used to think she lit the candles by merely touching them."

"Cousin Ellen walked about in . . . a gray frock of the kind that will outlast many seasons and that Uncle George said was made out of spun granite."

" . . . life must be filled full, all its elements brought into play. To have shivered in terror all night was to lay the foundations of a splendid dream."

"She was handsome and witty and spirited. She would have given you her head. Giving away your head enables you to take off other people's heads without scruple . . ."

" . . . to arrive at any truth is to add to your intellect one more harmony with the universe."

"There never was a greater fool in the world than a man when he sets out to be noble."

"You'll learn some day, perhaps you already know, how the head in time catches up with the heart."

"Everywhere here and through all things in this garden lay the profound melancholy of southern lands. . . . The passion and despair of fulness and completion, a rich sorrow of life too brief, too small, stretching out its hands."

The Black Hunter

By James Oliver Curwood. (The Cosmopolitan Book Co., New York.)

PLACE—Canada.

Time—One hundred and seventy-two years ago, while the American and Canadian border was being steeped in blood by France and England, and by the savage warfare that was enlisted in the conflict.

The Black Hunter—Once he was known as Peter Joel, a frontiersman. After his little family had been butchered by the Indians he knew but one creed—"to protect and warn his own blood," whether English or French or Dutch, against the savages who had so cruelly robbed him.

The Lady—Beautiful Anne St. Denis, daughter of a powerful Seigneur of the Province of Quebec. She is sought by one Bigot, a tremendous villain with a corruptible manner and a slithery heart. A super-bad man, if you happen to be looking for one.

The Honest and Fearless Youth—David Rock, a young pioneer, befriended by The Black Hunter and undyingly devoted to the exalted Anne.

Bigot—Last Intendent of New France. He aims to ruin David, blight the girl-and-boy love that exists between him and Anne, and will then carry off the lady for himself.

But does he?

Fairy Gold

By Compton Mackenzie. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

ROMANCE, pure and simple, and we mean these words at their face value. Imagine a little island off the coast of Cornwall—a little Celtic island come down through the centuries as the dower of one fine family! A poetic setting, if ever an author chose one!

In the ancient chapel on flowery Roon, Sir Morgan Romare and his two bonny daughters murmur their twentieth-century prayers before the old altar, while all about them lie the effigies of the passed Romares who, with pious, folded, stony hands, mutely plead for the upholding of a grandeur that was, and a heroism that lived and still lives in the reigning clan of this tiny dot in the sea.

The world war comes to the historic stronghold on Roon and steals and destroys the last boy of the Romares. Then it sends a personable Lieutenant and his small garrison to Sir Morgan's paradise to keep a sharp watch for enemy submarines. You can imagine the old Baronet's scorn for the intrusion! You can imagine, too, how inevitably love comes sailing over to the island with the young officer.

Nor does Mr. Mackenzie prevent poverty itself from landing on Roon. The end of the line, the end of the old order on the mystic isle is at hand. A grasping fellow sees the chance to develop the lovely spot as a sort of Amusement Park—so much a head from the mainland. This is the last touch of agony to the Romares.

The author has wrought a careful, idealistic, leisurely tale, one for the whole family to read with pleasure. Suspense, particularly in the second half of the novel, is well sustained, and though the story never accelerates the pulse in your wrist, you are held to the end by its persistent fragrance and witchery.

Devil-May-Care

By Arthur Somers Roche. (The Century Co., New York.)

AN ASTONISHING thing is this: Mr. Roche, in a dizzy story of "high life" amongst the winter millionaires at Palm Beach, has aimed to kill in the movies. Even now, this very minute, they may be hard at it out in Hollywood. Some young screen star may today be kidnaped aboard Tim Stevens's yacht; and to escape the villain—who, strangely enough, ultimately becomes the hero—this same young woman may be preparing to jump overboard and spend the night swimming around in the Atlantic. The property man is probably scurrying around arranging a good hurricane and a replica of the Palm Beach fire, with huge, famous hotels all ready to go up in smoke. Of course, these are mere nothings, we understand that, but they must be thrown in as local color and a good background for Devil-May-Care's carryings-on.

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when you can get this splendid GUARANTEED R. B. Charger by mailing us two dollars (bills, money order, check or stamps) plus ten cents in stamps or coin to pay mailing costs? Charger will be sent postpaid. If you are not satisfied, return within five days and we will refund your money. Order at once—TODAY.

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Three Skallywags

By Walter S. Greenough. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

HERE you are! Hoosier tales done into swinging rhyme—and reason! All about Johnny and Lije and Harrison Tate, three deplorable vagabonds who are not much more shiftless than their biographer, one Jimmie, whose forthright wife scorns all their ways and lack of works.

Illicit fishing trips, coon hunts, watered cream, Sunday-night poker parties! You know how such things would affect the atmosphere of your own home! Mary had ample reason, indeed, to assume her "Cossack jaw," as Jimmie so sweetly puts it.

At the end, the trio with fine business instinct marry the three daughters of Jeb Ruhl, who holds them, financially, in the hollow of his large hand, and we leave them settling down to an honest and God-fearing citizenship.

These verses of Indiana farm life are out of the very soil of our country. They are delightfully fresh and human, and wrought in the simplest poetic medium. How naturally they slip into these pages right ahead of what we're going to say about Bill Nye and the accompanying mention of James Whitcomb Riley! Mr. Greenough joins that genial brotherhood without effort and by every right.

Whitetailed Deer

By William Monypeny Newsom. F. R. G. S. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

NOW, honestly, do you want to go out and kill a creature who is fine and delicate enough to dine on lily-pads, clover-tops and dainty berries? The menu is enough to unman one!

Still, if you must hunt the Whitetail or common Virginia Deer, this book will do much toward making your efforts successful. And, if you are merely a stay-at-home, you will, strangely enough, find romance here, and the breath of snowy woods, the quiet of long brown ranges of hills, the suspense of stalking the deer himself. In fact, the book is so well done that one captures a vicarious thrill out of it by just a quiet reading.

Although we never expect to shoot a deer in our life, we read this good fat volume as though we were starting out on an expedition to-morrow. We had to know all about the job. Mr. Newsom told us a great deal. Soon we knew exactly what we must take along, what rifle to buy, how to act. We learned we could even sneak along smoking a pipe—if we're that kind of person. We soon knew that even in a forest of rustling leaves a deer would scent danger immediately if he were to hear us rustle a few. And we were told how long it takes a buck's new antlers to grow. Bet you don't know! We found that we must concentrate like an Indian on the task at hand, leaving the business "back home" to take care of itself.

And, now, after learning these, among hundreds of other bits of technique and codes, what are we to do with all that knowledge! All we can do is to tell you about it. To urge you to read Mr. Newsom even if you are not contemplating any week off in the woods. His book is human, scientific, delightful and must be almost a necessity to all sportsmen.

Listen, Moon!

By Leonard Cline. (The Viking Press, New York.)

CULTURE made Higbie Chaffinch, a Latin Professor at the Johns Hopkins University, but God really intended him for a rover and a pirate. It takes a girl, an ultra dashing young person, to steer the gentle Higbie into the path that he should naturally tread, or the wave he should naturally ride. She has mad accomplishments in this, of course, but amongst them all, old Pro. Chaffinch turns renegade and goes

(Continued on page 85)

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The Escape into Romance

(Continued from page 83)

swashbuckling down Chesapeake Bay, and behaves so utterly out of character that the newspapers seize upon him as news and the Klan hopes to curb his impulses.

A whimsy of a story.

Gallant Lady

By Margaret Widdemer. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

CAN the pretty excitement-eater of to-day become a real woman—one who knows sorrow but not bitterness, one who can earn her own bread and grow strong on it, one who can fling away a half love and find a whole one? These are the questions that Margaret Widdemer answers in this most interesting love-story of a courageous young girl. It is a heartening yarn and we can not imagine a woman who will not find a deep joy in reading it.

Bill Nye

His Own Life Story. Continuity by Frank Wilson Nye. (The Century Co., New York.)

WHEN you were a little chap—if, indeed, that—your father was probably reading with enthusiasm the salty writings of Edgar Wilson Nye (renamed "Bill" by one Bret Harte), which appeared in many of the leading newspapers and magazines of the day.

That was a long time ago. Bill Nye died in 1896, and thirty years is as a century in the delicate matter of being forgotten. That this gentle American humorist and buoyant philosopher is still quoted and remembered gratefully as the team-mate of James Whitcomb Riley on many successful lecture tours, tells more than we could crowd in a whole column here.

He says of himself: "Really, I am a coarse son of song and only hang on to literature by the eyebrows . . ." so you see there was nothing "up-stage" about him, nor any topheavy

intellectuality. Almost the simplest man in the world, he was, however, the bright particular satirist of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and he exposed with a grin much of the pretense and superstition of those archaic days. Although he wrote a prodigious amount of stuff, he had a genius for saying much in little.

Once, alluding to the thinness of a certain lady, he scribbled, ". . . when she swallowed, I got a clearer idea, I think, of how the great act is accomplished than ever before." And, summing up a lecture trip Down East, he touches New England off with this brief remark: "I wore a plug hat but conversed with the common people. Everywhere I went I was received with passionate reserve and shown the public schools and the mean temperature."

To James Whitcomb Riley, whose close friend he was, he wrote suggesting marriage for the Hoosier poet. Doubtless his words on this subject will to-day be greeted with as quick laughter as met many of his best epigrams in the "mauve" epoch. He suggests: "A kind woman with a cool, soft hand and a tender, velvet voice and the odor of violets about her, and a weak attempt at authority and a gentle apology for her severity . . ." but enough of that. Every man has a weak side.

Bill Nye's picturesque philosophy, his lanky plainness and his bald "dome" were known all over the country. People often laughed when they looked at him, but he tried to get his own laugh in first. "I am almost glad sometimes," he wrote, "that God gave my beauty to Mrs. James Brown Potter and my hair to the Sutherland Sisters, for now I can put in my time thinking burning thoughts. . . ."

Well, here's his story, woven from his own writings by his son, and from letters, anecdotes and the gentle memories contributed by his friends. It's a stimulating, human, jolly book, and we're glad to recommend it to our readers.

Ports of Romance

(Continued from page 13)

tip of South America, at the very delta of the mighty Orinoco, Trinidad, "land of the humming-bird."

Most exotic of all the Caribbee Islands is Trinidad, for it combines much of Spain, of France and of England, under whose flags it has been in turn; it is ideally—scenically and thermally, tropical; Spanish and French are heard almost as frequently as English upon the streets and in the shops; turbanned Hindus give it an Oriental touch; great, clumsy, stern-wheeled steamers that ply up and down the Orinoco rest upon the waters of the harbor, and everywhere is a riot of color, flowers, life and wonderful scenery.

Neither is Trinidad wanting in its share of romantic history. From Trinidad that highly romantic and most gallant courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh, set forth on his hopeless quest for mythical El Dorado and the Golden City of Manoa. From Trinidad, too, he penned those fascinatingly interesting but wholly imaginary stories of the Amazons, the headless Indians whose eyes and mouths were in their chests, of the lumps of gold the "biggenesse of eggs," of the hundred-and-one cataracts he had seen on his voyage up the Orinoco, of wealth untold to be had for the taking. A very price of "nature faking" was Raleigh, and, no doubt, his tales were invented with the idea of whetting his queen's desire for more and to distract attention from his own failure to make good. But his fiction failed to save his head and, all the time, Sir Walter was, unwittingly, within easy reach of a treasure which has yielded greater wealth than all the visionary riches of El Dorado and Manoa together. Though he caulked his leaky ships with pitch that oozed from Trinidad's soil, yet he passed it by and never dreamed that the island's asphalt and oil were sources of gold greater than he had ever imagined in his most sanguine moments.

To-day, as they have been for many years, Trinidad's oil-wells and her famous wonder,

the Pitch Lake, have been her chief sources of revenue and prosperity. Over half the world's supply of asphalt is derived from Trinidad's so-called "lake" which is, as a matter of fact, no lake at all, but an almost dry, barren and tarry-smelling depression where crude asphalt is dug with pick and shovel. Also, in Trinidad, still dwell a few survivors of the once numerous and valiant Carib Indians. Once in possession of all the Caribbee Islands, these Indians who gave the word "cannibal" to our language, held their own against all comers for centuries. Neither Spaniards, French nor British could conquer them, and several of the islands were abandoned in despair by the European powers and were left to the Caribs as "neutral" islands. But, in the end, the white men triumphed as they always do, and only in Dominica, St. Vincent and Trinidad were any of the Caribs left alive. The eruption of 1902 destroyed all but a few of the St. Vincent Indians, and left none of pure blood. A score or so still live on the wild, wave-lashed, windward side of Dominica, and a handful dwell among inaccessible hills on the eastern slopes of Trinidad. From time to time, however, some of the yellow-skinned Indians visit Port of Spain to barter their baskets and other handiwork for the necessities of life, and, as a rule, the visitor may find examples of the Caribs' arts in Trinidad's shops. Westward from Trinidad, and a few miles off the shores of the Spanish Main, lies Curaçao, the quaintest, most picturesque, most topsy-turvy island of the Caribbean, and with a highly historic if not romantic past. Indeed, to New Yorkers, Curaçao's history should prove more interesting than anything connected with the buccaneers or the Spanish conquistadors, for it was here that bluff old Peter Stuyvesant first made his reputation. As governor of Curaçao, back in 1643, he was hard put to it to make the barren, rainless, little colony of Holland pay the expenses of its meager

(Continued on page 86)

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Ports of Romance

(Continued from page 85)

upkeep. No crops could be raised there, there was no water, and about its only source of revenue were the buccaneers who had taken advantage of its marvelously safe harbor to refit and prepare for further forays against the conveniently close Spanish settlements of the Main. As long as the island had remained a sort of no-man's land, not considered worth holding by any of the powers, the freebooters were secure. But once the flag of the Netherlands flew over it, the corsair's trade fell off, for even the lenient Dutch were at times a bit peeved when word reached them that some buccaneer had taken and looted a Dutch vessel.

STUYVESANT, however, was a resourceful fellow, as stubborn as any of his countrymen, and he was bound to show the world that you couldn't "beat the Dutch," and he hit upon a most novel and original scheme for bringing honest commerce and prosperity to Curaçao. His idea was to transform the island into a vast market or clearing house for slaves for the benefit of the New World. And right well, as far as Dutch pockets were concerned, did his brilliant scheme work out. Being temporarily at peace with Spain, the Dutch found a ready market for their human commodities, and, from distant Africa, bluff-bowed, wallowing Dutch slave-ships brought a steady stream of festering, tortured, blacks to Curaçao's market whence they were sold, at vast profit, to the neighboring Spanish, British and French upon the islands and the Main. Not until the island was looted by the French in 1713 was this greatest of slave markets abandoned as a business venture, and, by that time, Peter Stuyvesant was well out of it, for his originality and business acumen had drawn the attention of his government and he was packed off to see if he could do as well for New Amsterdam as he had done for Curaçao.

But Curaçao's greatest attractions do not lie in its history, but in the truly unique and amazing sights and contrasts it presents. As one approaches the low-lying, gray-green, forbidding-looking island with its terraced limestone hills, it seems a most uninteresting spot. But as the ship nears the port of Willemstad and the town opens out and comes clear to view, the visitor rubs his eyes and wonders if his senses are functioning properly. Up from the edge of the sea spreads a city of red-tiled roofs, of multi-colored buildings, of chimney-pots, gables and dormer-windows, the whole as typically, unmistakably Dutch as any town of Holland, and yet, as unmistakably and typically un-Dutch in its color and setting. And as the ship slowly surges into the narrow harbor that bisects the town, the voyager feels that he is traversing a canal in the Netherlands and that the staid Hollanders must have gone color mad. On either side are the cobbled quays lined with Dutch warehouses and buildings, elaborately gabled, tiled, quaintly dormer-windowed, and lacking only nesting storks upon the chimney tops to make the place a bit of Holland transported bodily over seas and dropped down here in the Caribbean.

Then, spanning the harbor and barring the ship's way, one sees a long, low bridge across which pedestrians, carriages, carts and motor cars are passing. There seems no chance for further progress, until slowly, amazingly, the bridge appears to come to life, and, without visible means, swings bodily aside leaving a broad, clear channel for the incoming ship. This is the "Emmabrug" or bridge of boats, 600 feet in length, and one of Curaçao's unique sights, but which was devised by a Yankee ship-master years ago. Being pivoted at one end, and with two of its pontoons at the other extremity equipped with steam power, it is merely necessary to get these articulated towboats under way in order to swing the entire bridge at right angles, an extremely simple but most satisfactorily efficient device.

Just beyond this bridge, the visitor sees another canal leading off between the houses and shops, while upon the calm surface of the water, odd, double-ended punts ply back and forth, each slowly, deliberately sculled by a giant negro with an enormous oar. Bordering the harbor are endless quays hewn from coral rock, and, everywhere, are the great hulls and

huge funnels of ocean-going steamships looming high above the chimney-pots and gables, with schooners and sloops tucked in between. Onward into the very heart of the city the steamer picks its way, to come to rest at last beside a dock whose mooring posts are ancient Dutch and Spanish cannon, whose sheds and warehouses are massively built, peak-roofed structures with small paned dormer-windows, and whose chattering black stevedores are gabbling in a tongue spoken nowhere else in all the world.

This native dialect is one of the most curious and astounding features of this strange island. It is known as "Papiamento" and is a commingling of Dutch, French, Spanish, Portuguese, English, Negro, Indian and Latin. Yet it has its own syntax and grammar, its declensions and conjugations. It is the national tongue of the island; newspapers and books are printed in it; it is taught in the schools and yet it originated and was developed and perfected on this tiny island of barely 35,000 inhabitants and is known nowhere else, except on the adjacent and even smaller islands of Aruba and Bonaire.

Almost as strange as the Papiamento is the curious mingling of Dutch, Spanish and English one sees on every hand. A typically Spanish building with outjutting balconies and iron grill-work will be topped by a steep, tiled, Dutch roof with chimneys and with dormer-windows set with leaded glass. Within the confines of a thoroughly Dutch house one will see a patio with flowers and palms and Moorish tiles. Above stores and shops are signs in Dutch, Spanish and English—or a weird combination of the three, and practically everyone upon the streets or within the shops—from lowliest negro laborer to spotlessly clad mynheer, speaks Dutch and Spanish as fluently as Papiamento, and usually English into the bargain. Even in their costumes the colored folk are true to their international combination. Though garbed in voluminous Dutch skirts of gaudiest calico, and still more Dutchy aprons, yet the women must perforce drape their heads and shoulders with Spanish mantillas of black, and, instead of wearing wooden shoes, as one might reasonably expect, they shuffle along in Venezuelan "alpargatos." Finally, there is the town itself which, although known as "Willemstad" in its entirety, shows its impartiality by taking upon itself the names of "Punta" and "Otrabanda" to designate the two sections separated by the harbor or "Santa Anna Baai"—itself a splendid example of bilingual nomination.

Many of Willemstad's streets are wide, well paved and well kept. Many of the buildings are large, imposing and modern. But there is not one in the entire town that does not bear the Dutch hall marks, either wholly or in part. Everywhere, too, are the narrow, alley-like thoroughfares of old Europe—dark, shadowy ways barely wide enough to permit two persons to pass; roughly, unevenly paved; veritable canons between the quaintest, most fascinatingly picturesque of ramshackle buildings. Dark, ill-smelling, tiny shops yawn on either side like mysterious caverns; steep flights of wooden and stone stairs wind upward to the Lord knows what strange roosts and kennels among the tiles and outjutting, sagging balconies and latticed windows. But it is all safe enough, even though the besashed, lounging negroes with vicious knives in belts look like the most villainous of pirates, while the strapping, brown-skinned Amazons are rather awe-inspiring. But the people are law-abiding, and crimes, more serious than a drunken brawl on the water front, are very rare. The stolid, helmeted and besworded policemen seem to have little to do, and the khaki-clad firemen in their floppy "Boer" hats apparently spend all their time hauling their vermilion-hued, hand-drawn fire engine and hose reel about the streets, as if forever searching for a possible conflagration. Even the fire engine is a most curious affair quite in keeping with its surroundings. Though drawn by a dozen sturdy fire laddies by means of a handle and ropes, yet it is no obsolete old machine, but is equipped with a powerful six cylinder motor-driven pump.

Wonderfully colorful is Curaçao. Houses and other buildings are gaudy in yellow, pink, rose, blue, buff, pale green and orange, lavender and heliotrope, with red tiled roofs and dark green



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shutters. Overhead the sky is impossibly blue. The streets are dazzlingly white. The women and girls flit about in all the hues of tropical butterflies. And, wherever there are trees or shrubbery or vines, they are ablaze with scarlet, orange or cerise flowers.

Perhaps the three most predominant features of Curaçao are its Dutchness, its sunshine and its cleanliness. The first, as I have said, is everywhere evident; the second forces itself upon the visitor whether he desires it or not; and the last is strikingly noticeable after experiences in the neighboring Latin American countries. Curaçao is perhaps the sunniest spot in the West Indies, which is saying a lot, but whereas the other islands are sunny, yet they are subject to frequent showers, and, during the rainy season, to torrential downpours. But in Curaçao it rarely rains, there is no rainy season, and the few showers that fall at long intervals are veritable godsend to the people.

WITHOUT fresh water of any sort upon the entire island, the majority of the natives are forced to depend upon what little rain water they can catch in tins, tubs and casks when rain falls, and as the annual rainfall is far from adequate to provide water for all the island's people all the time, the inhabitants are forced to purchase what they need. As is the case with most necessities of life, water in Curaçao varies in price according to supply and demand. If the rains have been unusually heavy and frequent the price of water may drop to ten cents a tin of five gallons, whereas, during a drought, the price may soar to fifty cents. And yet the streets are sprinkled by watering carts consisting of barrels mounted on wheels and drawn by donkeys, and the hotels are provided with baths and running water. The water for such purposes, however, is distilled from sea water, obtained from artesian wells, or is brought to the island in ships, and is quite beyond the reach of natives in outlying districts. All of which makes Curaçao's cleanliness the more remarkable. Naturally, being an almost rainless island and quite devoid of fresh water, Curaçao is not an agricultural land. But at Albertina, outside the town, there is an ostrich farm, and here and there one sees groves of the bitter orange trees from the fruit of which the famous Curaçao liqueur is made. But the chief and most important industry of the island is oil. Not that Curaçao has its oil wells, for, as far as known, not a drop of oil lies hidden under its rocky ribs.

Dame Nature, however, placed Curaçao most conveniently close to the coast of Venezuela and directly opposite the great Lake of Maracaibo, whose shores are now covered with a forest of oil-derricks and whose neighborhood promises to be the greatest oil-producing district of South America, if not the world.

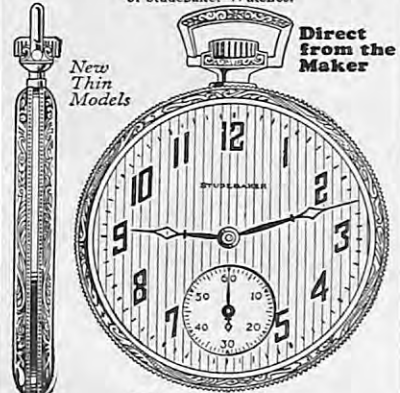
With the bar across the lake's mouth too shoal to permit large ships to enter, the spot is impossible as a site for refineries and oil docks, but at Curaçao all essential requirements are ready to hand. So great tankers bring the crude oil across to the Dutch island where it is stored in scores of gigantic tanks, and, in vast refineries it is transformed to kerosene, gasolene and fuel oil with all the thousand-and-one petroleum products. To Curaçao, the oil fields of Venezuela have proved the greatest blessing in the island's history, and to-day, Curaçao is on the crest of a wave of prosperity which should make old Peter Stuyvesant rise in his grave with envy and amazement. A few years ago its quaint harbor, or "Schott-gat," seldom sheltered more than two steamships at one time, and its odd bridge of boats was seldom swung aside oftener than once in a fortnight to admit a liner. But now scarcely a day passes that a score or more of passenger and mail steamships are not moored along the quays—with as many more tramps and freighters, and a constant procession of incoming and outgoing tankers keeps the "Emmabrug" tenders on the jump.

Already Willemstad has become the busiest oiling port in the West Indies, and, in a short time, it may become the most important oil port in America or even in the world. Everything is in its favor. It is convenient to the oil fields, it has a perfect harbor; labor is abundant and cheap, it is a free port, the Government is stable, honest and dependable, and the island is most favorably situated in the path of commerce between Europe and the Panama Canal.

(To be continued)

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