

# The Elks

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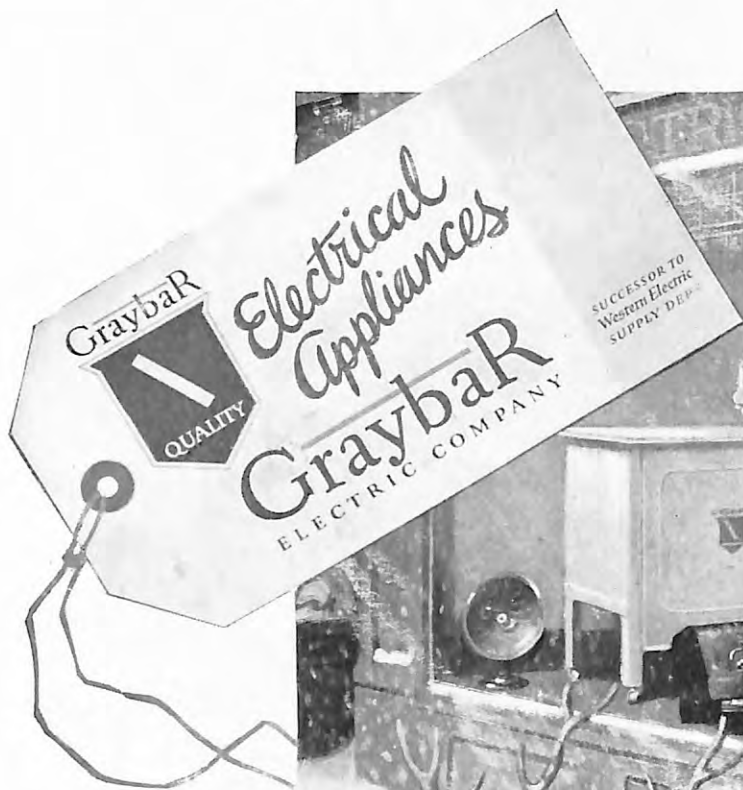
## Magazine



PAUL STARBUCK

*In this Issue:*

“One Christmas Morning” by Robert McBlair, “The Sanctity of the Seal” by Boyden Sparkes, and “The Secret Hill” by Beatrice Grimshaw



*The Graybar quality tag — under which 60,000 electrical supplies are shipped. A mark of reliability.*



## *Loading up*

The most perplexed of this year's Santas, the one with the very longest of long gift lists, can park his reindeer before the Graybar Electric dealer's door and load up to his heart's content.

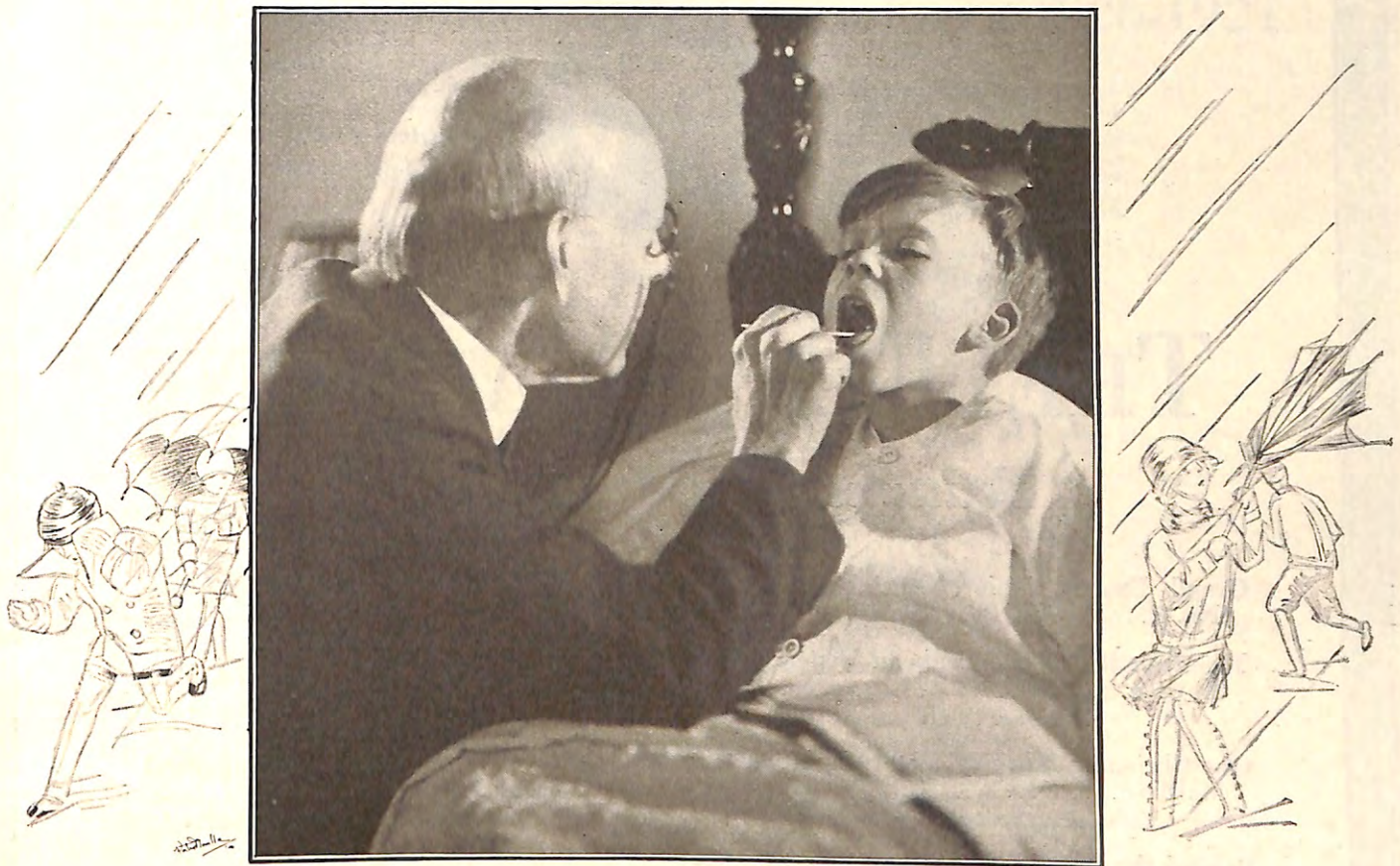
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## The warning signal

**M**ORE serious illnesses than you can count on the fingers of both hands start with the warning signal, an irritated throat.

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—the safe antiseptic

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Five  
Number Seven

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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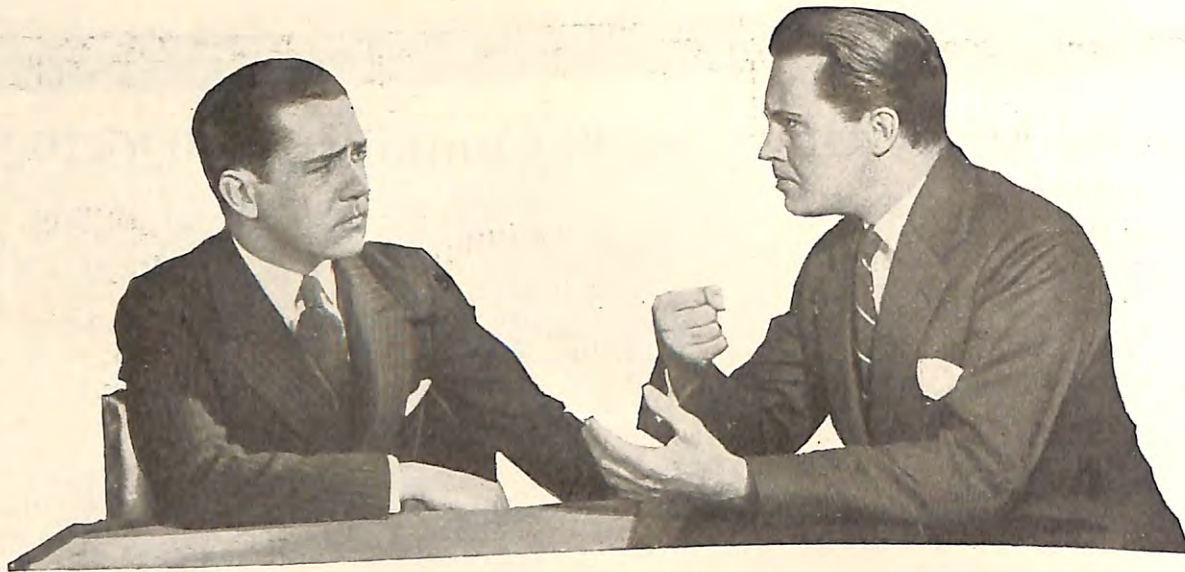
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THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand 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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# He's Just the Same in Business — Utterly Magnetic!

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"Yes—the way he attracts people. The man is *magnetic!*"  
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"He must be a splendid business man."  
"Yes, he is. Men will do anything for him. He settled that Watertown affair by just saying a few words to the stockholders. Later he averted a strike by meeting the men and winning their confidence. And as for getting contracts—he's a wizard! Men will give him their business on his word alone. I agree with you—he is uncanny."

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It shows you how to use the amazing principle of magnetic control to win quick and conspicuous success in your business or profession.

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 How to use Magnetic Healing  
 How to end awkwardness and timidity  
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 How to get ahead in your business or profession  
 How to make your subconscious mind work wonders  
 And dozens of other vital topics

Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

Official Circular Number Five  
**Memorial Sunday and Christmas**

*Philadelphia, Pa.  
November 10, 1926*

*"Ring out, ye bells of Christmastide  
Let peace on earth, good will to men  
In all of Elkdom's Realm abide  
And let Sweet Charity reign again."*

**A** VERY merry Christmas to you and yours.  
There is no better way to fully realize this than to make possible a happy Yuletide for others less fortunate than ourselves.

Elkdom is never asleep in the matter of helpfulness, and the climax of her charitable activities is reached during the holiday period. With a full realization of this fact, there is no need to bespeak your support of this activity in your community, but a sincere God Bless You, for what you are going to make possible.

Your Grand Exalted Ruler cannot too strongly stress the fullest observance of Memorial Exercises on the first Sunday in December. Let every Lodge fittingly celebrate and every brother cooperate not only by his attendance, but accompanied by his family and friends. Pausing in our busy life to recall those who have passed into the great Lodge Room beyond will cause us to more fully appreciate just what they have meant to us, and bring us to the holidays happy in the knowledge that their friendship helped to make possible the wonderful conditions of today, for which we give thanks when we say, "The Season's Greetings."

Happiness is like a shadow. When pursued, it is constantly just ahead of us, but when we make others happy, then it does, indeed, become a very part of ourselves.

As you review the great good you have brought about during the holidays, then is the time to think of that real American gentleman, your friend and a visitor at your home, who does not belong to our Order, but who responds to the noble sentiments that actuate our every move, and whose presence within our organization would add to your pleasure and offer increasing scope to your Lodge's work.

America's position today is due to a united people working toward a common goal. America's future progress will be governed largely by the extent that we remain united.

Can you think of an organization better equipped to work along this line than our Order of Elks? The best way to prove your belief in this position is to bring the worthwhile citizens of your community into our Order to labor with you in so noble a cause.

On page 38 of this issue is one thought, tried out and proved a success, in which you and your Lodge can profitably engage in happiness bringing, health creating and citizen making. a contribution to the womanhood and manhood of America's tomorrow.

Elkdom's happiness comes from her commendable activities and her constant progress. Therefore, with every good wish for a Happy Holiday Season to You and Yours, I would ask that you

**KNOW YOUR ORDER BETTER.**

With the Season's Greetings,  
Yours for Elkdom's Advancement,

*Chas. H. Graklow*  
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:



*Fred Robinson*  
Grand Secretary.



# The Sanctity of the Seal

*An Unseen Army Manuevers Day and Night to Guard Your Mail*

By Boyden Sparkes

*Illustrated by Lui Trugo*

EVERY important city in the United States has at least one large building that contains within its walls a maze of secret passageways linked by trap-doors and concealed ladder wells. That building is the one which houses the post-office.

Into the dusty shelter of these hidden galleries go men who wish to make use of the peep-holes and observation lattices with which they are cunningly equipped. The men and women who are watched through these mysterious apertures speak of the passageways as spy galleries, while the sentinels who keep vigil there call these places observation galleries; but whatever name is applied they are an important factor in maintaining the sanctity of the seal on letters dropped into the flood of treasure, of gossip, of lovers' messages, of buying and selling proposals that is called the United States mail.

The post-office observation galleries are an instrument that has contributed much story material to those in the mail service who recite legends about the almost magical cleverness of a force of about 535 men, the post-office inspectors, but of the drudgery of their painstaking tabulations that serves them even better—in their thief-catching—than the galleries, little has been said.

In a recent and typical year this small organization arrested more than 3,600 men, and in the same year convicted about 2,500. In that regiment of law-breakers which the evidence of post-office inspectors sent away to Atlanta and other Federal prisons were bloody-minded train-robbers, confidence men, sneak thieves, forgers, unhappy post-office clerks, many types of swindlers and a miscellany of other violators of the postal laws.

Arresting a thief is one thing; convicting him is another. The post-office inspectors convict most of those whom they arrest because they usually get their evidence first and then make their captures.

The way, for example, in which they discover which one of thousands of post-office employees has turned thief, and then proceed to trap the guilty one, has proven to be so nearly infallible that it would seem that none but utter fools would succumb to the temptation to rifle letters in the mails. Yet, on an average of about twice a day a man is arrested somewhere in the United States for stealing from the mail passing through his hands.

How they are caught is illustrated by the fate that overtook a post-office clerk not so long ago in one of the industrial cities of upstate New York.

Complaints began to come in, to the office

## Foreword

By Hon. Harry S. New  
United States Postmaster-General

*THE United States Postal Service has always been proud of its regard for the "sanctity of the seal." It is felt that, to some extent at least, this principle of protecting the sealed enclosure is responsible for the American citizen's reputation as the world's most prolific correspondent.*

*At one time in certain European countries the practice of opening other people's mail became so prevalent that it was given the appellation "cracking seals."*

*In this country the only circumstance under which a letter may be opened and read without a court order is after every effort at delivery, or return to sender, has been exhausted and it finds its way to the Division of Dead Letters where the envelope is slit in a final effort to effect delivery. Needless to say, a return address would obviate this treatment.*

of the inspector in charge of the division which embraces all of New York, of the theft of letters addressed to that town. About a dozen complaints had accumulated in a pigeon hole at the general post-office in New York City before any active steps were taken by the inspector in charge. Then, one day, he assigned an inspector to the case.

This man took the accumulation of complaints and traveled to the city in question. There he had a conference with the postmaster, which after all was really a gossipy

chat in which the inspector sought to learn which men among those working under this postmaster were separated from their wives or having other pronounced domestic difficulties, which ones were noted for their disposition to run after women, which ones were drinking to excess, which ones were gambling.

The postmaster was inclined to believe that all of his men were following a path of rectitude so narrow as to enable them to qualify as tight-rope walkers, and there were seventy-five of these men. However, the postmaster did feel that it was his duty to inform the inspector about the habits of a few of the men and a start had been made, although the inspector went ahead with his hunting on a purely mathematical basis, for the time disregarding the information that had been given to him.

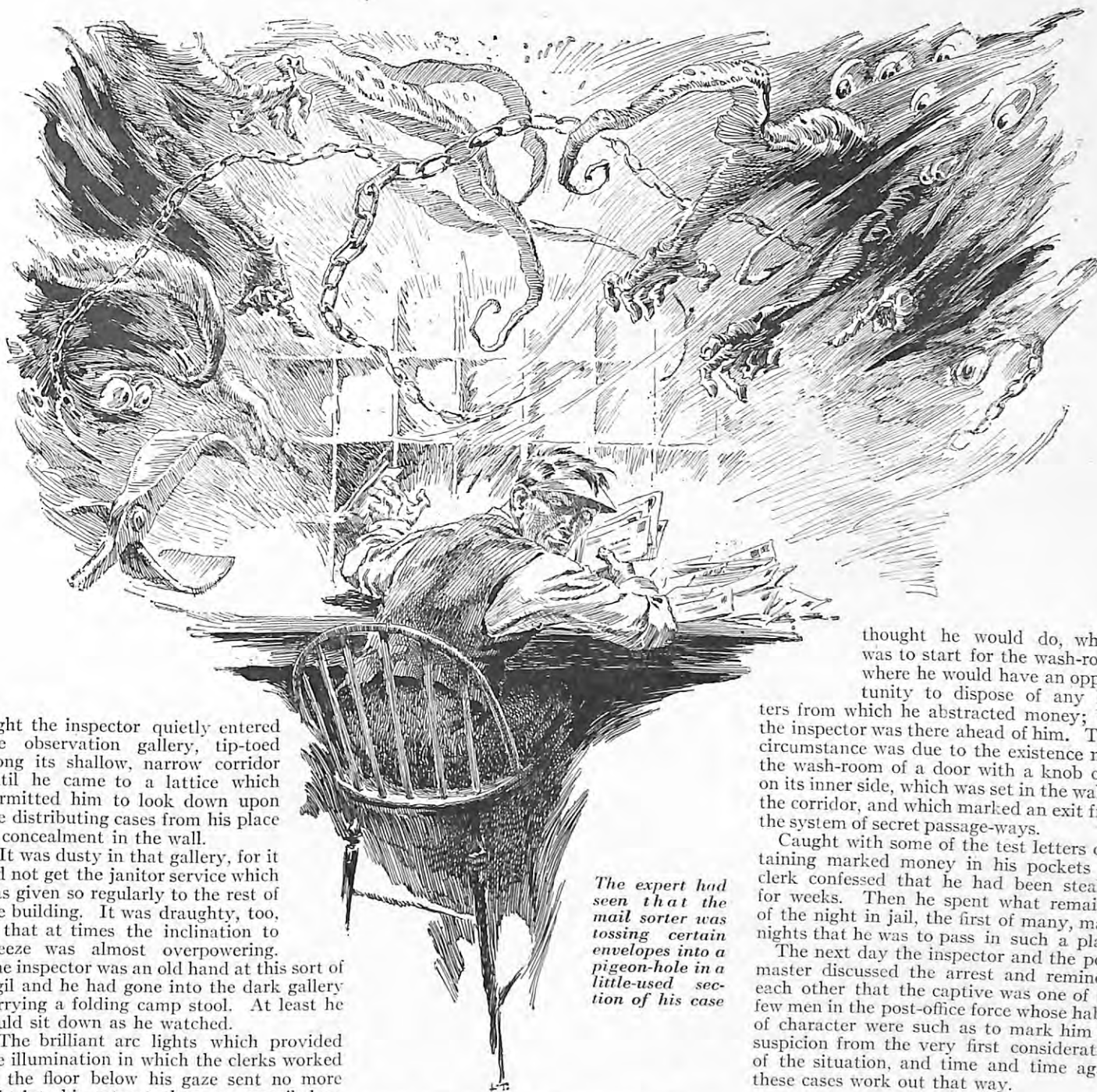
FIRST he set down a list of the complaints and then a list of all the employees in that office who had access to the mails. With the aid of the postmaster he established almost at once that all of the stolen letters must have been taken by some one working on the late night shift. Nearly two-thirds of the employees were eliminated by that fact. The list then contained the names of about twenty-five men, which the postmaster scanned.

"Jones and Herbert are not likely to be involved," he told the inspector, "because they were away on their annual leave when several of these complaints came in."

Accordingly Herbert and Jones were eliminated from immediate suspicion. A dozen other names were stricken from the list because they were of men who in the ordinary course of events could not have had any opportunity to handle the stream of mail of which the stolen pieces had been a part, and eventually there remained a list of about ten men who could not be entirely eliminated from impartial suspicion.

Some of the letters which had been stolen had been addressed to a business concern in that city which frequently received small amounts of currency through the mail from customers who were not sufficiently cautious to register it. Accordingly the post-office inspector prepared about a dozen test letters, all of which were addressed to this company, and all of which contained marked money. They were dropped into a letter box and thereby became bait. That same





night the inspector quietly entered the observation gallery, tip-toed along its shallow, narrow corridor until he came to a lattice which permitted him to look down upon the distributing cases from his place of concealment in the wall.

It was dusty in that gallery, for it did not get the janitor service which was given so regularly to the rest of the building. It was draughty, too, so that at times the inclination to sneeze was almost overpowering. The inspector was an old hand at this sort of vigil and he had gone into the dark gallery carrying a folding camp stool. At least he could sit down as he watched.

The brilliant arc lights which provided the illumination in which the clerks worked on the floor below his gaze sent no more light into his retreat than was penciled on the gallery ceiling in patches corresponding to the lattices set in the walls.

Hour after hour passed, tedious waiting for any but a determined hunter. The clerks under observation sorted the letters that passed through their hands with a monotonous rhythm that was almost a lullaby for the inspector. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when one of the clerks emptied a pouch on the shelf of his distributing case and then performed an action which made the inspector as alert as a deer stalker who hears a faint crackling in the brush.

With practised hands the clerk was throwing his task into the small compartments of the case at which he worked, and for the time being there were no other clerks within several yards of him. Every address in the United States has its miniature counterpart in the post-office nearest to it, so that there is no American so obscure that his residence, however humble, has not a tiny post-office annex into which his mail is thrown by the carrier who is to deliver it to him. But before that final sorting occurs there is a distribution according to carrier routes, and

before that a primary distribution. It was one of the route distributors who was under the suspicious observation of the post-office inspector. This expert had seen that the mail-sorter was tossing certain envelopes into a pigeon-hole in a little-used section of his case. It was a deviation from normal which would not have attracted the attention of any one other than some person who, like the post-office inspector, was an old hand at postal work.

Presently the clerk reached up for the letters he had thrown into that isolated pigeon-hole and with a gesture that he must have intended to be quicker than most eyes he shoved them into his trousers' pocket. That, incidentally, seems to be the most pathetic feature of this sort of attack on the mails. These men are not hardened criminals. They are not possessed of a superior skill. They take one letter under some compulsion of necessity or desire, and they are as little able to be satisfied as a lover to be content with one kiss.

Nine out of ten post-office clerks who steal behave in similar fashion. This one did exactly what the post-office inspector

thought he would do, which was to start for the wash-room where he would have an opportunity to dispose of any letters from which he abstracted money; but the inspector was there ahead of him. That circumstance was due to the existence near the wash-room of a door with a knob only on its inner side, which was set in the wall of the corridor, and which marked an exit from the system of secret passage-ways.

Caught with some of the test letters containing marked money in his pockets the clerk confessed that he had been stealing for weeks. Then he spent what remained of the night in jail, the first of many, many nights that he was to pass in such a place.

The next day the inspector and the post-master discussed the arrest and reminded each other that the captive was one of the few men in the post-office force whose habits of character were such as to mark him for suspicion from the very first consideration of the situation, and time and time again these cases work out that way.

**I**T WAS a flaw of character which first directed the suspicions of post-office inspectors against a post-office employee who is now serving a twenty-five-year sentence in the penitentiary at Atlanta for acting as a pathfinder, or scout, for the band of train and mail robbers who found their Waterloo at Rondout, Illinois. At Rondout a band of desperados stopped a solid mail train bound from Chicago to the Northwest and made off with pouches of registered mail containing \$2,500,000 in currency and coupon bonds.

It happened this way: About an hour after midnight more than a year ago a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul train made up exclusively of mail cars left the Union Station and had proceeded about twenty miles across that suburban zone of farms that lies north of Chicago when it was brought to a standstill with a screech of brake shoes against wheels and wheels against rails. About twenty-five railway mail clerks at their sorting racks were nearly thrown from their feet by the train's sudden loss of momentum. The air brakes had been applied by the engine crew at the command of two masked men who had crawled from the

*The expert had seen that the mail sorter was tossing certain envelopes into a pigeon-hole in a little-used section of his case*

blind vestibule of the first car up over the coal of the tender and from that vantage point menaced the engineer and his fireman with rifles.

As the train came to a dead stop one of these men dropped down to the weed-grown right-of-way, while the other kept the muzzle of his high-powered rifle, a gun designed to kill grizzly bears, directed at the heads of the engine crew.

The stopping place had been selected by the train robbers with due regard for plans that had been carefully worked out in advance. When the train stopped the engine was only a few hundred feet beyond where two automobiles were parked in a road that parallels the tracks. Three robbers had been detailed to marshal every living soul aboard the cars of that train into a line of captives

speed in keeping with the recklessness of the entire undertaking.

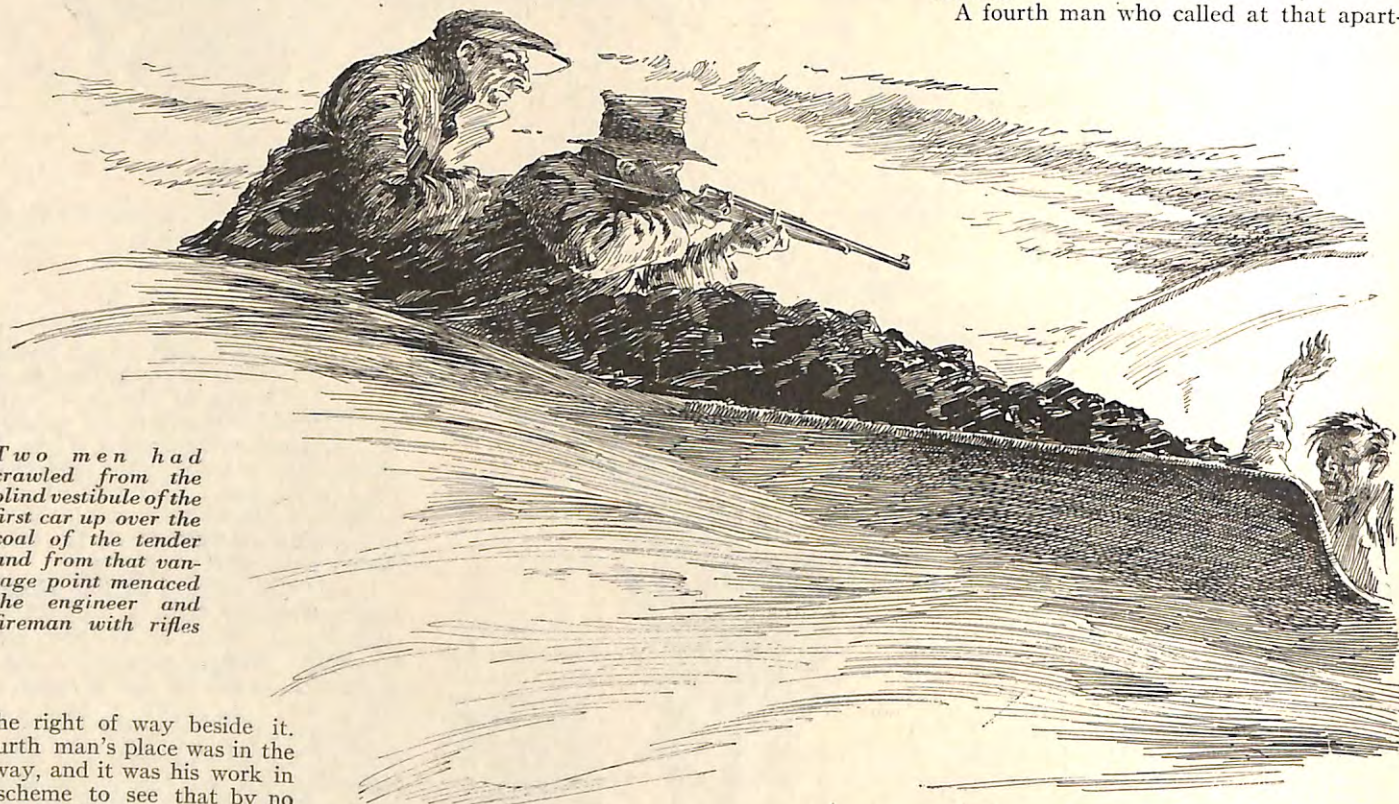
The next morning the newspapers of the country printed accounts of the robbery and told of the wide-spread efforts of police authorities to trap them; but, although there is not a peace officer in the land whose glory would not be enviable if he could by some means capture such a band of criminals, there is only one force of men in the United States that is specifically charged with the apprehension of mail robbers, and that is the scattered company of special agents who are called post-office inspectors.

In this robbery the post-office inspectors were favored by Fate with what policemen, prize-fighters, golfers, bridge-players and some others classify as a "break," which means an opportunity to use your skill to

another in his arm. Only a man of tremendous vitality could have survived those injuries, but Wiley Newton was such a man and not many months later had recovered sufficiently to stand up in court and hear a Federal judge sentence him to twelve years in the penitentiary.

It was seven o'clock in the morning when the police arrested Wiley and Joe Newton. At ten o'clock in the morning there was a rap on the door of the apartment in which the wounded robber was still lying. When it was thrown open the muzzle of police revolvers paralyzed every impulse of resistance in a man who proved to be Willis Newton, a third brother. Willis was one of the two men who had crawled over the tender of the engine on the mail train and imposed their will on the engineer and fireman.

A fourth man who called at that apart-



*Two men had crawled from the blind vestibule of the first car up over the coal of the tender and from that vantage point menaced the engineer and fireman with rifles*

on the right of way beside it. A fourth man's place was in the highway, and it was his work in the scheme to see that by no chance should any casual motorist happen along, see what sort of an enterprise was in progress and drive away to raise an alarm. It was his job to see that such an alarm was not given and his tool was a deadly rifle. But, when he saw that the train had rolled beyond the point where the automobiles were parked, he took it upon himself to leave the road, get onto the railroad right-of-way and run toward the engine with the purpose of making the engineer back up.

As he was running in the darkness one of those two men who had cowed the engine crew, the one who had dropped off as the train stopped, crawled under the train, saw the running figure, mistook him for a defender of the train, and fired again and again until the man dropped with four frightful bullet holes in his body. Thereafter the robbery proceeded as planned. All of the mail clerks were lined up alongside of the train. Some of the robbers held them there while others entered one of the cars and tossed out on the ground thirty pouches of registered mail which they had managed to select in an amazingly short space of time from the tons and tons of mail matter with which the train was freighted.

When these pouches had been loaded into the automobiles and the wounded robber helped into one, the band drove away at a

take advantage of an error of your opponent. The mistake which caused one of the robbers to shoot a comrade was a stroke of good fortune for the post-office inspectors. Blood, quantities of it, soaked into the earth at the scene of the hold-up was as written proof that these daring men had on their hands something more to hide than stolen mail. It might be a corpse; it was certainly a badly wounded man.

IT WAS not known then, as now, that the robbers drove from that train which they had plundered to the town of Ottawa, Illinois, where for a while they remained hidden in a garage of which the proprietor was an uncle of a confederate of the hold-up men. As far as the authorities were concerned they had vanished utterly, until about a week later when a gentleman in Chicago, after taking some wise precautions to shield himself, reported to the police that there was a wounded man lying in a room in one of those apartment houses which cover thousands and thousands of blocks in Chicago.

The wounded man's name was Wiley Newton and at his bedside when the police came was his brother, Joe.

Wiley's jaw was hanging by a shred of flesh and a splintered bone. There were a couple of bullet holes through his chest and

ment was arrested in spite of his protests that he had merely come to collect the rent. His name was Jimmy Murray. He was a low-grade politician in Chicago, who succeeded in getting out of jail on bail.

Normally swift advances would have been made from that point to the arrest of the other robbers and the recapture of at least a part of their plunder. The post-office inspectors have behind them a wealth of experience to guide their behavior in such situations. They know the habits of criminals just as the successful trapper of foxes knows the habits of those shrewd and tricky animals; and the post-office inspectors are methodical in their hunting. But somehow this case did not seem to move toward a complete solution; at least Rush D. Simmons, the chief post-office inspector, was heartily dissatisfied with the progress being made by the inspector on whom he relied more than any other to follow up the leads growing out of the arrest and identification of the Newtons.

Inspector Fahy in Chicago was tearing up the earth in his efforts to track down the missing men and their loot. He seemed to be fairly hungry with a desire to bring the other robbers to justice and to find the \$2,500,000 they had stolen. One of Fahy's superiors was not impressed with his efforts,

though. Possibly Fahy, as they say backstage, played his part too hard.

"Fahy's not acting right," complained this captain of the inspector force. "He's such a vile talker, and he's drinking." As a consequence of these observations two other inspectors were sent from the East to work under cover in Chicago without the knowledge of Inspector Fahy whose successful handling of another big mail robbery in Chicago had given him considerable prestige in the service.

There was no downright suspicion, though, that Inspector Fahy was involved in the Rondout conspiracy until one day a man who may not be identified here gave the chief inspector one significant scrap of information. It was this: Inspector Fahy was keeping from his superiors the fact that he had been dealing with Jimmy Murray long before the robbery at Rondout. Murray was the ward politician and former policeman who had been caught in the net spread for all who had called at that apartment in which the wounded Newton had been trapped, and who had explained his

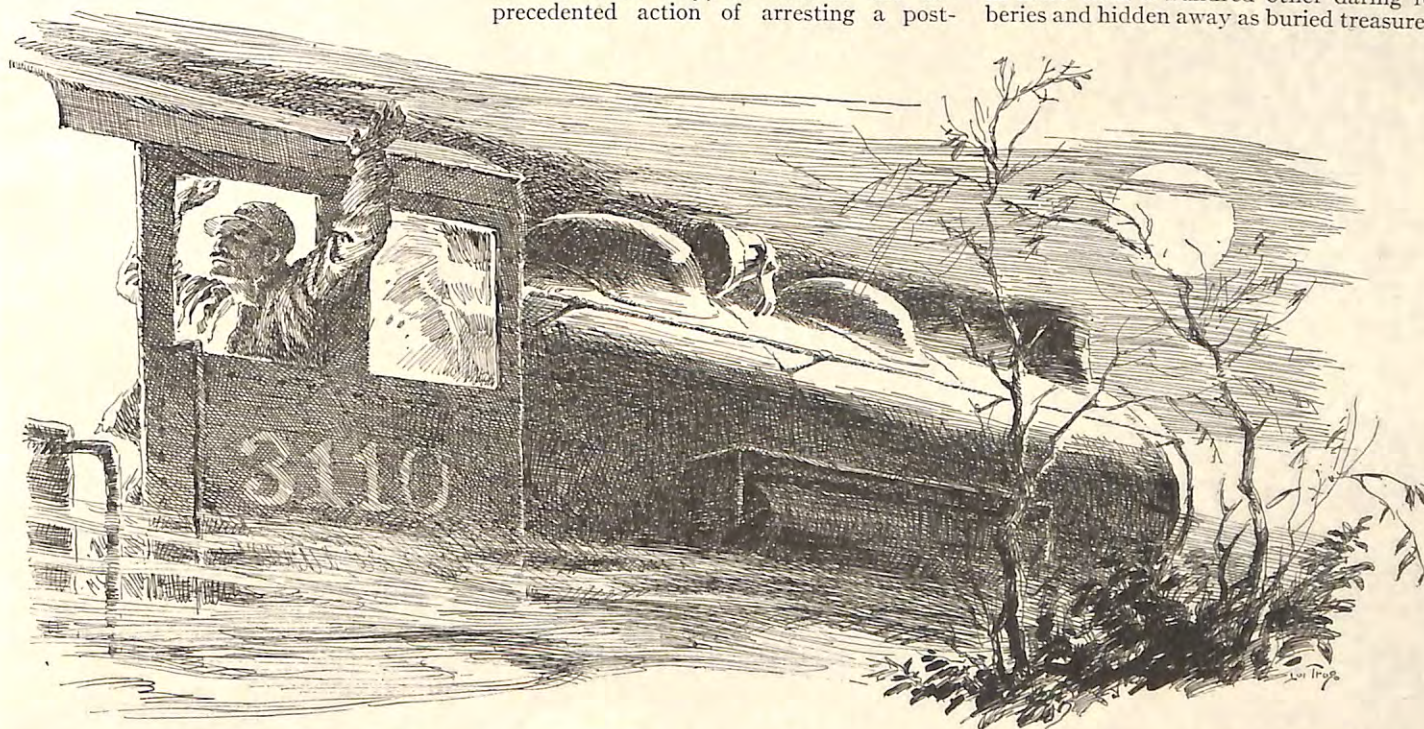
desperate characters to be afflicted with stomach trouble. In fact there is some excuse for pondering over the possibility that stomach trouble is what makes them desperate. A lifetime of camp cookery is somewhat different in its effects than a vacation experience with it. Glasscock, the four Newtons and Holliday were not city men at all. Their instincts were sharpest when applied to the problems that arise in camps and on trails. They had all been accustomed to handling firearms from the time they were small lads. What the postal service men hungered to know was how these Western desperados had been able to select without hesitation from the freight of that mail train the comparatively few sacks of mail that contained the chief things of value.

**E**VERY scrap of information that came from any one of the robbers was used as a lever to pry out more from the others, and eventually there was enough evidence in the hands of the inspectors working under Charles H. Claraham, inspector-in-chief of the division which has its headquarters in New York City, to warrant the unprecedented action of arresting a post-

Glasscock was able to recite from memory every fact that was in that letter. The information had come to him from Fahy. The letter was sought and found in the files. It confirmed Glasscock's recollection. Fahy, it was established, had been, for weeks in advance of the Rondout robbery, using his authority as post-office inspector to get confidential information concerning projected shipments of great value and then had given that information to the robber band.

Jesse Newton was given a sentence of one year and a half; Joe, three years; Wiley, Willis and Brent Glasscock were given twelve years, but Holliday, who had no information of value, got twenty-five years which is the limit for the crime in which he engaged, and that was the price put on the offense of Jimmy Murray and Inspector Fahy.

The jailing of these men left the inspectors with an uncompleted task, though, because about \$500,000 of the treasure taken from the train at Rondout is missing, still listed in the records of the post-office department as a part of the untold millions of dollars that have been stolen from the mails in more than a hundred other daring robberies and hidden away as buried treasure.



presence there so plausibly as to gain his release on bond.

Thereafter the case made swifter progress. The Newtons, it had been learned, had a fourth brother named Jesse, who had escaped that police trap in Chicago. All of them were Oklahomans, at home in the saddle and vain of their marksmanship and other abilities that count in the wilds, and of these Jesse, while weak in some respects was the best of the family on the back of a bucking horse. Jesse, it was learned, had fled to Mexico.

An inspector trailed him there, gained his confidence and by flattery succeeded in persuading him to recross the boundary line into Texas, on the pretext that he wanted Jesse to perform at a rodeo which he pretended to represent.

There were still two gunmen to be caught and it may be that the Newtons contributed some of the information which led inspectors to the hiding place of a fifth robber, an Oklahoman named Holliday; and finally to a Michigan sanitarium to which Brent Glasscock had gone in the company of his wife to be treated for stomach trouble. Glasscock is not the first of the world's

office inspector as a member of a robber band.

In court it was established that Inspector Fahy had arranged with Murray, the politician and fixer, to provide information about exceptionally valuable mail shipments. Murray had undertaken to pass this information on to the Newton gang through his acquaintance, Glasscock.

Every one of the robbers knew that it was in the power of the post-office inspectors to send them to prison for twenty-five years. They wanted to bargain, and the inspectors, knowing Fahy to be guilty, were so eager to convict him that it is quite probable they almost cheerfully would have seen the actual hold-up men go free in order to accomplish that purpose.

Anyway the robbers, or most of them, raked over all their recollections of the plotting that preceded the robbery for bits of information that would help the inspectors. It was Glasscock who recalled the incident connected with a letter written by a postmaster in a small Illinois town to the post-office officials in Chicago concerning the precautions he was taking to guard a valuable shipment to be sent from his office.

Any one who could recover all of it, and keep it, would find himself among the richest men in the country, but the men who are ceaselessly hunting for it, the post-office inspectors, entertain no idea of keeping it. Parts of that concealed store of stolen wealth are recovered from time to time by means of an ingenious filter that has been built painstakingly by the inspectors and with each recovery some one generally finds his or her liberty dangerously compromised.

The bulk of the \$2,000,000 that was recovered from the Rondout robbers was restored to its owners largely because most of the criminals told where they had hidden their shares.

Glasscock, for example, led the inspectors to a barn on a farm north of Evanston, Illinois, where they dug up a package that contained Liberty and railroad coupon bonds with a market value in excess of \$1,000,000. The owner of the barn was sent to jail because he had connived with Glasscock to permit the use of his property as a cache for stolen property.

One day shortly after that recovery a couple of post-office inspectors called at the

(Continued on page 69)



## One Christmas Morning

By Robert McBlair

*Linoleum Cuts by Lowell Balcom*

SOME people to whom I have told this would explain it on the ground that the man who was trying to kill me was overwrought and therefore susceptible to illusion. Others have concluded that the time of the day and the year, for it happened before dawn on a Christmas morning, made so powerful a suggestion to the vengeful mountaineer that he accepted the figment of his imagination for reality. It has been attributed also to refractions of light in the dimness of the midnight woods, and has aroused scientific discussion.

Only a few have believed, and these few have kept silent. Some things are too intimate and too rare for speech, and nothing so well as silence expresses the convictions of the soul. So, in setting down the record of this occurrence, I shall leave the interpretation to others. You who read shall be the judge; you shall give to God the things that are God's, and to Caesar the things that

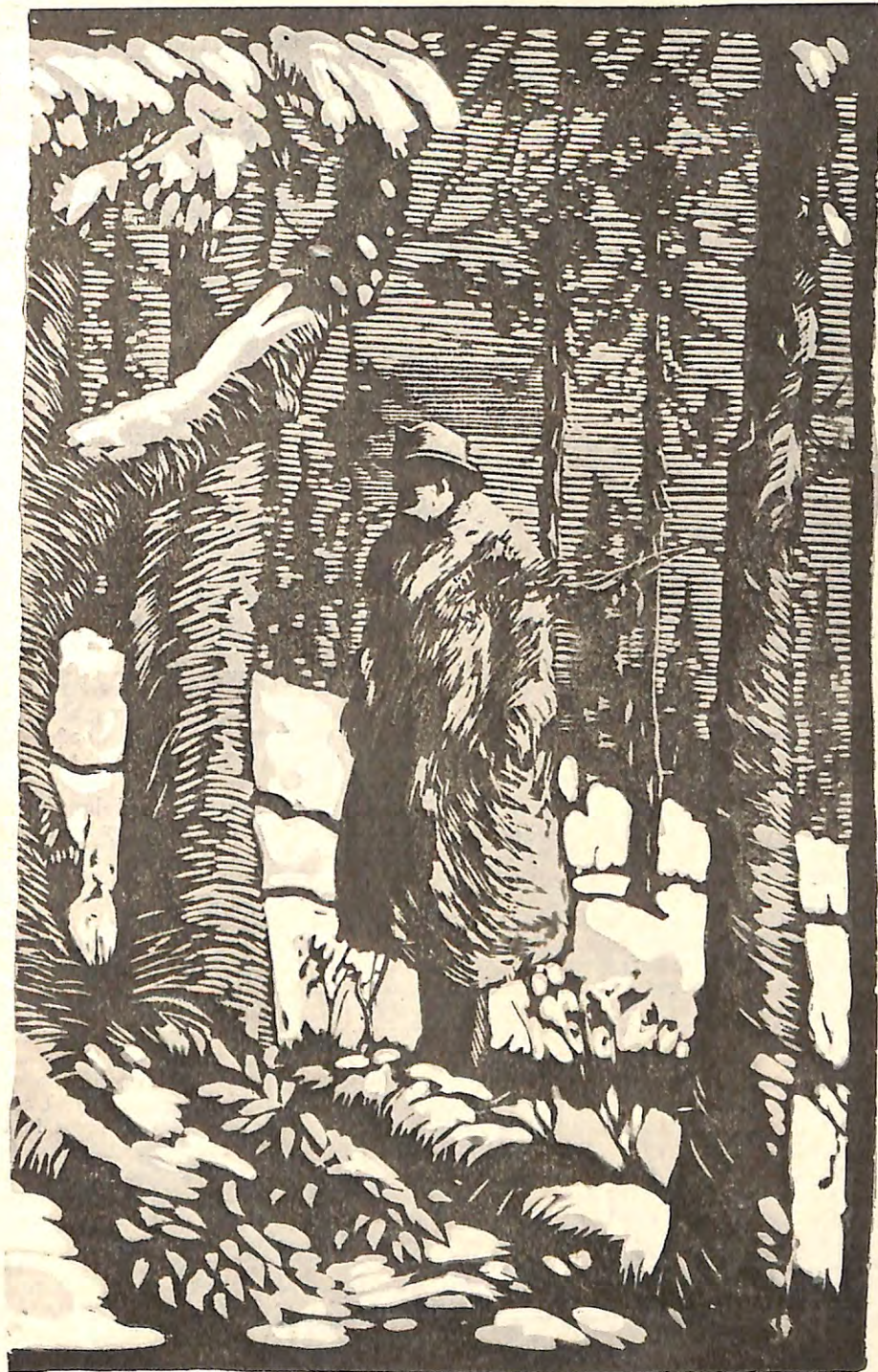
are Caesar's. I shall report merely the simple facts as I know them to have occurred.

As special prosecutor at the trial, I was warned not to walk back through the woods that night. The mountaineer who had been sentenced to ten years in prison was a leader in the Hadfield clan. More than this: he was a man whose life had been just and circumspect; his leadership largely had been based upon his high moral qualities; and the natives of this secluded county in the mountains of the Blue Ridge would not believe that he had murdered my friend the minister. The jury verdict, they were aware, had been the result of a compromise between the church and the anti-church factions. Apparently the dead minister's friends had

been in the majority, for the compromise verdict had been murder in the second degree.

I had felt the hostility of a part of the crowd in the court-room during the trial. They objected to the fact that I, a "furriner," had been brought in through the influence of the church people to prosecute one of their kind. But I did not realize the significance of the situation until the trial was over. The presiding judge had taken the train for the East. I was waiting to take the train that left at one in the morning for the West, planning to surprise the two kids and my wife by turning up at home in time for the Christmas tree. I was just finishing a dubious dinner of fresh pork, "greens," fried potatoes and muddy coffee when my host, after laying a segment of glutinous dried-apple pie before me did not move away at once.

"Jed Hastings has got a cousin," he said,



*I turned and faced him, much, I suppose, as a bird will face the approaching snake. And as I did so I heard, so plain there could be no mistake, the click of an ancient hammer-lock rifle being cocked. I stood and waited*

and yet he was more than a man: he was a source of life. Perhaps you have met with people like that; when you leave their presence you feel fresher, stronger, more optimistic. You feel that the world is a different place from what you had thought; that human beings are warmer, more loving and more generous than you had supposed, are actuated by finer motives; and that in every person is a secret well-spring of faith, and love of beauty, and of hope and pity for mankind.

Outdoors, to the right, the rutted road wound down the white hillside, disappeared perhaps a mile away into the blackness of a copse of hemlock. The dark shoulders of the mountain bulged against the steely evening sky. Tiny pale stars twinkled down upon the snow-capped steeple of the wooden church, the half-dozen log cabins and wooden one-story buildings clinging to the side of the hill. I turned to the left and trudged toward the "corners," where from the windows of the two rival stores yellow oblongs of light gleamed faintly on the powdery snow.

I confess that I was nervous as I passed eight or ten natives on their way home after the trial. Tall, raw-boned men with lean aquiline faces and long mustaches. Leather boots laced to the knee, short mackinaw coats and drooping black felt hats. One in three, I should say, carried a rifle. All seemed stamped with the effects of inbreeding and undernourishment. There was something dumb and brutish to their angular shoulders and sunken eyes. And yet they had kept something, too; something we have lost in the cities. I mean, a certain untamed air; a sort of wildness which lowers its gaze to no man and bends its neck to no law. I felt as if I owed them an apology for my fur coat and spats, my patent leather shoes and neatly pressed striped trousers. I began to understand why Amadon had come to them.

"They are primitives," I remember he had told me. "They are close to themselves, close to nature, and close to God. Christ, you know, was a primitive. Simplicity seems to be a prerequisite for that inner vision, which is faith. Miracles may happen in these mountains."

Amadon seemed very near to me this evening, as I tramped along in the snow. I could see his yellowish pointed beard moving as he talked, catch the childlike gleam of his large blue eyes. He must have been a strange being to these people; those eloquent, fluttering white hands; the voice so soft and moving that it colored the simplest subjects with wonder, and as you listened you felt that you were once again a child. Those mountaineers who had come to love him must have done it in spite of themselves, for it is human to distrust the strange.

My thoughts became disturbed by the feeling that someone was staring at me. I was startled to see, standing in the center of the road and facing me, a lone mountaineer. His long, bare hands were clasped about the barrel of his rifle, the butt of which rested upon the ground. Even in that fleeting glance, so vividly did he im-

wiping his fingers, one at a time, on his greasy apron. Jed Hastings was the mountaineer who had just been sentenced.

"Well?" I inquired.

"He's kind of a stickler for what's right," my host continued, "and he don't think Jed was treated fair. What train air you aimin' to ketch, Mister?"

I told him of my plan to walk over to the one o'clock train that night. "I hope you don't mind if I keep your fire going until I leave," I added. "It's getting colder outside."

"It's going to be powerful dark in them woods after midnight," he answered. "If I was you, I'd go over to the railroad right soon. There'll be plenty of folks on the dirt road now, headin' home arter the trail. There'll be folks and a fire at the railroad, too. You know, they're puttin' a new facin' on the tunnel. Things ain't so likely to happen when there's folks around."

"You don't mind if I sit here in front of your fire instead, do you?"

"Mind? Well, no—" He glanced at me with a more friendly, a more understanding

look than I had yet observed in him, and limped off for his orgy of dishwashing in the kitchen.

I put on my hat and coat and went out to take a stroll, thinking perhaps I might even meet with Jed Hastings's cousin before I came back to the house.

This was not bravado; at least, I prefer to think it was something else. Doctor Amadon, the man who had been killed, had been, you see, my most intimate friend. He was a man that everyone loved who knew him; and to know him from boyhood, through college, and into middle life as I had known him, was to become almost his second self. I say that I became his second self, not that he became mine. There is the difference which gives you the man: I know of no other way to describe him. Here you have me, on the one hand, an average man, an average lawyer, if perhaps with more than the average success. What did I have to give? I mean, what was there about me which another man could absorb, and feel that he had grown in stature and in strength?

Amadon was different. He was a man,

press me. I observed that his rifle was of the ancient hammer variety which had to be cocked with the thumb. The man's face was clean shaven. A shaft of light from the store window chiseled the narrow straight nose, the gentle, mournful mouth and the brooding black eyes. I realized that he had been watching me with a sort of dreaming intensity, and he did not lose his abstraction when I looked into his face and passed him by.

In this snow-covered, rutted road on this rude hillside, he was like a visitation: one does not expect a native dreamer to appear so suddenly out of the night. This, and what happened later, stamped that silent figure, I believe, forever upon my mind.

When presently I retraced my steps he was no longer where I had seen him.

"RECKON you passed Jed Hastings's cousin," remarked my host, as I entered the house. "Jes' seen him walkin' by, lookin' like a lost soul. That there rifle-gun of his is older than this here mountain. Clicks like breakin' a stick when he cocks it. They say, though, he can drill a squirrel's eye as far as he can spy it."

I hung up my hat and coat, lighted a cigar and sat down before the log fire crackling cheerfully in the wide fireplace beneath the chimney of fieldstones and clay. Above the mantel a rifle lay upon the forks of two deer antlers. Strings of dusty red and green peppers swung down from the smoke-blackened rafters. In the corner had been thrown an old flour sack: three of the aromatic *ginseng* roots which it contained had rolled out on the floor. Though shaped like a radish, they were dun in color and had something the look of potatoes; rare roots, found, it is said, only in China and in these hills, and highly valued by the Chinese as medicinal.

It is astounding what peculiar and far-fetched coincidence may mean the difference between life and death for a man. Amadon, a distinguished Christian clergyman, died because the Chinese like *ginseng* root. It comes down to that. The natives of this section had been gathering this root for years and bringing it in to Jed Hastings at his store. He would pay them, in cash or trade, so much per pound, and then of course would resell the roots to city wholesalers of drugs.

Amadon had been struck by the general poverty of these mountain people. He had observed how important to them, at certain seasons, was the sale of their *ginseng* root, and he had begun to look into the question of prices. He told them presently that he would pay them five times what Hastings had been paying, and explained that this was because Jed Hastings had always paid them only a fraction of what he could have paid and still have had a substantial profit.

Amadon was indignant at the toll which had been exacted by this local Shylock and from all accounts he did not mince his words. If Hastings had been a blackguard or a ne'er-do-well perhaps it would not have mattered. But he was a pillar of mountain society; he was looked up to for advice and example for miles around. So when the veil was lifted from him; when he was forced to face his neighbors as the man who deliberately had starved them of bread, it was more than he was willing to stand. He stated that Amadon lied; shot Ama-

don from ambush ostensibly, we may almost say, because of the insult, but actually to terminate Amadon's argument in rebuttal. Of course there were many natives who believed that Amadon had lied, and if so that his death was a matter of simple mountain justice, accomplished in the conventional mountain manner. Many of them believed that Jed Hastings had not shot Amadon himself; that he was too upright a man to have done it, and that it had been done for him by some kindly friend. No doubt Jed Hastings's cousin was of this number.

MY HOST'S abrupt movement aroused me from my musings. He pushed his chair back several feet, and as he did so murmured something about the heat. However, I observed that his eye was upon the glassy black window, and that he was no longer in line between it and me. But his new position did not suit him. After glancing over his shoulder at the window behind him, he got to his feet, stooped and lighted a candle at the flames, and shuffled to the foot of the stairs.

"You better turn in now," he said to me softly, "and take the train to-morrow."

He waited a minute, and when I did not answer, climbed the stairs. Next I heard his shoes drop on the floor above, and the creaking of a cot. After that, except for an occasional hissing from the fire, silence settled upon the house.

I insist that I had no feeling of bravado. A better word for my attitude would be obstinacy. My wife would call it that. But I believe something I cannot explain was supporting me. Alone and unaided, I could never have sat before that unshaded window for more than three hours, reading and smoking; I could never finally have put on my coat and hat, taken my hand-bag, and walked out into the crisp starlit night, headed for the wooded road where it was so "powerful dark."

The night was clear and cold, fragrant with the smell of forests, and so silent that I could hear, far below, the small river contending with ice and boulders in its bed. A sheen of starlight lit the surface of the unbroken snow. Across the valley the evergreens lay dark against the pallor of their mountain. And the winter sky was bright with stars.



Over the black bulk of woods toward which my road was descending hung a particularly large and brilliant star. It reminded me that this was the beginning of Christmas day. And with this thought I began to accept without surprise the peace and courage which had fallen upon me. I do not try to explain this; I state it as a fact—I began to think of my wife and children waiting for me at home. I thought of their love for me; of my love for them; of the love that I felt for Amadon and of his love for me in return. This spirit of love seemed tangible in the night. It seemed that I could almost touch it. It wrapped me around like a cloak.

It is a strange thing that, after my host's explicit warning, I entered the darkness of the woods without a tremor. It was plain what he had meant. Nearer the village a murderer shooting from ambush was liable to detection by possible passers-by. He would have to make his flight across the open hillside. But in these woods he would be safe. He could stand by the side of the road till his victim came near, and then drill him with ease. For although it was dark, it was still light enough to discern the outlines of a man a few feet away. And the escaping killer could proceed at his leisure in either direction along the road; or go up or down the heavily wooded hillside.

THE going was uneven and slippery, and the dim, pale snow on every hand made it impossible to see the route. To keep my course it was necessary to look up and follow the opening in the trees above the road. The hemlock branches hung heavy with snow to the width of a man's hand, and the stars sparkled as through a black and intricate lattice. I was beginning almost to enjoy an unearthly sense of isolation, when I heard the sounds of pursuing footsteps.

Someone was running to catch up with me, but he was not on the road. I could hear the muffled beat of his steps in the powdery snow to the right; as if he were counting upon my noise on the beaten road to drown the faint sound of his progress. Before I could make up my mind as to what I should do, he had reached a point directly opposite me. It was there the sounds ceased; and although it was difficult to distinguish outlines among the tree-trunks, I fancied I saw a gaunt silhouette.

It was useless to run. I turned and faced him, much I suppose as a bird will face the approaching snake. And as I did so I heard, so plain there could be no mistake, the *click* of an ancient hammer-lock rifle being cocked.

For perhaps sixty seconds I stood and waited for the shot. I say sixty seconds, but it may have been an eternity. Then, as nothing happened, and there was no further sound, I turned away and proceeded down the road.

I had not gone very far before I heard the tread of heavy boots crossing the hard-packed road behind me. Next came the muffled beat of footsteps as before, but this time on my left. They caught up to me; they passed me; they continued for a while and then stopped beside a bend in the road just ahead.

I continued stubbornly on my course, slipping and stumbling, and trying to keep on the road by the

(Continued on page 78)



FLORENCE VANDAMM

*Lee Tracy  
and  
Sylvia Field*

*NO ONE* ought to miss "Broadway." All the comedy, pathos and melodrama of back-stage life along the Great White Way is packed into three acts in the private party room just off the dance floor of the Paradise Night Club. Outstanding in a cast that must make the authors, Philip Dunning and George Abbott, breathe many a prayer of heartfelt gratitude, are Tracy as a vainglorious hooper, and Miss Field as a little girl from Trenton—E. R. B



Paul Robeson is so lovable a personality that, provided he smiles and sings an occasional song in that rich, breath-taking voice of his, there is good entertainment so long as he is on the stage. "Black Boy," the play in which he appeared this fall, had its moments of poignant drama in which Edith Warren shared, but it is to be hoped he will soon find a better vehicle to give scope to his generous talent

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien

Eva Le Gallienne, Rose Hobart and Beatrice Terry (below) in the final tableau of Tchekov's "Three Sisters." Miss Le Gallienne seems somewhat stiff and mannered in this sombre drama from the Russian, but there are a number of other plays in her repertoire in which her acting is exquisite: "Saturday Night," a colorful fantasy by Benevento and the two Ibsen plays she appeared in last season. Her supporting company do excellent team-work

PHOTO BY  
VANDAMM



Vivienne Segal is one of our most satisfying musical comedy divas—she can act and sing pretty well, and she is fortunate in having good material for her musical efforts in "Castles in the Air." Chicago gave this rapid-paced piece warm support before it made its bow to Broadway





With the Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's "Pygmalion" Lynn Fontanne (right) reverts to a cockney rôle, such as she portrayed in "Out There," her first production in this country. Other bright lights in this amusing comedy are Reginald Mason, Beryl Mercer, Helen Westley and Henry Travers



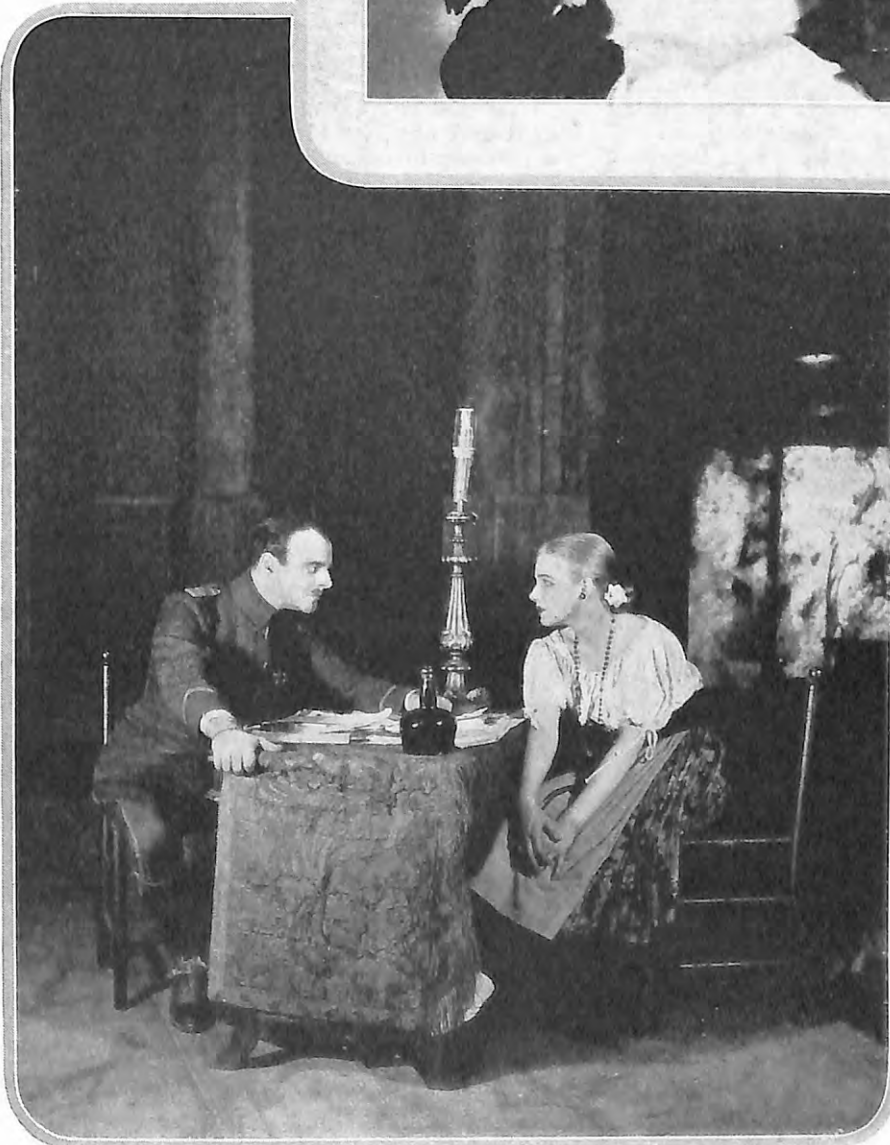
DE MIRJAN

A considerable amount of pleasant fooling is introduced by Jack Sheehan and his partner Doris Patston (above), into the serious business of the operetta "Katja" for which Mr. Frederick Lonsdale wrote the book. Sheehan is a humble secretary with audacious hankerings for the hand of a wealthy and noble heiress. There is another princess, dethroned ruler of a mythical state, dancing her way toward revenge on the usurper of her kingdom, and some really delightful music supplied by Jean Gilbert



VANDAMM

Marie-Ange promised to wait for her American lover till the great show was over but when the French spy discloses to her that the fate of one hundred thousand men depends upon her yielding to the demands of the Prussian officer who holds them captive—why she saves the army. Fortunately the spy is on hand next day to explain the situation to "Yank's" satisfaction. Excellent acting on the part of Lowell Sherman and Ann Harding who is wonderfully beautiful as an Alsatian peasant girl in this war play called "The Woman Disputed"



## The Sixth Adventure— Prosper Fair Comes Home



# The Crusade of Mr. H. Busher

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by C. Le Roy Baldrige

"AND now, my littles, we really must go home. Life, my dear Plutus, is not all holes and hedgerows; absurd though it may seem, there are duties. All sorts of duties. Rats, for instance. There are rats at Derehurst as well as everywhere else—and I imagine that they must have been enjoying a comparatively easy time since you have been away. I have no doubt that they have become fat and lazy and self-centred—which is bad for a rat. I believe you will agree with me, Plutus, that we must inquire into this—stir them up a little—enliven them, in fact," said Prosper, as, on a sunny but rather cold morning, he finished his after-breakfast cigarette.

He rose, throwing away the cigarette end, and inspanned.

This was two days after the little matter of the Hardaway-Lucas misunderstanding. Prosper had parted with Flight-Commander Bay-Rigby with the intention of seeking out forthwith the ingenious and daring young scoundrel whom Bay-Rigby had met in Paris, posing as the Duke of Devizes, but, on reflection, he abandoned the idea for the time being.

"Why should I rush feverishly to Paris in order to run that individual to earth?" he had asked Patience. "He can do me but little harm, if any, and I have no doubt that a few telegrams will serve my purpose equally well. It is practically certain that he will impersonate me too long—for I would have you mark, Patience, that the essence of the art of successful impersonation is brevity—and then he will find himself accommodated with a period of comparative leisure during which he will be able, poor fellow, to tabulate and study the mistakes he made."

And so, having sent his telegrams, he had airily dismissed the matter from his mind, and had set his face toward Derehurst.

The first day of the three which Prosper proposed to occupy upon the journey home passed pleasantly but uneventfully—save for a brief though enthusiastic flurry between Plutus and a yellowish dog twice the semiterrier's size, who very rudely tried to steal a most alluring hole from Plutus. It was the abode of a bank vole, and certainly be-

longed to Plutus, for Plutus found it and was carefully investigating its aroma before the yellow dog came round the corner. But the newcomer had coolly gone up and pushed Plutus away from that valuable hole in the most deliberate and insolent way. Plutus, naturally, did not take that sort of thing lying down, and promptly had engaged the yellow one in mortal combat. Before Prosper could separate them they rolled right under Stolid Joe's feet, much to the elephant's irritation—for if there was one thing which Stolid Joe disliked it was having strange dogs rolling about under his feet. So he had picked up the yellow thief in his trunk and carefully flung him into a convenient pond. Plutus, who happened at the moment to be hanging on to the hole-stealer's ear, accompanied him. They went in semi-detached, but they came out completely detached, and remained so, for the instant the yellow mongrel reached dry land again he departed at a really remarkable speed, uttering what appeared to be sounds of frantic encouragement to his own legs to move faster.

But beyond that nothing exciting or even deeply interesting occurred.

It was not until lunch-time on the following day that they made the acquaintance of Mr. Herbert Busher.

They had definitely emerged from the more heavily wooded district now and had come again to the region of rolling downs, chalk hills and sparse, wind-stunted bushes. They had stepped aside, as it were, from the road and halted for the meal under a few gaunt firs—they always chose firs whenever possible because the noise of wind blowing through firs is so pleasant and sea-sounding, especially when you close your eyes for a few moments, lying flat on your back—and Prosper was about to embark upon a voy-

age of discovery into the interior of a large pie obtained overnight at Salisbury, when Mr. Busher, white to the knees with the chalky dust of the roadsides of that region, bore down upon them, with a blunt request for a drink of water.

"A drink of water," said Prosper, regarding Mr. Busher. "Of course. If you prefer water. But coffee will be ready in a few minutes. It is not bad coffee. Wouldn't you prefer coffee? Coffee and pie, now. What do you say to coffee and pie?"

MR. BUSER said that he took the offer of coffee and pie very kindly, and withdrawing his first proposal, accepted the offer in the blunt, honest, downright fashion which was characteristic of him. He was a large young man, evidently accustomed to manual labor connected with iron and oil and things of that kind. Prosper saw that from his hands. Not that Mr. Busher was dirty—by no means. He merely had a blacksmith's hands. He was rather weighty in his manner, and simple, direct, blunt and terse of speech. He might have been twenty-five years old, and the deep, permanent frown which he wore between black eyebrows looked a little premature and out of place upon his youthful, rather square face.

The pie was quite in order—as was the coffee. They finished both between them, without undue difficulty. Then Mr. Busher accepted a cigarette and they chatted. There was never a more skilful "drawer-out" of untalkative people than Prosper, and though Mr. Busher was obviously not given to idle chatter, he was so plainly burdened with a grievance that Prosper had no difficulty with him at all.

He had come from Weymouth, he said, where he worked in a blacksmith's shop and he was going to see a man (rather grimly,

this) somewhere up near Basingstoke way. Things being slack at the shop, a holiday being due to him, and having recently suffered the loss of a sum of money, he had economically decided to make the journey on foot rather than by rail.

Prosper, perceiving that Mr. Busher was probably quite an ordinary, honest, hard-working everyday person, not encumbered with a superfluity of ideas, wished him all possible success and relapsed into dreamy study of his cigarette smoke. The silence that followed was broken by Mr. Busher.

"HAVE you ever seen one of these Dukes, sir?" inquired Mr. Busher presently.

"Dukes, my dear Mr. Busher? Why, yes, I have seen several. Indeed, I may even say that I know one or two personally!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Busher. "And what sort of men are they, sir? Not up to much, I s'pose. Leastways, some of 'em, I mean."

Prosper reflected.

"There are some black sheep among them, of course, as in every walk of life," he said, presently. "But on the whole, Mr. Busher, on the whole, I think we can call the average Duke a moderately decent sort of man. Average, you know. Not very intellectual, of course, but not very foolish either. Just medium. Live and let live sort of men, you know—I am speaking of the average Duke. Most of them seem to expect a little deference from the mass of people, of course—but since the mass of people appears heartily to approve of the system which produces and maintains Dukes, and so forth, I think they are justified in expecting that deference. It is the way of the world, isn't it? And even Dukes usually have to defer to some one else—Duchesses, as a rule. But to sum up, my dear Mr. Busher, you may safely assume that the average Duke is a well-meaning, easy-going, harmless enough sort of man. Why do you ask?"

The blacksmith flushed a little, and his frown deepened.

"Well, sir, the fact is I've got a grudge against one of 'em. A big grudge, 'tis, and to tell the truth, it's what I'm going up to near Basingstoke to pay off."

Prosper was interested now.

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that, very sorry. Has this Duke done you an injury in some way, Mr. Busher?"

"Yes, sir. In a very artful way. He got mother to change him a cheque for ten pounds. It was my money—savings—she let him have, quite willing, him being a Duke. He was staying at Weymouth on a visit, and he had apartments next door to our house. Mother lets apartments, too, and when her neighbor, not happening to have any change, brought her the Duke's cheque, she changed it for money out of my box. I don't blame Mother—but 'twas a pity. She usually gets the butcher to change cheques she gets sometimes for her rooms into his account and give her the money when the bank has passed the cheques. But the bank wouldn't pass the Duke's cheque. They told the butcher it was a bad 'un, forged, most likely. So Mother lost the money—or leastways I did. Now I call that a low trick for a Duke to do. And I'm going to find him out and—" Mr. Busher flushed more deeply, and clenched a great horny fist, "and knock his head pretty near off, if I goes to gaol for it!"

PROSPER nodded. "I can understand your indignation, Mr. Busher," he said. "But I confess I can not call to mind at the moment any Duke of my acquaintance who is in the habit of passing off—er 'stumer' cheques upon landladies. Not one. Do you feel free to tell me the name of the Duke who was guilty of such an unpardonable—er—vulgarity?"

Mr. Busher nodded.

"It was the Duke o' Devizes—the mean thief!" he said feelingly.

"Who?"

Prosper was startled.

"The Duke o' Devizes!"

"The Duke of Devizes! My dear man, what are you talking about—" began Prosper, but stopped abruptly. He must see this thing through—get the facts, obviously. When he had done that, there would be time to explain how absurd the suggestion was.

Mr. Busher grinned a hard little grin.

"It sounds silly, I know. Mother wouldn't believe the butcher for a long time. But, well—look for yourself."

He fumbled in his pocket and presently produced an envelope from which he took a slip of paper—a cheque, which, without relinquishing, he held before Prosper.

It was quite clear.

The cheque was made out (in writing exactly similar to Prosper's) to Mrs. Busher for Ten Pounds and was signed "Devizes." Also it bore the banker's serpentine scrawl canceling it and the three saddest words in the English language—"Refer to drawer."

"That's a Duke's cheque," said Mr. Busher. "And it ain't worth tuppence. But I'm going to knock the man's head off, gaol or no gaol. Don't you consider I'm in the right, sir?"

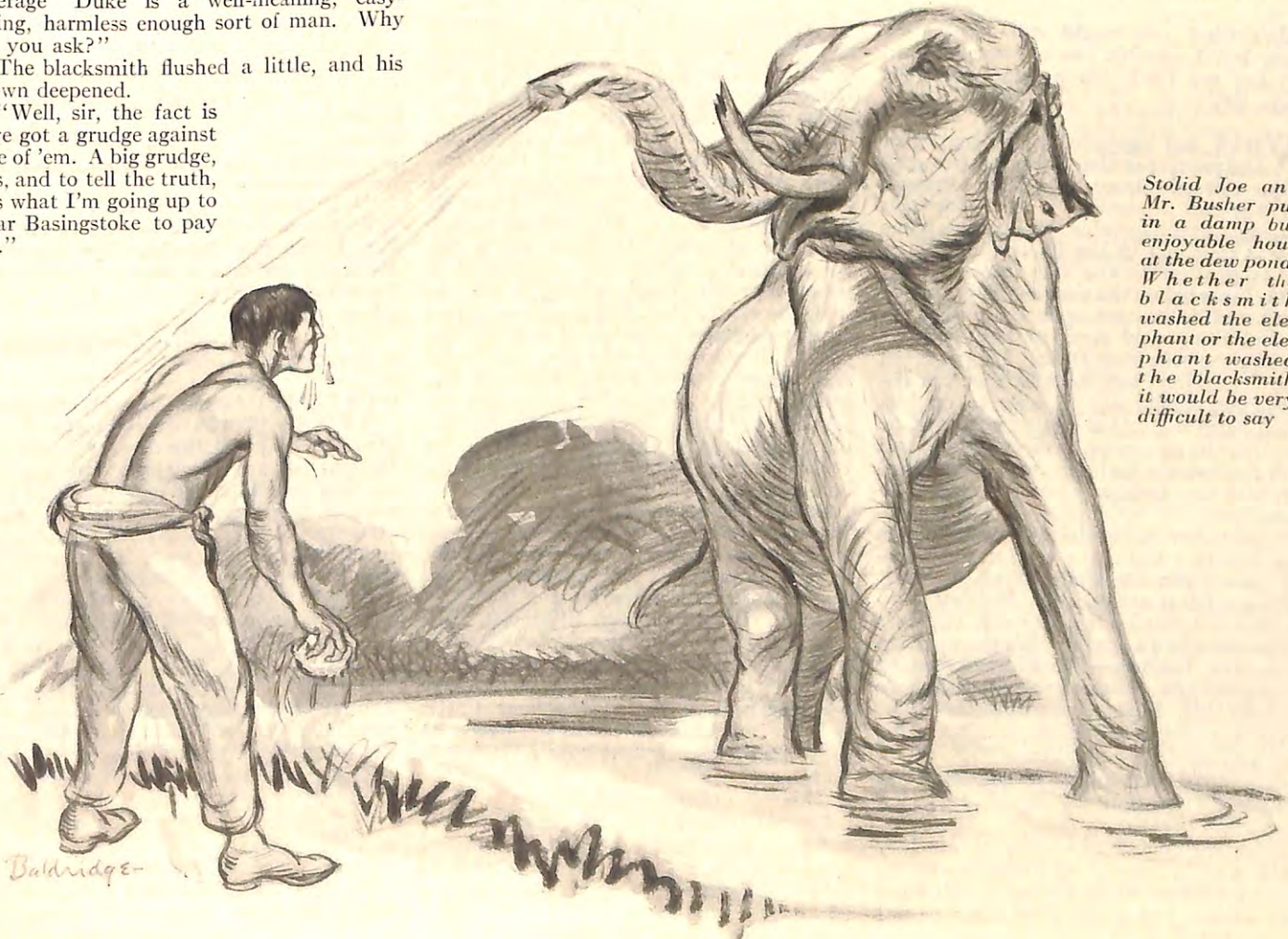
"Indeed I do," said Prosper warmly, "unless this Duke of Devizes can prove that there has been a mistake he deserves it."

"Do you happen to know what sort of a man *he* is, sir?" inquired Mr. Busher.

"I understand," said Prosper, rising to prepare for the road again, "I understand that he is a well-meaning sort of man—but a bit of an ass. They say he can box fairly well."

Mr. Busher grinned again—a slow, tenacious, ominous grin.

"I hope he can, sir—for his own sake."



*Stolid Joe and Mr. Busher put in a damp but enjoyable hour at the dew pond. Whether the blacksmith washed the elephant or the elephant washed the blacksmith it would be very difficult to say*

Baldrige



Prosper turned to the "plagiarist."  
"Did you have a tolerably good  
time as the Duke of Devizes?"

I ain't what you might call a scientific boxer, but I can hit like a horse kicking. . . . Let me lend you a hand with the things, sir!"

WHAT had happened in the matter of the passing of the "Refer to Drawer" cheque was, of course, quite clear. Prosper had realized immediately that for this extremely uncomfortable slur upon his name he was indebted to the financial activities of the gentleman who was impersonating him. Long before the simple-minded blacksmith and he had got upon the road again he had completely reversed his views regarding the *soi-disant* Duke. He perceived that his original careless idea that the impersonator would not be able to do him much harm was not a correct idea, and he saw that the man must be nipped in the bud with promptness and accuracy, if he, Prosper, was to retain any sort of reputation himself.

"The person is not doing me justice," he mused as they went, at a comfortable walking pace down the chalky road. "He is neither original nor artistic. He appears to be what is termed a 'bilker'—and bilking is not an art which I admire. We must pounce upon him, Patience—like Plutus pouncing upon a rat-hole. Meantime—what shall we do with Mr. Busher, who appears to be quite a reasonable, honest, hard-working young person? We must consider."

He glanced ahead at Mr. Busher, who was striding along next to Stolid Joe, and lapsed into thought.

Evidently he arrived at some satisfactory decision as to his plan of campaign, for he sent long telegrams to various people from each of the two post-offices they passed during that day.

Mr. Busher was invited to dine with them and stay the night at their camp, and he accepted the invitation gladly. He seemed to have taken a great fancy to Stolid Joe—he was ordinarily of a rather stolid disposition himself—and the elephant, though not enthusiastic, appeared to view the blacksmith with rather less indifference than he did the majority of strangers with whom his master got in touch. Mr. Busher, indeed, made the discovery that there was a dew pond quite close to their camp, and he volunteered to wash Joseph, whom, it may be said, the chalky dust had transformed into a very passable imitation of a white elephant. Prosper graciously gave permission and between them Stolid Joe and Mr. Busher put in a somewhat damp but enjoyable hour at the dew pond. Whether the blacksmith washed the elephant or whether the elephant washed the blacksmith it would be difficult to say. . . .

At the first post-office they passed on the following morning a telegram was waiting for Prosper. It was from Captain Dale, Prosper's agent at Derehurst, and announced that the impersonator had been arrested on the previous afternoon, in a west-end lounge, by the private detectives whom he had engaged in accordance with Prosper's earlier wires, and that the captive was being brought to Derehurst Castle before being handed over to the police, in order that Prosper might have a few words with him.

This was entirely satisfactory.

Prosper called the blacksmith unto him.

"You are in search of the Duke of Devizes, I understand, my dear Mr. Busher," he said. "I think that I may as well confess to you that I am he."

"You are a Duke, Mr. Fair?"

Prosper nodded.

"I plead guilty," he said.

The blacksmith's bewilderment deepened into acute and palpable discomfort. He scowled, clenched his hairy hands, then grinned feebly, flushed, scowled again, unclenched his hands and finally scratched his head vigorously.

"Well, I'm blown!" he said.

Prosper waited. He wanted to see how the blacksmith handled the situation. Evidently he was extremely perplexed—"knocked," as he expressed it later, "all of a heap!"

He pondered heavily. Finally he gave a gulp and spoke.

"WELL, I dunno," he said. "I dunno. I shouldn't have took you for the sort of man to do a trick like that. I should have thought you was too classy a chap to steal a working man's ten pound. . . . You have been a very good friend to me—for a stranger. I can't quite figure it out in my mind that I ought to fight you after the way you've made me welcome. . . . It's a awkward job. I reckon I shall have to turn it over in my mind a bit. . . . You and me, we been getting on very well together. It don't seem natural to turn on you, somehow. I'll go so far as to say that I been feeling very friendly to you—and your elephant an' all. . . ." He shook his head, heavily, doubtfully. "I should feel sort of ashamed to want to fight you, after eating your victuals, and all that. . . . I shall have to turn it over in my mind."

Prosper warmed to the man.

He was decent—a good sort. A little heavy, a little simple and slow-witted,

(Continued on page 61)

# That Christmas Book

## A Riot of Glowing Tales and Other Splendid Volumes Presented Here in Brief Outline

By Claire Wallace Flynn

### Full Blown Novels

*Lord Raingo*—by Arnold Bennett. (George H. Doran & Co., N. Y.)

**A**GAIN we are presented with one of Mr. Bennett's ten-leagued canvases at which this distinguished author splashes away in great fashion, filling out the picture of an Englishman, born a commoner and raised to the peerage during the war—not an easy transition for any man to make, and one that traverses a path along which most of the humanities, frail and gallant alike, tramp at the hero's heels.

A masterly, adult, major piece of work. For those who love fiction at its best, this book is unqualifiedly recommended.

*Tampico*—by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

Oil-concessions, greed, love, conspiracy, conflict, passion—all meet in the Mexican jungle and, as untangled by Mr. Hergesheimer's agile and fiery pen, yield a volume of many thrills and much beauty. Here is one of our own popular novelists doing his stuff in great shape.

*The Casuarina Tree*—by W. Somerset Maugham. (George H. Doran, Co., New York.)

Six compressed yeast cakes—that's what these stories of Mr. Maugham's insist upon being likened to.

Emotional moments, climactic in the lives of his characters and thrown against an Oriental background. Each episode is pressed into economical literary space, yet none of them stays pressed. After reading these tales, they rise over the edges, as it were, assuming in our minds the proportions of full-sized novels—intense, finished—sophisticated.

*Show Boat*—by Edna Ferber. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Now on its happy way to give rhyme and reason to a prancing musical comedy, this story still remains a joy to all admirers of a hearty, sweet, honest love story. Life and romance amongst a theatrical company who, during the latter half of the last century, travel down the Mississippi on a show boat. Delightful. Don't miss it.

*The Kays*—by Margaret Deland. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

It feels decidedly good and like home to be back in Old Chester with Mrs. Deland once more. We've been away too long.

This time it is Old Chester of Civil War days, and the Kays are torn this way and that by their loves, their fierce contentions, their war ardors and their—most important factor of all—conscientious objections to fighting.

A truly absorbing and significant novel of the highest rank.

*Jarnegan*—by Jim Tully. (Albert and Charles Boni, New York.)

A husky yarn. By strange and unusual paths, Jim Tully has managed to reach the counters of the book-sellers. His stories are man-stories, brawny, clothed in rough garments, but there is blood and sand in them.

Jarnegan is a type he handles well. He draws the picture of an ex-convict, hobo, follower of shows and sharer in dark deeds. That he finally leaves us to contemplate his hero as a famous director of motion pictures in Hollywood is a bit disturbing. How come?

*Tropic Death*, by Eric Walrond. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

Mr. Walrond is a West Indian negro. That, alone, does not constitute the sole interest attached to this remarkable collection of burn-

ing stories, but it does help explain the strange, surging tenderness, the vivid tragedy, that creep into his book.

Glimpses of black life in the Zone and in the Islands as no white man has ever grasped it.

### One Shade—or Two—Lighter

*The Black Angels*—by Maud Hart Lovelace. (The John Day Co., New York.)

Four inconsequent young musicians roam through the Middle West in the "sixties" in search of fame and fortune, love and life. Bright and entertaining.

*Hildegard*—by Kathleen Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Mrs. Norris is quite at her most readable best in this well-worked history of a girl who comes up through the mire to the stars.

*Introduction To Sally*—by "Elizabeth." (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

This delicious story of the most beautiful girl in the world does not disturb *The Enchanted April* from its elevated position upon our book shelf, even for a moment, but for all that it is decidedly the kind of thing that makes a winter evening cheerful.

*It Happened in Peking*—by Louise Jordan Miln, author of *Mr. Wu*, and *In a Shangtung Garden*. (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York.)

The Boxer Rebellion—an American hero—young Chinese lovers. Romance in bloody compounds and oriental embroideries. Colorful, entertaining, well done.

*The Understanding Heart*—by Peter B. Kyne. (The Cosmopolitan Book Co., New York.)

A good story-teller again convinces us that love and youth and strength and gentleness flourish at their best under the great trees of California.

*The Dark Dawn*—by Martha Ostenso. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

A windy, sinewy tale of Bleak Minnesota farm life, clothed by the author in much beauty and power.

### For Our Poetic Moods

*Modern British Poetry, Modern American Poetry*—edited by Louis Untermeyer. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

Only the ardor and enthusiasm of another poet—as the editor of these volumes himself is—could be responsible for the fine discrimination displayed in these collections of poems. Another very good edition also is published by this same firm and sold separately.

*Selected Poems by Carl Sandberg*—edited by Rebecca West. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

Chicago waterfront—workers—prairies—the "sunburnt West"—all here in strange, new, eager verse which is poetry indeed and yet is dazzling prose in spots.

*East Wind*—by Amy Lowell. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.)

Amazing flashes of New England life told by a wizard. Miss Lowell left many poems to be published after her death. Here are some of them. Get them and treasure them—they are very lovely.

### For the Entire Family

*East of Siam*—by Harry A. Franck. (The Century Co., New York.)

One of our favorite literary wanderers goes off to the lands south of China proper, where golden towers pierce impossible blue skies, and

temple-bells (those very ones, perhaps, that Kipling heard) are still calling. The photographs add a lot, and it is "all to the good."

*On the Trail of Ancient Man*—by Roy Chapman Andrews. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The totally absorbing, human, adventurous and scientific record of the Central Asia Expeditions (1922-1923-1925) to the Gobi Desert and Mongolia. Hardships and bravery, gayety and dauntless pluck, traveled along with this caravan that went forth into hitherto uncharted districts of the world in the interests of research and enlightenment.

*Touring New England on the Trail of the Yankee*—by Clara Walker Whiteside. Illustrated by Ada C. Williamson. (The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.)

Diverting record of a summer jaunt in a little car that seems, almost of its own volition, to turn in at the most promising gateways and down the most enticing and provocative roads—a little car which, like Lochinvar, came out of the West but which becomes a true New Englander in the end, so potent is the charm of the whole countryside. Famous houses, quaint characters, old tales retold, yield a wealth of pleasant material. The text and the beautiful illustrations are presented with a sort of delicate opulence.

*The Spell of The Caribbean*—by Archie Bell. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.)

Since the days of the buccaneers this has been one of the spots on the globe that has most frequently lured the traveler in search of one kind of treasure or another. This particular wanderer went after beauty—and found it. Beguiling chapters about the Lesser Antilles. Shuttered balconies; climbing, flowery streets; coral beaches; bustling, palm-rimmed harbors; the drawl of dusky, husky voices! The very paper jacket of this book appears to have caught some of the happy, translucent color of these little lands.

*Gifts of Fortune*—by H. M. Tomlinson, author of *The Sea and The Jungle, Junk*, etc. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Mr. Tomlinson pushes the frontiers of one's imagination to the utmost Eastern rim—to the Malay jungle, to black rivers, to this and that far corner of the world, to which—if you read this book—may a thrilling voyage be yours!

*The Fire of The Desert Folk*—by Ferdinand Ossendowski, author of *Beasts, Men and Gods*. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

Morocco, the most troublesome country of North Africa—a stronghold of mediaevalism and a modern storm-center combined. A new revelation of its people and what is in their hearts.

### For Those Boys and Girls

*Tony Sarg's Alphabet*. (Greenberg, New York.)

Now, darlings, don't think it stuffy and old-fashioned to learn your letters. You can unlearn them if you want to, when you grow up and *know it all*. Meanwhile, Tony Sarg puts a nice little kick in the old stunt. Just think, for instance, of first becoming acquainted with the letter "C" by means of a gay verse and a gayer picture of Charlie Chaplin! Little boys and girls should add to their night prayers, "God bless Tony Sarg!"

*Nip and Tuck*—story and delightful illustrations by Leila Crocheron Freeman. (J. H. Sears & Co., New York.)

(Continued on page 88)



# The One Amateur Game

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by George Shanks



**E**VEN as the utilitarians weep at the thought of Niagara unharnessed, the professional promoters view with accumulating sadness the conviction that the intercollegiate game of football never can be properly commercialized. The Niagara of dollars that pours through the box-offices in the brief college football season practically goes to waste from the view-point of the professional promoters, for it returns to the colleges as the water returns to the sea, to build bigger and better stadia.

Mr. C. C. Pyle, the promoter who rushed in where the Tex Rickards feared to tread, did try to harness some of the power and the ballyhoo of intercollegiate football. For one season he was fairly successful because of the personality of Red Grange, of Illinois, but the season that has just waned demonstrated that the drawing power of Red Grange had started to wane, and that the flurry caused by his entrance into professional sport was only a flurry.

This year Mr. Pyle's profits dwindled while the gate receipts of intercollegiate football increased to an extent that greatly alarmed those who are inclined to view with alarm. In one city, while Red Grange and two professional football teams performed to four thousand, two college elevens played to forty thousand.

In another city, thousands sat in uncovered stand to watch a game between two colleges while the rain poured down on them in torrents. On the Sunday following, a professional game was called off on account of wet grounds and incidentally a lack of attendance.

It begins to be more apparent that this game is what its name intended it to be, intercollegiate football, and that it is not for the professional promoters. Understand that I do not think that there is anything criminal or even unethical in making touchdowns for pay, and running through broken fields at so much a yard.

But somehow this game can not be dissociated from the colleges. All of the players must come from the colleges. In not one of the professional football teams is there a player from the sand-lots, and there are hundreds in the big leagues of baseball, which seems essentially a professional game even as football is essentially amateur.

Mr. Pyle made one false move at the start. He contended that this game could stand without the college background. But even as he said this, he realized that he was just a bit hypocritical. When he established his league for the season that has just passed, Mr. Pyle secured the services of Big Bill Edwards, who always has been associated with intercollegiate football, as a president. He announced that Big Bill was to become the Landis of football.

But the rival league, naturally, did not recognize Big Bills so that it could be noticed. The rules that govern professional football are the same rules that govern intercollegiate football. They even have tried to organize cheering sections. If there was any way of producing old grads for the professional football teams, the promoters

would spare no expense to have the best old grads that money could hire.

But there seems to be the rub. The old grad is the backbone of the support of intercollegiate football. It is the old grad who pays and pays and pays, and he is quite sure that he gets his money's worth.

There are certain established games, those played by Yale, Harvard and Princeton, for instance, where, despite the size of the stadia, they barely have room for the old grads at the current writing. When the tribe of old grads increases, they will have to enlarge the stadia.

Also you must realize that the younger universities are turning out fresh crops of old grads every year. In a generation their old grads will outnumber the seats in their stadia.

The time seems to be approaching when there will be room for only old grads at the football games that are played by the colleges, or for old grads and their immediate relatives. Mr. Pyle and his backers demand to know, "How about a little football for the general public?" The professional football will supply the soul hunger of the general public in this regard and, therefore, should be welcomed instead of being looked upon with something akin to suspicion.

That sounds both philanthropic and logical. But it seems that the general public is a little cold to what the philanthropists are planning to do for them. The attendance at the professional games as compared to the college games would indicate that.

For instance, boxes at the Army-Navy game at Chicago sold at \$2,500, and seats sold at \$10 each. The aggregate gate receipts compared very favorably with anything that Mr. Tex Rickard has accomplished in that line. Of course when it was all over, there could be no profit whatever. It all went to promoting the game and transporting the cadets from and to Annapolis and West Point.

Now Mr. Pyle, no doubt, has on two of the teams in his league players equally as good in the aggregate, if not better, than those playing for the Army and Navy teams, and his prices are reasonable, yet he could not draw them as the Army and Navy game can draw them.

Even the professional gamblers and followers of professional sports are eager to see the intercollegiate games. One gambler said to me, "There is a game where you get a run for your money. I like to put a little something on any college in any college game without knowing anything about the college or the game, because there is one time when I know that I am getting a run for my money. You can't fix a college game."

These gamblers have a better idea of intercollegiate sports than the promoters. They know instinctively why intercollegiate football can not be taken away from the colleges. It is an inspirational game, and it can not be played professionally.

I am not entirely in sympathy with the attitude of the colleges toward the football



heroes who turn professional. On the campus they are quite likely to brand these young men traitors to the alma mater and her traditions. I can not see it in that light.

Excepting in a few cases, professional football does not pay in proportion to the risk taken. There are few Red Granges. The young men who make up the rank and file of the team are the gentlemen adventurer, soldier-of-fortune type. They are playing the game largely for the pure enjoyment of playing the game.

But they can not play it with the fervor they felt when they were playing it for their various colleges. When I saw my first professional game in the East, there was just one incident that convinced me that the spirit of the game was not there.

I was sitting on the side-lines with the substitutes. Toward the end of the last quarter, with the score against the home team, the manager turned to some of the substitutes and said, "You may go." The players, without a word, or without a look back at the field, where the game was still in progress, trotted to the clubhouse.

Nothing like that could happen in an intercollegiate game. The substitutes would be on the side lines until the whistle ended it, and hoping until the last second that they might be called in to help save the day. In



The promoters ballyhoo one man

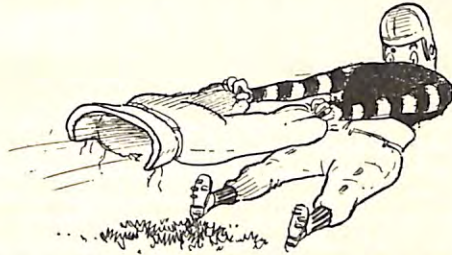
an intercollegiate game they do not concede defeat until it is all over.

There is the big difference between the two games. It is my contention that real football, such as they play in the colleges, never can be played in that matter-of-fact fashion. You can not take it as merely part of the day's work.

To the average professional football player the game offers barely enough to keep him going and to stave off the necessity of going to work at something serious. A friend of mine needed some football players for a play. He got all that he needed for salaries of thirty dollars a week. Whenever they stage a football motion-picture, they can get plenty of professional football players at extra men's salaries.

The promoters of professional football have considered various steps to induce the players to take more than a perfunctory interest in the game. They tried to establish ways and means of making special payments for particularly brilliant plays, but as yet they have come to no conclusion whatever. It can not be reduced to dollars and cents.

For instance, it would make the game seem all the more ridiculously commercial if the backs were paid so much per yard for the yardage gained at end or through tackle.



Then again there would be no way of making any just or adequate payment for good line play. In fact, good line play would only serve to make the game all the less interesting for the casual customer.

There might be a system of bonuses for touchdowns and field goals, but that would lead to disastrous results. The players, being professionals, would get the professional attitude, and in time they would not want to stand in the way of a brother professional making a little money for himself. Also the linemen would get to know each other, and in time would desist from trying to fracture one another's ribs.

It has been pointed out to me that the professional players are better sportsmen than the college players, to whom nothing matters but the winning of the game. The professionals try to refrain from intentionally hurting one another, they tell me. All of this may indicate a very fine spirit, but it



The best old grads money can hire

is not football, and in time they become over solicitous about the matter of not intentionally injuring their rivals.

It seems to me that if there were any tackle, in the league to which Mr. Grange belongs, who felt that it was his duty to single out Grange and tackle him hard, that young man would not hold his job for any particular length of time. It is not that Mr. Red Grange shrinks from being tackled with all necessary vehemence, but the crowds want to see Red Grange make his yards. That is what they pay for, and a young man who persistently prevented Red Grange from making those broken field runs would be driving money away from the house. No matter how realistic the promoters pretend they want the game to be, they do not want to see money driven from the house. It is not done in professional sport or in anything else professional.

There is another point where the promoters of professional football indicate that they realize that this is a show rather than a series of contests. They stress the fact that Red Grange is to be on exhibition rather than two football teams.

Now it is obvious that one man can not play a football game, nor can two men play it. Of all the games ever invented, football essentially is a team game, and no team can be subordinated to any star, not even a Red Grange. There is no doubt that Red can give them a show, but it is just as much a contest as Mr. Red Grange's motion-picture, "One Minute to Play."

There was some shrewd promotion behind Red Grange, and it was going on while he was still in college. The ice legend helped considerably, and much was made of it. The newspapers of the Middle West, with no intention of helping to build up a business for Mr. Pyle, helped considerably. They invented good-selling titles for him, and they built a romance or two around him. They made of a quiet boy who was working his way through college a demigod ready to take the center of the stage when Babe Ruth retired and dug in for the winter in his Sudbury farm or on the vaudeville circuit.

It is my notion that, in the long run, Red Grange would have built himself a more substantial future if he had become a bond salesman after the fashion of many of the college football heroes. I do not maintain that this is any more ethical than the frank cashing of the talent for making touchdowns in the professional football business, but it seems to me that it is much safer. From the idealistic point of view it is six of one and half a dozen of the other.

At best it is difficult to maintain college ideals for any length of time after leaving college. The world beyond the walls is full of promoters of various types, and illusions fall one by one.

The returns from the professionals at this time when the season wanes do not indicate that professional football has made any great headway. Some of its backers have become depressed and are ready to abandon the venture, though they are still puzzled because this Niagara of dollars and power can not be harnessed in such a manner that a reasonable number of the dollars will flow into their box-offices.

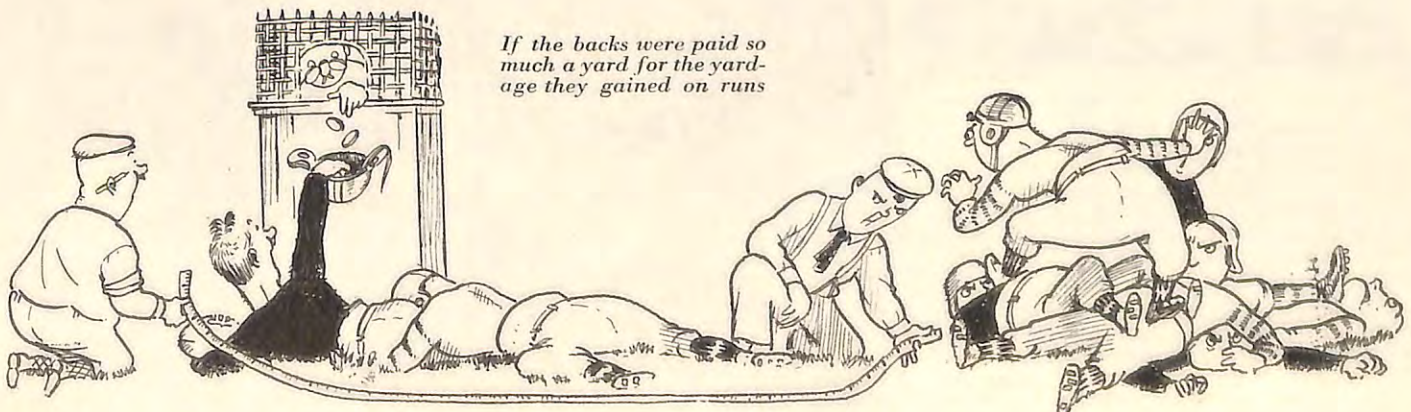
Mr. Pyle may in time succeed in making professional tennis pay its way steadily, and, in time, there may be an open tennis tournament in which both amateurs and professionals will compete after the fashion of the open-golf tournaments. The time may come when the best tennis players will become frank professionals, and will receive something like the income and the prestige that is accorded Walter Hagen.

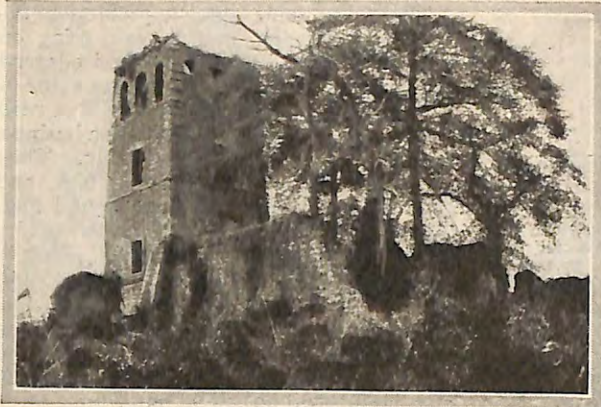
**B**UT intercollegiate football will remain intercollegiate and entirely amateur. It is essentially that, and all of the enterprising promoters of the world can not make it otherwise. The box-offices will get everything else, but that will remain in a class by itself.

It will continue the exclusive property of the colleges, the game of youth and illusions, the game that holds the old grads and makes them young again for the time.

With everything else in sport being coined into dollars, the game that Walter Camp fathered will remain the one amateur game in spirit and in fact.

If the backs were paid so much a yard for the yardage they gained on runs





The imposing tower of the ruined cathedral of St. Anastasio may be seen in Old Panama



Panama City as seen from the fragment of the ancient wall and Bovedas which remains standing

## Ports of Romance

By A. Hyatt Verrill

### Part II

ON THE coast of Venezuela, not far from Curaçao, is La Guayra, a port famous for the remarkable railway which connects the town with Caracas, but which is not without its romantic and historic associations. Many of the scenes of Kingsley's classic, "Westward Ho," were laid here, and the governor's castle, so well described in the story, still stands, a prominent landmark on a hill back of the town. Scenically, too, there are few ports of the Caribbean which can compare with La Guayra for impressive grandeur. Here the most easterly buttresses of the Andes extend to the sea and rise, almost sheer, in a vast red wall behind the town. Just over the crest of the loftiest range lies Caracas, in a

climate of perpetual spring, nearly one mile above the sea. Looking upward at those cloud-topped mountain heights we realize why the old buccaneers never sacked Caracas, for only by narrow passes and precipitous trails could the mountains be scaled and the town reached, and, in many spots, one man could have held the way against hundreds. But to-day, one may travel from port to Capital in a few hours and by train or motor car, for both a railway and a splendid automobile road connect the two cities. In a bee line Caracas is barely eighty miles from La Guayra, but three times that distance is covered in reaching the Capital by train or motor. The railway is one of the world's most amazing engineering feats, but if anything the road is even more remarkable. No

traveler to the Caribbean should miss this trip, for nowhere can one experience more thrills to the minute than on this trip, and nowhere in Latin America is there a more entrancingly lovely sight than the valley of Caracas.

IN THE centre of a vast green plain surrounded by towering mountains, the city lies, its red, tiled roofs gleaming in the sun, and, as one visitor expressed it, looking like a red poppy in a green bowl. Although Caracas is very old yet few of the ancient buildings remain, for on several occasions the city has been almost completely demolished by earthquakes. But, nevertheless, it is an interesting city with splendid buildings, good streets and innumerable parks and plazas, most noteworthy of which is the Calvary, a high, rounded hill with winding roads, gardens and monuments, and from which one has a most magnificent view of city and valley. And, like nearly every city of Venezuela and Colombia, Caracas has its romantic past, and is closely associated with that most revered of South American patriots, Simon Bolivar. Here he made history, cast off the yoke of Spain and won undying fame. He was a most remarkable and a most romantic figure in a land where romance in any form is held almost sacred, and the marvelous way in



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Among the most brilliant engineering feats in the world are the road and the railroad from La Guayra to Caracas over the peaks of the Andes surrounding the ancient city

A donkey pack-train in the streets of Caracas where once the gold caravans used to pass with their fabulous treasures



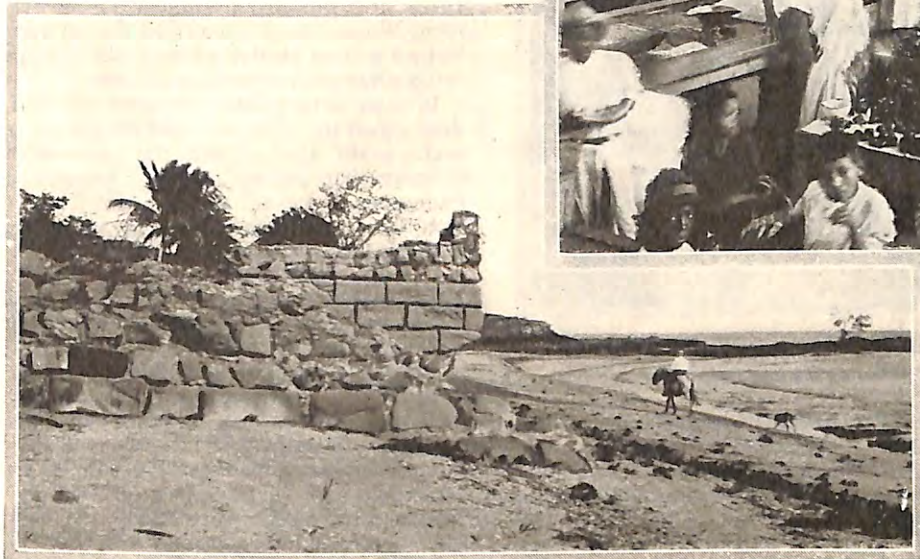


*Panama to-day is a bustling, modern city with a new market in place of the ancient slave market destroyed by Morgan's men*

*Fragments of the old fortress of Chiriqui which stood at the lower end of the town of Panama*



PHOTOS © PUBLISHING PHOTO SERVICE



Pacific terminus of the Canal named after him.

A most highly romantic character was Balboa. A penniless adventurer, a ne'er-do-well on the streets of Santo Domingo, this picturesque out-at-elbows cavalier with the high sounding name of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa—who, by the way, reminds one most forcibly of Don Caesar de Bazan—finding it impossible to secure passage to the Isthmus, stowed himself in a barrel and thus gained the shores of Panama. Once there, he proceeded by dint of trusty blade, ready wit and absolute lack of conscientious scruples, to make himself monarch of all he surveyed. And right well he succeeded. In those days, the man who could remit the most gold, and could tell the biggest stories to the king of Spain was the favorite at Court, and Balboa's misdemeanors and worse, which might easily have cost him his head, only won him greater recognition. Also, he was most resourceful, and, when a tribe of hostile Indians stood in his way to further conquests, he solved the difficulty by marrying the chief's daughter and thus forming a blood tie which forced the Indians to become his allies. Also, oddly enough for a man of his time and character, he was not unduly cruel in his treatment of the Indians. And it was largely owing to this that he had so little trouble in crossing the Isthmus and discovering the Pacific, although, as a matter of fact, it was an ordinary soldier who first sighted the new ocean and who first stepped into its waters.

which he seems to have flitted here, there and everywhere in South America, organizing the ignorant country folk, raising armies, overcoming seemingly insurmountable difficulties and ever triumphing over the trained troops of Spain, is nothing short of astounding.

It was Bolivar, too, who so aptly christened the Isthmus of Panama "The Bridge of the World," though to-day it might more appropriately be called the "Waterway of the World."

To many, if not most persons, the Panama Canal is the greatest attraction and the most interesting feature of the Isthmus, but, aside from the great ditch, Panama holds much of interest for visitors, especially for those to whom the past with its historic deeds and romance appeals. It would, indeed, be hard to find a Caribbean port or a Caribbean land more replete with such associations or wherein are so many existing features that link the present with the past. Here, Columbus first landed on continental America. Here, he first found gold in any great quantity. Here, for the first time, a European looked upon the Pacific. Here was gathered and stored

incalculable treasure such as the world will never see again. Here came every famed freebooter to sack and pillage and destroy. At Panama, Sir Henry Morgan performed his most famous or infamous deeds. Across the Isthmus, Bartholomew Sharp led his piratical horde on a foray that was to end in the most remarkable voyage in all the annals of the sea. Through Panama swarmed the argonauts of '49 on their gold-mad rush to California, and for centuries Panama was the seething center of wars, conquests, inhuman deeds, superhuman feats of arms, and, withal, the treasure-house of Spain in its most glorious days. Panama, unlike many another spot where the past is almost forgotten and nothing but legend and story remain, possesses abundant reminders of those turbulent days when America was in the making. Intimately associated with Columbus is Panama's Province of Veraguas, for the title, "Duke of Veraguas" is still borne by lineal descendants of the discoverer. The great navigator's name is perpetuated in the city of Colon, which is the Spanish form of Columbus, while the discoverer of the Pacific has been honored by having the

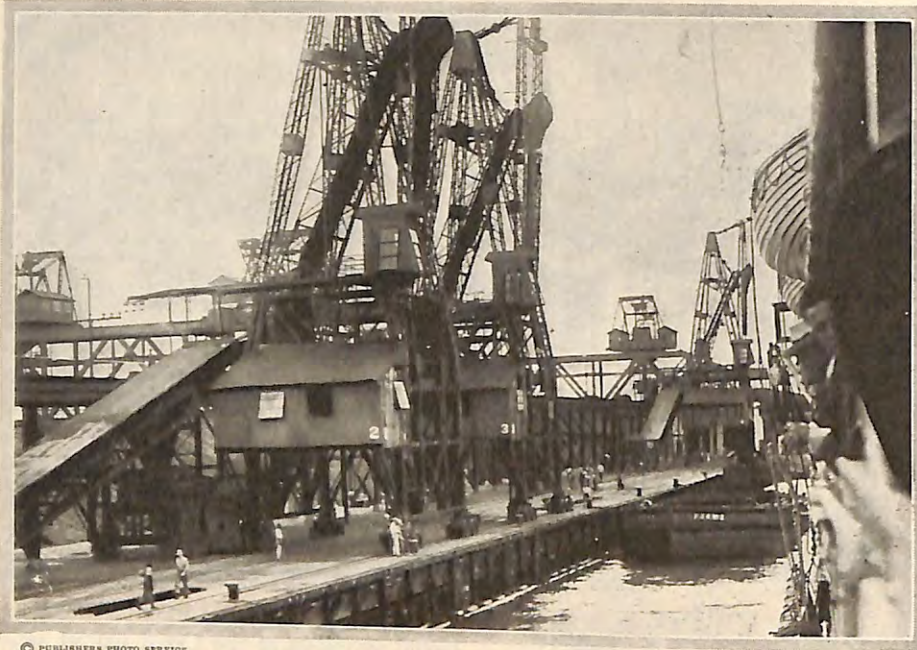
**P**IZARRO also knew Panama well. It was in Panama that he first heard tales of the Incas and their treasure, and it was from



*Few ports of the Caribbean can compare in impressive grandeur with that of La Guayra, on the coast of Venezuela*



*The oldest church on continental America at Nata, Panama, still fairly well preserved*



© PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

*The United States coal station at Colon, the city which perpetuates in its Spanish form the name of the great navigator Columbus*

Panama that he set forth on his expedition to destroy a civilization and enslave a race more humane and honorable than his own. There was scarcely one of the old conquerors who did not, at one time or another, make Panama his headquarters, and, from their conquests, their murders and their lootings, a steady stream of gold and precious stones flowed back to Panama and hence to Spain. Throughout the world Panama became famed as the richest city on earth, and the roughly-cobbled trail that led from it across the Isthmus to Porto Bello, on the Atlantic,



*The boat market in Panama City*

was most appropriately called the "Gold Road."

Over this forest-shaded, jungle-shrouded road passed the long mule trains heavy laden with the spoils of betrayed Incas; with riches won by fire and sword; with the treasures of the Aztecs; with bullion from Potosi and gold bars from the Veraguas mines. And, lashed and beaten as their weary footsteps lagged, came countless hapless Indian slaves, torn from their homes and destined to be sold in distant lands and to die of toil under their heartless Spanish masters. No man can say, no records tell us, how many millions of treasure have been carried over the old Gold Road from Panama to Porto Bello. For years it was the only route from Atlantic to Pacific or

vice-versa, and over it was transported all the wealth that the Dons wrested from the lands washed by the Pacific. Rich were the pickings in those days, and the gold-mad Spaniards left no stick or stone unturned, no crack or crevice unsearched where treasure might be hidden. But their own avarice, their own vast wealth, proved their undoing. In the treasure vaults of Porto Bello stupendous quantities of gold, silver, gems and pearls accumulated, awaiting galleons to carry them overseas to Spain, and many a reckless buccaneer licked his chops, figuratively speaking, as he thought of the riches to be won by robbing Porto Bello. But the Spaniards had no fears. The place was strongly, impregnable fortified, for San Jerome fortress had been designed and built with all the skill and art of the best of Spain's military engineers. No ship could enter the harbor without passing under its guns; no man could approach by land without exposing himself to the ever watchful sentries and a withering fire. It

*A native waging Panama's unflagging war on the fever-bearing mosquito with a crude-oil spray*



FIG-TOP © PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

was a castle, a fort, a citadel and a treasure-house all in one; a vast pile of massive walls, deep moats, salients and battlements, and it was constantly garrisoned by more than one thousand picked men. And so, though many a freebooter turned covetous eyes toward the town, and sighed regretfully at visions of its wealth, yet all passed it by until an obscure, almost unknown but reckless rascal bethought himself of the old proverb that what man has done another can undo, and decided to try his hand at undoing the Dons at Porto Bello. With barely two hundred untrained pirates this man, William Parker, stormed the fortress, burned a large portion of the town and got safely away with stupendous booty.

It was a bitter pill for the Spaniards, and, determined that such an event should never occur again, they rebuilt the place even stronger than before; mounted larger and more guns, increased the garrison, and for sixty-six years defied any one to repeat Parker's historic feat.

**B**UT during that time the buccaneers had grown from unorganized, independent corsairs to a vast organization under men of incredible daring, resourcefulness, strategy and ability. No longer did they confine their talents to sinking and looting ships, but attacked and sacked towns and captured fortresses wherever loot was to be had. And, like lightning from a clear sky, they swept down on Porto Bello. With a fleet of nine ships and some five hundred men, Henry Morgan landed on the near-by coast, and marching by night, reached the outlying fortifications. Never dreaming an enemy was near, the Dons were taken completely by surprise, and though they fought valiantly they were no match for Morgan and his cutthroats. Within a few hours Porto Bello was in the hands of the buccaneers, and for fifteen days thereafter every form of debauchery, inhumanity, torture, murder and passion were given free rein, until, having butchered, robbed, tortured, burned and ravished to their fill, the pirates departed, taking with them half a million dollars' worth of treasure. Never again did Porto Bello regain its old prestige. As a fortress and treasure-house it was abandoned; the Gold Road was given up and left to the encroaching jungle, and the Dons transported their wealth via Cruces on the Chagres to the mighty fortress of San Lorenzo at the river's mouth.

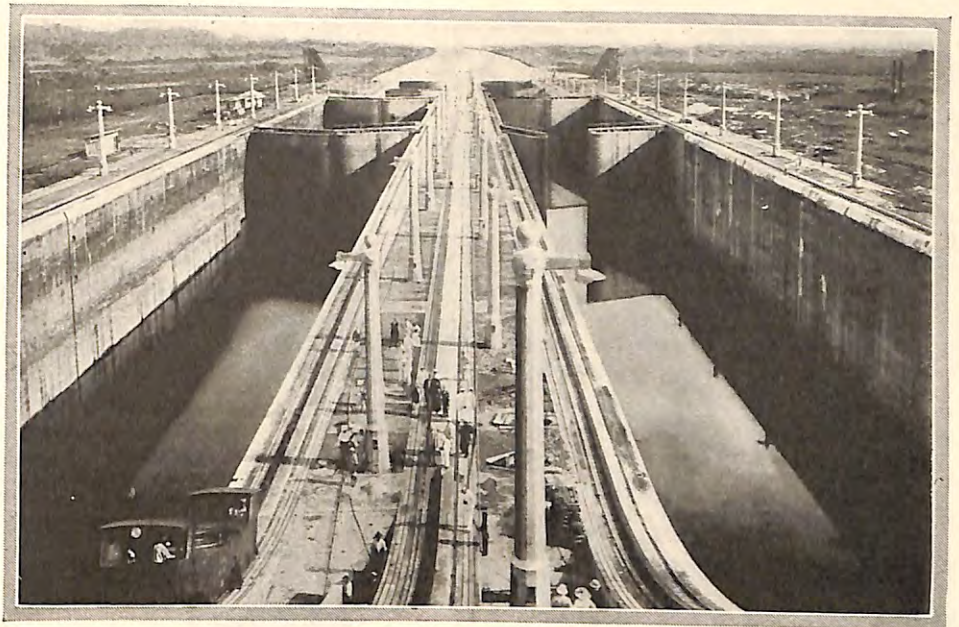
But Porto Bello remained, as much of it remains to-day, though its best preserved and most interesting fortifications were ruthlessly and inexcusably destroyed by our engineers who, to secure stone for concrete during the building of the canal, tore down priceless structures and ground them into bits. Still, I suppose we should be thankful that our national vandalism left anything at Porto Bello. San Jerome's massive walls, its lantern-shaped sentry boxes, its embrasures and battlements are little changed after the passing of centuries. Ruins of the convent, the treasury and other buildings still remain, but the glory of Porto Bello has departed forever and only a squalid native village marks the spot where once was the richest port of the Caribbean. But we must not forget that it was off this port that Sir Francis Drake breathed his last; that here his body was reverently consigned to the sea, and that somewhere within sight of Porto Bello's crumbling ruins the destroyer of the Armada still sleeps beneath the waves.

FOR several years after the loss of Porto Bello, the Spaniards in Panama were left alone, as far as piratical raids were concerned, but that did not mean that the buccaneers were not keeping an eye upon them. They knew that little treasure was kept in San Lorenzo, and they did not even dream of attempting to go overland and attack Panama City, then the wealthiest city in the world, and the largest and most famed city of Spanish America. This, however, was exactly what the redoubtable Morgan had in mind, and, when the time was ripe, he proceeded to put his plans into active operation. With over two thousand men and thirty-seven ships—the largest piratical fleet ever gathered together, Morgan sailed for Panama, and after two days' stubborn hand-to-hand fighting took the supposedly impregnable castle-fortress of San Lorenzo. But, unfortunately for him and most opportunely for the Dons, Morgan had not made a clean job of it, and several soldiers, escaping unseen, hurried across the Isthmus and brought tidings of the pirates and the fall of San Lorenzo to the people in Panama. Having taken San Lorenzo, the buccaneers commenced their terrific, remarkable march overland.

Enduring incredible hardships, almost starving, more like wild beasts than men, the pirates made the crossing and fell upon the city beside the Pacific. And despite the fact that the Dons had been warned and were prepared; despite the exhausted, famished condition of Morgan's men, the buccaneers were triumphant. Much of the city's treasure had, however, been hastily

loaded onto ships and was safe from the pirates when Morgan arrived. Maddened by this, the buccaneer leader fired the city, and, at the close of the five days' conflagration, only blackened ruins and smoldering ashes remained where once the proud and "Stately" city had stood. Never in all the annals of piratical history were greater excesses and more unspeakable cruelties perpetrated than in Panama. Men, women and children were racked, burned, flayed alive, torn to pieces, mutilated and tortured in every conceivable way which the fiendish minds of Morgan and his men could devise. But at last, when even such measures could wring no further treasures from the Spaniards, Morgan and his men commenced the return march with one hundred and seventy-five mules laden with treasure, and carrying with them over six hundred prisoners, many of them women and children. One might think that Morgan has little place in romance, for no one can deny that he was an utterly depraved, thoroughly debauched, and most despicable rogue; an inhuman, treacherous thief despite his personal bravery. But, like many a buccaneer, Morgan at times exhibited a strangely paradoxical character, and somewhere in his black heart was a romantic streak. During the sacking of Panama he fell madly in love with a captive lady, and, in true piratical fashion, sought to compel the girl to return his affections. Then, finding this hopeless, he carried her along with the other captives in

hope of ransoming her for a goodly sum. Before the treasure-burdened cavalcade had gone far, word came to Morgan that the ransom intended for his enamorata had been diverted and had been used to ransom a priest. Having ascertained that this was the case, the unspeakable brute who had robbed, tortured and murdered without conscience, thereupon set his lady captive free, begged a thousand pardons for his seemingly rough treatment during his courtship, and, learning that she was a married woman, apologized in most abject



A view of the most romantic engineering feat in the history of the New World—the Panama Canal. Here is the Gatun Lock at low water; below it is shown full



Should anything go amiss at Gatun Lock, instant communication with every point on the Panama Canal can be established through telephones concealed in the light pillars



The famous golden Altar of San José, in Panama City, which was mysteriously saved from Morgan

fashion for having unwittingly insulted her by his advances. As further proof of his gallantry, he provided her with an armed escort to see her safely home, and—even more marvelous, he presented her with the ransom money as a wedding gift! Then, perhaps to salve his conscience, he hanged the deceitful padres to the nearest tree and proceeded on his way. Truly, after this no one can claim that "Harry" Morgan was not a romantic soul.

To-day, San Lorenzo stands much as (Continued on page 67)

*At the end of an hour the horse quickened his step, and I looked up, half asleep, expecting I did not know what. I saw the Secret Hill—an oasis in the midst of miles of grass*



## The Secret Hill

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Norman Borchardt

**I** FOUND it one day when I was lost; that, indeed, unless you know the place by heart, is almost the only way of finding the Secret Hill.

I was on the Sapphire Creek road beyond Port Moresby, looking for a short cut to Bootless Inlet. A little past the Six-Mile I turned my horse into the trackless wastes of tiger-colored grass that surrounded the only traffic road of Papua. Instantly I was swallowed up by a sea of grassy, shrubby hills, all like one another, and there was no sound but the ruffling of the south-east trade among the drouthy eucalyptus trees, and nothing to see but dry leaves, dry grass, and above, a hard, pale sky.

I remember that I liked the sudden, quiet secrecy of it all. There had not been much to see on the road; only a jolting lorry a long way back, and two or three road-gang boys scraping with shovels. But here there was nothing, nobody, and—what was better still—there wasn't going to be. I and myself were alone together. A hard-headed plantation manager may have such thoughts though you can scarce believe it.

I and myself, and that innocent third party, the horse, were happy for a while. The story is not about that, though it might be. All the stories that are not told! . . .

In about an hour I realized that we were lost, all three of us. There is nothing in the world easier than to lose yourself among these innumerable, peas-in-a-pod little hills cut by chines each like another, that stretch over many miles of the dry thirsty country between Port Moresby and Bootless, Port Moresby and Whisky and Sapphire Creeks. Away back in the early century, about those very hills, wild aides-de-camp, and secretaries, and trackers from local tribes, sought for a missing Viennese Archduke during three delirious days, before he was found, wandering miles away by the Laloki River. . .

I did not anticipate hunting myself for three days, but I knew I might get benighted, if I could not locate, before very long, the bunch of hills among which I had found myself, when I realized that the sun was on the wrong side. So I did what the wise man does, and let my horse have his head. I knew he must be thirstier than I was, by that time, and more likely to find a drink that suited him.

He took the bridle, and for an hour and a bit we went ceaselessly up and down exactly the same hill, along just the one stony valley, repeating itself as figures in twinned mirrors tell themselves over and over again. The sun was now so high overhead that it was no use as a guide; I did not know where I was, or whither I was tending, but the horse knew quite well. At the end of an hour he quickened his step, and I looked up, half asleep, expecting I did not know what.

I saw a buff-colored slope with the wind ruffling over it; a sweep of pale burned sky above. "This is nothing," I said to myself; and in the same instant the horse topped the rise, tramping fast, and I saw the Secret Hill.

You must understand that I was not imagining this; the Secret Hill exists. You may see it on the maps in Port Moresby, and if you ever happen to visit Papua, you can take a horse, as I did, ride to the Six-Mile and little beyond, strike into the grass and—possibly—find the place. But what I found, lost, there, you will not lose and find.

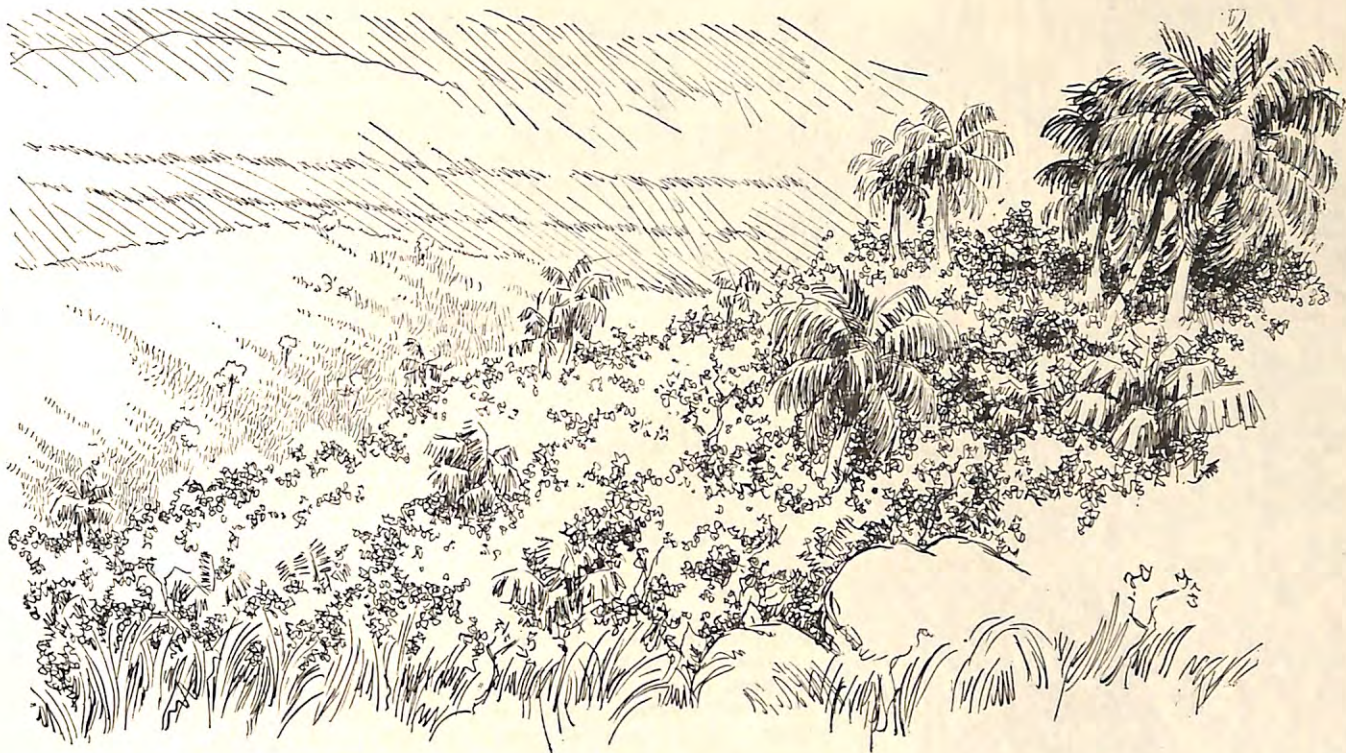
It was an oasis; a strange term, perhaps, for one associates the oasis with actual desert, and this was in the midst of grass and trees. But the grass was dried hay, for

many miles; the trees were papery eucalyptus, crackling in the hot, tireless wind. You could have died of thirst in that district. You could not have found a bunch of fodder for your horse anywhere.

In the midst of this desolation, ringed round by slopes dry and yellow, and gullies that were all stalks and stones, rose a little hill of luscious green, with a grove of coconuts tumbling in the wind on its top. Mango trees, deep domes of shade, glowed emerald beneath the white stems of the palms; there was an orange tree or so, lit with pale flowers. I saw the cool gray-green of custard apples. I saw low slender pawpaws, laced with dangling strings of blossom and weighted with fruits of gold. There was an empty space in the midst of the trees, where a house might once have stood; but long grass had grown up all over all traces of it, if it had ever existed. Behind the hill there was more grass, and another grove of coconuts; some banana leaves, big as holiday flags, swung idly in the shelter of a belt of limes.

**A**BOUT the ankles of the hill a small stream wound itself, almost buried in leafage. From the high burned ridge, I could hear through my horse's breathing, faint tinkle of hidden water; and the wind blew rufflingly among the grasses. There was no other sound.

The strange place smote you in the eye; it was impossible, incredible, yet desirable, greatly. I do not think I have ever wanted anything as, on that sight, I desired the hill. Now, in Papua, the land you desire may, commonly, be yours. With that thought in my mind I crossed the stream, left my horse,



climbed the green height, and stood beneath the wondrous palms. I liked it still better now. I liked the dry sparkle of the desert's country air, surrounding all that luscious-green. I liked the guarding circle of burnt hills.

"I shall come often here," I thought. "I'll build a little grass house beneath the palms; a secret refuge." It seemed to me that nothing could be more delightful.

Riding down from the hill by another way, my bushman's eye was caught by other horse tracks, and I wondered for a moment who, besides myself, could have found and visited the hill. "No one," I thought. "It must have been a wandering brute looking for water. There's no other water for miles, at this time of the year.

I found my way; found the track to Bootless, and back to the road again. A day later, bending over a neatly drawn map in Port Moresby Lands Office, I saw the Secret Hill. "There is nothing hidden from 'The Lands.'" They called it "Kutscher's freehold," sequestered enemy property. They marked out boundaries (long obliterated); beautiful paths that never had existed, about the place. And when I laid down the map, and asked for a form, they said, yawning agreeably behind pale fingers, that a prior application had been put in, weeks before. . . .

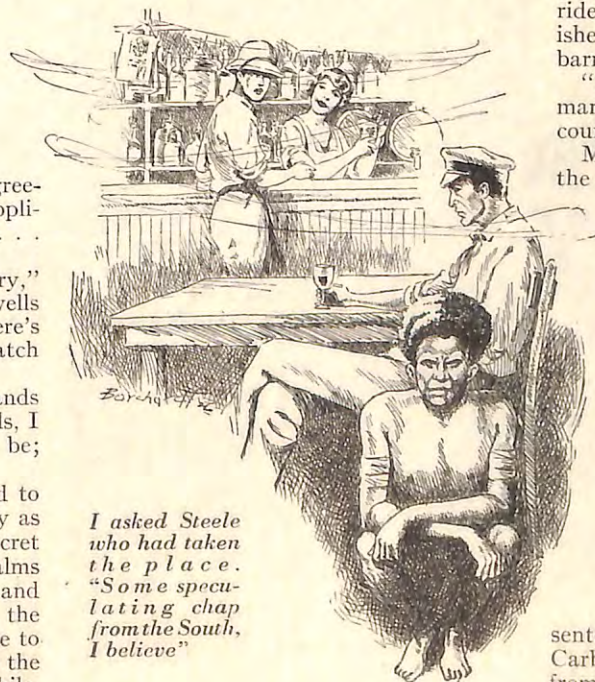
SO THAT was that. "Don't worry," whispered the small monitor that dwells at the back of most people's minds. "There's ill luck about the place. Did you not catch the scent of tragedy?"

Nevertheless, going down the Lands Office Hill, I felt as a rejected lover feels, I wondered who the lucky man might be; whether he was worthy of the place.

And, like a rejected lover, I hastened to bury myself in other matters, as quickly as might be. But the thought of the Secret Hill, green, merry with its laughing palms and talking waters, came on me again and again. I had plenty of work to do; the company that employed me had sent me to reopen a disused hemp plantation along the Sapphire Creek Road, and for a while,

week in, week out, I owned little leisure. To get the "boys" up at daylight, see they cooked their rice and ate it in good time, hold call-over and medical inspection, dress wounds from the spiky hemp, that were all too common, dose the sick and drive forth malingers, apportion work, give out stores, keep books, send for and check supplies of every earthly thing used on the estate, get the wretched little mill in order and its cranky engine going, was more than work for one man, even if he was, as I was, no more than seven-and-twenty, bigger and heartier than most, and dyed in grain with the love of the outdoor, outback life that keeps so many of us happily poor.

Still, I went on thinking about the place in the heart of the tiger-brown hills; I even went so far as to try and find it again, one Sunday. I went afoot; I may have misjudged my distances, for the way was long from Katoki Plantation. Whatever the



*I asked Steele who had taken the place. "Some speculating chap from the South, I believe"*

cause, I could not, though I sought all day, find the Secret Hill again.

After that, the thought of it grew dim and almost disappeared. Once, I remember, I asked somebody, in Ryan's Port Moresby hotel, who the fellow was who had taken the place. It might have been any one I asked; it happened to be Steele, the new harbor-master, a tall, dark, sulky looking fellow with a tight-lipped naval jowl, who was drinking his beer next to me, in the linoleumed lounge, before dinner. He didn't answer at once, and I had time to wonder if I had offended him, and to hear the tired freezer engine just outside, cough monotonously once, twice, three times, before he answered me, looking down at his glass—

"SOME speculating chap from South, I believe."

That seemed reasonable enough, and I did not think of the matter again, until I was getting on my horse next morning, ready to ride back to Katoki. Then, I was astonished to hear someone behind me—the new barmaid, I guessed—remark—

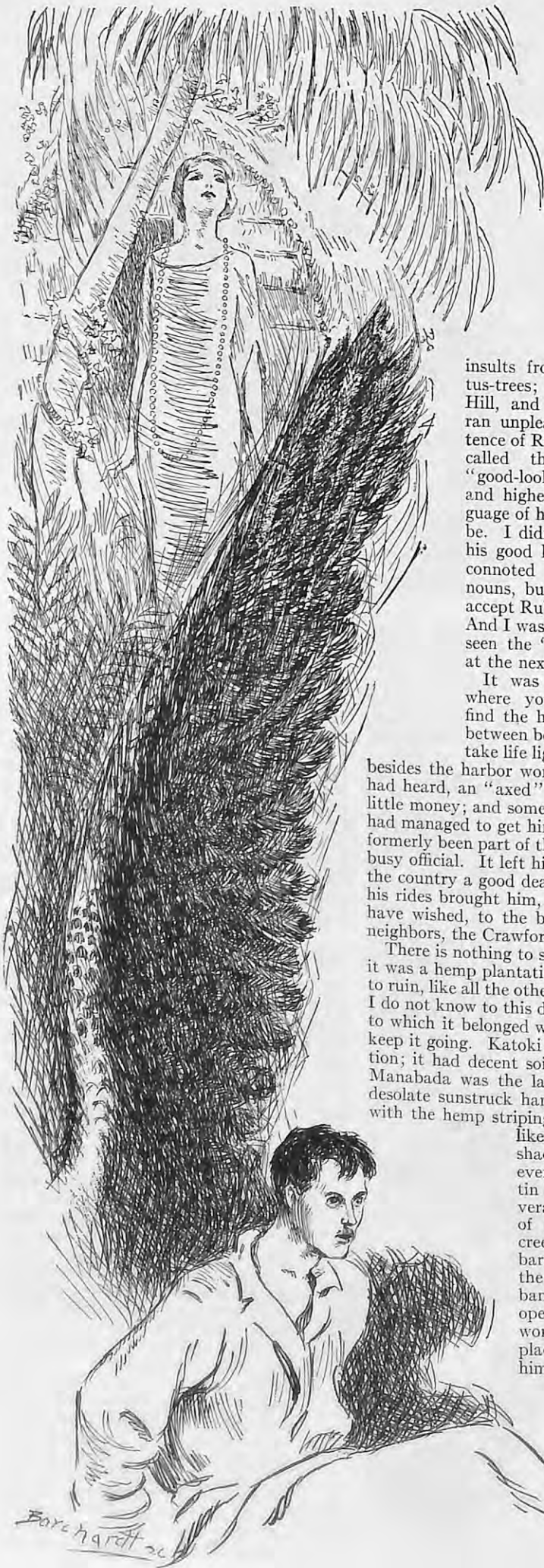
"Steele must be thinkin' of gettin' married; I hear he's bought a place in the country."

My horse was fresh, and began to buck the moment I was in the saddle. I was too well employed for a minute to turn my head; I do not know which admirer of the ash-gold-haired lady from Melbourne it was who replied—

"Don't you cherish false hopes, dearie, he's a sailor with a wife in every port—and the place is nothing but a dump in the hills."

"Have you seen it? Well, then, how does any one know? Well, if no one ever goes there, how does any one know? Well, I don't believe he's married anyhow; them good-looking sheiks of chaps take a long while makin' their pick, and he's not over thirty yet." So

Ruby Ivy May, in answer to various sentences that I did not hear. At this point Carbine, being full of oats, and newly up from the South, began to make things so



lively, that, perforce, I gave him his head. In a minute more, Ela Beach was streaming past us like a ribbon; the town had slipped behind, and work and Katoki lay ahead again.

Most of the way out, along the red flats above the Three-Mile, where wallabies bounded in the grass, and leather-necks shrieked strange insults from stunted eucalyptus-trees; on to the Six-Mile Hill, and after, my thoughts ran unpleasantly, on one sentence of Ruby May's. She had called the harbormaster a "good-looking sheik of a chap," and higher praise, in the language of her kind, could hardly be. I didn't see myself, either his good looks, or the quality connoted by her choice of nouns, but I was prepared to accept Ruby May as an expert. And I was troubled. For I had seen the "good-looking sheik" at the next plantation.

It was not just the place where you would expect to find the harbormaster, but, in between boats, Steele seemed to take life lightly, having nothing besides the harbor work to do. He was, I had heard, an "axed" naval officer, with a little money; and some friend in Melbourne had managed to get him the job, which had formerly been part of the work of an already busy official. It left him time to ride about the country a good deal; and I noticed that his rides brought him, oftener than I could have wished, to the bungalow of my only neighbors, the Crawfords of Manabada.

There is nothing to say about Manabada; it was a hemp plantation going more or less to ruin, like all the others in the district, and I do not know to this day why the company to which it belonged were foolish enough to keep it going. Katoki was another proposition; it had decent soil, and a creek. But Manabada was the last place on earth; a desolate sunstruck handful of peaked hills, with the hemp striping them up and down

like ribs in a stocking; no shade, no water, stones everywhere, a wretched tin bungalow with a tiny veranda, and not a lick of paint, or a leaf of creeper, to soften its bareness. In this place the Crawfords lived, husband and wife; and I am open to say that any work ever done on the place was not done by him.

A lazy, sickly, vicious-looking fellow, quite ten years younger than his wife, but infinitely behind her in energy and character, even in common industry.

How she came to marry him—she, that creature

of dark flame, of secret sweetness only to be guessed at, as one traveling by at night may passing sense the richness of honeysuckles hidden in the wood—I could not figure to myself. If he had even cared for her—but nothing was clearer than the fact that he did not; he took the infinite tenderness she lavished on him as a dog takes food; less thankfully, if anything. I have said that he was sickly. She used to surround him, I remember, with exquisite care; save him and help him in every way, at the cost of her own strength—at the same time, guarding his touchy pride, in a way few women could have done. I do not remember that he ever gave her a word or a look of thanks. I saw him, once, draw his face from her kiss. . . .

Well, you may understand. I had figured to myself that it could not last. Her caprice—it must have been caprice that wedded such a pair—would burn out; if it did not, his feeble life might. Either way—

I did not usually finish the sentence. I looked in the glass; flatted my hair with one hand—it was thick as a mat—and thought that there were many worse pairs of shoulders in Papua. . . .

But the first day I met Steele on her veranda, my small vanities sank—sank, with my heart. Steele had met the Dark Sweetness before. Steele knew her well. There was some understanding. . . . ?

What? That was the thing that puzzled me. The common, cheap explanation that jumps to the eyes was not enough, there. For—I may not have made it plain enough; let me make it plain now—Marie Crawford was a good woman.

I had never had the least doubts of that. I may have thought her a fool; thought she would weaken, some day, in her misguided loyalty to the lout she had married—hoped it, perhaps. But I had known her to be, in the technical sense, honest. I knew it still, when I saw her meet Steele's eye with a glance that was a "shaft of flame"; give him a hand that lay in his like a homing bird in its nest.

OR AT least, I thought I knew it, and went on thinking so. I had had a good mother of the old-fashioned kind, and near half a dozen sisters, all of the best. They taught me, insensibly, many things that many men miss. The Dark Sweetness (that was my secret name for Marie Crawford) was in my judgment, no mistress of Steele's, even if there were glances, hand pressures, that there had never been for me.

But I was beginning to know, now, that my chance was as nought. And the barmaid's careless words, somehow, crystallized the knowledge. I had not been inclined to like Steele before; he was such a silent, don't-care-the-devil-who-you-are sort of fellow; he asked nothing of you, made no attempt to gain your good opinion, a concentrated man; a one-purpose man.

Yes, but what was his purpose? Not, with that hard-edged character, well-matched with his name, the holding of rare inquiries about wrecks, the inspecting of ships' seaworthiness, once in a long time. Then what?

Getting in my way, apparently; buying up the little paradise I wanted; cutting me out with the woman I admired. And yet he hardly realized my existence. Each time I met him, it seemed as if he had to refresh his memory before he could remember whether he knew me or not.

What was his purpose? What had he to do with Marie, the Dark Sweetness? I supposed that time might show.

Until then, I did my three-men's job at Katoki as well as one man might; thought a

little, and tired myself much, so that, perchance, I might regain some portion of the steady sleeping power that, only a few short weeks back, had been mine. The nights! the nights! Often I wondered—going about the glaring hemp fields before noon, with my head heavy and my hands like lead—at the power of youth to endure. It seemed to me as if I had not slept for weeks, except in ten-minute snatches; yet there I was, doing my work, and looking much as usual, save for a dusky mark or so below the eyes. People came once in a way to Katoki. No one saw anything, no one guessed anything. It is so, you remember. The big things escape notice.

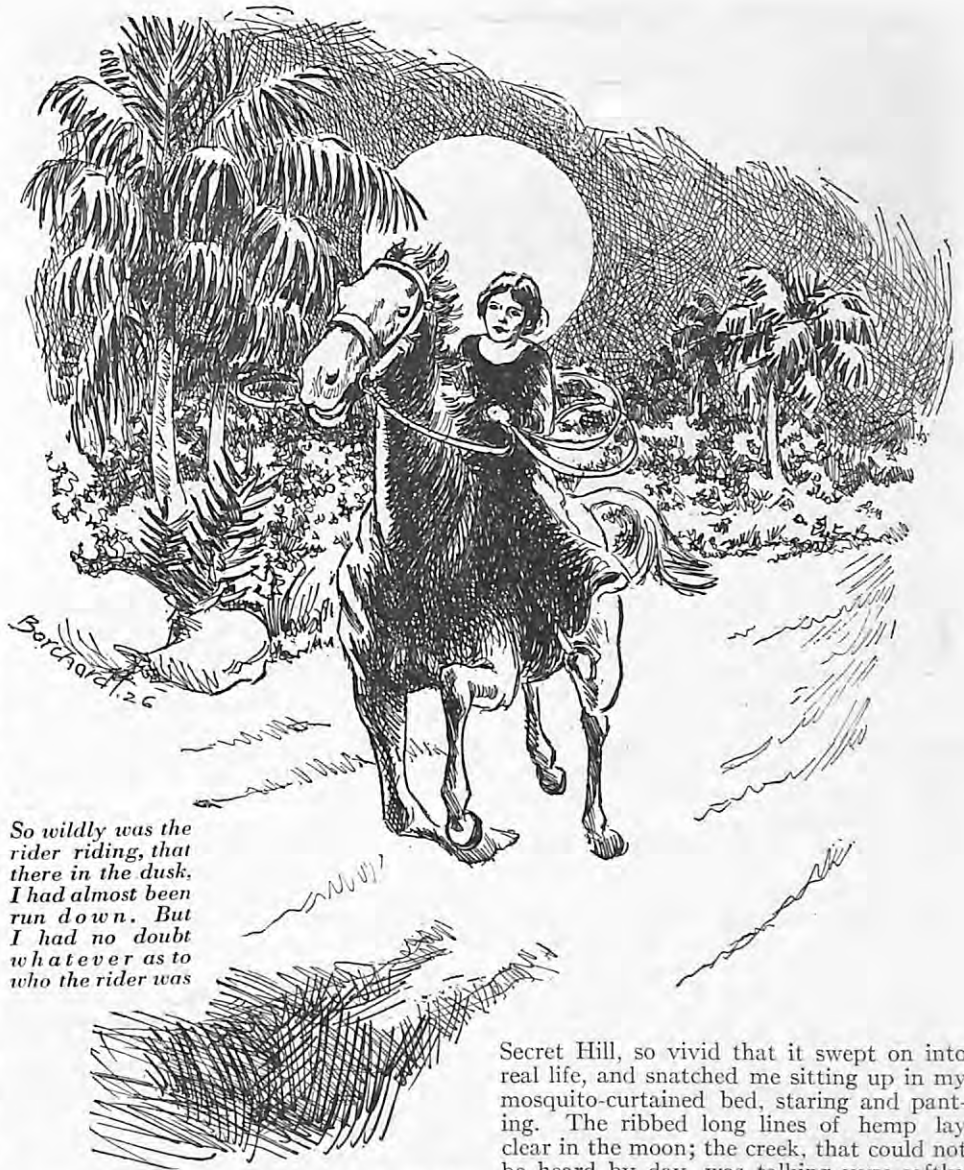
AND this was big. I had fancied girls, been half engaged once or twice, loved and ridden away, in more lands than one (for as you may have guessed by this time, I was one of the Red God's servants, the everlasting wanderers). But never before had I spent myself, body, soul and spirit, on a woman—and spent in vain.

I had not been half a dozen times, all told, to Manabada. I could almost have counted the sentences I had exchanged with Marie Crawford, and with her loutish young sickly husband. In no way can I convey to you the charm—strong as fire—sweet as water-springs to a thirsting mouth, that drew and held me, and in one hour summed up and made superfluous the acquaintanceship of years. I did not know the Dark Sweetness, save as travelers on a lonely road may meet and know one another for a day. Yet, and yet, I knew her as I had never known mother, sister, sweetheart, any woman in the world.

Had I hopes? I don't know. In the dusk corners of the mind, we all calculate more on the death of other human beings than we care to allow. I would not have deprived Crawford of an hour of life, could I have done so by the mere holding up of my hand. But every time he walked, stooping, in the late sun, or sat unwillingly at table, and pushed away the food she pressed on him, my strong man's pity for the weak was poisoned with a secret thrill of joy. . . .

I had been seven times to Manabada, and was there for the eighth, when it came upon me—suddenly, as such things do come—that Crawford was not only sick, he was in hiding. I was not at all in doubt as to how I reached that conclusion. Once, in my roving life, when I had been hard up, I had taken a post as secretary to a Prisoners' Aid Society. I had kept it only a few months—being by nature and inclination no philanthropist, but in that time, I had grown familiar enough with the criminal type to recognize it ever after when I saw it. And that day—chancing, I suppose, to give Crawford a little more attention than was my wont—I saw it in him. Whether he had been in jail or not, I did not know, but I was reasonably sure that, for one cause or another, he ought to be. He had the resentful shyness of the man who has broken society's laws, and had to pay. He was sulky, like a young steer that has tried barbed-wire, and found out why people stretch it about the green, springing corn, that looks so easy to get at. . . .

Besides—why should a sickly creature like himself take a post in an unhealthy tropical country? Destitution alone could explain that, and the Crawfords were not destitute. They might live in a tin hovel, and make no improvement in its furniture or accommodation, but money showed in the quality of Crawford's smokes and drinks, the cut of his clothes and linen, the magazines that came by every mail.



*So wildly was the rider riding, that there in the dusk, I had almost been run down. But I had no doubt whatever as to who the rider was*

They had good saddles hanging on the back verandah; and Marie Crawford's little cotton frocks were worn over perfect shoes from the one, only place in Sydney. . . . No, they were not poor.

I found myself thinking a good deal about the matter, as I rode slowly home, among the immense slim shadows of the poling hemp, and through the purple, conical hills, shaped like masses of slag cast forth from a giant furnace, that gives such a goblin strangeness to that part of Papua. Something in it all answered to myself; I felt, dumbly, that whatever happened—whatever—there would still be a draught of consolation for me, secret, bizarre, almost wrong, somewhere amidst these impossible crags and gullies. . . .

The Sons of the Red God know.

But nothing had happened so far, and everything, good as well as bad, was possible. The husband might die, before justice found and caught him (I was so sure now that I only wondered what it was he had done). Steele might miss his mark; she was no captive of his—yet. He had been there that day, with his insolent disregard of myself, and his insulting tenderness to Marie; yet I thought that she had almost repulsed him, Crawford, thinner than ever, fever-eyed, sat watching the two, with something like satisfaction. Commonly he showed a futile, spurting jealousy.

The sum of it was I whistled as I rode into the gate of Katoki; and that night, I slept.

I was awakened by a curious dream of the

Secret Hill, so vivid that it swept on into real life, and snatched me sitting up in my mosquito-curtained bed, staring and panting. The ribbed long lines of hemp lay clear in the moon; the creek, that could not be heard by day, was talking very softly, down beyond the belt of swampy reeds. A scrub turkey whistled, as they do near dawn, long and sadly. It was Katoki, and I was alone.

But a minute before I had been on the Secret Hill, under the crown of palms, with the protecting ranges circled round. And there was a house there, a little sweet brown grass house, built as Tristan built the hunting bower for Ysult. And I was there, and the Dark Sweetness. And I held her hands, but before my mouth could set its burning seal on hers, something like the wing of a dark bird swept between us, and I fell. So, in a moment, I was in my narrow, curtained bed again, and the moon was low in the sky, and there was none of it true.

NEVERTHELESS, the thought of the Secret Hill had got possession of me again. And the next day being Sunday, I thought I would go and find it once more, and see if I could not, under the veritable trees, recapture that broken, lovely vision of Marie.

. . . Have I described her to you? If not, it was because I carried—and carry still—her face so clearly in my mind, that any bald, commonplace description of it seems foolish. Still I will say that she was most like a pansy; she had a face wide above, pointed beneath; dusk hair that grew very low in a peak on her forehead, like the hair of another Marie, centuries ago; her eyes seemed laughing and regretful at once;

(Continued on page 46)



The Pennsylvania Mine, at Grass Valley, California

THOSE who have read "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" will recall Bret Harte's vivid picture of the mining camp athrob and seething with action—with exuberant, explosive, lawless young life. Well, the citizenry of Poker Flat to a man still bears a grudge against the amiable Bret. This citizenry, which to-day, alas, happens to be one man, epitomizes the immortal Bret precisely as follows:

"A doggone good yarn-artist, an' a purty good feller—but one horn-swoggled, gosh-awful, blankety-blank liar!"

But before explaining the motive underlying his succinct statement, let me properly introduce Mr. John Connor, mayor, city council, constable, and total populace of Poker Flat. John is not too easy to find. Neither, for that matter, is Poker Flat. It took me three days, and then, with Bret Harte's picture fresh before me, I could scarce credit the testimony of my own eyes that one crumbling shanty, all but overrun by trees, was the sole remaining monument of the famous camp.

Mr. Connor, hale, hearty, ancient, sitting on a fallen log, reassured me. *Sic transit*



The miner on the left is "rocking" for gold, the method employed in the early days

Below is an old photograph of a gang at the mouth of a large mine in Grass Valley

*gloria mundi* we agreed, with mutual sighs. Thereafter we discussed many things, with Bret Harte, naturally, as an initial point of contact. Mr. Connor was thoroughly familiar with the author's work. Bret, it develops, achieved the rare distinction of being a prophet with some honor in his own land. Mr. Connor, however, as mouth-piece of a departed generation, did not unqualifiedly honor him. Said he: "Th' old boy could sure spin a humdinger of a yarn, but his reputation for truth, honor an' integrity wa'n't of the best—not in this community, anyways. Bret slammed us somethin' scandalous. Poker Flat, when she was a-goin', was one rip-snortin' camp, all right—but never lawless! Nossir! We was always stric' law-abidin' citizens. An' big-hearted, too. Why, we never cast out nobuddy from this camp!"

Having at last set Poker Flat right, before the world, Mr. Connor digressed contentedly to other fields. Yes, he intended to "keep right on a-livin'" in that secluded spot until death called him in twenty years or so—he is at present a mere ninety-odd. Why? Well, he liked it there in the Sierras, for one thing. For another, he expected almost any day to see "folks come a-runnin'" after more gold. Oh, yes. The hills were still cram-jam with it!

Gold? Gold in the Sierras—after the forty-niners and their successors had been ransacking them for eight decades? I chuckled up my sleeve. Gold—in the paltry 350 by 100 mile cubbyhole from which the thorough fingers of all America had plucked two thousand million dollars? Once that little slab of land had been the El Dorado of the world, true enough, but now it was a yawning cupboard, nothing but an empty shell.

Mr. Connor's delusion was decidedly humorous, and yet pathetic, too. It would be interesting to hear the opinion of other relicts in that forgotten land.

As we steamed into Nevada City the glamour that must ever enfold those ghostly hills gripped me afresh. I found myself staring eagerly at the countryside, half expecting to catch a yellow glint amid the stones.



## Ashes of '49

By Richard A. Martinsen

"Any gold around here?" I asked a shy, gentle little lady in one of the bookstores of the town.

"The country is rich! Rich!" was her awed and earnest reply. "Gold is thick in all the hills. I can't understand why no one comes to get it!"

Downieville, proud county seat of Sierra, is in California, but it does not boast about the climate; perhaps an annual snowfall of from three to sixteen feet has something to do with it. What Downieville does ululate is this:

Come to Sierra County for Gold! Gold Production \$203,500,000! And the County not Scratched! 200 Miles of Virgin Gravel Channels; the County Rock of Sierra is Ribbed with Pay Quartz!

FLUNG to the winds each week across eight columns by Downieville's quaint newspaper, the *Mountain Messenger*, this triumphant shout assures a wide-eyed, palpitating world that though it may believe the one-time El Dorado is dead, El Dorado itself has just begun to fight!

No matter how incredible, there is something heroic in the undaunted challenge. More than two hundred millions have been dug from Sierra county alone; but is the county bare? No! Not even *scratched!* The forty-niners concentrated on the river bottoms, where gold was easy to get; but did they get it all? By no means! Somehow they overlooked 200 miles of virgin gravel channels! And of course they left adipose yellow tissue fairly ribbing the county rock!

The last statement, in particular, held me spellbound the first time I read it. I happened to be standing beside the roaring Yuba at the foot of what once had been a far-flung hill. The hill itself was gone. Its bones alone remained—some half a million tons of county rock, with so little gravel clinging to them it would have been impossible for an Ozark farmer to grow tomatoes. Strangely enough, however, these specimens of county rock weren't ribbed



## The "Mother-lode" Is Still a Dream of Old Prospectors

with anything. They were plain, unadulterated, garden-variety, extremely solid rock.

Are the popular convictions of the gold country and the shrill battle-cry of the *Mountain Messenger*, then, unsubstantially extravagant? Well, listen to the authoritative voice of Lloyd L. Root, state mineralogist of California:

"A recent survey of the placer resources of the State indicates that there is still six hundred million dollars that can be commercially recovered. There are no data available upon which to base any trustworthy estimate as to the amount of gold still secreted in the California hills."

Mr. Root is modestly conservative, as becomes his official dignity. It is not for him to explain there are no data on gold quartz because it lies "secreted" in such vast quantity it defies accurate calculation.

A detailed inquiry brought me at length to the following conclusion: the forty-niners and their successors dug up no more than sixty per cent. of the placer gold in California, and but one tithe of the quartz!

It was an interesting discovery, but left the puzzle only deeper. If El Dorado is still plethoric with treasure why is it now a shadowy ghostland, crumbling to decay?

Picture the soaring, hill-strewn gold country, watered by turbulent, snow-fed streams. From the summit of the towering Sierra-Nevadas it swoops westward to the flat, green Sacramento valley at Natoma and Marysville; from the southern extremity of Mariposa county it climbs and twists northward to the Oregon line. Across the apex of the highest peaks, a colossal spine of incredible richness, sprawls the fabled but not altogether fabulous Mother Lode. Great ribs crop out and downward from its central spine. They knit the whole into one close-linked, giant skeleton.

Prehistoric rivers have worn away connecting links of the titanic framework; lava blots out many of its ribs. The very extent and direction of the golden skeleton, indeed, are largely conjecture—but it is



*Downieville to-day has a population of less than two hundred*

there, some place. Down south the spinal column juts out beyond a doubt and Mariposa, Tuolumne, Calaveras, Amador and El Dorado are known as the Mother Lode counties. Up north the skeleton burrows deep into the hills.

Pioneer miners worked the active rivers first, then followed up the channels of the Pleistocene, and finally sunk shafts to gouge those buried ribs. Early day mines frequently lost the vein and "petered out." Ofttimes the mine owners hunted for its continuation; gave their entire profits, often, back to the earth. Occasionally they found it. More often they gave up in despair.

The history of Downieville is the history of that entire 350-mile treasure-house. When Major Downie's party reached the forks of the North Yuba in November, 1848, winter was at hand. There was a heavy snowfall during January and February. Most of the pioneers sat cheerfully by the fireside, played poker, and waited for the

snow to melt. One or two members of the party, however, by way of exercise casually explored the crevices beneath the snow. They were reimbursed for their labors to an extent of from one to two hundred dollars a day!

By the fall of 1850 Downieville had a thousand citizens, a sawmill, and two stores. Prices placed on merchandise were enormous. Old Horace Day, my chief confidant on this subject, has never recovered from the shock.

"Whisky was sixteen dollars a bottle—an' other necessaries brought worse than war prices!" is his oft-reiterated lament.

By March of 1851 Downieville was crowded. Claims had to be fixed at thirty feet to a man. But it was not long before hundreds left diggings that paid a mere fifty dollars a day to search for the famous Gold Lake, and the pressure was removed.

The richest company working the bars was the Steamboat, which for some weeks in 1851 averaged \$5,000 a day.

*Batteries and plates in the Empire Mill, near Grass Valley, the largest mill in the State*

*The graybeards of Downieville still live in dreams of discovering the "mother-lode"*



There were nine members of the Virginia Company. In 1851 their highest day's work produced \$2,617, and on the five succeeding days they secured \$2,200, \$1,650, \$1,120, \$2,138 and \$2,135. They played safe by dividing the gold every night, thus avoiding complications with defaulting cashiers.

Twenty persons, working twenty rockers, formed the Jersey Company. They weighed their gold nightly on the steel-yards in the butcher-shop and divided it with

*(Continued on page 64)*





*"I sympathize with Bob's desire for revenge—but I wish he'd forget it. Oh! can't you understand me?"*

## The Outer Gate

### Part III

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrations by Ralph Pallen Coleman

**J**OHN CARMODY was master of his impulses. There were some who called him fishlike—but they were wrong. The blood which coursed in his veins was turbulent and hot, but Carmody himself knew this and forced his intellect into control.

He was not impatient. All his life he had learned the virtue of waiting . . . but it seemed now as though he had waited too long.

Kathleen had conveyed her message as plainly as though she had spoken the words. Carmody merely did not know how far the affair had progressed. Frankly, that seemed a matter of small consequence. Kathleen was obviously in love with Bob Terry—or believed she was. Carmody paid her the compliment of assuming that Terry could not fail to reciprocate.

There was the situation—crystal clear—and in spite of the rush of bitterness and disappointment which swept him, the keen analytic brain could not fail to applaud the perfect dovetailing of circumstances.

Until this moment Carmody had felt a rather friendly interest in Bob Terry. The boy had been cruelly and unjustly buffeted by fate, a bitter potion had been placed to his lips and he had been compelled to drink. He seemed to retain no positive impulse save his flaming desire for revenge on Peter Borden.

There was the second link in the perfectly

welded chain. Carmody hated Borden with amazing ferocity. Borden had frightened him. It had seemed that the disbarment proceedings were to be successful and Carmody had suffered for weeks while matters were in abeyance. He had come through successfully but with vitriol in his soul . . . and then Terry's release from prison, his adoption into the Borden home and his bitterness against Borden—all conspired to supply Carmody with the perfect weapon for which he had been waiting.

Here, it seemed, was a glittering opportunity to do to Borden almost anything he wished—and to do it without the slightest risk. His sole task was to concoct the idea; Bob Terry was willing and eager to execute it. And in a few days more there would be an additional ally at hand when Todd Shannon was released.

Todd was malleable. He was governed by his emotions—whether temper or affection. The big, slow-thinking man would be eager to align himself with Carmody and Bob Terry in this campaign against Borden. He could be moved about the board as readily as a chessman—and with as little danger of rebellion or argument.

Carmody's problem then had become twofold. The Borden situation was very much the same, but it now appeared to him that he must not only square accounts with

Borden but, at the same time, precipitate trouble from which Bob Terry would be unable to extricate himself.

Carmody knew that Terry must be removed from the picture. That he was planning to make wreckage of a new love affair did not bother him. He had no conscience; his eyes were focussed eternally and clearly on results—methods were matters of detail.

John Carmody wanted Kathleen for himself. He had wanted her since before he permitted Todd Shannon to go to prison. He had courted her subtly since the day she had entered his employ as stenographer—and then as private secretary. His analysis of conditions had been accurate.

**H**E KNEW the girl, and realized that she would not be easy prey. For one thing, she was too beautiful in her personal, vivid way: for another she was too naturally decent consciously to permit herself to fall in love with a married man.

The thing which he desired to accomplish, then, was to impress her with his own greatness—to fill her with an admiration of his mentality and his power which would cause her to forget his lack of physical strength. She must not look upon him as a physical weakling, but as a mental giant—the master of a city—a county—almost of a State. He wished her to see the wheels revolving, to watch the pulling of strings, to hear the dictated orders and to see their execution. He wanted her to know him in all his glory as a master of human destinies . . . and

then when she had been dazzled by this vast power and had become forgetful of his puny physique—then would be time enough to let her know that he coveted her with a blind passion; a passion so pervading that he took no step at all in terror of making a false one.

He had watched the working of his scheme. The girl first understood, then admired. He realized long ago that she was impressed by the power he wielded. Then he faced the blank wall of impersonality. His plan succeeded so well that she regarded him as a power and not at all as a man.

But he knew that there was no other man in her life, and because of that he was content to wait—free from jealousy—eagerly confident of the successful culmination of the chase.

Now things were changed. Kathleen, for some inexplicable reason, had fallen in love with Bob Terry. Carmody's lips curled with disgust. He feared Terry, and hated himself. But most of all he feared Terry . . . and a sardonic smile played about his thin, sensitive lips. He wanted Terry in his office now—more than ever before. He wanted the boy at his beck and call, he wanted to be ready to seize the opportunity of the moment. He wanted to disclose to Kathleen the vivid contrast between his own dominance and power and Bob Terry's groping indecision.

He pressed his desk buzzer three times. A few seconds and the door opened to admit the herculean figure of Whispering Willie Weaver with his gleaming bald head; his massive spread of shoulder; his good-natured grin. Weaver alone had Carmody's confidence.

"Sit down, Willie."

"Good enough." The big man lowered himself into a chair and produced a cigar. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, come now, Chief."

Carmody smiled wryly. "Nothing wrong, exactly," he evaded, "but certain things are taking shape. I want some information: positive information."

"I'm the man who can get it."

"It's Borden—as usual. I understand his company has been spreading out a little too thin. What do you know about it?"

"PLENTY. They're solvent, of course; but they haven't any cash and can't get any. They've let the lease run out on the old plant and the new one isn't finished—some sort of trouble they've had with the contractor. If they clamp down on him, he goes bankrupt and they get lots of satisfaction and no cash. About all they can do is to finance him through on a share-and-share basis, take an original loss and get going in the new plant right away. But that takes money and they haven't any."

"Sure?"

"Positive. Hartnell at the Fourth National turned them down—and you know very well they wouldn't have tried Hartnell if they hadn't been to all the others first."

The whisper of Weaver's voice fell soothingly on Carmody's ears.

"Hartnell turned them down?"

"Certainly."

"Why?"

"No security. They've borrowed up to the hilt on the security they've got. The plant is mortgaged for as much as it's worth. Of course it's a temporary crisis. They pull through this and inside of two years they'll all be making new fortunes from it. Trouble is, they've expanded a little too quickly."

"I see . . . What will they do?"

"I'm blessed if I know. Unless they lend the money themselves. You understand: let the corporation borrow from the individuals. They've all got wads of cash—especially old Merriwether."

"He's pretty canny."

"Right you are. Anyway, that's the situation. You know those bimboes well enough to agree with me that they ain't going to let things go smash. They've sunk too much in it already and their proposition is too thoroughly sound. There may be some last-minute dope—"

"Get it."

"All right, Chief." The big man's eyes narrowed and his natural whisper became almost in-

audible, giving his words an unduly sinister meaning. "What's up?"

"A real chance, I think, Willie. I've got a strong hunch that Bob Terry is coming to work here."

Willie Weaver made a soft, hissing sound. "Really?"

"I think so. We can use him, of course. He knows a good deal about prisons and criminals—and he's fond of them; they've been his only friends for three years. And he's in the clear because he's never committed a crime. But best of all Borden has gone crazy about him. He's living with Borden—and hating him."

"And you're going to let him rake your chestnuts out of the fire?"

"Exactly." Carmody's voice was metallic and precise; he did not dissemble before Whispering Willie Weaver. "Borden is a hard man to reach. He's too damned honest. This seems a combination of circumstances which should lead to something. Terry hating Borden and working for me. His interest and mine are identical. I hope to make him happy by letting him slough Borden . . . and I get the satisfaction of seeing Borden squirm and knowing that I did it."

"I get you." Weaver's eyes shone with admiration. "And the hunch is that you want to keep in intimate touch with Borden's affairs so as to help this kid out by thinking up a scheme for him. That it?"

"Precisely."

WEAVER rose. "I got you. I'll start the gumshoe squad right out—have some good dope for you by to-morrow afternoon." He paused with his hand on the door. "Todd Shannon gets out in a few days."

"I've figured that, too," answered Carmody dryly. "He's very fond of Bob Terry. Do anything for him?"

"Or with him, eh?"

"Yes."

Whispering Willie Weaver shook his head in amusement.

"I'll hand you one thing, Chief—what you want, you get."

"You think so?"



Borden knew the lad's antipathy to him. . . . "I'm going up to my room, Bob. Some work to do. Suppose you entertain Lois." Instantly Bob's face cleared. "Very well, sir," he said, quietly

"I know it!"

John Carmody's eyes turned toward the door which led to Kathleen's office. His face was inscrutable and his answer seemed to Weaver unduly emotional—

"God knows, I hope you're right, Willie."

## CHAPTER XVII

TODD SHANNON came through the gates, his step as regular and rhythmic as Bob's had been; his eyes glistening eagerly, his tremendous shoulders clearing a path for himself in the press of passengers.

Kathleen and Bob Terry were there to meet him. Their greetings were simple. Kathleen offered her lips and he held her tight against him for a moment. Then he turned and caught Bob's hand in a bone-crushing grasp.

"Bob!"

"Todd!"

The trio passed through the waiting room and into a taxi. Kathleen gave her home address, and the car shrieked its way through the late afternoon traffic.

Todd Shannon lay back in the unaccustomed luxury of an upholstered seat. His gray eyes caught the scene of bustle and activity and freedom, and he sighed deeply. "God!" he said reverently, "this is good."

Kathleen covered his hand with hers and a contented smile crossed the lips of the giant ex-convict. He talked not at all, but he understood much which made him happy. He was conscious of the bond between this young man whom he loved and the girl who was as a daughter to him. There was no mistaking the occasional glances which passed between them.

But Todd's chief interest was in the boy whom he had last seen through the iron bars of the state penitentiary that hour when he had presented him with the tiny pagoda carved with an old razor blade from a filched bit of cedar.

It was Todd Shannon who saw the change in the lad: the touch of color in the cheeks which had been so pasty and pallid, the brightness of eye, the gradual return of positive characteristics, the straightening of shoulders. And Todd Shannon was glad. He had fathered Bob in prison because he knew instinctively that Bob did not belong there, because he needed shelter from the others in that convict environment. Now it appeared to him that Kathleen had performed the miracle of miracles, that she had keened Bob's interest in life by focusing his interests in herself. The world, at that moment, seemed very good to Todd.

They came to the boarding house where Kathleen lived. She had a large room of her own and had engaged one for Todd. In this room a table was set and Kathleen had arranged with the boarding-house mistress for the serving of a simple delicatessen supper.

They talked little through the meal. There was a feeling of much unsaid . . . and tacitly they awaited the peaceful after-meal hour when they could talk undisturbed. And then, finally, the dishes were cleared away and Kathleen presented her uncle with a box of fragrant cigars and a pair of carpet slippers. They sat together, Todd in a rocker and Kathleen and Bob opposite on the sofa.

Shannon looked at them in grave amusement. His slow,

heavy voice asked a monosyllabic question.

"Well?"

The girl flushed.

"Well—what?"

"What's the news, Kathleen?"

She looked at him squarely and if there was a quaver in her voice it was of pride and happiness.

"Bob and I are engaged."

Todd leaned forward and extended both hands: the girl clasped one and Bob the other.

"Gee! I'm glad—awful glad."

Terry was embarrassed. "I hoped you would be, Todd. It's almost like—well, like she was your daughter."

"Right you are, kid. And she's a great girl. I had hoped . . . but you know how hopes are: they don't usually come out."

Silence fell between them, as though everything had been said. But there was information which Todd desired, and he did not hesitate to question.

"What you doing, Bob?"

The boy flushed. "Nothing."

"No job?"

"No. Not yet."

SHANNON frowned. "They been kicking you around because you were in stir three years?"

"No-o. It isn't that. . . ."

"He's going to work for John Carmody," interrupted Kathleen.

Todd's face lighted. "Really?"

"Yes."

"Gosh! that's great. There's a man for you, Bob. He's the real A-1 guy. Swell, that's what I call him. He'll fix things for you . . . honest, that's all I needed to make to-night perfect. What you goin' to do with him?"

"I don't know. In fact, we hadn't decided anything definitely, Todd. Waiting to talk things over with you."

"I'm for it. Whatever Carmody says is right: ain't it, Kathleen?"

"Just about." Her face became serious.

"I hope."

"Hope? Whaddaya mean: hope?"

"I've worked for Carmody a long time."

Uncle Todd. We both know a good deal about him . . . and his ideas of right and wrong—"

"Piffle! You mean fixin' juries and that sort of thing? And faking evidence in criminal cases?"

"Yes. He'll have Bob doing that."

"What of it? I guess with what Bob has learned down there at the pen—"

"That's just it. He'll be valuable to Carmody because of his experience. But while Carmody is merely not ethical, the work he'd want Bob to do would be—would be something different."

Bob Terry leaned forward. "I've argued that with Kathleen, Todd. I don't quite see things her way. They sloughed me when I was innocent. And I've learned a heap of things—and one of 'em is that there are mighty few men in the pen that wouldn't be better off outside. I'm rather keen about trying to keep others out of jail . . . that's why the Carmody thing appeals. I've got the slant of those fellows—and it isn't my fault that I got it."

"No, Bob—" It was Kathleen speaking. "But in spite of the fact that you spent three years in prison, you've never done a criminal thing. I'm afraid if you get too deeply interested in Carmody's work—"

"What difference does it make whether I've done anything wrong or not? And maybe . . ." His face flushed.

"Maybe what?" asked Todd.

"Maybe I'll get my shot at Peter Borden."

"Aa-a-ah! Borden?"

"Yes—the dirty old hypocrite. That's why I haven't settled myself, Todd. You remember how often we talked about that? I don't care about the right and wrong of it. . . . I don't care about anything except getting even with him. And he's made that practically impossible."

"What do you mean?"

"I WANT to make him suffer. He made me. I don't care whether the ambition is noble or whether it isn't. I don't care what they do to me afterwards. I'll never be happy until Borden has paid for what I went through."

Todd nodded gravely and faced his niece.

"You don't think that's unnatural, do you, Kathleen?"

"No, Uncle Todd, I don't."

"And you ain't opposed, are you?"

"I'm just worried. If only Bob could forget—"

"Hell, Kathleen—men don't forget what this lad's been through. Tain't possible. I was with him, you know. We're all sittin' here real nice and cozy talking things over, and we get kind of forgetful that there's any such place as a prison with steel bars and a cotton mill an' folks comin' in lookin' us over like we was animals. But when you're down there for three years sweatin' blood—an' knowing all the time you're innocent . . . I don't believe the kid's ever gonna be right until he sees Borden jump rope and I'm with him."

Terry looked gratefully at his hulking friend. "I knew you'd understand, Todd."

"Surest thing in the world. And Kathleen should."

"I understand. Bob knows I do. But I'm afraid—not for anything that might happen to



"Remember this, Weaver: I want to break Borden. But Borden isn't the one I'm really after. Understand?"



Borden, but for what might happen to Bob."

Todd grinned. "That's easy. Turn him over to Carmody. There's the man who hates Borden's guts. He'll handle things."

The girl rose and walked to the window. "I don't know what to say," she cried desperately. "I love Bob—and I understand him. I know too much about men and about life not to sympathize. But I'm a woman and I'm afraid just the same. I want to see Bob set right. I want him to be safe—"

*"You don't know what a comfort you are to me, Bruce. I can talk to you. You always understand," said Lois*

"Carmody'll fix that."

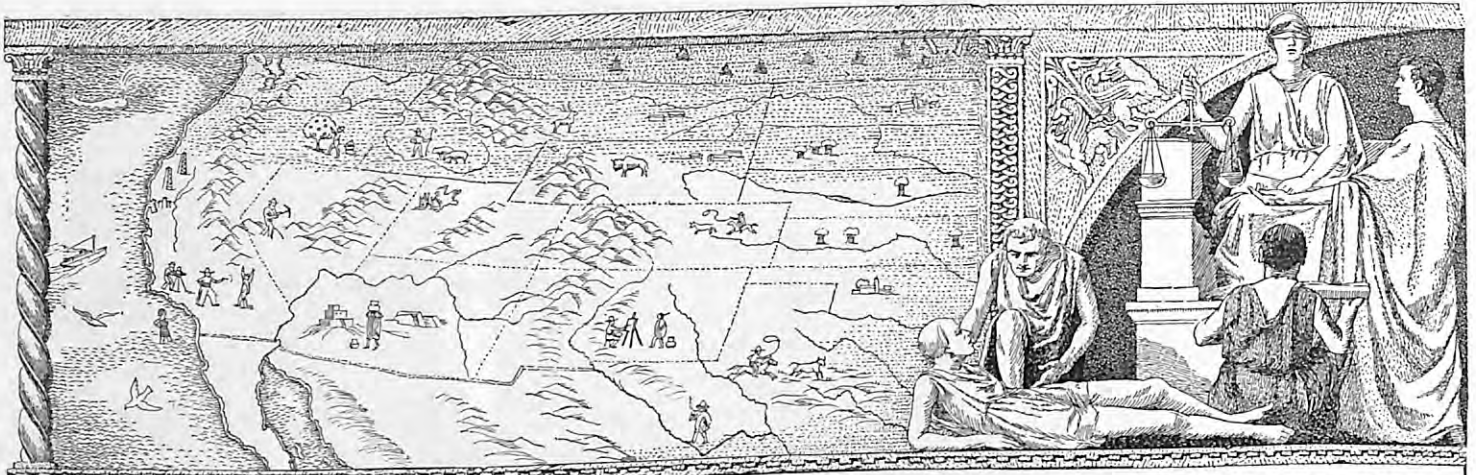
"I know. . . . but I can't help being frightened. I sympathize with Bob's desire for revenge—but I wish he's forget it. Oh! can't you understand me? In this, I'm a woman . . . and I love Bob. . . ."

She stood looking at them: slim and straight and honest. Then, suddenly, she

turned and walked swiftly from the room. Todd Shannon looked after her affectionately, then turned to Bob Terry and laid an affectionate hand on his knee.

"Women are funny, Bob," he remarked. "But believe me, kid, Todd Shannon understands you. You can't sleep for thinking of how contented Peter Borden is. You take my advice and slough him any way you like. But, Son—don't talk to Kathleen about it."

*(Continued on page 52)*



## EDITORIAL

### MEMORIAL SERVICES

**T**HERE is no ceremonial of the Order that is so peculiarly identified with it, or regarded as so characteristic of it at its best, as the annual Memorial Service. The Elks was the first Order to adopt the custom for its subordinate Lodges; and from the very beginning the occasions have been the outstanding fraternal events upon the Lodge calendars. Born of the fine spirit of Fidelity, which is one of our Cardinal Virtues, pervaded by a wholesome sentiment of tender memory, and conducted with solemn dignity rather than with mournful sadness, the ceremony has appealed to the membership and the public alike.

There is no longer any novelty in the services, at least to the members of the Order; but there is the ever-refreshing exercise of fraternal love and memory that never palls upon a true Elk. It is none the less a pleasing and gratifying occasion because it is required to be held; and members should gladly recognize their obligation to share personally in the formal tribute to the memory of departed brothers. No one, still possessing the qualities that attracted him to the Order, can attend the Memorial Service without an exaltation of spirit and a softening and sweetening of emotion, that makes him all the cleaner, finer and better for the hour's experience.

It is to be hoped that on the first Sunday in this month, the day set apart by statute, the membership will, by attendance in greater numbers than ever before, give evidence that the occasion is not one of empty formality, to be conducted by the officers as a mere matter of official duty, but rather one upon which they are pleased to give outward expression of a sentiment that is sincerely entertained in the hearts of all loyal Elks.

### CHRISTMAS

**A**S THESE words are being written, Christmas is yet more than two months away; but when they are presented to the eyes of the Magazine's readers, it will be so near at hand that preparations should be promptly undertaken for its proper observance by the subordinate Lodges.

Christmas, though originally established as a religious festival of definite sectarian character,

has come to be one of quite universal observance, apart from its religious significance. The traditional spirit of the occasion makes such an appeal to all that is best and sweetest in our natures, that the followers of all creeds very generally adopt it as a day for special deeds of kindness and love. And the subordinate Lodges of the Order, by long established custom, have made it their own fraternal festival, to be marked by generous thoughtfulness of all who are in need or distress.

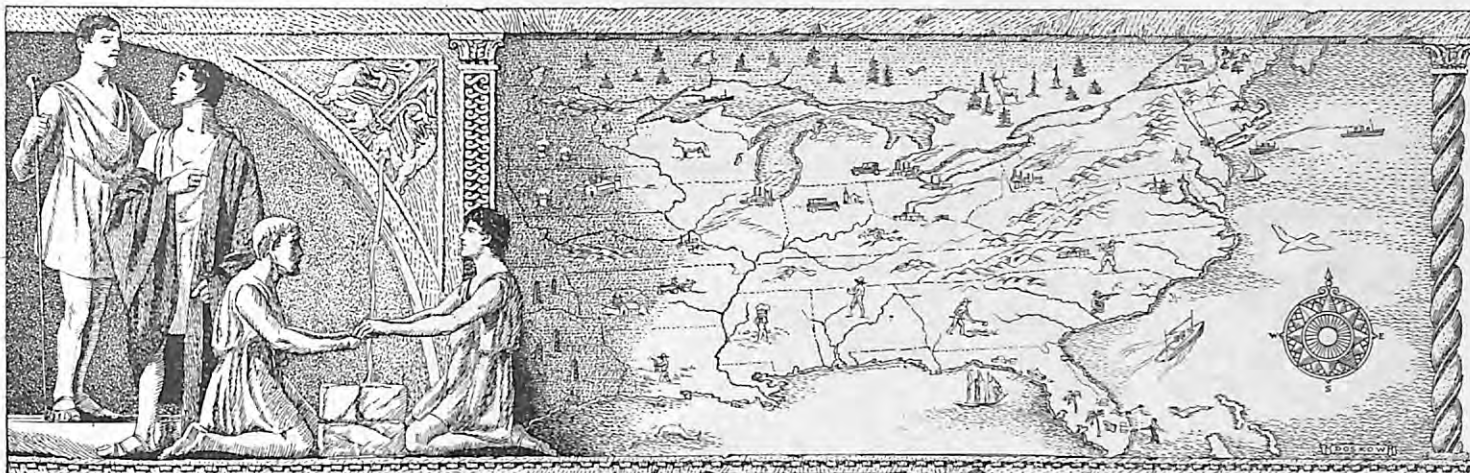
It is not necessary, of course, to remind the Lodges of this custom. But it cannot be amiss to call attention to the fact that an adequate performance of the usual seasonal acts of charity involves no little preliminary work; and that this should be inaugurated at once, so that the splendid record of the Elks, as leaders in this particular field of service, may be splendidly maintained.

### THE SPECIAL ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

**O**UR Grand Exalted Ruler has displayed wise and constructive leadership in his appointment of a Special Activities Committee whose first assignment is to cooperate with the subordinate Lodges in the effort to minimize the losses in membership from lapsations and to reclaim as many as possible of those who have been dropped from the rolls.

It is the purpose of this Committee to make a comprehensive survey of the Order; to ascertain in what sections and in what Lodges lapsations have been undue; to study the causes thereof; and to endeavor to suggest, and assist in inaugurating, such measures as will cure the trouble and restore a fraternally healthy condition. This is to be done, of course, through the agencies of the subordinate Lodges. The new Committee cannot be expected to undertake more than a supervisory part in the work. But this will inevitably stimulate the interest and activity of the local memberships; and the result will be surely reflected in more gratifying statistics at the end of the year.

Primarily the object in view is to prevent the continuance of undue losses from lapsations. These are very largely preventable; and the numbers reported for the last two years would indicate that the Lodges have not been sufficiently alive to that fact. They have permitted many to be



dropped from the rolls who might well have been induced to retain their status as active members.

But scarcely less important is the purpose to secure the restoration to affiliation of those who have simply dropped away without any definite reason for so doing, and who are readily reclaimable by a proper display of interest in their return to the fold.

The Special Activities Committee is composed of Elks who are well-known throughout the Order, and who were selected because of their proved loyalty and ability and their experience in the character of work assigned to them. If the officers and members of the subordinate Lodges will earnestly cooperate with them in the performance of their highly important task, the most gratifying results may be confidently anticipated.

#### IN SESSION

**W**HEN the Exalted Ruler of a Lodge "calls the Lodge to order" for the purpose of beginning its session, there is a definite meaning to his formal act as the presiding officer. It is notice to all in attendance that, from that moment, the ceremonies and business of the session are the only matters that should engage the attention of those present; and that their respectful and intelligent consideration thereof is required.

Observation of Lodge sessions, in Lodges of varying sizes and in widely separated localities, indicates that many of the members are regrettably lax in observing that requirement. It is not because they are intentionally discourteous, but rather because they are thoughtlessly so, and forgetful of the rules of proper decorum.

When members are indifferent in their attitude during the ceremonies, it detracts from their effectiveness. Dignified attention is a distinct contribution to the general atmosphere which plays no little part in every ceremonial. When they are inattentive to the business under consideration and permit themselves to become distracted by conversations with their neighbors, they are withholding that thoughtful and intelligent aid in the disposition of the matter before the Lodge which they should accord.

Fraternal associations should always be genial. Good humor and laughter add to the pleasure of friendly contacts; and there is no need for these to be proscribed during Lodge meetings. But the session should not be converted into a mere social

visitation. It is held for a different purpose. Before it is called to order, and after adjournment, members may follow their inclinations; but they should recognize the fact that their very presence imposes upon them a definite duty to assist, not detract from, the orderly conduct of business while the Lodge is "in session."

#### ELKDOM MUST ADVANCE

**I**N THE second Official Circular of the Grand Exalted Ruler, in which he bespeaks the cooperation of the newly appointed officers and the membership alike in "making possible the high ideals toward which we strive," he states a cogent reason therefor: "Elkdom Must Advance."

There is rich food for thought in the phrase when its real meaning is grasped. It is not a mere suggestion of an ambition for numerical growth. "Elkdom" is a generic term which means the real spirit, the high purposes and ideals, of the Order; and it embraces the idea of numbers only as they may be expressive of the extent to which those ideals and purposes have become definite fraternal obligations.

Elkdom must advance, because the world becomes a better and happier place in which to live as the spirit of the Order pervades it.

Elkdom must advance, because the Fraternity is an agency of humanitarian service upon which demands are being made of an ever widening variety and to an ever-increasing extent; and to function adequately in its chosen field of endeavor, it must keep pace with those growing demands.

Elkdom must advance, because it is a spiritual force seeking practical expression in meeting human needs; and there is no such thing as standing still spiritually. Failure to advance is real retrogression. The exercise of fraternal virtues inevitably strengthens their influence upon our lives and the lives of others. Failure to practically exemplify them just as inevitably undermines and weakens that influence.

If Elkdom is to advance, then it must be through the determination of the members of the Order to more consistently exemplify in their daily lives the fraternal virtues to the cultivation and practice of which they have solemnly obligated themselves. It is in this fine sense that the Grand Exalted Ruler has used the apt phrase; and when Elkdom thus advances we may well forget membership statistics. They will take excellently good care of themselves.



*Kiddies in front of Log Cabin at Camp Happy, Philadelphia's camp for undernourished children*

## The Story of a Successful Camp

### *The Grand Exalted Ruler Tells of Camp Happy*

By Hon. Charles H. Grakelow

FOR three years it has been my duty, and one of my keenest pleasures, to preside over the destinies of an institution which is known as "Camp Happy." It is one of the activities of the Department of Public Welfare of the city of Philadelphia. Your Grand Exalted Ruler has been the Director of that Department for three years.

Its success, during the last three years, has been the wonder of managers of similar institutions throughout the country. Reclamation of children by bringing them back to normal health is the great object of this camp, which, during the last year, has taken on a greater permanency than is usually associated with a camp.

During the last camp season we literally produced 17,000 pounds of child tissue. We entertained 3,458 children—youngsters whose sole qualification for the camp was that they were undernourished. The average gain in weight, per child, was five pounds. Therefore it is a literal statement that we made 17,000 pounds in child tissue, but we did a great deal more. We put these little ones into the paths of right living. Through the example of their counsellors they were taught lessons they will never forget, and they will grow up to be better men and women, and worthwhile citizens.

Many agencies of the city have contributed to the success of this venture, which is located on Brown's Farms on Torresdale Avenue, in the northeastern section of Philadelphia, but special tribute must be paid to the group of counsellors—young men and women who are, mainly by example, helping to improve the types of children who are to grow into citizens. Praise must be given also to Oscar E. Gurney, physical director of the Northeast Manual Training School, and a member of No. 2; and James Robinson, chief of buildings and grounds.

At the beginning of the present administration, Camp Happy's highest number of guests during any summer had been about 600. By improvements and extensions this capacity was increased, so that, in 1924, it was possible to entertain five groups of children who stayed for

two weeks each. Altogether there were 1,622 at the camp that year.

By planning during the succeeding winter months, and with additional aid in the way of money, it was possible to make further development, and the great benefits of the camp were extended to 2,200 children during 1925.

The wonderful results obtained in the first two years led the members of the City Council, virtually all of whom are Elks, to take an interest in the project. This law-making body made possible the further extension of the camp by increasing its appropriation in the budget for this year, when the greatest results were obtained from a comparatively small expenditure.

The length of stay at the camp was increased to three weeks. The first two groups numbered each about 1,000, and the third and last, because there were still so many names remaining on the roll, was even larger, straining every facility.

The great need of the camp at the start was the construction of permanent buildings, because sometimes summer storms brought high winds which played havoc with the tents then in use.

With the generous aid of interested friends we have now built sixty log cabins, each with sleeping accommodations for twenty-four children. These cabins each cost \$750 to erect and equip, but they proved the worth of the investment in their first year.

In addition to these cabins, Camp Happy has a large recreation building which affords us proper facilities for housing the children on rainy days. The other buildings of the camp include a log cabin hospital with room for ten cots, and a dining hall capable of seating 1,000 children, where food, prepared by a competent dietician and a corps of cooks, is served the youngsters. The property is also laid out to allow space for gardens and playground apparatus of the most modern type. One of the chief attractions is a complete carousel, the gift of William H. Dentzel, a member of Philadelphia Lodge.

Children for the camp are found through the interest of the several health councils and schools and recreation centers of the city. The only requirement is that the child be under

weight and its parents unable to afford to send it away to improve this condition. The children are taken without influence or favor, the applications being acted on in the order of their filing. The parents are notified where to bring the child for transportation to the camp, and this detail is carried out very carefully. At the camp each child is weighed to insure its right to the benefits of the camp, and then all that is asked is that it enter into the task of getting well.

The activities of the children are directed the entire time of their stay so that we may get the maximum of results with only a minimum of waste. That this plan is effective is proved by the results obtained. One of our best cases was a little girl who gained thirteen and a half pounds during her visit.

The average gain this year, five pounds, is unusually high for camps of this kind. Weather conditions and other factors operated last summer against a higher figure, and our reports from other health centers and nutrition camps show they had little success this year.

Three outstanding features warrant the investment which the city of Philadelphia has made in Camp Happy:

First, we inculcate patriotism. The first order of business each day is the raising of the flag, and the closing order is its lowering, with the singing of the National Anthem. On these occasions, also, the children give the pledge of allegiance to the flag. These ceremonies teach them a love and respect for Old Glory.

Second, the children are taught the proper care of their bodies. They are required to use showers and toothbrushes frequently and their bodies are developed by proper exercises.

Third, we teach them due regard for the rights of others, and, by giving them a sense of fairness in their daily lives, we create in them a desire for a higher standard of living. When they reach maturity they surely will be better equipped to assume their share of life's responsibilities.

What better work can a Lodge do for its community than to give its support to such a municipal activity, or to launch a movement of its own along this line?



# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits in Ohio

## Seventeen Lodges Welcome Mr. Grakelow as Honor Guest

**S**EVENTEEEN Lodges were visited and several thousand members greeted by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow during the course of his recent brief trip through Ohio. Accompanied on his visits by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, William H. Reinhart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, and John W. Kaufman, Past Exalted Ruler of Columbus Lodge, No. 37, who was secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler Price, Mr. Grakelow was enthusiastically greeted by capacity meetings wherever he stopped.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at Cleveland at noon on Monday, October 25, and was met at the station by a committee headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. F. Bruning and Exalted Ruler Charles A. Ramp and officers of Cleveland Lodge, No. 18. After luncheon at the Home of the Lodge, Mr. Grakelow was taken on an automobile drive around the city, during the course of which he visited Lakewood Lodge, No. 1350, where he had an opportunity to inspect its beautiful property and meet a number of the members who had gathered to receive him. A delightful banquet at the Statler Hotel opened the program for the evening. The dinner, which was largely attended, was presided over by Grand Esquire Colonel Robert L. Queisser, as toastmaster. The Grand Exalted Ruler received a royal welcome when he arose to speak. In his talk he laid particular stress on the upbuilding of the Order and of its membership.

Early in the morning of the 26th, Mr. Grakelow's party left Cleveland in automobiles, led by Mr. Reinhart. A short stop was made at Elyria Lodge, No. 465, where a number of the members greeted Mr. Grakelow, after which the party proceeded to Norwalk Lodge, No. 730, where another brief visit was made.

Pushing on to Fremont for luncheon the party was met at Clyde by a committee, headed by Exalted Ruler C. W. Yeager of Fremont Lodge, No. 169, in a gaily decorated automobile, and was escorted to the city limits of Fremont, where some 250 members were drawn up in parade formation, each carrying an American flag, and headed by a band of forty pieces. The parade marched in open order, the Grand Exalted Ruler's car slowly making its way to the head of the procession, until the Home of the Lodge was reached, where luncheon was served, and another of his characteristically inspiring talks was delivered by Mr. Grakelow to an audience of several hundred.

At the close of the Fremont meeting the entire party motored to Spiegel Grove, the home of former President of the United States, Rutherford B. Hayes, where Mr. Grakelow placed a wreath on the last resting place of the President, and was greeted by Colonel Webb C. Hayes, a son of the President, and Mrs. Hayes. From Fremont, the party journeyed to

Toledo, accompanied by the officers and reception committee of Toledo Lodge, No. 53, and by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles T. Lawton. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were escorted from the Secor Hotel by a band and the Cherry Pickers Drum Corps, to the Home of Toledo Lodge, where dinner was served. Here Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain joined the party. A class of candidates was initiated at the Lodge meeting which followed. The Lodge room was filled to capacity and the Grand Exalted Ruler, in his address, dealt with the problems of the Order in such a manner as to excite the enthusiasm and the admiration of all who were present. He also praised highly the excellent performance of the initiatory ritual by the officers of the Lodge. A social entertainment rounded out the evening.

The next objective was Findlay Lodge, No. 75. An early start was made on Wednesday morning, October 27th, and on the way a short visit was made to Bowling Green Lodge, No. 818. Findlay Lodge was reached at twelve o'clock. Anticipating the coming of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the short space of time at his disposal, the members of the Lodge were assembled and at their places at the table when the party arrived. The luncheon was presided over by Congressman Clint Cole, who welcomed Mr. Grakelow and his party. On this occasion, which set a record for noonday meetings, Mr. Grakelow, in his talk to the members, dealt with the activities of Lodges in smaller cities and the opportunities for welfare work, and paid special compliment to Findlay Lodge for the beautiful building which houses it.

After a short stay the party was again on its way, headed for the night meeting at Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37. Stops were made at Kenton Lodge, No. 157, and Marysville Lodge, No. 1130, and the party arrived at Columbus at five o'clock, where headquarters were taken up at the Deshler Hotel. At six-thirty a reception committee of several hundred, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Kaufman, entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler at dinner, after which a regular meeting of the Lodge was held, Mr. Grakelow witnessing an initiation by the officers of the Lodge, headed by Exalted Ruler Charles A. Jenckes. The ritual was beautifully performed and the splendid Elks chorus of the Lodge, under the direction of Willis G. Bowland, added much to the impressiveness of the occasion. The spacious Lodge room was filled to capacity, and Mr. Grakelow spoke at length, paying tribute to the officers and chorus of the Lodge for their splendid work, and to the membership at large for its wonderful welcome. At the close of the meeting a social session was held, at which more than 600 sat down to supper, after which a theatrical company entertained.

Early Thursday morning the party boarded

the special automobile bus provided by Past Exalted Ruler Kaufman, and proceeded on its way to Mt. Vernon Lodge, No. 140, arriving there at noon. A welcome was extended by Exalted Ruler Donald M. Snow and his associate officers, after which Mr. Grakelow was the guest of honor at a well appointed luncheon, which was attended by nearly all of the members of Mt. Vernon Lodge. The luncheon was served in the ball room of the Lodge's new Home and was followed by another of Mr. Grakelow's splendid addresses.

Newark Lodge, No. 391, was the next stop. The committee there, headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Cooper and Exalted Ruler C. D. O'Hara, had made great preparation for the visit and nothing was left undone to pay tribute to the head of the Order. A meeting and initiation was held at five-thirty, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke at a six o'clock dinner in the Knights of Pythias hall, which was attended by about 400 members. A splendid entertainment was offered during the course of the evening by a party of six entertainers from Cleveland.

Friday, October 29th, was the final day of the tour, and morning saw the party bound for Lancaster Lodge, No. 570, which it reached at twelve o'clock. Exalted Ruler Walter Graf presided at a luncheon and introduced the honor guest of the occasion. Lancaster, being the home of the state Boys Industrial School, afforded Mr. Grakelow an opportunity to discuss the boys' work which is such a large part of the activities of many Lodges.

Stops at Logan Lodge, No. 452, and Nelsonville Lodge, No. 543, were made on the way to Athens Lodge, No. 973, which was reached at four-thirty in the afternoon. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Alex M. Moore, having met the party at Lancaster, acted as an escort to his home Lodge where Exalted Ruler Robert S. Wood and his committee were on hand to receive Mr. Grakelow and his companions. A dinner at the Barry Hotel at six o'clock, which was attended by the officers and members of Athens and surrounding Lodges, marked the beginning of the evening exercises, which were concluded with a Lodge meeting, and an initiation which drew much praise from the Grand Exalted Ruler.

This being the last stop of the Grand Exalted Ruler on his visit to Ohio, he dwelt at some length on the events of the week and summed up the various activities of the Order and the great opportunity Ohio Elks have to make a good record in those of the present year. After a very enjoyable entertainment at the home of Mr. Stewart, of Athens Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler boarded the National Limited of the B. & O. Railroad for Philadelphia, the special courtesy of stopping the train at Athens having been accorded him.

## The Elks Magazine Cruise

Leaving New York December 28, for Twenty-two Days, Returning January 18

**D**ECEMBER 28 has never before been considered a date to be remembered, but this year there is a very definite reason why you should bear it in mind. For it is on December 28—three days after Christmas—that the Floating Elks Club will steam out of New York harbor, bound for the Caribbean. And the date is emphasized here to remind you that there is not much time left to make reservations.

Naturally enough, when THE ELKS MAGAZINE cruise to the West Indies, Panama and South America was first announced, inquiries poured in. Here was an opportunity to take a gorgeous winter vacation, on a splendid specially chartered ship, visiting some of the most fascinating spots on the globe—not in an unknown crowd of tourists, but with fellow Elks and their families.

Think of it: the beautiful and luxurious White Star liner *Doric*, spic and span and steady—

comfortable cabins, first class service, luscious cuisine—ready, December 28, to take you and your family and your friends out of the raw, snow-chilled winter into a paradise of sunshine, warmth and color.

The ship heads first for Havana, where there will be a banquet and New Year's Eve party on shore. And it will take you to Panama, to see the Canal and the country which once was the treasure-house of the world. It will stop at Willemstad, in the quaint island of Curaçao. From there the cruise extends to La Guayra, Venezuela, where it includes a trip to Caracas, the capital, over a mountain railway that is a marvel of engineering. Port of Spain, Fort de France and St. Pierre, our own St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands, San Juan, Porto Rico, and Hamilton, Bermuda, are all ports of call, where the Floating Elks Club will land its members for sight-seeing and shopping expeditions.

To assure every passenger of the maximum of space, comfort and attention, it was arranged that the number of persons who could book passage on the cruise be limited to 550. Among the first to secure accommodations were many Grand Lodge officers, past and present. But you do not have to be even a member of the Grand Lodge. The cruise is for any Elk, alone, or with his family. And there are still a few cabins left. These remaining vacancies will not be available for long. December 28 is sailing day. If you do not wish to be disappointed, make your reservation without further delay.

For detailed information write to THE ELKS MAGAZINE. You will receive promptly a booklet fully outlining the cruise, a cabin diagram and a list of prices. There are no undesirable cabins and even though most of them have been engaged, those still available are equally attractive. First come, first served, of course.



*Simplicity and dignity are in every line of this charming Home owned by the members of Lebanon, Ind., Lodge, No. 635*

## Under the Spreading Antlers

### News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

#### *California State Elks Association Convenes in Santa Monica*

**M**EETING in Santa Monica under the auspices of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, the twelfth annual convention of the California State Elks Association was one of the most constructive and interesting in the history of this progressive body. The total attendance of approximately 5,000 persons included two Past Grand Exalted Rulers, 8 Past State Association Presidents, 850 delegates and many past and active officers of subordinate Lodges.

At the business sessions in the Municipal Auditorium presided over by retiring President John J. Lermen of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, reports of great interest to the Order at large were read. Outstanding among them were the reports of the Social and Community Welfare Committee and of the committee appointed last year by President Lermen to cooperate with national and State groups interested in forest conservation. The first showed an expenditure for the past year of \$192,000 in work among crippled and delinquent children and other unfortunates. This large sum is exclusive of the donations made by the individual Lodges of the State in their jurisdictions. The work of the Forest Fire Prevention Committee in cooperation with other State organizations has resulted in a wide public appreciation of the value of our forests. It was estimated by outside agencies that, during American Forestry Week, more than one million people were reached by the efforts of this committee.

At the first session Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott and Raymond Benjamin were present, and Mr. Abbott reported on the work of the Grand Lodge. The principal speaker of the occasion was Hon. Frank R. Devlin of Vallejo Lodge, No. 559, who spoke on "Elk Ideals." There were also addresses of welcome by Mayor Herman Michel and Exalted Ruler Arthur C. Verge, of Santa Monica Lodge; and Past State Association Presidents Dr. Ralph Hagan, Harry M. Ticknor, Richard C. Benbough and Dr. Howard Kirtland were introduced to the delegates.

At the memorial services on the following day the address was made by Past Exalted Ruler George M. Breslin, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, who paid a high tribute to Judge Thomas J. Lennon, of San Francisco, Justice of the Supreme Court of California, who, at the time of his death last August, had just retired as Chief Justice of the Grand Forum of the Order.

The social and competitive sides of the con-

vention were greatly enjoyed by the thousands of visitors. Card parties, luncheons, dances and automobile trips to points of interest occupied the time of many, while the band and drill team contests, the ritualistic contest, and the golf tournament, championship baseball game, trapshoot and bowling tournament resulted in keen rivalry and close scores. The parade and grand ball and the annual High Jinks were great successes and brought together the largest crowds of the four-day gathering.

Immediately following the adjournment of the convention came the cornerstone laying of the magnificent new Home of Santa Monica Lodge, whose members are to be congratulated on their double achievement of successfully entertaining the 1926 convention and erecting one of the finest Homes in Southern California. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin delivered the principal address and the ceremonies were participated in by many prominent guests as well as by officers of Santa Monica Lodge.

Monterey was selected as the 1927 meeting place, and the following officers were elected for the coming year: President: Mifflin G. Potts, of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672; Vice-Presidents: California Bay, J. A. Martinelli, of San Rafael Lodge, No. 1108; California North, A. B. Snyder, of Grass Valley Lodge, No. 538; California Central, B. F. Lewis, of Fresno Lodge, No. 439; California South Central, Ross Bartlett, of Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415; California South, C. Burton Thrall, of Ontario Lodge, No. 1419; Trustees: California North, W. T. Baldwin, of Oroville Lodge, No. 1484; California Bay, F. R. Curtiss, of San José Lodge, No. 522; California South Central, H. H. Quimby, of Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328, and C. M. Carpenter, of San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322; California South, F. A. Gardner, of Riverside Lodge, No. 643; Secretary: James T. Foyer, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99; Treasurer: C. W. Haub, of Sacramento Lodge, No. 6.

The following Lodges were winners in the various team events on the program: Ritualistic: 1st—San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, State Cup; 2d—San Diego Lodge, No. 168, Shanly Cup; 3d—Hanford Lodge, No. 1259, Horlein Cup. Band: Class A—Glendale Lodge, No. 1289, State Cup; Class B—San Pedro Lodge, No. 966, State Cup. Drill: Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, State Cup. Golf: Glendale Lodge, State Cup. Parade: Eureka Lodge, No. 652, Saxe Cup. Trap Shooting: Merced Lodge, No. 1240, Bair Cup. Bowling: San José Lodge, No. 522, Ticknor Cup. Bowling Sweepstakes: Pasadena Lodge, Santa Monica Cup. Bowling (850 Class):

Pasadena Lodge, Santa Monica Cup. Baseball: Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, State Cup.

#### *Changes in the Appointments of District Deputies*

The following changes in the appointments of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers for 1926-1927 have been made by the Grand Exalted Ruler since the publication of his official circular No. 2 in the October issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the new District Deputies being:

Colorado, Central—Thomas M. Hunter, Denver Lodge, No. 17.

Colorado, South—Milton R. Herrick, Alamosa Lodge, No. 1297.

Florida, West—W. A. Joughin, Tampa Lodge, No. 708.

Kentucky, East—Richard T. Von Hoene, Covington Lodge, No. 314.

Kentucky, West—Edwin N. Williams, Henderson Lodge, No. 206.

Maine, West—P. M. Israelson, Rumford Lodge, No. 862.

Ohio, North Central—W. G. Campbell, Lorain Lodge, No. 1301.

Pennsylvania, Northeast—Thomas Giles, Shamokin Lodge, No. 355.

Washington, East—Ed S. Russell, Wenatchee Lodge, No. 1186.

#### *Flag Ceremony of Seattle, Wash., Lodge Is Impressive*

Eclipsing any record they had previously made for artistic finish and impressiveness, the Flag Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, recently exemplified again their flag presentation ceremony in giving an American pulpit flag to the Mt. Baker Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. W. A. Major, former Chaplain of the Lodge, is pastor.

A feature of the ceremony not enjoyed at other flag presentations was the appearance of the Elks Quartette. The church choir gave a special program appropriate to the occasion and the response was made by Rev. Cram, who was a missionary among the Eskimos at Point Barrow, Alaska, when the first teachings in the symbolism and meaning of the flag were given by him to the natives.

#### *Oswego, N. Y., Lodge Considers Plans For Building Annex*

Many members of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, responded to the annual roll, making it one

of the largest gatherings in several years. Among the business considered was the rough draft of plans for the erection of a new two-story annex to be used as a Lodge room and auditorium. The plans provide for a steel and brick structure in the rear of the present Home, facing West Bridge Street. The members were favorably impressed with the arrangement and will consider the question again and take action when estimates and other data are presented by the Building Committee.

### Colorado State Elks Association Will Meet in Longmont

The Executive Committee of the Colorado State Elks Association, meeting recently at the home of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, decided unanimously on Longmont as the place for holding the annual reunion of the Association in 1927. The date was not set, but will probably be the latter part of August or the first week in September.

### New Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Ready April 1

The New Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, is moving rapidly toward completion and the members expect to be in their new quarters by April 1. Plans are already being considered for a celebration which shall commemorate fittingly the formal opening of the handsome structure.

### West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge Gives Children's Outing

Nearly 1,000 youngsters of the vicinity were the guests of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, at its Children's Day party. They were taken to the bathing beach in a fleet of cars lent by members, where refreshments were served by the committee assisted by practically all of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge who were in town.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates Home Of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge

Four days of festivities marked the dedication of the splendid Home of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow. Realizing that it was one of the most important events in the history of the Lodge, the officers spared no effort to commemorate the occasion fittingly. The first event was a "civic banquet" at which men prominent in business and politics, in church and in education, were the guests of the Lodge. This bringing together of the leaders of the community in the Lodge Home—an act which was later highly praised by the Grand Exalted Ruler—was a most happy and successful way of emphasizing once more the readiness of New Brunswick Elks to take part in all of the worthwhile activities of the city. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. John W. Norris delivered the invocation and was followed by Exalted Ruler John P. Wall, who introduced ex-Governor George S. Silzer, a charter member of the



The new Home of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, is centrally located

Lodge, as toastmaster. Mayor Morris, of New Brunswick, on behalf of the community, congratulated the members on their beautiful building and presented Mr. Wall with the key to the city. Others who spoke during the evening were the Rev. Dr. C. J. Culp of the First Presbyterian Church, Dr. John Martin Thomas, President of Rutgers University, and Robert E. Condon, President of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Ladies' Night, the second event on the program, was a delightful occasion. More than 2,000 members and their friends gathered in the new Home, where three orchestras furnished dance music in the Lodge room, the grill room and in the main restaurant. The following evening was marked by a concert given by the crack band of Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245, and by the first contest in the State Elks Bowling League, in which the home team defeated the bowlers from Rahway Lodge, No. 1075, in two out of three games.

The formal dedication services took place in the afternoon of the fourth day. Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow presided in the Lodge room and was assisted by Thomas S. Mooney, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Edward M. Carter, and Francis P. Boland; Thomas F. Macksey, recently a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Richard P. Rooney, member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and George A. Guenther, Past Exalted Ruler of Newark Lodge, No. 21; Past Exalted Ruler John H. Cose of Plainfield Lodge, No. 885, and the Rev. Francis Smith of Trenton Lodge. The oration was delivered by Hon. Morgan F. Larson, President of the New Jersey Senate.

The dedication dinner which followed the services was served in the banquet hall of the Lodge. Mr. Grakelow, the State Association officers and charter members of the Lodge, were the honor guests of the occasion. Hon. Peter F. Daly, Judge of the Circuit Court of New

Jersey, presented as toastmaster by Exalted Ruler Wall, called upon Mr. Grakelow, Senator Larson, State Association President Mooney and Past President William K. Devereux as the speakers of the evening.

The great street parade which wound up the celebration was started about 8 o'clock and was witnessed by dense crowds. There were delegations, bands and drill teams from a dozen or more New Jersey Lodges which had gathered to do honor to their New Brunswick brothers, and it was a most colorful and enthusiastic gathering which crowded the new Home at the end of the line of march.

The new building is of mottled tapestry brick, three stories in height, and occupies one of the finest sites in the city. On the first floor are a large lobby, a lounge, dining-room, grill, billiard and game rooms, and the bowling alleys. The second floor is occupied by a board of directors' room, library, secretary's office, committee rooms, and banquet-hall.

The Lodge room on the third floor is 44 x 65 feet with a ceiling 20 feet high. The interior architecture of this beautiful room is Greek, with twenty-two massive fluted columns around the walls. Ante-rooms, coat rooms and so on occupy the remaining space.

### Bay City Elks Hold Another Fine Trap Shoot

More than 90 members of Bay City Lodges participated in a recent trap shoot held at the Golden Gate Gun Club, near San Francisco. A straight run of 50 captured high-gun honors, and a number of other excellent scores were made in the competitions for the 34 prizes offered. The frequent shoots held by the Bay City Lodges at the Gun Club are a source of great interest and there is always a large turnout of enthusiastic gunners.

### Past Exalted Rulers Association Meets in Pasadena

The Past Exalted Rulers Association of the South Central district of California met recently in Pasadena, when a definite set of by-laws was adopted. The meeting was a most successful and enjoyable affair and will be repeated monthly in the various towns of the jurisdiction. On this occasion Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, was host to the Past Exalted Rulers at a dinner and entertainment.

### Pennsylvania Central District Association Meets at Uniontown Lodge

The regular monthly meeting of the Central District Association of Pennsylvania was held in October at the Home of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370. Extensive preparations were responsible for one of the most largely attended meetings ever held by the Association. Past Exalted Ruler of Uniontown Lodge, Wooda N. Carr, addressed the gathering on the subject "What Are These Meetings For?" He was followed by H. S. Dumbaugh of Uniontown Lodge, who spoke on the subject "Know Your Order Better." Both speakers were enthusiastically applauded at the



Ploy hour in the Schoonover Memorial Home sponsored by Berkeley, Calif., Lodge

*The handsome Home of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, dedicated recently by Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow*

GEORGE H. FORD



conclusion of their remarks. The November meeting of the Association was scheduled to be held at the Home of Apollo, Pa., Lodge, No. 386.

### *Men and Women of Almshouse Guests Of New Bedford, Mass., Lodge*

New Bedford, Mass., Lodge, No. 73, was recently host at an outing given the men and women of the New Bedford Almshouse. Several autos, donated by members of the Lodge, and a large bus carried the old people to Cape Cod. The trip included a view of the new canal, Sagamore, Bourne and Sandwich. At the end of the trip a luncheon was served. The outing was something new for these men and women and was thoroughly enjoyed. It promises to be an annual event, due to the success which attended it from start to finish.

### *Permanent Arch for Annual Circus Built by Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge*

For patrons of its annual circus to pass through, Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1350, has a permanent arch facing one of the city's main streets. Although used only once a year for the purpose for which it was built, the Lodge points to the \$16,000 profit derived from its 1926 show as partial evidence of its advertising value.

It is a stucco structure spanning the driveway at the side of the Home, which is situated on a four-and-a-half acre plot of ground. The arch is thirty feet wide and twenty-four feet high. "Elks' Circus" is painted in red across the top. It is illuminated by 360 twenty-five watt lights during the progress of the circus.

In addition to work contributed by different members, the total cost of the arch was \$500. It was built in June, 1925, and so far has been used for two annual shows. But every day it serves as an entrance to the parking grounds regularly used by members and stands as an advertisement of the circus the year round.

### *Woodland, Calif., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home*

As this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press, Woodland, Calif., Lodge, No. 1299, was about to dedicate its handsome new Home. The building, a two-story stucco structure, represents an investment of close to \$100,000. It is beautifully designed both outside and in, and is admirably suited to the needs of the membership.

### *Praise for Welfare Work Done By Monessen, Pa., Lodge*

Monessen, Pa., Lodge, No. 773, has been commended by Dr. J. Bruce McCreary, State Medical Director of the Bureau of Child Health, for the excellent work it did recently in immunizing the children of its community against diph-

theria. In Monessen and vicinity 1,539 children were immunized by the Lodge, all expenses of the work being borne by the members. The Lodge purchased the syringes, alcohol, needles, gauze and other supplies necessary to administer the anti-toxin, and with the assistance of local physicians, health department officials, school and Red Cross nurses, was able to conduct a very successful campaign against this deadly disease. The activity of the Lodge in this instance is only one of the many lines of service carried forward by the members.

### *Charles City, Ia., Lodge Increases Its Membership*

Charles City, Ia., Lodge, No. 418, has been conducting a successful membership campaign. The drive was launched with a banquet for prospective members at which B. B. Hunter, Exalted Ruler of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, gave a splendid talk on the principles of the Order. This was much enjoyed by the guests as well as by the members themselves.

### *Chicago, Ill., Lodge Celebrates Fiftieth Anniversary*

More than 1,500 members of the Order, many of them from sister Lodges, attended the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow and Harry J. Armstrong, the only surviving charter member of Chicago Lodge, were the honor guests of the evening. Held in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Sherman, the affair, which included a banquet and special entertainment, was one of the most suc-

*The newly purchased and dedicated Home of Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393*



cessful which the Lodge has ever undertaken. Among the speakers of the evening were Mr. Grakelow and Mr. Armstrong; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce Campbell; Past Exalted Ruler Justin F. McCarthy, who was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements; Hon. Henry Rathbone, Congressman at large from Illinois, and Hon. Henry Horner, historian of the Lodge, who read a résumé of No. 4's growth from the time of its founders to its present powerful position, with more than 5,000 names on its rolls. Exalted Ruler Alexander Wolf delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

### *Fair and Bazaar Will be Given By Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge*

On December 1, Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, will open its great Fair and Bazaar—one of the biggest events of the kind ever undertaken by the members. It will run until December 11, and everything in connection with it has been planned on a large scale. Every evening there will be door prizes, dancing, music, and a great many varied attractions. It should prove a most entertaining event and net the treasury of the Lodge a considerable sum for its winter activities.

### *Large Community Outing Given By St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge*

In accord with the suggestion of the Florida State Elks Association, St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, recently conducted its third annual outing for the children of its community. It was estimated that over 12,000 people, young and old, took advantage of the hospitality of the Lodge and enjoyed the excellent program of recreations provided by the committee for the occasion.

St. Petersburg Lodge can no longer be called one of the "little" Lodges of the State, for it has forged its way to the front rapidly during the past year, having at the present time close to 1,500 members, all of whom are enthusiastic participants in the activities of the Lodge.

### *Home Lodge Honors District Deputy M. Edward Haggerty*

Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150 celebrated the appointment of its Past Exalted Ruler M. Edward Haggerty as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Connecticut West by an entertainment and banquet. The evening was a memorable one and was attended by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Woodlock of Naugatuck, Conn., Lodge, No. 967; Past Exalted Ruler George T. Ryan of Waterbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 265, and other officers and members of several Lodges in Connecticut and New York.

### *Watertown, Mass., Lodge Observes Charter Night*

Charter Night was recently celebrated at a special meeting of Watertown, Mass., Lodge, No. 1513—the baby Lodge of the State—which was held in the East Junior High School of the city. The original charter was presented by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. Wesley Curtis, whose address was warmly received by the several hundred members who were

present. The charter was accepted on behalf of the Lodge by Exalted Ruler Maurice Fitzgerald, and there were brief remarks by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Andrew Casey and George F. James; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. McGann, who had instituted the Lodge; and several others. The evening was a most enjoyable one in every respect.

### **Aurora, Ill., Lodge Opens New Home**

Members of Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, were expecting, as this was written, to dedicate their splendid new Home some time last month. A four story, brick and terra cotta building, 70 x 170 feet, it includes all the features and conveniences of a modern Lodge Home. On the main floor is a large lobby, dining room and grill, with the necessary kitchen equipment. A lounge, the billiard and card rooms and a large soda fountain occupy the second, while on the third and fourth floors are the Lodge and ball rooms. The basement will contain six bowling alleys and a spacious smoking room. Another feature is the large number of living rooms—49 in all—with private baths, for the use of members and visiting Elks.

Appreciation of the new building is reflected by the many applications for membership which Aurora Lodge is receiving.

### **Reading, Pa., Lodge Starts Children On Road to Health**

Eight children were recently operated on at the free clinic of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, in the Homeopathic Hospital. In addition to the operations which required the services of three physicians and twelve nurses for more than four hours, forty-five new cases were examined at the Home of the Lodge. Parents and visiting nurses brought the children from all parts of the city to the Home where braces were fitted and treatments given to correct the deformities. This was the sixth free clinic made possible by the generosity of the Lodge. It is planned to continue the work at regular intervals throughout the year.

### **Cumberland, Md., Lodge Launches Active Season**

The fall activities of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, began with the initiation of a large class of candidates, the ceremony being followed by a very interesting smoker at which many members were present. The Social Sessions Committee of the Lodge contributed to the season's renewed activities by an exchange of visits with Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470. A baseball game, banquet and dance were features on these occasions. The Benefit Committee of the Lodge was also active in making arrangements for a show to be given for the benefit of the new Home fund.

### **Nashville, Tenn., Lodge Has Past Exalted Rulers Association**

A Past Exalted Rulers Association has been formed by the former officers of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, which plans to meet once a month on the regular meeting night of the Lodge. At each meeting, the Past Exalted Ruler who presides has the privilege of appointing the presiding officer for the following meeting. The purpose of the Association is to foster the spirit of service, inculcate the higher principles of fraternity, and to broaden the scope of the Lodge by merging the best of the old ideals with the new.

### **Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Observes Signing of Constitution**

The One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Anniversary of the signing of the United States Constitution was recently observed by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 90. There were a number of prominent speakers besides a program of vocal and instrumental music and classic dances. Charles Wakefield Cadman, internationally known composer, was one of the distinguished contributors to the success of the evening.



*Attractive Home which is occupied by the members of Kendallville, Ind., Lodge, No. 1194*

The program was concluded with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. Members of the Women's Relief Corps and Boy Scout organization were in the audience and formed a colorful background for the patriotic celebration, which was the only one of its kind held in the city.

### **Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates New Home of Rochester, N. H., Lodge**

With Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow and many other distinguished members of the Order as guests of honor, Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393, recently dedicated its handsome new Home. There was a two-day program of festivities which included a carnival on the spacious grounds of the new Home, and a public inspection of the building. The formal dedicatory exercises were attended by a score of prominent members, which included, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler who made the address of the day, Hon. John F. Malley, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John J. Landers

\$25,000, and many additional thousands were spent in remodeling and refurnishing it. On the ground floor are the entrance hall, reception parlors, dining rooms and kitchen. The second floor has a billiard room, a pool room, and library. There is also a buffet on this floor, with an electric stove and kitchen, from which light lunches may be served. On the third floor there are a number of attractive living rooms where visiting members may be accommodated. A most delightful setting is afforded the Home by the extensive lawns and the many beautiful flower beds which surround it.

In addition to dedicating the new Home of Rochester Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited New England Lodges at Dover, N. H., Sanford, Me., Portland, Me., Adams and North Adams, Mass., Bennington, Vt., and Pittsfield, Mass.

### **Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge Puts On Selective Membership Campaign**

Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, is now engaged in an intensive selective membership campaign, with a goal of 1,000 new members in mind—an achievement which would bring their total membership up to 2,500. Plans for a new Home are being discussed by Cleveland Elks, and the Lodge as a whole is in a flourishing condition, active in the work of the Order and in the social life of the city.

### **New Orleans Elks Appointed Escorts to Crippled Children**

A tribute which they deeply appreciate was paid New Orleans Elks when the Sister in charge of the crippled children in the Milliken Memorial Ward of the Charity Hospital declared that they were the youngsters' godfathers and that it must be they who should escort the little patients to the *Times-Picayune's* big circus party for the orphans of the city. Though only the shortest notice was given of this opportunity to assist at the occasion, a committee composed of members of New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, and their wives, provided private cars and trucks—these latter to accommodate the wheel-chair patients—and transported the little guests to the circus grounds.

### **Oklahoma State Elks Association Convenes in Muskogee**

Meeting in Muskogee at the time that the Free State Fair was being held, delegates and visitors to the Oklahoma State Elks Association Convention had an enjoyable and colorful time. In addition to attending the social functions arranged by Muskogee Lodge, No. 517, they were guests at the Fair where a special exhibition of fireworks and program of entertainment had been prepared for them.

A number of interesting reports were read and resolutions adopted at the business sessions. The most important of these, perhaps, was one instructing the Orphans' Home Committee to present next year a final and detailed plan for

### **How Your Lodge Can Add to the Interest of This Department**

**WE RECEIVE** hundreds of bulletins and letters from Lodges every month, but there are still quite a few Lodges which rarely, if ever, send us any news of their activities. We are anxious to receive any news that is of interest to the Order at large and to report it as fully and as promptly as possible. As it takes some time to prepare and print each issue of the magazine, news should be sent us at least five weeks in advance of the publication date.

If you have never seen your Lodge mentioned in this department it is because, in all likelihood, no communication concerning your outstanding activities was sent to the magazine.

Why not appoint a committee of one, as many Lodges have done, whose function it shall be to send interesting news regularly to your magazine?

and Hugh T. McNeill; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. Wesley Curtis; and many officers and past officers of Lodges throughout New England. J. Levi Meader, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, chairman of the Dedication Committee, had charge of the arrangements for the ably conducted exercises. Following the formal dedication there was a grand dedicatory ball, and a banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow.

The new Home of Rochester Lodge was recently purchased by the members at a cost of

## Accommodations for Traveling Elks

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

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge No. 593  
 Agaña, Guam, Lodge No. 1281  
 Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49  
 Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461  
 Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101  
 Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345  
 Aurora, Ill., Lodge No. 705  
 Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201  
 Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266  
 Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194  
 Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436  
 Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10  
 Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181  
 Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36  
 Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733  
 Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240  
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626  
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083  
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4  
 Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228  
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317  
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210  
 Decatur, Ind., Lodge No. 993  
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349  
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258  
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402  
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67  
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499  
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611  
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341  
 Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253  
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 433  
 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  
 Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825  
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175  
 Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501  
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750  
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550  
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 423  
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 593  
 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. 161  
 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. 393  
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773  
 Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245  
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21  
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756  
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1  
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487  
 Norwich, N. Y., Lodge No. 1222  
 Oakland, Calif., Lodge No. 177  
 Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 186  
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39  
 Painesville, Ohio, Lodge No. 387  
 Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge No. 1323  
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60  
 Pendleton, Ore., Lodge No. 288  
 Pensacola, Fla., Lodge No. 497  
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2  
 Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge No. 395  
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11  
 Plymouth, Mass., Lodge No. 1476  
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674  
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 789  
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188  
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142  
 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275  
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14  
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878  
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100  
 Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943  
 Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24  
 Rochester, N. H., Lodge No. 1391  
 Rockville, 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. 794  
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123  
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92  
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413  
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158  
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61  
 Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge No. 811  
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 515  
 Sunbury, Pa., Lodge No. 267  
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487  
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392  
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592  
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708  
 Torrington, Conn., Lodge No. 372  
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105  
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141  
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357  
 Vallejo, Calif., Lodge No. 659  
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287  
 Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186  
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427  
 Winneton, 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.

the erection of the Oklahoma Elks Orphanage, which is to be built as soon as possible. Another resolution expressed the gratitude of the convention to Muskogee Lodge and the citizens generally for their hospitality and interest.

Alva was selected as next year's meeting place and the following officers were elected for the coming year:—President: C. D. Wallace of Oklahoma Lodge, No. 417; First Vice-President: O. L. Hayden of Alva Lodge, No. 1184; Second Vice-President: L. A. Browder of Duncan Lodge, No. 1446; Third Vice-President: C. W. Adams of Woodward Lodge, No. 1355; Secretary: Louis F. Pfothenauer of Oklahoma Lodge; Treasurer: A. V. Smith of Enid Lodge, No. 870; Tiler: P. B. Bostic of Muskogee Lodge; Trustee: Julius H. Kahn of Ardmore Lodge, No. 648.

### Tacoma, Wash., Band Visits Rainier National Park

The band of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, accompanied by a large group of members and their families recently made their third annual pilgrimage to Mount Tacoma. Two concerts were given by the band at Paradise Inn in Rainier National Park and there were dances and sightseeing trips to enliven the outing. Paradise Glacier and the famous ice caves at its foot were among the spots visited.

### Death Takes Well Known Secretary Of Portland, Ore., Lodge

A cause of deep sorrow among the members of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, was the recent death of their Secretary, Morton Ray Spaulding. Mr. Spaulding had held this office since his election in 1910. He was probably the best known member of Portland Lodge while in office, numbering among his friends representatives of Lodges throughout the Order. All Past Exalted Rulers of Portland Lodge in the city at the time of his funeral were honorary pall bearers, and the active pall bearers were eight members of the Lodge's drill team. The impressive services were conducted in the Home by the officers of the Lodge.

### Antlers Golf and Country Club to Open at Forest Hills, N. Y., Next Year

As a result of the efforts of the Golf Committee of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, the Antlers Golf and Country Club expects to open next year at Forest Hills, N. Y., with a first-class eighteen hole course and a complete and up-to-date club-house. Members of the Brooklyn Committee, realizing the demand for such a course, organized and incorporated with a hundred charter members, each of whom contributed equally to the sum necessary to insure the success of the undertaking. While membership will not be restricted to members of the Order, the fact that this is primarily an Elk enterprise and that there are seven Lodges with more than fifty thousand members within half an hour's drive of Forest Hills, means that the resident memberships, which will be limited to four hundred, will, in all probability, be quickly taken up by Elks. The construction of the course is in the hands of the famous firm who thirty years ago built the St. Andrews links, the first in America, and who have since laid out many of the finest courses in the country. The club-house plans call for a beautiful building of

Italian architecture which will contain all of the equipment of the modern country club. Elks who are interested in taking out membership, either resident or non-resident, should write to the Antlers Golf and Country Club, 215 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Order Extends its Sympathy To Judge Jefferson B. Browne

The heart-felt sympathy of the Order is extended to Pardon Commissioner Judge Jefferson B. Browne, whose beloved wife recently passed away at Battle Creek Sanitarium where she had been ill for the last year.

Mrs. Browne was descended from the best blood of the South. She was a great grand-niece of Gen. John S. Williams, known to history as "Cerro Gordo" Williams, earning the sobriquet for gallantry at the battle of Cerro Gordo during the Mexican War. He was afterward United States Senator from Kentucky. Her grandmother, Mrs. Thornton, was for many years identified with and had the controlling interest in the Thornton Banks in Missouri and Texas. It was at her home in Nevada on June 18, 1889, that her marriage to Judge Browne took place.

The funeral services for Mrs. Browne were conducted in Key West, Fla., where she and Judge Browne had their home. Beautiful floral tributes were received from friends all over the country and these, and other expressions of sympathy from the Grand Lodge and the Order in general, were deeply appreciated by Judge Browne.

### State President Honor Guest at Home of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge No. 74, was recently honored by a visit from Thomas S. Mooney, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Mr. Mooney praised the members for their wonderful work with the crippled children of the community, and complimented the Lodge on the efficient manner in which the drill team conducted the initiation of a large class of candidates. A new feature of the initiation were the tableaux at the stations of the chair officers. Two of the team, dressed to represent the figures pictured in the drawings decorating the editorial page of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, added much to the symbolic significance of the initiation.

A short time ago this well-known team visited Kearny, N. J., Lodge, No. 1050, where they conducted the initiation of this Lodge's rooth member, and visits to several other Lodges in the State are planned in the near future.

### Twenty-fifth Birthday Celebrated By Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge

The Silver Jubilee of Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge, No. 695, was fittingly celebrated recently by the members. Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov was the guest of honor, and his presence drew representatives from many Lodges who came from all over the State to pay him tribute and to congratulate Mahanoy City, Lodge on its twenty-fifth birthday. In honor of the occasion a class of eighty candidates was initiated, representing Lodges in Mahanoy City, Pottsville and Shenandoah. The ritual was exemplified in an impressive manner by the

(Continued on page 78)

## Digest of Opinions and Decisions

THE "Opinions and Decisions" edited and compiled by Hon. John F. Malley as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, published in 1924, has been brought up to date by the recent issuance of a cumulative supplement which supersedes all previous supplements to this work. This supplement contains a digest of all decisions of the Grand Forum handed down during the two years prior to September, 1926, and of the opinions of the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary rendered during the same period, which were considered to be of sufficient importance to embody in a digest.

The arrangement of the supplement is similar to that of the main volume. It also contains helpful cross references and a number of notes

calling attention to the statutory changes which modify or nullify opinions and decisions heretofore published.

Mr. Malley in compiling the main volume performed a distinct service to the Order and one that entailed a vast amount of work. The new supplement bears witness again to his accuracy and to his painstaking care in the presentation of the material.

The edition of the supplement is limited, but copies have been sent to every Subordinate Lodge Secretary, so that any member who wishes to consult it can now do so.

Members who want copies should apply to their Subordinate Lodge Secretaries, as the Grand Secretary's office has no copies for general distribution.

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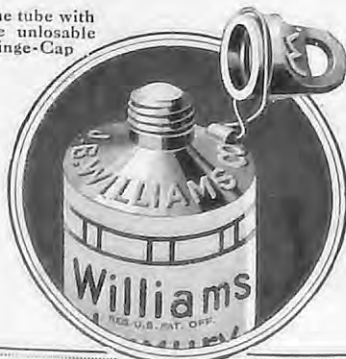
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Elks 12-26

## The Secret Hill

(Continued from page 29)

I think they would be called brown. Her mouth was rather heart-shaped, very dark red. She was tall, and thinnish, but finely made; she had hands like pendent lilies. There were slight lines about her eyes and lips; I have told you she was not young. I never saw so slender or so arched a foot. Have I pictured her? I know that I have not.

It took me all the morning, and half the afternoon, wandering on horseback through the yellow hills, to find the place again. But at the last, I did find it. Just as the sun was getting down in the west, lighting to yellow ivory the stems of the leaning palms, and staining the undersides of the ruffled leaves with gold, I came upon it all. And on the crest of the hill there was a little, sweet house, built of brown grasses.

I halted my horse, and stared for I do not know how long. The downward and upward slopes, and the stream, divided me from that bright hillcrest; here, on the spine of the brown ridge beyond starved eucalyptus trees and crackling grasses, I seemed as one who looks from some sad prison-region of the other world, at the happy far-off homes of the blest. There was, however, no angel in this paradise. I could see through the doorway of the hut; it seemed empty and, though the hour was past noon, no smoke rose up from any part of the hill. Plainly, the place, with its grass roof and walls still green, and the unbroken sward about its door, was not yet tenanted.

I did not cross over the dividing stream, and enter the little paradise. I turned my horse's head, and rode away.

As I was passing in at the gateway of Katoki I heard a buzzing sound on the road behind me. Motors had very lately come to Papua; we were still curious about them. I shifted in the saddle, and looked, and I saw the Anglican clergyman, tall, thin, and sandy, with kind tired face, sweep past me on his motor-bike.

I rode down to the house and got some food. I was sitting with the meat before me on my plate, wondering why I could not cut a piece and raise it to my mouth, when I heard the motor-bike rush past again.

"He must have been to the Crawfords," I thought, stupidly. "He's not been gone more than half an hour. . . . Could the Cub be taken worse?"

I thought it must be so, but if that were the case, surely the Rev. William Lake had been rather quick over his ghostly ministrations! There was a way to intercept the bicycle at the other side of the plantation. I took it, and, with a basket of tomatoes to account for my presence, waved to the rider to stop.

**H**E THANKED me. "We haven't one in 'Port,'" he said; "you plantation folk have the best of it. No thanks I can't come. I must get back. Very good of you. . . ." He was starting up the engine, and it made a hideous noise; I could not get him to hear or answer my twice-repeated question—"How is young Crawford?"

In a moment he was a streak of dust and clatter, a long way down the road. And I was standing in the fierce sun at the gateway, without tomatoes, and without news.

It occurred to me that the Rev. Mr. Lake knew how to keep his reverend mouth shut. . . .

"He isn't a doctor, that he need be so close," I thought, half indignantly as I walked back to the house. Nevertheless, I was secretly pleased—rather, would have been, had not that strange weight that had lain heavy on my heart all day, still pressed it down. Whatever I did, wherever I went—if I read, if I smoked, if later I lit the lamp and got to work on accounts; left them, and sat out on the dim veranda staring up at the pointers and the jewelled slanting Cross—always, the vision of that brown house on the Secret Hill followed and came between.

I did not go to bed. There was no use. Late in the night—late for Papua; I think it must have been eleven—I found myself down at the gate again, leaning over it, and looking through star-frosted dusk at the dim riband of road. The smell of the dew was everywhere; a wood-cutter bird, away by the Laloki, kept chipping little bits out of the silence, every minute or so.

I cannot tell you, who live in the peopled lands, how securely lone it was.

I had found and faced my thought, and I knew what the brown house was for. How should I not know, I whose dreams had led the way? There are thoughts that drive a sane man toward madness; a peaceful man toward murder. I found myself saying aloud to the night, and the empty road—"Why couldn't he die quicker? It's too late for him to die now—now that I've got no chance!"

Nevertheless, I was hard set upon knowing if Crawford was indeed bound on the long journey. I suppose there must have been some starveling hope, not yet quite dead, hidden under the withered leaves of passion in my heart. I make no excuse for what I did. It was a couple of miles to the Crawfords' place; I covered the distance half running, in noiseless tennis shoes, and slipped like a burglar up to the house to spy.

**I**T WAS like a blow to me, when I heard Crawford's voice, loud and peremptory, coming from his room. He was calling the cookboy to get up and fetch him whisky. Anything less like a dying invalid one could scarce imagine.

I heard Marie's voice too; she seemed to be remonstrating with him. "No, no, darling—" then "Gudu, don't bring it; Taubada (master) he no want whisky some more."

The wretched boy cursed her. Bare feet sounded along the veranda, and the pop of a cork. "Alastair—Alastair!" I heard, in Marie's golden voice. That struck me as odd; I had always thought his name was Arthur. Where had I heard that other, uncommon name lately?

There was no time to think; I had awakened to the fact that I was doing a very dishonorable thing, and conscience, no longer drugged by crazy hopes, was pricking shrewdly. I slipped away as silently as I had come. Going out between the massed dark mango trees at the gateway, I turned back, once, to look at the house. The light in Crawford's doorway, as I watched, went suddenly down, and vanished.

More slowly than I had come, I strolled back to Katoki. I thought a good deal on the way, and the sum of my thoughts was that it was a million pities she should be tied to that young sot. One could forgive her almost anything, in view of such a martyrdom—at least, one could have forgiven, if one's own heart had not been dripping blood.

Had she called in the Anglican clergyman to remonstrate with the boy? That seemed likely, and yet not like her. I decided that the Rev. Mr. Lake had merely been doing a little parochial visiting. Then I put the matter out of my mind. Since Crawford wasn't going to die, what did it matter?

"Alastair!" I thought, as I padded through the starry night. "Where had I heard—Can't remember. But I know what he ought to be called, and that's Darnley."

The thought of Scottish Mary's wretched boy mate had been floating in my head ever since I heard the voices. I could imagine how she, that long-ago Dark Sweetness, had urged Lord Darnley, pleaded with him. . . . loved him, till love, at the coming of fierce Bothwell, had fainted, fallen and died.

I was back at the gate now, standing with one arm across it, and the pawpaw-trees were dropping their dangling wreaths, unbearably sweet, into my face, and the Cross was low, and the woodchopper bird had ceased his long toiling in the forest. The night tingled with silence.

I brushed the falling flowers away, and bent a little forward, with mouth open, as a man does when, intently, with every sense, he waits and listens.

There was no sound yet, but I knew, by means of some unnamed, some inner sense, that sound was coming! . . .

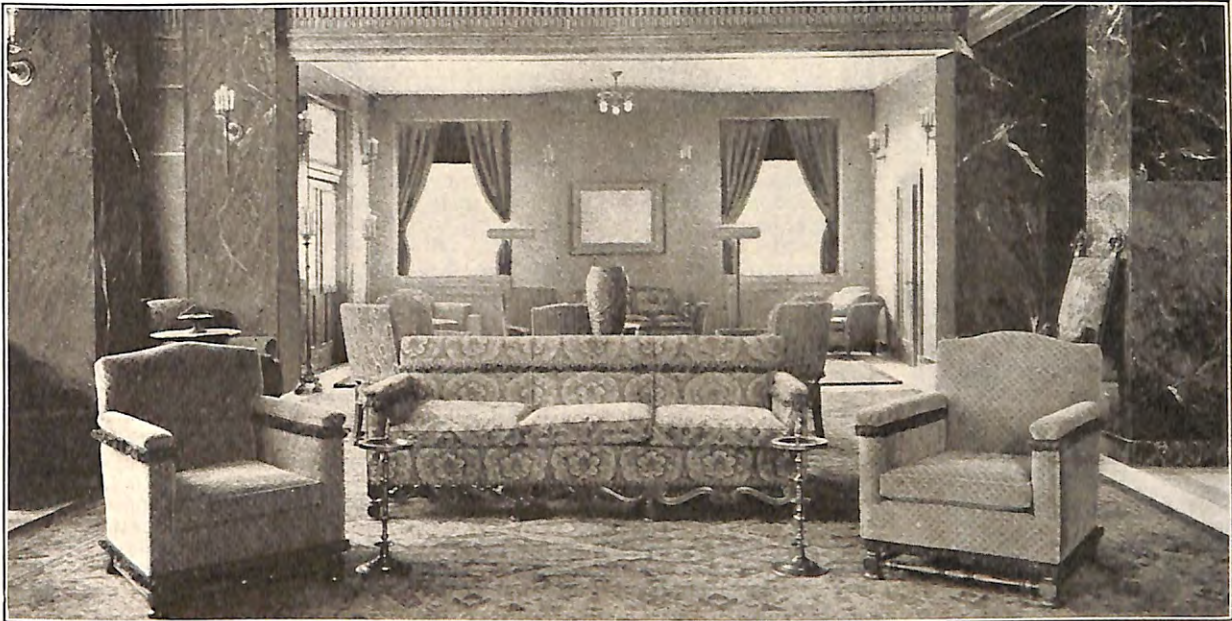
It came—a tiny ticking noise that swelled and broadened, rattled along the road, faster and faster, nearer and passed me, and swept me by in a fierce thunder of galloping hoofs. So wildly was the rider riding, that, in the dusk, I had almost been run down.

An hour or two walking in the dusk, had dilated the pupils of my eyes till they were

(Continued on page 48)



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## The Secret Hill

(Continued from page 46)

almost as effective as a cat's, beneath that tropic splendor of stars. I had no doubt whatever as to who the rider was. I saw the tall slender figure, the flying divided skirt. I knew.

Long after those mad hoofs had passed into silence, tearing down toward the Six-Mile, I stood at the gateway, still as the trees about me. I do not know how long it was before I found myself walking slowly back to the plantation house.

About five in the morning, just before sun-up, hoofs on the road again, going more quietly. They passed my gate, and went on to the Crawford place. If you want to know what I was doing, I was sitting on the side of my bed, in the clothes I had worn all night, fingering my revolver.

**I** PUT it away, however. I rode into town next morning, and demanded a holiday. They sent another man to Katoki for a month, and I went to Samarai, two hundred-odd miles down the coast; a little island town all greens and blues and sparkles of sea just like the crystal "landscape" paperweights that people are beginning to collect nowadays.

I ought to have been fairly happy in Samarai. I was not; the palms troubled me. Every time the south-east trade danced among their high-up glittering leaves, and made them laugh as only the coco-palm, of all the trees in the world, can laugh, I saw again the Secret Hill, its barren, burned approaches, its green grove, magical, unthought-of, like love in a lonely life. Every time the stars looked through the palms of Samarai, stars like little moons, casting shadows of wheeling fronds upon pale coral pathways, I smelled the pawpaws at the gate of Katoki Plantation, and heard the rattle of mad hoofs storming down the midnight road, as once the hoofs of Scottish Mary's steed went storming over wild mountain tracks, mile after mile, to the castle where dark Bothwell waited the Queen. . . .

Yes, she was like Scottish Mary, this Mary of mine who was not mine, and would not be. She had the burning heart, the queenlike pride, the restless, magic charm, the courage, almost fierce. She had her Darnley, her Bothwell. . . . But there would be no Kirk-o'-Field.

When I went back to Port Moresby, everything seemed unchanged, even though life, for me, had been plucked up by the roots. Steele, dark and reserved, was reading in Ryan's lounge the day I returned; he did not look up when I came in. I went to the bar, and chaffed Ruby Ivy May about him, hoping to glean some crumb of gossip or news. I was not disappointed. Ruby Ivy May, in the intervals of wiping glasses, expressed her high displeasure with Steele. She considered him a "who-are-his-people," and "a fish." By which I gathered that his reserve, and his insensibility to Ruby Ivy's charms, had placed him in her black books. She added that the Government meant to abolish the separate post of harbor master, and make "one of the Number-One Office swells" take it up in addition to other duties.

"And I don't wonder," added Ruby Ivy, spinning her duster round in her glass. "For a lazier devil never crawled."

I was silent knowing that this is the way to make a woman talk.

"Yes," she said, setting down the glass. "Off to Sapphire Creek and the plantations all the time, and letting the Port look after itself. Time he was bumped out."

"Not Sapphire Creek, anyhow," cut in one of her customers. "I've been there this last two weeks myself, and I never saw him."

Well, maybe it's his own fine place that the German left before the war, and he bought it for thirty pound, and put a grass humpy on it." She giggled scornfully. In Papua a small un-planted plantation does not carry social precedence along with it.

There was no more talk then, I was not sorry; I had had enough.

Maps had enlightened me since the day I lost myself and found the Secret Hill. I knew now that if you turned off at the proper place, and used a compass, you could not well go wrong. As I rode by the Six-Mile, that afternoon, I glanced at a certain gully in the hills, with eyes

that Australian years of bush-wandering had trained. Yes; there were faint hoof-marks, passing in and out.

"Of course." . . . I thought. "It's not two miles from here; I could find it blindfold now." But I knew—or thought I did—that the Secret Hill was the last place on earth I should ever visit again.

*"One should never say to the fountain  
Fountain, I will never drink of your water" . . .*

On a day not long after, I was going into town, when I met our sole white policeman, Button, riding a white horse, wearing a white uniform coat, and looking very clean and dignified.

"Where are you going?" I asked him, carelessly.

"Out to Kutscher's place," he answered me. "On information received."

"What!" In a moment a dozen possibilities had raced through my mind—Crawford, the two Christian names, the mystery that had always hovered about the wrecked hemp plantation—but that had nothing to do with the Secret Hill, which Button had just named.

I turned my horse, and asked if I might accompany him. "What's wrong?" I begged.

"I'd be glad if you did," was Button's answer. "One never knows what may turn up, in these cases of people found dead."

"Found dead!" I could only repeat his words, like a parrot. A hideous fear had possession of me.

"Acting on information received from certain natives," Button continued ambling steadily on his white horse, "the G. S. ordered me to go out and investigate. It appears that a white man, answering to the description of Steele, who owns the place, was found dead there very early this morning. Can you oblige me with a match?"

I handed him the box. "What—who—" I began.

"It may be natives. Or it may be the woman who was with him."

I saved myself from repeating his words again. "Who was she?" I asked presently. We were cantering sharply now, along the good bit toward the Four-Mile. The red road, the landscape, hard and baked as a three-days' loaf, went spinning by.

"THE native who laid the information," said Button, in a policeman's maddening leisurely way, "did not identify her. He said she was 'a good-feller missie, and she sing out too much.'"

I had been long enough in the country to translate this as "a handsome woman, who cried."

"Can't that brute of yours travel a bit quicker?" I snapped, kicking my bay with the spurs. He bucked, pig-rooted, and broke into a gallop. The white horse broke after him. I thought I heard Button deprecating unnecessary haste, but I was too busy with Carbine to answer. Not till we neared the gully beyond the Six-mile did I draw rein, and then it was only to swing the horse off the road.

"Do you know the short cut?" panted Button behind.

"Yes," I answered. I had the map in my head; I knew I could not miss.

"You lead," he got out, shouting up the wind of our gallop. Nobody spoke again till the horses, scrambling and panting up the last rise, put us in sight of the Secret Hill.

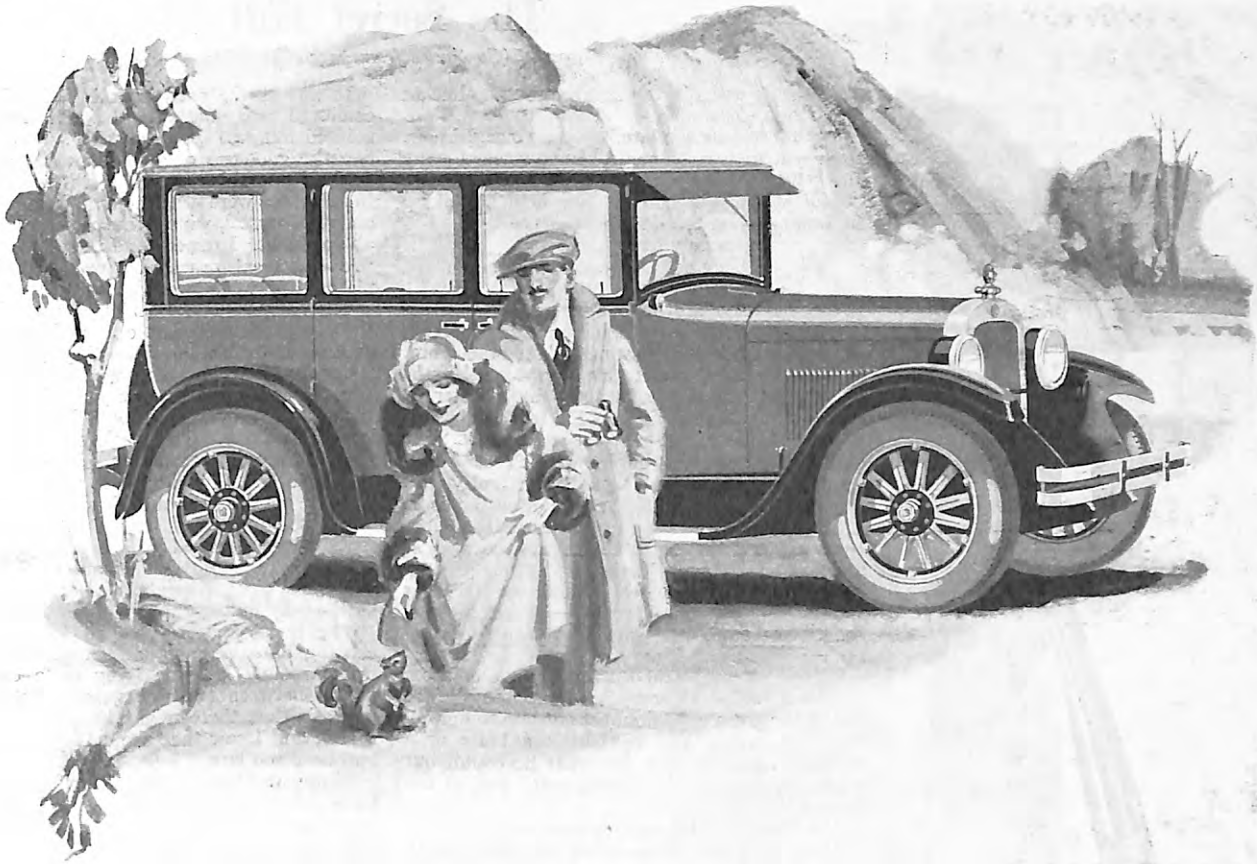
We reined in there, and stared about us. The little grass house stood quiet in afternoon sun. Over the panting of our horses, and the creaking of girths, one could hear the faint whisper of the stream. A cocoanut fell with a great thump to the ground.

"I see no one," said Button. "There's a law on the statute book relative to the Spreading of Lying Reports by natives, that—"

"Come on," I said, and dashed down the hill.

He almost beat me up the green slope beyond. He was out of the saddle immediately. "I can't have anything irregular," he panted. "I must go in first."

(Continued on page 50)



## Progress and Approval

For Dodge Brothers, Inc. 1926 stands out on the calendar as a year of unprecedented progress and success.

From January to date sales have exceeded any previous year's total by a margin at once impressive and significant.

New engineering records have been established by a succession of major improvements extending back to the first of the year.

Never has Dodge Brothers Motor Car ranked so high in public favor. Never before has it so richly deserved the world's good will.

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DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT  
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED  
TORONTO ONTARIO

# DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

## The Secret Hill

(Continued from page 48)

In the doorway, a tall figure sprang up like an apparition.

"You've come too late," said a voice, I knew, from which tears seemed to have washed away the gold. Marie's brown eyes, circled black, stared at me, unseeing. She held herself up by one hand on the door-post of the

"Melancholy little house  
They built to be so happy in. . ."

**S**HE was like a Mother of Sorrows, in her loveliness and her grief. I knew her to be wicked, but my heart refused to sanction the cruel word.

Button was all there. He stepped inside the house, and looked, in a business-like manner, at the long stiff thing lying on the mats, that had been Steele the harbor-master, yester-night. The swollen right arm was circled with a futile bandage; there were cuts on it, made apparently with the rough clearing knife that lay upon the floor.

"I—" began Marie, in a voice thin with crying. Button interrupted. "You're not obliged to make any statement," he said. "There'll be an inquest, though from what I can see it's clear enough."

"I found him," she said; and then—"It had been—hours ago."

"Yes, just so," said Button. "One of those d—those devilish tiger snakes, I suppose; they're bad in the grass. No doubt it got him some way from the house, and he hadn't a knife or a ligature; came up and did what he could, but wasn't in time. . . . They'll want you at the inquest."

"In town?" Her eyes opened wide.

"Yes, in Port. To-morrow morning, probably. Can I see you back to the plantation?" He was perfectly courteous, but he kept his eyes away from hers; and I saw that Button, that decent, plump married man, was just a little embarrassed. In truth the situation asked for it.

I saw them go, Marie riding her own horse, which Button had found, hobbled, feeding near the stream. Me he asked to stay till the native police should come out to bring in the body. I am not nervous; Steele dead troubled me less than Steele living. But I did not care—though I said nought of that—to be left at the Secret Hill, that garden of lost dreams.

I was relieved later in the day. Next morning the inquest took place.

Not Mary Queen of Scots herself could have stood more bravely before a staring, sneering crowd than did Marie Crawford, wife of the mysterious Alastair, and—alas, alas!—lover of dead Steele. She folded her sorrow away invisible, beneath a cloak of proud reserve. With heart that must have been bleeding to death, she stood in the courthouse and spoke calmly, answering every question. When had she found Steele? About twelve o'clock on the previous night. Was he dead? Yes. How long had he been dead? Some hours. When had she seen him last before that, and where? Two days before, at the same place and hour. Was he well then? Perfectly. Did she know whether snakes were common at the Kutscher place? She did. They were.

Other people were called, the Port doctor, and myself among them. The inquest was brief. We all knew that Steele had been bitten by a snake and died, because he had no knife upon him, and no snake-bite outfit in the house. Many country homes in Papua were, and are, devoid of all protection against one of the commonest dangers of the colony. Steele was not exceptional in his neglect, he was just a little unluckier than most. Anyhow, he was dead, and Marie Crawford by the circumstances of his death, was indelibly stamped with the scarlet A that even in these light-living times, brands the woman who bears it.

She looked no meek Hester Prynne as she swept out of the court, her veil down, but her head carried high. A motor was ready for her; I had seen to that. I saw her spin away down the hill, and afterward, I followed.

At Katoki plantation house, I waited. I knew that she would send for me. I gave her time. If you ask me why I knew, I can only answer in the most banal of all praises—because I loved her. Remember how it is!

A week I waited, and another. Work helped me out, and—hope? Perhaps not that—not yet.

It was in the early morning that her letter came. I was just up; the sun, behind odd pointed hill-peaks, was casting shadows shaped like the gnomons of giant sundials, across the fields of green-blue hemp. Night had been unrefreshing; we were near the cruel hot season now, and the crystal, windy south-east weather was all but spent. I remember I thought to myself—"A weak creature would have felt the heat last night," and was glad to know I was strong. . . .

Then I opened Marie's letter, and—by one of those coincidences that occur often enough to deserve more notice than they get—saw my thought repeated on the page.

"Arthur felt the heat very much last night," it ran. "I am anxious about him, and cannot leave him alone. Can I ask you to be so very good as to go down to the telephone and send for the doctor? Will you come to us after?"

There was a telephone in a disused plantation house some distance away; it had not been removed, as it served for a call telephone to the almost uninhabited district, and saved re-laying wires. I went there immediately, and after sending my message, hurried on to Manabada.

The house was very silent. I crossed the echoing bare veranda, and went into Crawford's room. He was lying on a camp bed, placed between two doors, so as to command any stir that there might be. He was unconscious, and I saw that the calling of the doctor had been too late.

Marie was beside him, flung forward on her knees, and holding his hand. In her eyes were love and sorrow unspeakable. "Good God," I thought, with a feeling of revolt, "how many men does this woman care for? and after all—after all!—how can she look like that?"

I was to know very soon how she could. It was but a moment till there came the last change of all; before our eyes, the soul of young Crawford fled.

"Alastair—Alastair!" she cried, as if I had not been there. "My son!" and fell upon his body, weeping mother's tears.

Silently I left the room, and sent a boy flying to the next plantation for the manager's wife. Marie needed a woman with her now.

**B**ACK in Katoki, I tramped the fields of hemp, attending with half my mind to my neglected day's work, while the other half, abnormally active, ranged like a hound over week after week in the past. The thing, that amazed me most was my own blindness. That I should have thought her—her, the purest, bravest of womankind—a mere common sinner, tricking a husband in the common way, seemed now incredible. Scarce more believable was it that I had not remembered the sensational South Seas Banking Company case in Sydney, less than a year before—the arrest of young Alastair Painton, clerk, for forgery; the escape and disappearance of the criminal, and at the same time of his widowed mother. It was thought that they had taken refuge in Melbourne. Pursuit had not been very keen; the money, it was understood, had been replaced—but any discovery of the Painton's whereabouts would certainly have resulted in arrest.

Yes, it was clear. Marie uncalculatingly brave, had fled with her son, determined to let him live the short remainder of his life in freedom. That he was doomed to die in a little while, no one who saw him could have doubted. She had but to keep him safely hid for a year or two, away on the wrecked plantation; only to pass herself off as the wife of a young scapegrace, instead of his mother, to baffle pursuit. She had baffled me; I, like every one else had taken the pair at their own valuation. Alastair, wretched lad, was little over twenty; his mother, married and widowed long before she was of age, passed well enough as the somewhat older wife of a careless tired boy.

But Steele? Steele? the dark Bothwell to whom she had ridden through the midnight—what was he?

Walking among the glaucous-green unending lines of hemp, I found the answer to that, too. I remembered the day when the Anglican clergyman had come out to Manabada, on a secret errand. And I knew that whoever may have

(Continued on page 52)



Milano Rustic 1469 is conservative in shape, smartly rugged in finish, and pleasingly generous in tobacco capacity.

## The Sweetest Pipe In the World

The sunny hills of Italy produced Milano's briar root. And a century of time mellowed it. Skilled craftsmen fashioned the bowl.

No wonder Milano's sweet as a nut, cool as a June breeze—soothing, stimulating, tranquil. Milano is sure to be the favorite pipe of your collection—the natural mate for your choicest tobacco.

Milano comes in 37 smart shapes, smooth finish, \$3.50 up. Rustic models, \$4.00 up. All are "Insured" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

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World's Largest Manufacturer  
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# MILANO

"The Insured Pipe"

"It's a W.D.C."





The "rock-a-by" base keeps Smokador from being knocked over. Nothing can be spilled. Easy to clean.



Ashes drop through to the bowl —no odor—it does not tip over!

You'll want to give it  
*for Christmas*

You'll want it  
*for your own home  
--- or office*



CONFIDENTIALLY, there's one trouble about Smokador. When you decide what a great gift it will make for Jim or Bill you're altogether too certain to say, "What about giving *myself* one, too?"...And if you don't, your *wife* is sure to insist.

*Goodby to messy ashstands*

Smokador is the smartest—and most convenient—thing in smoking equipment today. It puts an end to messy ash-trays, spilled ashes, scarred tables and holes burned into rugs.

Cigarette and cigar stubs, pipe ashes, used matches are simply dropped through the hollow stem into the air-tight bowl—where they are out of sight and smell.

No more powdery ashes blown around the room by a chance draught from an open window...Danger from fire is eliminated—forgotten smokes left in the cleverly devised Snuffer Clips are snuffed out automatically when they burn up to the clips.

*No spilling—easy to clean*

No spilling—if anyone accidentally knocks against Smokador, the "rock-a-by" base brings it immediately to an upright position. A single turn of the stem disconnects the bowl for emptying.

Smokador is made of durable metal—graceful in line with a par-

ticularly attractive finish. It blends charmingly with the furnishings of any room.

*"Smart as the Ritz"*

Six colors to choose from: mahogany, dark bronze, Chinese red, olive green, willow green and Roman gold.

Ask for Smokador at your dealer's. Or send \$10.50—check or money order—(\$11.00 west of the Mississippi)—with the coupon below. Your Smokador will be delivered to you promptly through the nearest dealer.

If sent as a gift it will be delivered on or before December 24th with a Christmas card bearing your name. Order *early*.

**Smokador**  
The Ashless Ashstand

Smokador Manufacturing Co., Inc., 130 W. 42nd St., New York

Here is my \$10.50 (check, M. O.—\$11.00 west of the Mississippi). Please deliver one Smokador through nearest dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Check color desired:

- Mahogany  Dark Bronze  My Name.....
- Chinese Red  Olive Green
- Willow Green  Roman Gold  My Address.....



ACCORDING to the dictionary N. B. means "Take Note" or "Mark Well". You see it printed on notices and bulletins, calling your attention to some particularly important feature. On the

## HATCHWAY No-Button Union Suit

it calls your attention to a feature such as you have never seen before, or ever will see, in any other underwear. It means **NO BUTTONS**. Absolutely buttonless front and back, without a single button anywhere in its entire construction, Hatchway guarantees complete freedom from the petty annoyances and costly repairs of old-fashioned union suits. Not a button to get lost, cracked, or broken; not a buttonhole to gap and tear and rip; not a single uncomfortable pull or strain in the whole garment. It's knit to fit, and stay put, without a single button.

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

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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.  
Albany New York

Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.  
Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada.

## The Secret Hill

(Continued from page 50)

thought ill of Marie, after the searing ordeal of the inquest, Lake could not have done so. Lake must have known that she found her happiness, in the shadow of crime and death, and snatched it—but with no stain on the orange-blossoms. Before the world she passed as Crawford's faithless wife; to shield her son, she had even laid down the honor of her name—nevertheless, that name was pure.

I felt tired, tired, as I tramped the plantation that day. I could see clear behind me, but ahead—what lay there?

Crawford's funeral came next morning. I followed it to the green valley folded among the hills beside Port Moresby, where lie so many worthier men than he. It was a day or two before I saw Marie again. She was packing up in the deserted plantation home; the great world, the civilized world, was opening its doors to her again, and there was no reason why she should delay in answering its call.

"Marie," I said to her—we had slipped insensibly into Christian names, during these strange sad days, when nothing seemed to matter—"Marie, what's the world going to do to you after this?"

She stopped putting away the books and

pictures she was handling, and leaned against an empty case. I stood beside her, as near as I might, with my arms full of foolish gear of one kind and another. I had been working hard to help her.

"I don't know," she said, her hands falling in their old way, like drooping lilies. "Life is ended."

"Not life," I said. "Love, perhaps."

"Well, there's friendship," she said, and the eyes in her pansy-face were kind. "You've been good," she added, looking a long way over my head. There were only the Persian oleanders and the mango-trees out there, but I know that what she saw was a hill of tossing palms, miles and miles away.

"Always—" I tried to get out, but my tongue failed me.

"I know," was what she answered, and then—"The *Morinda* sails to-morrow."

"Yes," I said, "but she sails next month too. And the month after. Every month."

There was silence on the veranda; the telephone wires hummed, along the road. Marie did not speak.

"Some day," I said, "I'll take a ticket by her." And I lifted one of the pale hands, and kissed it, and went.

## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 35)

### CHAPTER XVII

BOB TERRY entered John Carmody's employ. The thin face of the little attorney was inscrutable as he made Bob warmly welcome and gave him over to the custody of Al Gregory.

Alfred Tierney Gregory was Carmody's official yes-man. He was young, egotistical and ambitious—and Carmody was ambitious for him. He possessed to a marked degree that animal magnetism which spellbinds the unthinking majority of voters. He had a resonant voice which he used frequently and largely. Al Gregory was a champion speaker: he orated on any and all occasions, he had at his tongue's tip every banal truism known to the political world.

But withal, Al Gregory was not a fool. Physically he was of average height and better than average physique. He had wavy yellow hair which he kept a trifle too long and his most effective platform gesture was a running of his right hand through the silken, curly locks. His eyes were twinkling and sympathetic—provided one was not too keen a student of human nature—and he had a way with women and children.

Even in high school Al Gregory had been a politician. He had been president of three classes, head of a debating society and manager of the football team on which he could not—or would not—play. After graduating from the state university law school he entered city politics and was elected ward alderman by an overwhelming majority in a bitter campaign which required much speaking and a great deal of political adroitness. In court he had shown marked ability as a cutter of corners and a mesmerizer of juries . . . and John Carmody became interested.

His initial interview with Gregory was blunt. He surveyed the young man and asked him how he would like to become governor of the State. Gregory, shrewd judge of men, did not dissemble—and immediately thereafter entered Carmody's office as a member of Carmody's legal staff . . . but actually he was the tool which Carmody used to develop his own vast power in the political world.

Gregory had no illusions about the fact that he belonged body and soul to Carmody. He knew that the machine which Carmody controlled could make him or break him. And Al Gregory was not bothered by scruples. All he asked was that his record remain spotless so that no dynamite could be planted beneath his feet in the development of political prestige.

In the office he was pretty much of an autocrat. He had a court house presence and knew more than a little of the law. Only to John

Carmody did he bow—and to Whispering Willie Weaver. Gregory hated Weaver . . . Weaver was not even respectful, save in the presence of others. The big, bald man had a habit of making gestures—gestures intended to portray a rooster flapping his wings and crowing, and then of winking portentously at Gregory. And invariably he addressed the loud-voiced, handsome young lawyer as Governor.

Bob Terry went to work under Al Gregory. He was much impressed by the man's expansive affability. Gregory did a great deal of talking to Terry—as usual, saying little. He sensed that Carmody was keenly interested in Terry, and he himself felt that the young man furnished an invaluable contact between the circles in which he moved and the ultra plane on which the Borden and the Merriwethers belonged.

Work was made easy for the newcomer. In the first few weeks, he was given time to become accustomed to the office and its routine, and gradually Al Gregory taught him the rudiments of criminal law, with particular attention to certain little quirks in the law of evidence. Then Terry was set to work interviewing clients—wealthy criminals who could afford to pay large fees for defense. And in this rôle the young ex-convict was brilliantly successful.

It was with these men—particularly the ones who had experienced the horror of the State penitentiary—that Bob Terry was at ease. He talked their language and understood their psychology.

And they knew him: it seemed that everyone in the State knew Bob Terry and his story. They saw that he was bitter against society and knew that he was a friend and an ally. And from them he extracted statements which Al Gregory never could have done. After that Gregory interdefinitely directed the young man through what views with possible witnesses, discovering what they knew about the case—and what was of far greater importance—what they would testify on the stand.

These men were not reticent with Terry. He had been in the penitentiary and could see things through their eyes. They knew that he was mentally one with them—and followed their instinct in trusting him. Within three months Bob Terry was known individually rather than as a mere employee in Carmody's organization.

Through all of this Carmody sat back in his private office and watched. The machinery was beginning to work. The net was closing—closing about Peter Borden and about Bob Terry. Carmody, cold and bloodless, was patient. He was keen and alert—and willing to wait. Sooner or later he knew his opportunity would come, and when it did, he meant to deal with Terry even

more forcefully than he did with Borden. Through Whispering Willie Weaver he kept in daily and intimate touch with the financial difficulties being experienced by the Berkeley Steel Company of which Peter Borden was part owner and operating vice-president. And he missed no detail of the development of the relationship of Terry and Kathleen Shannon.

There Carmody's perception was almost uncanny, for it was he who detected a new element in their relationship long before it became apparent, even to the girl. Nor was that entirely unnatural, for Kathleen—gloriously happy in her first love—knew nothing of the change which regular work was making in Bob's attitude towards the Bordens—and particularly toward Lois Borden.

Lois Borden worried when Bob went to work for John Carmody. It indicated to her that he had definitely cast his lot with the less desirable element in the city's social structure. But within a fortnight she saw that work—even with Carmody—was changing him.

He was kept busy, and that in itself precluded the possibility of the long, agonizing days of brooding. There was daily work to be done and less time for contemplation of his own bitterness. His position—modest enough in a way—yet carried a certain authoritativeness which made itself felt. He walked more like a free man now—and less with the rhythmic beat of the convict. He had learned to speak occasionally and to meet the eyes of other people squarely.

Bob himself was unconscious of the changes being effected in himself. And Kathleen was too blandly in love to analyze. That he was better, she knew—but she did not probe. She was content with the glorious results, and her daily contact with Terry brought to her a new beauty, a new vivacity and a new delight.

The development which was occurring in the lad was the thing for which Lois Borden had prayed. From the first he had aroused in her the ultimate spark of her enormous, latent maternal instinct. Now he was developing a masculine positiveness which appealed to the feminine in her. In her eyes he was no longer merely some one to be sorry for—but a man to be regarded as a man. And the pity remained—a great, absorbing pity which she unconsciously dramatized.

LOIS visioned Bob as a young man who was battling against an adverse fate; fighting desperately to reestablish himself in a world which had scourged him cruelly. She saw the paths which was there, and the drama—but she added even more drama to it. And because of that she permitted herself to love him.

She did not admit this to herself. But she knew it, and Bruce Richardson knew it . . . and was hurt—and worried.

Somehow, people did not mind hurting Bruce. They never knew they were hurting him. He had a way of smiling wistfully when he was cut deepest, and so when Lois admitted to him that Bob Terry was meaning more and more to her with the passing of each day, he merely smiled and said that Bob was a fine young man and that he hoped the world would make up to him for its injustices.

"There's only one thing that worries me, Bruce," she said, "Bob has never forgiven father."

"Is that unnatural, Lois?"

"No. I suppose not. But I get frightened sometimes. The way he stares at him occasionally, when father isn't looking his way . . . I see it, and he doesn't know that I do. It isn't exactly—exactly human."

"I suppose this bitterness smouldered in him during his three years—down yonder. But it will pass."

"Will it?"

"Of course. He's a different person now—"

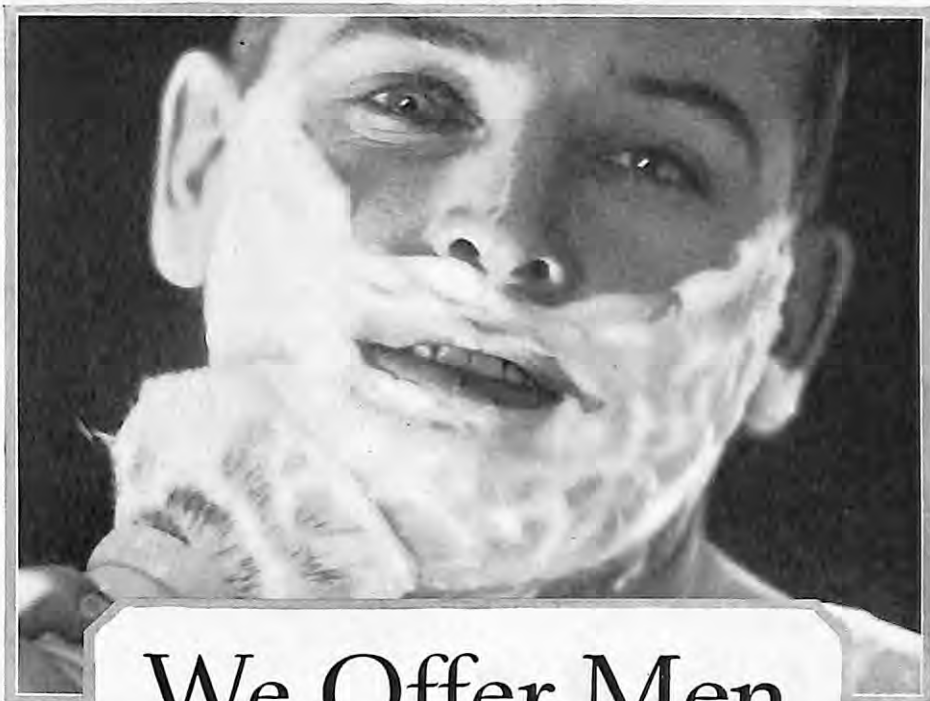
"Yes. Ever since he went to work for John Carmody. But that is sinister, too. I don't want to be melodramatic, but you know, Bruce—and so do I, that Carmody hates father. He'll never forgive that disbarment thing . . . and I get the idea—can't rid myself of it—that there is something more to his employment of Bob than an altruistic interest."

"Bob should prove quite valuable to him."

"Because he understands the criminal element and their psychology?"

"Yes. I understand that's what he's doing down there. Hasn't he told you?"

(Continued on page 54)



## We Offer Men a shaving experience they'll never forget

HERE is a shaving cream developed to soften your beard at the base, right where the razor does its work. It is a unique shaving method—different in formula, action and result from anything you have ever known before.

The name of this product is Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. It is really shaving cream in concentrated form—a super water-absorbent.

And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

### It softens the beard at the base

In Colgate lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the illustrations at the right show. This makes possible two important and distinct advantages: (1) Small bubbles hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact. (2) They permit greater penetration into the base of the beard.

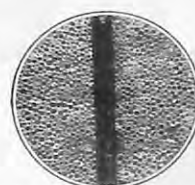
So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair.

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair. Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down at the base, where the razor does its work.



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.

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

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Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

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## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 53)

## CHAPTER XIX

PETER BORDEN was not blind—and because of that he permitted himself to worry.

The immaculate little man with the precise mind and unswerving sense of honor had seen the development of the interest between his daughter and the young man who had been taken into their home.

Peter Borden knew his daughter. There was much of him in her, and more of her mother—and Borden had known every twist and quirk of his wife's brain and emotions.

It therefore did not surprise him to see that from the first Lois wove a great romance about the tragic, stooped figure of Bob Terry. He was pathetic and he did need sympathy and kindness and mothering. It was only natural that a girl— young and impressionable and always sheltered from the harsher phases of life—should fall under the romantic spell. Bob Terry, fine minded as he was, and as naturally genteel, was yet not of their caste . . . and so, until matters had progressed too far, Borden did not sense that Lois's interest had transcended the impersonal and taken unto itself a depth which now had to be faced as a fact.

There were three phases to the condition which brought little wrinkles of worry to the corners of Borden's eyes. One was that he doubted the depth of his daughter's love for Bob Terry. That she thought she was in love with the young man, he knew. But he doubted if she really was. Now, Bob was possessed of a halo—she dramatized every look and move and action; he was a starkly heroic figure in her eyes. Above all, it was certain that she did not see him clearly. She saw only the pathetic side and could not see him as he was—a young man of great possibilities for good; of certain ability—with the strength and weaknesses of an average human being. It was not that Peter Borden considered that Terry was not good enough for his daughter—but he was fearful that she did not know Terry, the man. She only knew him as she imagined he was. And that fact brought to Borden's mind the third possibility. Suppose Bob was as bitter as he thought—and suppose the boy attacked him through Lois? Peter Borden shuddered.

To-night Bob had dined at home and then gone from the table to his room. Borden moved into the library for his evening cigar and Lois followed. For a few minutes she moved restlessly about the room, a slim, straight figure of white and gold . . . and, without a word, she came and seated herself on the arm of his chair.

Borden reached up and took his daughter's hand. This was the opportunity for which he had prayed—and which he dared not create for himself. His voice, freighted with understanding and sympathy, came softly to her ears.

"Worried, dear?"

"Yes, Dad."

"Bob?"

"I think so . . ."

"Why?"

She hesitated before answering. And then—"Why didn't he let you help him, Dad?"

"Instead of going to work for Carmody?"

"Yes."

A vertical furrow appeared between Borden's eyes. "Perhaps it was just as well."

"Why?"

"Bob has never forgiven me, Lois."

"No-o. He hasn't. But he doesn't know you . . . and the only way he could have known you would have been to have gone to work for you. The daily contact—"

"He's had that here."

"No, Dad. He hasn't and you know it. He has lived under this roof and eaten some of his meals here . . . but he hasn't known you. I get shuddery sometimes looking at him—and thinking. It is almost as though he hated you—and was staying here for a purpose."

Borden sighed. "Perhaps . . . I cannot object to anything he may think or do. I wrecked that young man, Lois. No use evading that fact. I did it conscientiously but that didn't make the blow to him any less terrible. And so, whatever he is now—whatever he may be—is my fault. I can only make what reparation he will permit me . . . and do my best to provide for his future."

"No. I don't see much of him, Bruce. Only at meals occasionally. He's out a great deal—especially since his friend Shannon was released from the penitentiary." Her eyes clouded and she paused for a moment. "Have you heard anything else about Bob Terry?"

"What do you mean?"

"That girl—Shannon's niece?"

Bruce Richardson's thin, sensitive face flushed. "I don't like to guess about things like that, Lois."

"Things like what?"

"A man's interest in a woman."

"Then there is an interest?"

"They're together a great deal. Of course, it might merely be because she is Shannon's niece."

"But you don't think so?"

"I don't know. . ."

She turned on him passionately—never suspecting that she was cutting him to the quick. Lois probably knew that Bruce loved her—but somehow one took things for granted with him. She would have been amazed to know that she was hurting him—

"What is she like?"

"Kathleen Shannon?"

"Yes."

"We-e-ll—" he traced the pattern of the rug with his toe—"She is pretty."

"Very?"

"In her own way—yes. Not your type. She's a sort of brunette—that is, black hair, but with a light complexion. And she's—well, I'd call her vivid."

"Different from me?"

He smiled slightly. "Quite. I don't know her at all, although I've recently made it my business to see her once in a while. I've been keeping my promise, Lois—I've taken Terry out to lunch with me occasionally. I've tried to get him to join the club—but he won't. He's engrossed in his work—"

"Is he in love with that woman?"

Their eyes met and held. And, to spare her pain, Bruce Richardson lied—

"I don't know."

"But you think—"

"I have no right to think. I only know that Todd Shannon was his one friend during those three years in the penitentiary. Shannon is out, and the girl is his niece. He's bound to see a good deal of her because of that relationship." She voiced a question without meeting his eyes.

"Is she—do you know—decent?"

"Yes!" He spoke suddenly and positively, then his voice became gentle again. "At least I understand that she is."

"But what people say about her—and Carmody: what of that?"

"Lies, I believe. Whether Carmody is interested in her—I don't know. But I don't believe that there ever has been—or ever will be—an affair between them."

"Then there'd be nothing to keep them—the Shannon girl and Bob—apart, if they—if they cared?"

"No-o. Except they aren't the same type."

"Are you sure of that? Before—the thing happened—Bob was of a class—well, like she is. I don't mean to sound snobbish . . . but he didn't move with our crowd . . . you understand."

"Certainly, Lois." He touched her hand gently. "You are very fond of Bob Terry, aren't you?"

"Yes." She answered frankly—but without regard to the possible effect of her words on the thin-faced young man. "You don't know what a comfort you are to me, Bruce. I can talk to you, you always understand. And things like this—when I must talk—"

"Just you talk it out with me any time, Lois. And I guess I'll always be here when you want to talk things over."

She smiled gratefully and covered his hand with hers—

"You're a great buddy, Bruce. I wish you knew what you really mean to me."

She did not see the spasm of pain which crossed his delicate face—

"And I wish you knew, Lois—what *you* really mean to me."



# Sore throat

Soothing and Healing

A few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in water, used as a gargle, destroy germs, relieve irritation and soothe the inflamed tissue.

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The slim white arm tightened about the man's neck. "Dear old Dad. You understand things almost too well for your own happiness. What a pity that Bob cannot know you. He thinks you are hard and cold."

"He has reason to think that."

"Of course . . . But the Carmody thing . . ."

"Bob was probably pretty sensitive about coming back to work for the company where his trouble started. Pride—and all that sort of thing."

"No-o-o." She shook her head. "It isn't that, Dad—else he would never have come here to live, or accepted money and clothes and food from you. There's something else behind it. And since he went to work for Carmody—you've noticed the change, haven't you?"

"Yes. He has improved tremendously. The reawakening of his self respect, I'd call it."

"He could do so much for himself . . . and is doing so little. He frightens me."

"Don't be silly, Lois. He'll make out very well, I'm sure. He's got the real stuff, but it is overlaid with bitterness and with memories which are like gall. People do stare at him curiously, but not so much as he thinks. And I judge that he loathes pity. The back trail for him is going to be long and hard—and we must be patient. I only hope that I can do for him what I want . . ."

She saw the lines of worry. Instantly her own problem was forgotten in her love for her father.

"Something wrong, Dad?"

"Nothing in particular."

"What?" she demanded.

"Oh . . . business."

"Really wrong?"

"Just what we call an acute crisis. Our creditors—the banks from whom we have borrowed—are calling in some of the loans. We saw ourselves through one major crisis when we moved into the new plant. Now we're facing a more vital one. And Jonas Merriwether is very difficult to handle."

"Explain it to me, Dad."

"THERE'S no need. But we're in this position . . . we must again borrow from ourselves. That is, the corporation must borrow from the individuals because the banks won't lend us any more money. In two years everything will be in perfect condition . . . but most of us are in up to the hilt already: there has been a succession of troubles, and Jonas is the only man with enough private cash available to see us through. And he is balking. If he refuses finally, I don't know what we'll do. He is a heavy investor, but he can afford to lose his money. The rest of us cannot."

"And you?"

"Everything I own is in the plant, Lois. If we went under, I would be worse than bankrupt."

She stroked his thinning hair. "It's going to come out all right, Dad. I'm sure of that. Merriwether is a nasty old man, but he loves money too well to lose what he has already invested. And you've always said that once the new plant is in operation as it should, there'll be a real fortune in it for you."

"There is . . . but that isn't what has worried me. I have been thinking of you, of course. And beyond that, of Bob Terry. I want to do a great deal for him, I want to make up to him, through his future, for the suffering I unwittingly caused in the past. That would be a rather difficult job if what little I have were swept away."

They were silent for several minutes, their minds busy—not with their own problems—but with the problem of Bob Terry to whose future they had dedicated their lives. It was the girl who spoke first—

"Perhaps," she suggested, "it might be good for him. Perhaps if he had, from the first, faced the necessity for work—the rehabilitation might have been easier."

"Perhaps, Lois. And then—" His voice trailed off and when he spoke again it was in a voice which she scarcely heard—"You're fond of Bob, aren't you, dear?"

"Why yes . . ." A pink flush stained her cheek and neck. "Yes, of course."

"I don't mean of course. I mean—personally."

"Dad—I—" Then, softly: "Yes, Dad."

"And he?"

(Continued on page 56)



# Try 10 cigars free!

Send no money - just mail the coupon

**NO** matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try *absolutely free* a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

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For twenty-four years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar.

My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at

my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

### Why I lose money on the first box

I don't expect to make a penny on the first box of cigars sent to a new customer. In fact, I lose money—and am willing to.

Suppose, for instance, you and 249 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 250 into \$1,360 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$5.44. In other words, it costs me \$5.44 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. So I *must* offer an extraordinary cigar; it *must* be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities *must* delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

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Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth \$3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation necessary, no questions asked. You will not be obligated in any way. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman \$3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage.

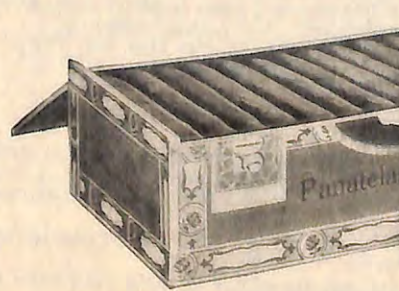
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As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like them. Now is your chance to try a wonderful cigar free. Mail the coupon to me.

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Please send me a box of 50 Panatela cigars. If, after smoking 10, I decide the box is worth \$3.75, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

Mild  Medium  Strong

Name . . . . .

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Address . . . . .

## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 55)

**B**ETWEEN the smokes Chew Beech-Nut Gum. Comfortable. Satisfying. Leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. New, fresh flavors—Wintergreen, Spearmint, Licorice and Fruit. A package costs 5c. Convenient to carry in the pocket.



**Beech-Nut  
Gum**

**H**ARD little sugar candies—very refreshing—Orange, Lime and Lemon. The flavors are natural flavors. Beech-Nut Fruit Drops are entirely pure, genuinely good. Couldn't taste better, couldn't be better—so far as quality is concerned. The price is 5c.



**Beech-Nut  
Fruit Drops**

"Please . . . He doesn't know. He never will."

"He's never said—anything?"

"No!" Her voice was startled. "Oh Dad! I wouldn't have him know . . . not for worlds. And I wouldn't confess this to anybody else . . ."

"I know that, dear. I want to ask you one more question . . . please be frank—and don't let me hurt you. Do you care for him—or are you sorry for him?"

She did not answer immediately.

"Both, Dad. I care—and I'm oh! so sorry."

He opened his lips to speak as Bob Terry appeared in the doorway. Much of the stoop had gone from his shoulders, a good deal of the bitterness had left his face. He was smiling slightly as his eye fell upon father and daughter. It was Peter Borden who spoke—

"Won't you come in, Bob?"

The boy's face hardened for a moment. "No, thank you, sir."

"Going out?"

"I don't know—"

Lois did not know that her face lighted. Bob went out so many evenings . . . with the Shannon girl, probably. She spoke impulsively. "Please stay with us to-night, Bob."

Terry did not answer at once. And Peter Borden understood. He knew the lad's antipathy to him almost as well as Bob knew it himself.

"I'm going up to my room, Bob. Some work to do. Suppose you entertain Lois."

Instantly Bob's face cleared. He moved forward and seated himself in an easy chair.

"Very well, sir," he said.

And then he happened to look full into the girl's eyes. She was radiant . . . and he wondered vaguely why he had never before noticed that she was exquisitely beautiful.

## CHAPTER XX

**T**HEY were in strange contrast as they sat side by side on the big lounge: the girl slender as a reed and blonde as the morning sun . . . the man, young, queerly old about lips and eyes and in his deliberate gestures. But the soft light of the table lamp was kind to him and the deepest of his lines were masked by the semigloom.

Bob settled back comfortably in the luxurious upholstery. He was inexplicably glad that to-night he was with Lois instead of Kathleen. He did not probe too deeply for reasons: it was sufficient that he was here—and contented. He was keenly conscious of the girl's delicate beauty and of a bond between them, and he harked back over the aimless months which had drifted by since the barred door of the cell block had closed behind him—and he had stepped once again into the sunshine.

Lois was different from Kathleen. She was soothing and soft where Kathleen was electric and vivid. He couldn't settle back and think when he was with Kathleen . . . she filled him with a vague, disturbing restlessness and an ambition which annoyed him. But Lois was different: she seemed glad to accept him as he was—and he wondered how he had withstood her friendly advances for so long, being content to look upon her with eyes which saw her only as the daughter of the man he hated.

But something had occurred a few minutes since which aroused in the girl the conscientiousness which actuated Peter Borden's every move. She spoke gently, but reproachfully—

"You're not very kind to Dad, Bob Terry."

He looked up in surprise.

"Why should I be?"

"Isn't he due politeness?"

"I try to be polite."

"Were you—a few minutes ago? You made it quite plain that you wouldn't come in here if he remained. You forced him to seek another room in his own home."

Bob's voice was harsh. "I don't care to talk to him."

"Yet you are willing to make your home in his house."

He flushed darkly. "I'll move out any moment he says the word."

"That wouldn't undo what you've done. You came here when you had nowhere else to go.

Dad offered you all that he had in the world. He is making a sincere and conscientious effort to atone to you for the injustice he has done. He doesn't shirk responsibility as some men might. He made a terrible error, and he admits it. It seems that when you have accepted that much, the least you can give him is courtesy. You see, Bob, even if you left this house tomorrow—nothing can alter the fact that you have accepted as generously as he has offered."

He did not answer immediately, and when he did speak, the words came slowly and with difficulty.

"I do not like to talk to your father."

"Why?"

"You know why. When that thing occurred—originally—I knew I was innocent, and I knew that he should have known I was, no matter how damning the evidence. I had been like a son to him . . . in the office, that is. He said he was fond of me, and I looked up to him as I would have to a father. Then, when the break came, he didn't have confidence. He was the first to decide that I was guilty. If he had believed in me, I would never have been convicted. It was his evidence which sent me to the penitentiary."

"He sincerely thought you were guilty."

"But I wasn't guilty—and I knew it. I told him so. And I hated him when he said that it cut him to the heart to send me to prison. He prattled about his duty and about the State and all that sort of rot. I saw him through new eyes then. And when I went down yonder and suffered and was treated like an animal and driven to work in good weather and bad, when I was well and when I was ill, I let that hate corrode my soul. It is only natural, Lois. For three years I thought of nothing except the injustice of which I was the victim. It would have been hard enough to bear had I been guilty—but when I knew I was innocent and that a little faith in me would have changed everything . . ."

"Yet you accepted what he offered when you were released."

"Of course I did. He said he had wrecked me and that I was entitled to anything he had. I agree with him. He wasn't doing a bit more than he should."

"But other men would not have done that."

"Other men might have been more kindly three years ago. It was a great pose of his—just like all his fine talk when the trouble occurred." He rose and paced the room. "I haven't taken a thing that I'm not entitled to. I don't feel that I have indebted myself to him in the slightest degree. I cannot help hating him—and I always will. And any time he feels that I should bow down and acknowledge his greatness because he has made a paltry little gesture of amend—then I'll get out. But I'll never thank him. What he has done for me hasn't hurt him a particle. He is wealthy—and all he has done for me can be counted in dollars. Now, it's for you to say what I shall do."

Her eyes, softly luminous, were fixed reproachfully on him. She was strangely stirred and intensely uncomfortable. This was the first time she had plumbed the depth of Terry's bitterness against her father—and she was frightened.

"It can't be counted in dollars, Bob. You're wrong. He erred honestly and he is making honest restitution."

"Bah! He makes me sick. He does—no need for you to look at me that way. And he hasn't been kind: I guess my one hope when I got out of prison would have been work—I've learned that since I went into Carmody's office. But he took even that necessity away from me and—"

She had risen now, and was facing him. But her eyes were no longer soft. They were blazing as she rallied to the defense of her father against this unjust attack.

"I'm ashamed of you, Bob! You've let this thing eat on you until you're not even human—"

"Was I human in prison?"

"That is all past."

"To you, perhaps—not to me."

"You're not giving father a fair chance. You've determined that you hate him and always will: you don't credit him with a single decent emotion—when, as a matter of fact, there isn't a man in the world—"

"—More conscientious!" he interrupted harshly. "God! how I hate that word. As for me, I'd a damned sight rather be human than conscientious."

Anger fled from her, and in its place a great dignity which awed him. Her voice no longer trembled—

"Some day, Bob—when time has salved your wounds—you're going to be ashamed of all you've said to-night. I never thought—"

"—No one ever thought I was entitled to human impulses. They didn't think so down there when I was working in the cotton mill. They didn't think so when I marched in to meals three times a day and sat elbow to elbow with murderers and thieves—the only men I could speak to—the only men from whom to pick my friends. I wasn't human then—and if I'm not human now, then it's that three years that did it." He stood over and stared through eyes which were narrowed to pinpoints—"I'm not ashamed of myself and I'm not sorry. But I'll never believe that your father is sorry, either; he hasn't the capacity for being sorry for me, because he himself doesn't know what I've been through. He doesn't know what it is to suffer. And some day—when he has suffered—perhaps then I'll believe he understands—and regrets as I want him to regret."

THE girl shuddered. She was seeing Bob Terry in a new light—as a viciously vengeful figure; awful in the brutal force of his logic and his unswerving, unreasoning hatred.

"I didn't know you hated Dad like that?"

"I am merely trying to explain that it is not unnatural."

She was repelled by his bitterness—but it made him even more romantic than he had appeared before, since it gave him a quality of indomitable strength which he had seemed to lack.

"And I?" She asked softly.

"You? What do you mean?"

"Do you also hate me?"

"I—" He paused suddenly and the mood of bitterness fled from him. "No-o . . ."

"I am Peter Borden's daughter."

"Lois! Please! I couldn't hate you."

She was bold. "Your feeling is merely negative. I have tried to be a friend."

"And you are—God knows you are. Lois—I—" She seemed so vitally feminine, so marvelously desirable in that moment of disclosure. He turned away abruptly. "Please don't talk that way, Lois: please."

She was exultant. The woman soul of her read a message in his eyes. . . . "I am glad that you do not hate me, Bob. I want you to accept my friendship. I want to pull with you. I want to be one of your friends—friends like you have made—outside."

He faced her again and there was a bitter smile on his lips.

"You're different from them."

"How?"

"I can't explain," he answered vaguely. "You're a different sort."

"No, Bob—I'm not. You just think of me as different. I'm sorry—"

"Yes, you're sorry, but you don't understand."

"Perhaps not—but I'd like to. And I'd like to know your friends."

He regarded her levelly. "Do you know who my two intimate friends are?"

"Who?"

"John Carmody's private secretary and her uncle."

"Yes?"

"Her uncle is Todd Shannon—an ex-convict. He really committed the crime for which he was sent to prison."

"Just the same, I should like to know them. I wish you would bring them here."

"You don't mean that."

"I do. This is your home. And you can bring your friends here, if you wish."

"Todd Shannon and his niece?"

"Yes."

He was silent for a long time. "And your father?"

"He would be glad."

"If I thought you really meant that, Lois . . ."

"I mean it, Bob. Your friends are welcome at any time. In fact"—and it seemed that her heart missed a beat—"I should like very

(Continued on page 58)



*Avoid pain by seeing  
your dentist in time*

Don't let negligence keep you away from your dentist until pain drives you to him. At least twice a year go to your dentist for thorough mouth inspection. He will help you avoid needless pain and trouble by keeping your teeth and gums healthy.

## Pyorrhea seizes FOUR out of FIVE

Remember that four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands even younger, contract pyorrhea through carelessness. These are dental statistics.

But you can be the lucky one out of five if you will exercise ordinary precaution. Let your dentist inspect your mouth at least twice a year and brush teeth and gums twice a day with Forhan's.

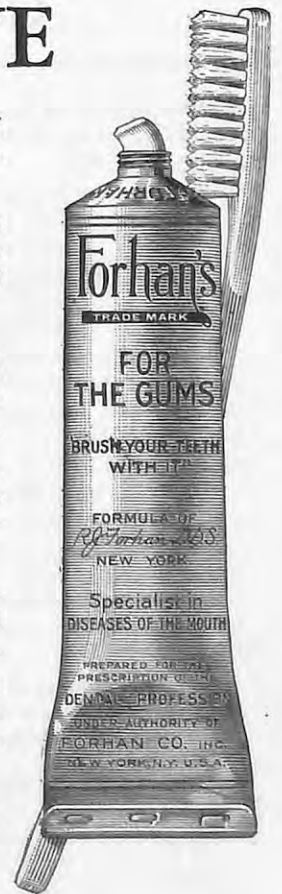
Pyorrhea steals upon you like a thief in the night. First come tender bleeding gums. Then gums recede and teeth loosen in their sockets. Poison seeps through the system often bringing on neuritis, rheumatism or worse.

If you already have pyorrhea see your dentist for treatment and start using Forhan's. If you still are free from this scourge, brush your teeth and gums regularly with Forhan's as a wise precaution.

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# Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

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## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 57)

much to meet your friend—and also Miss Shannon."

### CHAPTER XXI

JOHN CARMODY'S face was set in rigid lines of repressed fury. He leaned forward at his desk and stared at the hulking, bald-headed figure of Whispering Willie Weaver, and with each phrase he pounded the desk-top with a small, bony fist.

"All that stuff is technical, Willie. I'm sick and tired of reports on the financial condition of the Berkeley Steel Company."

"Sure, Chief; sure." Willie Weaver's soft, hissing voice was intended to be soothing. "You asked for all the dope—"

"And I've got it. Now forget that sort of thing. I have something definite on my mind—"

"—And that is, Chief?"

"I want to get Borden and get him hard!"

The ghost of a smile flickered about Weaver's broad lips. "That ain't exactly news to me, Chief. But it seems like something has come over you. Haven't you always preached patience? Why not be patient now? Things are breaking our way—"

"To hell with patience! I want results."

"Golly . . ." Weaver lighted a fresh cigar and stared with narrowed eyes at the thin figure of the dynamic little lawyer. "Something has certainly gotten under your skin. Of course, it ain't none of my business, but—"

Carmody's lips pressed into a straight, white line. "You're no fool, Willie."

"Ain't I?"

"Haven't you seen a few things for yourself?"

Weaver crossed one massive leg over the other. He held his cigar at arm's length and watched the fragrant blue smoke curl ceilingward. His low, whispering voice was enormously impersonal. "You do ask such awful embarrassing questions, Chief."

Carmody frowned. "You do understand—certain things, then, eh?"

"We-ell . . . you said yourself that I ain't a fool. And nobody ever accused me of being exactly blind."

"Good!" A dark flush stained Carmody's cheeks. "We understand each other. Things aren't going to my liking. I'm out to get Borden—"

"Taint entirely Borden, is it?"

"Of course not. What I want is to smash Bob Terry—and the harder and sooner I smash him, the happier I'll be. Is that clear?"

"Couldn't be any clearer." Weaver appeared to reflect. "The kid is a natural tool against Borden. The idea seems to be that we let him settle your grudge against that bird—and at the same time involve himself."

"You've got the idea. But I don't want to wait indefinitely, I'm tired of waiting. My nerves are all shot to hell. With Terry hating Borden as he does—"

"Man! he hates him, all right. Sometimes a guy might think Terry was weak, kind of drifting with the tide and taking things easy. Then you get a flash of what he's thinking and it shows that instead of being weak he's damned strong!"

"Right! Now what's to prevent our using his strength and his hatred?"

"Uh-huh: what? Answer: Nothing. Question is: How?"

They were silent, staring at each other, foreheads corrugated with thought. From outside came the chime of a distant church sounding the midnight hour. The single overhead light bathed the office in a soft glow and the two men—one large and heavy, the other small and intense—seemed a strangely sinister pair.

Carmody threw out his hands in a sudden abrupt gesture:

"I've got to get suggestions from you on that, Willie. I've thought until I can't think any more. But I know that things have dovetailed too perfectly for there to be any slip. Every man's got a vulnerable spot. Find Borden's. Get him through Terry. Terry will do it. He's a single-minded man. He hasn't got a thought in his head except that he hates Borden. He may get over that. We don't want him to.

You've got a dozen ways of working him . . . through Todd Shannon for one thing."

"Yeh . . . Todd Shannon. A prime, sentimental dumbbell."

"Dumb enough—but not too much. Damn it! Willie—all we need is the idea. I don't want to wait much longer. There are reasons . . . Keep after this! And remember—"

Carmody stopped speaking. His lean face worked convulsively and his fingers worked like talons—

"Remember this, Weaver: I want to break Borden. But Borden isn't the one I'm really after. Understand?"

"Yeh, Chief . . ."

"The man I'm out to get is Bob Terry. And by God! Willie—I'll get him! I'm going to send him back to the State penitentiary!"

### CHAPTER XXII

NOW that they were actually coming, Bob felt that the whole thing was a mistake. He moved uneasily about the vast, softly-lighted living-room, and tried futilely to vision Todd Shannon and Kathleen in that environment.

Peter Borden was seated in his favorite chair under the reading lamp, absorbed in the day's market news. He had said little, but Bob felt a surge of gratitude—the first hint of kindness toward the older man—when he saw that dinner clothes had been eschewed for this particular occasion. And Lois . . . all that Bob could tell was that she was simply and quietly dressed: he was too entirely a man to understand the hours of meticulous care which had gone into her toilette; nor could he know that she had studied scrupulously every detail of her ravishing simplicity.

No one was happy or at ease. Borden's thin face was inscrutable; Lois was nervous. Bob was frankly regretful. His invitation to Todd and Kathleen had been a gesture of defiance—as he explained to Todd at the time: "They're bluffing, and I'm calling their bluff."

But they had not been bluffing and Bob was impressed by their calm acceptance of the fact that they were to spend this evening in their own home with his former cellmate and the niece of the ex-convict. Borden merely said that he was glad Bob had invited his friends; Lois actually was glad. This was her first—and only—opportunity to meet Kathleen Shannon of whom she had heard so much. She was prepared to hate the girl . . . and to treat her nicely. After all, she was, in a certain way, an ally in the rehabilitation of Bob Terry.

Chiefly, however, Lois was curious. What manner of girl was this who was niece to an ex-convict and private secretary to the shrewdest political manipulator in the State? What was the bond between her and Bob?

Lois did not know exactly what she expected: a rather loud creature, of course, and one untutored in social niceties. All her life Lois had been sheltered from the ruder contacts—persons existing on Kathleen's plane had been creatures of hearsay whom she had never been sufficiently interested to investigate. And Lois was entirely too human a person—and too wise a one—not to realize that in this first meeting under the eye of Bob Terry, she had all the advantages of her own background. She belonged here in this modest luxury: Kathleen would be entirely out of her element.

At first Todd violently opposed the visit. But to his amazement, Kathleen overruled him. And Todd was too ponderous a thinker to analyze her reasons.

Kathleen was engaged to Bob Terry . . . and with a woman's intuition she sensed a dangerous rival in Lois, not so much because of what Bob said about her—as because of what he did not say. She, too, had noticed the change in him since regular work in Carmody's office had restored a measure of his self-respect. Before, he had avoided Lois just as he had avoided everyone who might by any chance have patronized him. Now, he was seeing more of her, and enjoying her companionship.

What Kathleen believed was far from reassuring. She learned that in the old days Bob

(Continued on page 60)



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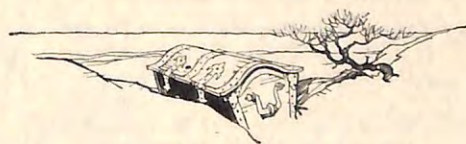
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## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 58)



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had worshiped Lois from afar—the attraction of the clerk for the beautiful daughter of his wealthy employer. That there had been nothing personal in their contact—that they had moved on different social planes—were things to worry about because the change had been so radical.

Now they were in daily contact in the intimacy of a home shared. She knew by hints from Bob that Lois was almost too vitally interested in his career. She was sufficiently well versed in masculine psychology to understand the tonic effect of association on a basis of absolute equality. She suspected that Lois was dramatizing Bob beyond all reason, and she knew that he could not remain indifferent to her acceptance of him as an intimate.

And so she prepared for the visit in a spirit of desperation. She loved Bob with a love deeper than he could possibly understand. He had roused in her all the mother instinct and had fanned into flame the long dormant woman. He was a powerful and appealing figure, and he was her kind. She suffered with him—because she knew how deep the cut had been. She saw him as he was before he went to prison: responsive to the slightest impression. Even yet he was impressionable to an unusual degree . . . but only she knew how he would inevitably respond to the influence of a girl who had once been a fairy dream.

The door-bell rang and Peter Borden rose. Bob again experienced a sense of gratitude toward the man whom he hated: he appreciated the thought which caused Borden to greet their guests instead of confronting them with the dignified *Cæsus*.

**B**OB and Lois followed the older man into the reception hall. They saw him open the door. Todd Shannon's tremendous figure bulked there. He was clad in a new and vivid suit of reddish brown and he was twirling a felt hat in his enormous hands.

"Mister Borden live here?"

The host's hand came out—"I'm Borden. And this is Mr. Shannon, I believe?"

They clasped hands. A slow grin crossed Todd Shannon's lips. "Goshamighty! what a place you got here."

"Thank you." Borden was courteous, and apparently very much at ease. He addressed the girl standing somewhat timidly in the background. "And this is Miss Shannon?"

"Yes, sir."

Borden bowed as they entered. Lois held back. Todd Shannon was just what she expected—a trifle more kindly of eye, perhaps . . . but she experienced a not unpleasant surprise at sight of Kathleen.

Kathleen was clad simply in a blue ensemble edged with the tiniest touch of silver ribbon. Her hat was a little thing of gray felt, tam-o'-shanter shape and set off by a bit of blue feather. The costume proclaimed taste and delicacy and Lois knew that she was looking at a woman who had more than beauty to recommend her.

Now Lois understood what Bruce Richardson had meant when he used the term "vivid" in describing Kathleen. She had fancied that he meant coarse or loud. Kathleen was anything but that. She radiated refinement along with poise and self-confidence and Lois was surprised to find that she was sorry for the girl's obvious embarrassment at this moment of meeting.

Lois was human—and genuine. She came forward eagerly, both hands outstretched and a smile of real welcome on her lips.

"This is Lois Borden, Miss Shannon."

The girls met eye to eye. And from that instant each admired the other. Lois was friendly. Whatever unworthy ambition she

might have had to shine in Bob Terry's eyes by contrast with a rather blatant woman of another world, was forgotten absolutely.

"I'm awfully glad to meet you, Miss Borden. Bob has spoken of you so often."

A soft voice, and vibrant. A woman of power and striking femininity. They stood face to face, both beautiful—yet in marked contrast. Where Lois was slim and delicate and radiantly blonde, Kathleen was slightly heavier and black-eyed.

It was Bob who was most ill at ease. He had regretted his invitation and been prepared for an uncomfortable and combative evening; brief, unpleasant and awkward. Now, as Borden adroitly led them into the living-room and assumed charge of the conversation—Bob felt out of the picture, as though he were the only spectator at a little drama which he could not understand.

His greatest surprise was Todd Shannon. Todd was slow and heavy, as usual—but he was not at all embarrassed. He met Borden's conversational advances more than halfway.

"I'm sorry you've never been here before, Mr. Shannon," vouchsafed Borden.

"Yes, sir." Again that slow, knowing grin twitched the corners of Todd's lips. "I ain't been out so very long."

Bob saw Kathleen flush, and was grateful when Lois interjected a quick remark—

"But you must come often. We've tried to make Bob understand that we'd like his friends to be ours."

"That's real kind of you, Miss. Of course, me and Kathleen ain't used to such as this. Me, I'm liable to crash into something . . . you know."

Lois laughed. It was a genuine, infectious, friendly laugh—and Kathleen liked her for it. It would have been so easy for the calm blonde girl to have taken Todd's remark seriously. It put Kathleen at ease, and dispelled the last of her fears. For one thing, Todd was not at all abashed—and that phase of the evening had perturbed her considerably. Right now he was engrossed in conversation with Peter Borden.

"I've been seein' this house ever since it was built, Mr. Borden. Never did seem like to me folks really lived in places like this. Kind of get a real kick out of visitin' one."

"You'll get used to it soon enough."

"Gosh! Never to nothin' like this. But it's a great thing for Bob, here—ain't it, Kid?"

And he placed a big paw on Terry's knee. "I'm not sure." Bob smiled shyly. "Sometimes I think I take it for granted . . . and then I find I'm wrong. I never was used to anything like it before—"

The eyes of the two girls met. For a second they stared levelly, then both smiled. Here was a common bond which they recognized and welcomed. Each was amazed that she understood the other. They were surprised by the mutuality of their attraction. They were the two mothers of the one man, and as the three men immersed themselves in small talk, the girls drew together on the lounge.

The hum of deep masculine voices came to them: Borden directing the conversation, steering it away from the shoal waters—and occasionally Todd Shannon's big laugh and Borden's small metallic one rang through the room. Bob was smiling. He was proud of Todd and of Kathleen. He saw that the girls liked one another . . . but he did not hear Kathleen's frank question:

"We really want to talk about Bob, don't we, Miss Borden?"

Nor did he hear Lois's equally honest answer.

"Of course we do."

(To be continued)



# The Crusade of Mr. H. Busher

(Continued from page 18)

perhaps, but none the worse for that. His instincts were right. Prosper realized that he was feeling how impossible it was to "knock the head off" a man whose hospitality he had enjoyed. And none knew better than Mr. Fair that the majority of men in the blacksmith's position would promptly have forgotten the hospitality, and would have turned on him like dragons unleashed.

So he explained at once.  
"Yes, my dear Busher, I am the Duke of Devides—but not the man who swindled you. He was a fraud—he had taken my name and was impersonating me. No doubt he knew I was touring and a little out of touch with things. The cheque was dishonored, probably because my signature was not imitated well enough. You will be glad to hear that the man who did it has been caught, and is awaiting my—our I should say—arrival at Derehurst, which we shall probably reach late this afternoon. Then we can settle matters with him."

Mr. Busher's face lighted up, and he stepped to Prosper, offering his hand.  
"Well, I'm glad to hear that," he said friendly, "real glad. For I'll own to it that I should have hated to have a row with you, after the way we gets on together."

Prosper shook hands cordially.  
"I am in complete agreement with you, my dear Busher," he said.

So that was all right, and chatting amiably and undoubtedly the best of friends, the Duke, the blacksmith and Co. set out on the long tramp to Derehurst.

It was dusk before they arrived, but Mr. Mullet, the director in chief of the Duke's herd of elephants, namely, Stolid Joe—was waiting for them, far down the road. Prosper and Patience were very much surprised to observe how, when still about five miles from home the mighty Joseph suddenly quickened his pace. But their astonishment only lasted for the time it took them to travel the next quarter of a mile, at the end of which distance, Mr. Mullet loomed up through the dusk, yelling uncouth greeting to his old friend the "bull."

"There you be, then, you durned old one-toothed old kinky-tailed old bull! Here's old Harry Mullet awaiting for ye, durn yer old scaly old wrinkled old hide, you old varmint. How are ye—how are ye? Durn yer old hide, old Harry Mullet's glad to see ye again. And he ain't got half a tub full o' hot bran mash—with a touch of whisky in it—waiting for ye! Come on!"

**GURGLING**, the elephant caressed the old man affectionately with his trunk, wagging his "kinky" tail in the most extraordinary fashion while Mr. Mullet, resting one hand lightly on the solitary tusk of the "bull" strode alongside like a two-year old, talking the most amazing nonsense, asking the most intimate questions, to all of which the elephant seemed in some mysterious way to reply satisfactorily.

"Who's that then, sir?" asked the blacksmith, immensely interested. "Not much manners about him! Anybody'd think't was his elephant!"

Prosper laughed quietly.  
"My dear Busher, Joseph is his elephant in every sense of the word but the strictly legal sense. He owned him for nearly forty years before he parted with him—technically—to me. Joseph and I are good friends, admirable friends, and he lets me go about with him. But I do not deceive myself—Prosper Fair is simply not on the elephant's horizon when Mr. Mullet is anywhere near. Why, good friends as we are, I have not the slightest doubt that if I as much as raised my voice—offensively—to 'old Harry' in Joseph's presence, the elephant would fling me over the nearest hedge. And rightly so, I would have you observe, Mr. Busher—rightly so. For it would, indeed, be an evil thing if the rich man who buys a poor man's animal friend in a time of stress, were able to buy the animal's love at the same time. . . . No, the elephant and I respect each other, but Mr. Mullet is the only sun in Joseph's firmament. I am merely the moon. Besides—I am not friendless—not altogether without a little friend on four legs,

(Continued on page 62)

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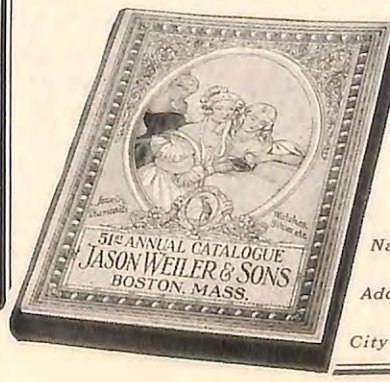
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## The Crusade of Mr. H. Busher

(Continued from page 61)

am I, Patience?" He patted the neck of the little donkey who was, as usual, walking close by his side, and she thrust her velvet muzzle into his hand with a little friendly snuffle.

"Patience is my little friend—and Plutus is ours—isn't he, Patience? And we grudge no man his elephant! . . . I could not love the 'bull' so much, loved I not Patience more, Mr. Busher!"

Then Mr. Mullet fell back, to pay his respects to Prosper—who, after all, undoubtedly was an easy second in the respective affections of the battered old man and his equally battered "bull." . . . And there we may leave Stolid Joe—with a good, honest day's work behind him, and the certainty of a hot bran mash, a rest and a lengthy gossip with his best friend in front of him. What could be more satisfactory.

Leaving Patience and Plutus also to the ministrations of Mr. Mullet and Gregory the Czar of the Derehurst stables who, too, was on the look-out to welcome the Duke, Prosper and the blacksmith made their way to the great house.

They were received at the main door by no less a personage than Mr. Binns, the butler in person.

"Ah, my dear Busher, here is Mr. Binns waiting to welcome us," said Prosper gaily. "How are you, Binns? Well, I hope, and happy. Are you happy, Binns?"

Mr. Binns smiled deferentially, but obviously pleased. For the life of him Mr. Binns could not help liking his master. He was, of course, much too familiar with the servants—really, Mr. Binns doubted whether Prosper would ever learn to "keep his place"—but, well, after all, it was pleasant to know that His Grace realized that servants were human beings and not machines.

"Thank you, Your Grace, quite well and happy," said Mr. Binns, deeply.

"Excellent. How has the gout been?"

"Thank you, Your Grace, much better. Except for an occasional sharp twinge I have been feeling nothing of it, Your Grace."

"Capital, my Binns, capital. Is any one waiting for me?"

"Captain Dale is here, Your Grace, with a young man, and two official gentlemen from London," answered Mr. Binns, diplomatically. "The 'official gentlemen' are having something to eat in my room, Your Grace!"

"Quite so, Binns. I think I will see them first, if you don't mind, Mr. Busher. Meantime, you might see that Mr. Busher is entertained, Binns."

THEY moved away and Prosper went to his study. Awaiting him there were two men—one being Captain Dale, the other a stranger—the bogus Duke. He was extraordinarily like Prosper in appearance, but younger. He was sitting before the fire, smoking a cigaret with every appearance of enjoyment. He did not look like a captured felon in immediate danger of lengthy incarceration—nor was he behaving like it. Indeed, as Mr. Prosper and Mr. Busher entered, this cool and self-possessed young man was playfully upbraiding Captain Dale for his lack of hospitality in refusing him a whisky and soda.

"How are you, Dale?" Prosper shook hands with the agent. "So you have captured our playful plagiarist?"

He turned to the "plagiarist."

"Did you have a tolerably good time as Duke of Devezes?" he inquired mildly.

The young man, who had stood up, removed his cigaret with a perfectly tremorless hand and smiled, shaking his well-kept head slowly.

"Frankly—no," he said, carefully knocking the ash from his cigaret into an ash-tray. "It was wearing, very wearing. You appear to be an extremely popular man, Duke. So many strangers hailed me with every symptom of extreme pleasure, that immensely to my regret on more than one occasion I was compelled to feign insobriety. It was very painful, and I regret it more than I can say. It looks so bad. Money was a difficulty too—a grave difficulty. You see, it is easy to take a man's good name but horribly difficult to acquire his good income

at the same time. But please do not misunderstand me. I bear no malice."

He smiled kindly at Prosper.

"To be quite honest with you, Duke," he resumed, "I should not embark upon the adventure again. I do not regret the experience—but, on the whole, I do not propose to repeat it. It was so wearing—it imposed such a strain on all my faculties."

Prosper nodded.

"I see. Yes, I imagine that must have been so. I quite see that one would find the number of people one would be supposed to know a serious difficulty," he said thoughtfully. The impostor smiled.

"But I overcame it, you know," he reminded Prosper gently. "It was the exchequer difficulty which was insuperable."

"You might have forged my name, though!" suggested Prosper.

"I did—once," said the other easily. "But it was a mistake—a moment of sheer desperation. It is the one thing I sincerely regret. It was a pity—a great pity. But while we are on the subject—his smile vanished and he looked serious—"I may say that I have done my best to put that matter right." He drew from a pocket an envelope containing two bank-notes. "The cheque was for ten pounds. Here are ten pounds which I have borrowed from a friend. I should be very grateful if you will send them to a Mrs. Busher at 8 Southby Street, Weymouth. She changed the cheque for me. I do not wish her to lose the money. . . . You see, my idea was to be a Duke for a little while—not a forger. It was a pity—a pity. I did not anticipate that the cheque would ever be presented. But it will be pleasant to think, when I am comfortably in gaol, that Mrs. Busher did not lose anything."

Prosper took the notes.

"I am very glad you have done that," he said. "Was that the only cheque?"

The impostor laughed again. He seemed to be a person of unusual mercurial temperament.

"Oh, quite, I assure you. Your bank will corroborate me."

Prosper's face cleared extraordinarily.

"You must have had a very interesting and exciting time," he said thoughtfully, and—was it possible?—with almost a touch of envy in his voice. "Who are you?"

"Oh, nobody. He was the son of poor but honest and industrious parents and raised himself to his present position entirely by his own efforts," quoted the impostor lightly. "As a matter of fact, Duke, I was, for a time, valet to Sir James Flair. After that, I became an unsuccessful actor, and, subsequently, a Duke."

"But how did you know about me—why did you select me?"

"Ah!" said the impostor, cryptically, and shook his head.

"You won't say?"

"By no means," returned the other.

There was a pause.

"What are you going to do with me, Duke?" asked the ex-Duke presently.

"Why, on the whole, I think, nothing," said Prosper. "You are an adventurer—so am I. But you have not the means to be an honest adventurer. I have. If I hadn't I should probably be an outlaw. It is a matter of luck, isn't it? But the question of the cheque does not rest with me. I must leave that to Mr. Busher."

"To whom?" The impostor was startled at last.

"To my friend, Mr. Herbert Busher. He proposes to knock your head off! He is here to do so!"

The impostor laughed.

"Herbert here?" he said. "To knock my head off! Please let him be told that I am wholly at his disposal!"

"You know him?" asked Prosper.

"He is my brother!"

"You amaze me, Mr. Busher!" said Prosper. "I should not have suspected it."

The young man nodded affably.

"Quite so," he said. "But I have spent a great deal of time and labor upon the processes of self-improvement and self-education and—"

"And Self-Help—or Help yourself?"



"Exactly, Duke."  
 Prosper touched a bell. It was answered by Rosalie—the pretty, blond parlor-maid, whom, it may be remembered, with Marian, the dainty brunette, Prosper preferred to menservants.  
 "Ah, it is Rosalie," said Prosper, smiling to her. "How is Rosalie?"  
 But Rosalie did not smile. Her charming face was pale and her blue eyes were troubled and pink-rimmed, and her pretty nose, alas, was red. Prosper was grieved.  
 "Why, Rosalie—you are not happy!" said Prosper with genuine concern in his voice. "What is the matter?"  
 But Rosalie, after one piteous glance at the impostor, suddenly covered her face with her hands and wept as though her heart would break. Prosper would have tried to comfort her but he was too late.  
 The impostor was at her side in a stride, and the next instant she was in his arms. They heard him whispering to her.

"OH, DON'T cry, my pretty one—Rosalie—my little one—there's nothing to cry for. It will be all right—yes, all right, my dear, my dear—" he whispered, desperately striving to comfort her. Prosper and Captain Dale exchanged glances. It was clear enough now where the impostor had gleaned his information as to Prosper's personal characteristics. Rosalie had told her lover—innocently, Prosper never doubted. He, too, moved across to help comfort the little parlor-maid.

"Why, Rosalie, did you think I was going to be harsh and revengeful and merciless? Of course I was not. Listen, Rosalie! I am going to try to help your sweetheart—just because he is an adventurer, like I am—just because I am afraid that, without any money, I should certainly land myself into just such a scrape as he has. Then, when everything is in order, you are going to marry him, and be quite happy," said Prosper, in a voice so gentle that it would have amazed some of the folk he had recently met.

Between them the Duke and the Deceiver made short work of Rosalie's sorrow. In a moment, she looked up, drying her eyes and trying to smile.

"There, there, that's much better," said Prosper. "And so you are in love with Mr. Busher, Rosalie?"

"Yes, Your Grace," faltered Rosalie, hesitated a moment, and then with a sudden burst of confidence probably inspired by the rush of relief and gratitude, "because he is so much like you, Your Grace!"

Prosper blushed slightly.  
 "That is the nicest thing any one has ever said to me, Rosalie," he said. "How could I possibly be unkind after that?"

Mr. Busher stepped forward impulsively.  
 "Your Grace is a brick," he said frankly. "I was not in the least sorry when I came here—but now I am ashamed."

"I have never refused to accept an apology that is sincere," said Prosper, "so, as far as reprisals are concerned, the matter is quite finished. But there is your brother waiting, Mr. Busher. You have still to settle with him. I am sure Rosalie won't mind fetching him for us."

Rosalie did not.  
 The blacksmith came in alone—blunt, heavy honest, scowling slightly.

"This is the gentleman who had the ten pounds," said Prosper. "He had brought me the money for repayment." He handed over the notes which the blunt one took and pocketed.

"Thank you, sir," he said, and turned to his brother.

"Why, it's Jim!" he exclaimed heavily.

"Correct, Herbert," said the impostor smiling.  
 "Was it you pretended to be the Duke of Devizes and got mother to change the cheque?" asked the blacksmith grimly.

"Unaided and alone I did it," said the other.  
 "Let me explain. I was pressed at Weymouth—I fancied a detective was close on me. I went to mother, told her the truth, and she gave me ten pounds—your money, I know, Herbert. Now, you are a good, hard-working chap—much better and more useful than I am—but if you have a fault, Herbert mine, you are a trifle prone to stinginess. Aren't you? You always were, if you remember. . . . One moment—let me finish, please. Then you shall knock my  
 (Continued on page 64)



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## The Crusade of Mr. H. Busher

(Continued from page 63)

head off. Mother knew there would be trouble—gnashings of teeth—when you discovered the ten pounds gone, and I suggested that she should hold the cheque to show you and satisfy you until I returned the money. It was not intended to be paid into the bank at all. It was merely to keep you quiet until I repaid the money. I was a little late in doing so—my selection was an 'also-ran' . . . Now, Herbert, I defy you to deny that it was *you* who had the cheque paid in, not mother, who, I know, would have stood by me. You—being, as I say, a little—er—near, could not endure the idea of a mere piece of paper in your box instead of ten pretty notes, and, so, possibly unknown to mother, you tried to change the cheque with the result that you were referred to the Drawer by the bank—and rightly so!"

THE dull flush which spread over the blacksmith's face proved the truth of what the gay, impudent rascal had said. Prosper turned his head to hide a smile.

"Let it be a warning to you, brother," continued Jim, "to check the habit of avarice. You work hard for your money, I know—none better. And I understand how hard it must be to part with it—and so I bear you no malice . . . but don't let it happen again!"

The blacksmith opened his mouth, shut it, opened it again, and, finally, looked mutely to Prosper for help.

Prosper understood.

"I am afraid that we are all in the wrong except your brother, my friend. At any rate, he will speedily convince us that we are, if we allow him to continue explaining. Are you satisfied?"

"No, sir," said the blacksmith bluntly. "He ought to have a good leathering—"

"Ah, yes, the leathering—" jerked the irrepressible James. "I had forgotten that. If His Grace will permit it, I suggest that we adjourn to the gymnasium, where you can administer it, and bring the affair to a righteous conclusion."

Prosper, curious to see the end and scenting a surprise, graciously permitted it, and they adjourned forthwith. . . .

It was all wrong—unjust—unreasonable. The blacksmith was bigger and heavier and stronger and entirely in the right. "Jim," on the other hand, was entirely in the wrong, and deserved the "leathering" if any man ever did. But—

like Prosper—the impostor was something of a past-master in the art of taking care of himself.

The blacksmith, poor fellow, lasted exactly one round and a half. He could, as he had said, hit like a horse kicking, but James could dodge like a gnat. And since even a blacksmith possesses a *solar plexus*, which, lacking a long course of special training, is almost as vulnerable as any other man's, it was only necessary for the ingenious James to visit that fatal spot twice, with two tolerably severe half-arm shots, to put the honest Herbert *hors de combat* . . . much to his amazement.

Then they shook hands and, to be brief, subsequently departed for Weymouth, quite amicably. Rosalie was given leave of absence to accompany them, and so, assured that, providing he kept straight, the Duke's interest would be duly exerted on his behalf, the extremely fortunate Mr. James Busher, his little bride-to-be, and his somewhat heavy brother, Herbert, pass out of the story—*en route* to the mother who loved them both, but, mother-like, possessed perhaps a special soft spot in her heart for the black sheep. . . .

Prosper turned to Dale, as the Bushers left the study.

"All well?"

"Quite," said the Captain.

Prosper nodded, raptly.

It seemed to him then, for a little moment of illusion, that surely all the world must be happy. It was a mood that did not come so often to him as he liked to pretend it did.

"You know, Dale, I am an extremely fortunate man. Do you think I deserve to be?"

Captain Dale, being military in his habits, was a terse man.

"I am damned well sure that you do!" said he emphatically.

Somebody launched a furious attack upon the door and Dale opened it, to admit Plutus, newly washed and fed, and Patience, clean and gentle and sedate as ever.

"Enter, my littles, and take your ease," said Prosper gaily. "For a while now, my wandering days are done and (for a time at any rate) we must be domestic."

They were, as usual, in complete accord with their comrade, and having said so, with ears and tails, they straightway selected each a comfortable spot on the hearthrug and proceeded to be domestic. . . .

## Ashes of '49

(Continued from page 31)

even-handed justice. It ran from twenty to sixty pounds of gold dust every day.

"The 'Tincup Diggings'" weren't a bad investment. The three men who owned them always made it a point to fill a tin cup with gold before quitting each night.

"They didn't wear themselves out at labor, either!" avers old Horace.

In the fall of 1850 the largest piece of gold known to be found on the river was excavated at Gold Bluff, two miles above the town, on the Sailor claim. It was pure gold, almost round, and weighed twenty-five pounds.

Then there was—but why proceed? Finds and mines there were, beyond the dreams of avarice, in numbers that would make your head swim.

In 1851 the Downieville precinct polled 1,132 votes. Eight hundred miners were working on one three-acre tract called "Durgan Flat." Durgan, who was an opportunist, promptly erected a little footbridge across the stream to Downieville, and the inhabitants of that section paid him four dollars each a month for the privilege of walking across it. Of course poor Durgan also had a mine to help him keep the wolf from the door. . . .

Now for the Downieville I saw—a crumbling village of less than two hundred souls, a village of graybeards drowsing in front of the wooden shacks that line its solitary business thoroughfare.

The town has done little building since the palmy days. Houses stand deserted, rotting,

A handful of merchants ply their trades behind the splintered storefronts of the fifties.

Eyes of the Downieville graybeards are forever staring into a glamorous past. They can not comprehend the drab present. Their tongues drip with that glittering past. They can not realize it has slipped them by. They have lived it, absorbed it, until their initiative is gone, their energies are sapped.

There are few young faces in Downieville, or in the whole of El Dorado, for that matter, where, in 1851, the man of thirty was Methuselah.

Youth has deserted Downieville, but many of the forty-niners are still there. The majority repose under tomb-stones, crazily awry in the ill-kept cemetery. The others, almost to a man, are inmates of the county farm, harkening for consolation to that age-worn, futile cry: "They were good fellows while they had it!"

Each of the full score county pensioners assured me that he had "struck it rich" at least once during his lifetime. Some "cleaned up" nature's bounty twice and thrice.

"What the divvle!" murmured old Horace, stroking his scraggly beard. "It looked like there was plenty more where that first pile of our'n come from. I never figured to see th' sun set on minin' hereabouts."

The sun, alas, has more than set on mining thereabouts! Downieville is plunged in well-nigh total darkness. Desultory efforts to locate new veins continue—it is probable they always will—but mining throughout all California is at a practical standstill. The gold production of

(Continued on page 65)



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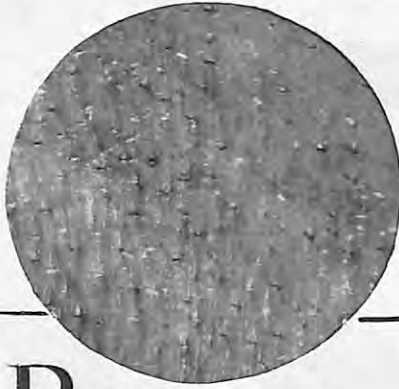
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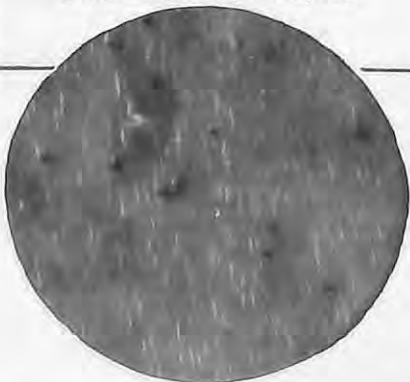
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## Ashes of '49

(Continued from page 64)

the state in 1852, at the height of the rush, was \$81,294,700. In 1922 it was \$14,900,000, in 1923, \$13,379,013, and in 1924 approximately \$12,975,000.

Grim, ragged, and impoverished the miners still clinging to the California hills may be, but their spirit is undaunted. Most of them arrived too late to profit from the boom strikes; but they arrived in plenty of time to become inoculated with the fascinating romance of the game, and their disease is chronic. They roam the hills like haggard ghosts. Most of them own once valuable properties that "lost the vein." Each knows the vein is there—some place—and he intends to find it. He plays a system as faithfully as another type of zealot plays a system at roulette, and just about as successfully. It is always the system that fails. Never the man or his convictions. And the man can always build another system.

**T**HERE is John C— for instance, sole proprietor of the White Bear mine. Thirty years ago John was the village Rockefeller and plutocrat. He owned the grocery-store, the hotel, a good farm, and a number of mining properties. He might have raked in a comfortable fortune by applying himself to any one of his mines. But though lucrative they were too small. John dreamed in terms of bonanzas and millions. Accordingly, when an opportunity came along to take over the White Bear mine, John snatched it eagerly.

The White Bear vein has been "lost." That's why the original locators were willing to sell their mine. But what did that little drawback mean to John? Not a thing in the world! The White Bear had been a bonanza. It would be a bonanza again—as soon as he picked up the vein.

John set a large crew at work. At the end of two years he was forced to convert his smaller properties into cash in order to carry on. He had not picked up the vein—but surely would next spring. The signs were eminently auspicious.

Two years later the lost vein was still lurking just beyond his finger-tips. John sold his hotel, and dug bravely after it. Friends tried to dissuade him, but inasmuch as most of them were searching for lost veins of their own, solicitous counsel from that quarter naturally was discounted.

When I met John he had just sold off the grocery, yet his blue eyes twinkled with hope and fervor unabated. He warmly invited me to inspect the mine that next spring would "set 'em all a-talkin'!"

Since then, I hear, John has sacrificed his farm, the last of the family property. What he will do next I don't know. Probably he'll form a company, raise a little capital on the "outside," and keep on plugging. Repeat, *ad libitum*, and you have poor John in his grave or at the county farm. In either event, however, one thing is certain. Though adversity may break John it will never dismay him or destroy his thirty year conviction.

Old Man Frost, the lovable hermit of Lone Mountain, is another sacrifice to his convictions. He climbed Lone Mountain for the first time in the full bloom of life determined to ravish Mother Earth of his full share of tawny metal, located a promising vein, and set to work.

Within two years after he had timbered the first shaft the vein pocketed. Old man Frost took out \$20,000 in a few weeks. That \$20,000 ruined him!

It is many years since the old-timer lost his vein, but he still lives up there on Lone Mountain three miles as the eagle flies from town and neighbor. He intends to rediscover that opulent vein no later than next spring!

Slowly but surely his \$20,000 nest-egg has disappeared. His wants are simple and few, but they do require money. Moreover, in the first flush of wealth and hope he hired a crew of several men.

It is long since old man Frost has been able to afford a crew. He does all the work by himself. When he needs supplies he stalks with a tireless swing down the steep trail to Downieville and gets them. In the winter, when snow drifts make the trail well-nigh impassable, days pass

without the appearance of old man Frost. Downieville worries—a little. Some time, it is feared, he may not reappear at all. What then?

Well, then a relief party eventually will climb Lone Mountain. But it will be too late.

Old man Frost is not as young as he once used to be. He used to be a sturdy walker. "Now," he told me tremulously, "I c'n scarcely do thutty-five mile without feelin' stiff next mornin'." Young or old, though, old man Frost is going to cling to his aerie high up on Lone Mountain till he starves, dies, or picks up that vein. The hunt, so far, has covered two decades. Old man Frost is in the eighties. What matter? Isn't he going to find the vein—"sure pop"—no later than next spring?

So it goes. El Dorado may be a burnt out shell, peopled by ghosts and the pale filament of broken dreams, but you will never convince its bearded patriots that it isn't still the bonanza of the world. Local pride, the buckler of America, is at its brightest there. Each year since the war the wise men of the hills have bravely predicted a wholesale revival of mining. Each year California's gold production has dropped. No matter. Their faith remains unshaken. It is an undeniable fact that the placer resources of the state still approximate six hundred millions, while the quartz hides untold billions in gold. Why doesn't some one come and get it, ask the wise men, and in the getting revitalize the crumbling mining camps?

Once a sourdough always a sourdough. The forty-niners may not have "scratched" Sierra and the other counties, but they certainly picked the surface clean! They may have left the vast bulk of California's gold behind them—but it reposes under substantial layers of hillside.

The day of the sourdough is over.

**G**OLD mining to-day is a matter of capital and quantity production. Most of the commercially recoverable fortune is in low-grade quartz. The small operator, relying on personal initiative and labor, can not make good. It is the day of the corporation and the million dollar plant.

"The country contains a great number of small, partially developed, and undeveloped properties, and idle mines with good past records," says C. A. Logan, state mining bureau engineer for the Redding district. "There is no doubt that among the undeveloped properties there are many of great merit and capable of becoming good mines."

Here's the rub. Practically all the properties to which Mr. Logan refers are under control of men like John C—, or old man Frost. Spring and summer spent in the elusive, often heart-breaking search for gold, these grizzled veterans spend the fall of life either searching for a lost vein or clinging—with dogged persistence—to their idle claims. Themselves unable to develop the cumbersome properties which represent so many years of struggle, they view alien advances with frowning suspicion. The truth is that the horny-handed, stout-hearted pioneers are their own worst enemies.

Ten years ago, and not infrequently since, it was a habit of strangers in glaring corduroys to invade the hills, speak glibly in terms of thousands, put up little or nothing, work the mines on a large scale for a month or so—and disappear with whatever they had been able to garner. Unpaid laborers stared helplessly after them; outfitters whistled for their heavy bills.

Such hoaxes brought a natural result. Disillusioned mine owners toppled to the extreme of insatiable caution. They are to-day at an absolute impasse. It has come to a point where they run in aimless circles, first angling frenziedly for offers, then just as incontinently retreating. They have pursued the Fabian policy until it has become a life habit.

An attorney told me of one client who had offered \$100,000 for the lease of a certain mine. The offer was joyously accepted. Subsequently, however, the mine owner discovered his operator had unlimited backing. He promptly broke the contract and demanded an additional \$200,000.

The case will be decided, presently, by the courts. But no matter which way it goes, mining will be the sufferer.

According to Mr. Hoover the United States already possesses too much gold, about half of all there is. Be that as it may from a humanitarian standpoint, if we did not possess those tawny billions our bewhiskered Uncle would find it hard to keep his saddle as a financial bronco-buster "forking" the globe. The extra billions buried in California soil would provide bread and butter for many thousands in the digging. And assuredly, some day they will be needed.

Why doesn't some one go after that gold right now?

I put the question, recently, to a grizzled mountain editor.

"Huh! Folks want to come!" he snorted. "But no one can. The trouble lies with these blankety-blank native mossbacks. They're cutting their own throats—and knifing the rest of us to boot!"

Enterprising editors all over the gold country have been urging the mine owners for years to meet capital half way, pointing out that idle mines, rich as they may be, are no good to anyone. It is not reasonable, they aver, to expect an operator to risk a large sum in venturesome development and then hand over the lion's share of the profits—or shoulder the entire loss if the project fails.

Old man Frost, John C—, and their brethren have harkened to a many of such pleas. Their reaction in each instance is the same. They nod, turn silently away, spit on their hands, and keep on digging for that "lost vein."

The shades of mining obscurity, meanwhile, drop more and more impenetrably about the land of '49. But it is not yet the land that God forgot. Humorously enough, while its mining resources are temporarily at a discount its scenic beauties and energizing climate are rapidly becoming a by-word in the west. Tourists pitch tents and ply their rods in ever growing numbers on the turbulent mountain streams. Some of the stalwart natives who once gave their attention to extracting gold from the soil now devote themselves to the less dignified task of extracting gold from the pockets of the "summer swallows."

One wonders gloomily if this historic land has been condemned by destiny to become another of those "Switzerlands of America."

### Ports of Romance

(Continued from page 25)

Morgan left it. Long years after the sack of Panama it was repaired and used, and during the California gold rush in 1849, it was garrisoned and used as a combined fort and customs house. Most of the cannon and round shot which the visitor sees in the fort to-day date from that period, but several ancient Spanish guns are still there, and the main walls, the dungeons, the cisterns, the sentry-boxes, and even the remains of the moat are just as they were when the buccaners fought tooth and nail with the Spanish troops in the long ago.

Even more interesting, and always a Mecca for visitors to Panama, are the ruins of Old Panama, left, as enduring reminders, of Morgan's most famous feat. Many of the ruined buildings that survived the fire were torn down by the Spaniards and were carried piecemeal to the site of the new city where the material was used in building churches, convents and other structures. In many of the old churches in Panama City, one may see bits of carved stone, sculptured lintels and cornices, and innumerable other fragments that were portions of the buildings in the looted, deserted city. But much still remains at the original site and will remain for centuries, despite lack of care, vandalism, and the destructive roots of wild fig-trees that have sprung from every crack and crevice among the massive blocks of stone.

The bridge, over which Morgan led his men, still spans the dwindling stream at the entrance to the ruined city. The walls of the great slave market—within which hundreds of helpless slaves were slowly roasted to death as Morgan looked on and applauded, may still be traced; and, scattered through the brush, are the ruins of scores of other buildings. Above all rises the tower of the old cathedral of St. Anastasio, trees filling its roofless aisles, bushes

(Continued on page 68)

## Don't you think?

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## Ports of Romance

(Continued from page 67)

and vines springing from crevices and chinks in its square tower, but still a most imposing ruin. Near it, too, at the edge of the sea, are vestiges of the old fort and sections of the sea-wall, while, half hidden in the jungle, are the massive walls of several churches, the treasure-vaults and strong-rooms—now filled with stagnant water, and the so-called dungeons.

But the most interesting relic of Morgan's raid, and the one about which the most romantic story clings, is the golden altar in the modest little San José Church at Avenue A and Eighth Street in Panama City. Of all the churches in Old Panama the richest was San José, for, in addition to vestments heavy with bullion and gems, priceless chalices and vessels of solid gold and other ecclesiastical treasures, San José Church possessed an altar covered with plates of beaten gold and reputed to be worth a king's ransom. But when Morgan arrived and looted the town no trace of the golden altar of San José could be found. At word of his capture of San Lorenzo priests and people had madly gathered together what riches they could, and boarding waiting vessels in the harbor, had hastily put to sea, seeking safety in distant spots or on the wide ocean. And among the other treasures thus saved from Morgan's avarice was the golden altar. Several versions of the romantic tale of the altar are told and perhaps the exact truth will never be known. But the most probable and most generally accepted story is the most romantic of all.

WHEN, after Morgan's raid, the new city of Panama came into being, the priests of San José erected a modest little church on Avenue A, and, within the church, in place of the wondrous altar of gleaming gold, the padres placed an insignificant white altar. Through wars and insurrections, through fire and raids, the modest church and its cheap-looking altar passed in safety. Fear of pirates did not trouble the Fathers of San José. Within their church there was nothing to tempt robbers, and gradually as years passed into centuries the story of the famed gold altar was forgotten. But there came a day when there was no longer danger of buccaneers, when the despotic rule of Spain was at an end, when insurrections were forever over, and under the protection of the United States the new republic was certain of lasting peace.

Closing the doors of their little church, the priests worked diligently and in secret, the little white altar was scraped and cleaned, and lo, with the covering of paint removed, the long-lost golden altar gleamed with all its old-time glory! There in the tucked-away little church it stands to-day unchanged through all the centuries, marvelous in its delicate chased work and its beauty, the only treasure that survived the buccaneer's raid and still exists; the only remnant of the wealth of gold and precious things which made Old Panama famed as the richest city of the New World.

But it must be confessed that the priests, with mistaken zeal, have added much of gold leaf and gilding to the altar, and instead of enhancing its beauty thereby they have detracted from the rich dignity of its original form. And, to make matters worse, they have lavished gilding upon the pulpit, the shrines, the confessionals and every other object within the church, with the result that it is garishly golden and leads the visitor to think that even the ancient altar is an imitation. Such, however, is not the case. The altar is the same one which adorned the San José Church in Old Panama at the time of Morgan's raid, and which escaped the fate of the incredible store of ecclesiastical treasures which fell into the arch-pirate's hands.

Speaking of pirates, we must not forget another famed buccaneer, or rather a round dozen of them, who visited the new City of Panama soon after it was built, performed the most amazing deeds in the annals of piracy, and whose story outromances the most romantic fiction.

The leader of this raid was Capt. Bartholomew Sharp, but along with him came some of the most famous buccaneers of history, as well as the most fascinatingly paradoxical and Quixotic characters of those turbulent days.

Prominent among these were Wafer, the surgeon; Dampier, the buccaneer naturalist, and Basil Ringrose, the most skilled navigator of all the buccaneers. Scorning the easier route by which Morgan had crossed the Isthmus, Sharp and his company plunged into the trackless jungles of Darien and, guided by friendly Indians, hacked, swam, waded and tramped across to the Pacific. Without vessels, without supplies, carrying only their muskets and cutlasses, these men calmly planned to attack the fortified city of Panama and capture the plate fleet lying off the town. Seizing a few open boats they sailed on their seemingly impossible adventure, and, coming within sight of Panama harbor, they discovered that the fleet of Spanish men-of-war was riding at anchor. But such matters as heavily armed and manned warships failed to daunt men who had faced the incredible hardships and perils of the Darien jungles. They had all to gain and nothing to lose, and despite the fact that their boats had become separated and only three piraguas and sixty-five men comprised their force, the buccaneers bore down on the Spanish fleet. Never was there a bloodier, more desperate, more unequal sea battle. But, incredible as it seems, when the smoke of conflict had cleared away the crimson and yellow flag of Spain no longer flaunted its folds from the anchored ships and the entire fleet was in the hands of the buccaneers. And then began the strangest, most romantic piratical cruise that was ever made. Realizing that, even with the Dons' ships and guns, they could not take the city, the buccaneers dickered with the inhabitants, and selecting Taboga Island as neutral ground, they opened a market there and, at a goodly profit, resold to the Spaniards the goods they had seized and stolen from the Spanish vessels. For many days they lay at anchor off the town, awaiting the expected galleons from Peru, and in the meantime exchanging compliments, courtesies and presents with the people of the besieged town. Being a most meticulously careful fellow, the pilot, Ringrose, wrote a very detailed description of the City of Panama as it appeared at that time, and the visitor to Panama to-day may still look upon many of the same scenes and the same buildings which aroused Ringrose's admiration. The eight churches he describes—Santa Anna, Las Mercedes, San Felipe, San José, Santo Domingo, San Francisco, Santa Maria and San Augustin still stand, with the exception of Santa Maria, which has been superseded by the cathedral with its pearl shell-studded twin towers. At the lower end of the town is the same old fortress of Chiriqui which Sharp and his men saw, with the famed Bovedas and wall "ringyng the citye about," though to-day only a fragment of the ancient wall remains within the busy up-to-date city which, long years ago, outgrew its bounds. Almost hidden among tenements this bit of the old wall, with the ruins of an ancient fort towering above it, stands just to the north of Avenue A, a few blocks west of San José Church.

At last, however, even the attractions of the view of the city palled upon Sharp and his men, and, refitting the half-burned and much-battered Spanish flagship, the "Most Blessed Trinity," the buccaneers left Panama astern and started on a raiding cruise up and down the South American coast. For nearly two years they robbed, pillaged and destroyed, until at last, having plucked the last centavo from every Spanish ship and Spanish town which they could find, they conceived the wildest scheme which had as yet entered their reckless, dare-devil heads. This was to sail eastward around Cape Horn to their lairs in the West Indies, a feat never before accomplished, and which they undertook in a leaky, battered, unseaworthy craft, in the midst of Antarctic winter, and with nothing better than dead reckoning to guide them. And yet they came through. Suffering indescribable hardships from cold and snow, pumping constantly, patching sails and rigging; almost starving, they rounded the Horn and, without sighting land from the time they left the Chilean coast, they reached Barbados and were only eight miles off their course when they sighted the island.

There is romance, also, in the history of the

Indians of Panama. Here, ages before Columbus set forth on his first voyage to the New World—ages, in fact, before his ancestors were more than skin-clad savages, prehistoric Americans had reached a high state of culture, had developed arts and had established a semi-civilization. Who they were or what became of them, no one can state, for centuries before Caesar conquered Britain they had passed away and had been forgotten, leaving no history except that which may be traced by their sculptured monuments, their stone gods, their marvelously beautiful pottery and intricately fashioned gold work. Romantic, too, is the story of the unconquered tribes of Panama. For years these naked savages, armed with primitive weapons, pitted their strength against the mail-clad men, the crossbows and arquebuses of Spain; for decades they fought to preserve their homes and their independence and, in the end, they won. Never have they been truly conquered or subdued. Though to-day they are peaceful, quiet and law-abiding, yet never have they lost their tribal independence and their ancestral lands. They live much as did their ancestors, having their own chiefs, their own laws, their own customs, and while the visitor to Panama has little chance of visiting the unconquered mountain Guaymis, it is an easy matter to visit the San Blas islands and their Indian villages.

Neither must we forget the romantic events which transpired centuries after Sharp and his fellow buccaneers had completed their "Dangerous Voyage." Through Panama—paddling up the Chagres, tramping through jungles, dying of fever, enduring almost as many hardships as did Morgan and his men, came the gold seekers on their mad rush to California in 1849.

From Panama, too, sailed the first steamships to ply the waters of the Pacific, and, as a direct result of the gold rush, the Panama Railway was built, an undertaking stupendous in those days, and which cost, almost literally, a human life for every tie, and which was the first railway to cross the continent. To-day, one travels over the same railway between Colon and Panama, and it requires but little imagination to believe that the coaches still in use are the very ones which accommodated the travelers of the fifties.

But the crowning romance of Panama, the most romantic feat in the history of the Caribbean lands, was the building of the Canal. For three centuries man had dreamed of connecting the two oceans by a waterway. The Spaniards actually had the route surveyed and reports made back in the Sixteenth Century, but abandoned the idea, partly through fear of offending God, and partly through fear of providing an easier way for enemies to attack and sack Spanish possessions bordering the Pacific.

Not until the French attempted it, were any real efforts made to transform the centuries-old dream to a reality. But the spectacular undertaking of De Lesseps ended in dismal failure and it was left to the Americans to accomplish the seemingly impossible task of severing a continent and linking two oceans. Thus, where the romantic Spaniards feared, and the equally romantic French failed, the most unromantic race in the world performed the most romantic feat in all the history of the New World.

### The Sanctity of the Seal

(Continued from page 9)

home of a brother-in-law of Glasscock in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and to the utter amazement of this man proceeded to rip away the woodwork of the wide door frame in his dining-room. From the crevice thus exposed they took out \$30,000. Glasscock, during this kinsman's absence from home, had gone there and hidden the money.

Hundreds of thousands more were recovered from a safety deposit vault in Kansas City to which the robber, Holliday, had the key. He had entrusted more of the bonds that constituted his share to a couple of lawyers, and it was a lawyer who has in his day been a high officer of the United States Government who learned mysteriously that a portion of these bonds were to be left for the inspector by some mysterious agent in an Arkansas rural free-delivery mail box. Holliday had intended these, he told the inspectors, for his women folks.

(Continued on page 70)



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Naturally, too, he was quick to discover that his remarks after an average Roman banquet, heaped high with the choicest viands of an entire world, were sometimes laborious or a trifle stilted.

But when oysters—as happily happened often—were the feature of the feast—his tongue was free and easy; his language sparkled like crystal; his voice was rich like music and his hearers were wrapped as in magic.

Just why oysters were so good and so good for him, perhaps Cicero couldn't tell. It remained for the scientific skill of a later day to disclose and catalog their digestible qualities, their nutritive values, their vitamin Cs, and their heavy content of iodine.

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## The Sanctity of the Seal

(Continued from page 69)

The missing half-million was that share which had been given to Jimmy Murray, and Murray has refused to give any information about them. Because the United States is such a large place the inspectors have no hope that they will be able to scent out the spot where they are hidden unless some one in Murray's confidence should seek to market them. Murray may not reasonably expect to get out of prison until he has served his full sentence of twenty-five years, but in the meantime, no doubt, he is cudgeling his wits for a safe plan to direct some one he can trust to that place which must loom so large in his thoughts. There is some amazingly shrewd legal talent to be hired by a jailbird who has about him the odor of half a million dollars.

In recovering the loot of one post-office robbery the inspectors went to a wooded place on the bank of a creek about eighteen miles from Kansas City and dug deeply before they found the package of bonds for which they were looking. Hanging on the wall in the New York office of a former post-office inspector, who now is retained by the insurance companies that bear the brunt of the losses that occur when bond and currency shipments are abstracted from the mail, there is an odd souvenir of one of these treasure-hunting expeditions.

IT IS a shovel, but it is no longer a commonplace tool. Its steel blade has been silver-plated and the handle has been stained to imitate the appearance of mahogany. This shovel was used by the investigator to dig up \$500,000 from its place of concealment in the earth long after it had been hidden by a band of mail robbers.

The keys of a captured mail robber are always a source of interest to his captors, if they are post-office inspectors.

Tim Murphy, another Chicago ward politician whose arrogance betrayed him into leading an attack on the United States mails a few years ago, had a key in his pockets at the time of his arrest that he had been keeping separated from his other keys which were on a ring.

A post-office inspector who went to Murphy's house with that key found that it unlocked a small trunk that was literally full of money.

In one of the many recent hold-ups of a mail train—one which occurred in Wyoming near the town of Wamsutter—all but \$500 of the \$280,000 that had been stolen was recovered, but the recovery might not have been made so easily had the robbers not quarreled among themselves and been content to leave the money hidden in the hole in the ground where they had first buried it. It was really a collusive robbery in which a railway mail clerk played the rôle of victim. The precious sack which he indicated to his confederates was thrown from the speeding train by them. Other members of the band were on hand to pick it up, and the hole in which they then and there buried it was within a duffer's brassie shot of the place where it landed when it dropped from the mail car.

That filter which has been designed by post-office inspectors for the recovery of bonds and other securities stolen from the mails is one of their most effective traps for the robbers who steal them. How it works is well illustrated in the handling of that crime which the post-office department refers to as the Leonard Street robbery, but which by the average man is remembered as the chief exploit of the late Gerald Chapman. Mr. Chapman, it will be recalled, having shot a policeman, was treated rather callously by the State of Connecticut. They hung him.

It was on a night in October, 1921, that Gerald Chapman and George Anderson, since killed by a detective in Michigan, held up a United States mail truck in Leonard Street, off Broadway, in lower Manhattan, and made off with five pouches containing registered mail. There have been other robberies as bold; the feature about this attack which brought fear into the minds of bankers, brokers and financiers generally, was the value of the robbers' prize. In the pouches they took were currency, coupon bonds and stock certificates worth at their market value at least \$1,250,000. Until the Rondout robbery this was a record criminal achievement.

In the Leonard Street case months elapsed

before the inspectors had even a sound suspicion as to the identity of the criminals who had engineered the plot and carried it out with the aid of a few subordinates; but they were working constantly at a tedious task which was vital in the final capture and conviction of the two principal thieves.

Every day for weeks a couple of inspectors kept at their desks in the general post-office in New York preparing inquiries to be sent to every individual who had sent so much as a single piece of the missing registered mail. There were literally hundreds of those inquiries, and it was six months after the robbery before an absolutely complete inventory of the stolen certificates and bonds had been prepared. Before that, of course, a partial list had been prepared and circulated, but it is the complete list which gives a picture of the immense amount of paper work entailed by that truck robbery.

As finally tabulated there were more than one hundred and twenty kinds of bonds and eighty kinds of stock certificates listed. Each of these had an identity in the financial world established by a number on its engraved surface. Most of these were thousand-dollar bonds. Altogether the list of securities resembled a page from the bond table of a daily newspaper's market page.

Many thousands of those lists were printed and circulated to all the banks and brokerage houses in the United States. Foreign banks were supplied with copies, and at about the same time these circulars were distributed an additional warning circular was sent broadcast advising the men and women of the financial world that some of the stolen bonds were being passed. They were cautioned to be on the lookout for alterations in the serial numbers printed on the valuable papers. The thieves had been changing the numbers with a pen, transforming the figure 1 to 4; the figure 3 to 8; the figures 9, 8 and 6 to 0. Those changes were being made with a pen and could be detected easily with a magnifying glass.

One day a bank in New York City reported to the inspectors that a \$1,000 Bethlehem Steel bond had turned up which seemed to merit their scrutiny. A young woman employee through whose hands the bond was passing in a routine transaction had noted that its serial number was the same as that which had been on another Bethlehem bond of a similar denomination that she had handled the day before. When that other bond was brought out of the vault and a comparison made it was discovered through a magnifying glass that an 8 had been changed to a 3.

It did not take the bank officials more than an hour or so to discover that the stolen bond, for it was one of those that had been a part of the registered mail taken in the Leonard Street hold-up, had been sent to it by a bank in a Middle Western city. It had been shipped East because the bond was about to mature.

In the Western city post-office inspectors were informed that the altered bond had been one of a lot worth \$15,000 that had been posted with it by a real-estate man in that city. Now the fences who receive stolen bonds from criminals generally wear the protective coloring of business men, just as purchasers of stolen furs or silks or jewels are camouflaged as legitimate dealers.

The post-office inspectors went to see this man. One of the inspectors was a specialist of the force whose mind was indexed with the identities of a swarm of criminals, any one of whom might have been involved in the Leonard Street robbery, so he questioned the protesting real-estate dealer about the appearance of the man from whom he said he had received the bonds.

The real-estate man said that he had been approached by this person some months before. The man had wanted to purchase some lots and had put up the bonds in lieu of a cash payment. The real-estate dealer did not seem to be rich in descriptive powers, but he was frightened enough to make every sort of gesture to persuade his visitors he was trying to help them. The elder of the inspectors asked if the man who had left the bonds with him had ever been accompanied by any one.

The real-estate dealer recalled that once this man had brought another person to his office





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and described this visitor as a Scandinavian type. He described other characteristics too, so that when the inspectors had left his presence, the elderly one exclaimed to his companion:

"That second fellow was Dutch Anderson," and the subsequent developments in the case bore out his statement.

Incidentally, long months afterwards when other leads picked up from the filtering system had led to the arrest of Gerald Chapman and this George Anderson, whose prison acquaintances called him Dutch, the post-office inspectors got an unexpected thrill.

Chapman was questioned about that Middle Western real-estate man. The robber denied that he had ever received any money from this business man for the bonds he had deposited with him.

"I called him on the telephone one day soon after my arrival in his town," Chapman said. "I had gone there to get some money from him. He asked me to call him later at his home and hung up the receiver. When I telephoned him later he said to me: 'You get right out of town. When you called me to-day there were two post-office inspectors in my office asking about you.'"

It was not enough to convict the man in question, but in his home town nowadays his bond transactions are scrutinized almost too closely for him to make a profit, no matter what price he pays for them. At that, he was more fortunate than many of the business men who attempted to market some of the securities sold by Chapman and Anderson.

Some of the stolen bonds were traced from the city where they were first identified back to Minneapolis, and several men there went to prison for terms as long as seven years; some turned up in Chicago, and there were other recoveries all due to that earlier inventory of the stolen paper. A bond dealer named Louis Wolf was sent to Atlanta after he had been arrested with \$70,000 of the stolen bonds in a traveling bag.

The largest single recovery of the money and securities stolen by Chapman and his aids was made on one of those treasure-finding expeditions in which post-office inspectors participate almost as often as the thing is done in fiction.

Chapman and Anderson had been arrested in New York, and at the same time the inspectors had caught the criminal who had acted as their chauffeur when they robbed that truck in Leonard Street. He was a man whose most outstanding characteristic, according to inspectors, was his cowardliness. For convenience he may be called Barrett.

"You've got me for possession of stolen property," said this sly crook when attempts were made to question him in a room on the third floor of the general post-office building in New York, "but that's all. I'll keep my mouth shut."

IN ROOMS on that same floor other inspectors were seeking to get information from Chapman and Anderson. None of the prisoners was within sight or hearing of his comrades.

Barrett let it be known that having been in jail, he knew what to expect there, but as if to confute those who profess to believe that the death penalty is not a deterrent, he also showed plainly that he feared above all things incurring the deadly displeasure of Gerald Chapman.

Into one of the rooms off the long, wide, corridor while the questioning was in progress, came a group of men conveying satchels and suitcases filled with bonds and currency that had been found after a search of the rooms that Chapman and Anderson had been occupying in the dignified and respectable quiet of Gramercy Park. It was then that Chapman requested one of his guards to hand him a glass of water.

As the guard turned to the water-cooler Chapman vaulted to a table and sprang on to the shoulder-high window ledge. That ledge is wide enough for any man not afflicted with vertigo to walk along its surface. Chapman ran, and so swiftly had it all happened that his astounded, horrified guard still had that glass of water in his hand when he reached the window through which Chapman had disappeared.

Within a few minutes the corridors of the post-office were alive with armed men, for the offices of the railway mail service are on the same floor and there are plenty of rifles there, but

(Continued on page 72)



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# The Sanctity of the Seal

(Continued from page 71)

Chapman had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him.

At the height of this excitement some one of the men opened the door of the room and shouted to the inspector questioning Barrett, "Chapman has gotten away," and Barrett grew pale. It was no use then to tell him that if he would confess everything and become a government witness he might escape with a lighter sentence than the twenty-five years he had every reason to expect. Barrett's lips were set. The inspector who had been talking with him gave up his efforts for the time and sat quietly waiting for Chapman to be recaptured. It was known he must be hiding somewhere in the building, and it was being searched methodically.

No post-office inspector drew a long breath during the progress of that hunt, but neither did Barrett.

Then there sounded a succession of loud reports, perhaps five or six.

"Ah, hah," exclaimed Barrett's guard, "there goes your friend, Chappie. They must be pouring a lot of lead into him out there. He didn't have any gun, so you know he isn't doing any of that shooting. That's the finish of Gerald Chapman."

That was when Barrett drew a long breath of relief.

"All right," he said, "I'll tell everything I know. I'll come clean."

"Atta boy," gloated the inspector and sent for a stenographer, and Barrett's confession had been taken down and signed before he learned that the reports he had heard had been caused by the back-firing of a mail truck like that which he had helped to rob months before. Chapman had been captured without the firing of a shot when he was discovered lying on top of a cabinet in one of the corridors.

That same night Barrett guided an automobile load of inspectors to a point more than fifty miles out on Long Island, not far from Lake Ronkonkoma. The car, following the prisoner's directions, turned off the main highway and for something like three miles bumped and swayed along a rutted dirt road, with the branches of trees sweeping the sides and slapping at the faces of the occupants. Finally the party of treasure hunters came to a deserted farm, dismounted and picked their way with flashlights into a tumble-down barn. Barrett walked to a corner of the half-rotted flooring, shoved a litter of dirt and hay aside with his foot and then began to scratch as busily as a dog exhuming a bone. Presently the inspectors saw that he had uncovered an ordinary bread-box, and when this was lifted from the cavity in which it had been buried, and opened, there was disclosed a fortune in green and yellow paper. When that paper had been counted, it was found to represent \$468,000 worth of the Leonard Street plunder.

Sneak thieves have made some notable hauls from the United States mail on occasions, and the same elaborate net must be spread when this happens as was employed against Chapman and Anderson, but whether hold-up men, or sneak thieves, or safe robbers are the principals in such crimes, the post-office inspectors hunt vigorously for the corrupted post-office employee who is generally involved when the loot is extraordinarily large.

ABOUT ten years ago a mail truck left the Baltimore & Ohio terminal, and was driven aboard the ferry for the journey across the Hudson to the general post-office. The railway mail clerk who had been in charge of the registered pouches on their journey accompanied the chauffeur so as to get receipts for the pouches.

It was a night so afflicted with rain and sleet that only the word nasty is adequate to describe it, and to escape the cutting lash of the icy particles whipped across the river by a strong wind the chauffeur and the clerk went into the smoking compartment of the ferry-boat.

When the truck reached the post-office the heavy steel screen doors were still locked but the six pouches of registered mail were missing. These had contained \$500,000 in railroad coupon bonds.

The inspectors who were assigned to that case learned among other things that a red wagon drawn by a sorrowful gray horse had been ferried

across the river as a part of the same cargo that included the mail truck.

They were also persuaded by their investigation that the sneak thieves who had taken the pouches had been equipped with a key that fitted the padlock on the screen doors of the violated truck.

In the usual way a careful list of the stolen securities was spread broadcast. Some diamonds had been taken in this case, and such descriptions of these as were possible were sent to all jewelers. A tip from a jeweler in an outlying section of New York resulted in the arrest of a bricklayer who had in his possession one or two of these stones. This man's story accounting for his possession of the diamonds might have satisfied a jury, but the fact that he was the brother-in-law of the chauffeur of a mail truck persuaded the inspectors that they were on a hot trail. However, it seemed to lead nowhere. The chauffeur had not been on duty the night of the robbery, and he was not held, even though there was good excuse for believing that he might have supplied the actual thieves either with a key which would have opened the lock on the truck or a padlock. The same keys fitted all of the padlocks at that time.

THERE are in New York, as in most large cities certain men who run with the hares of the criminal class and run with the hounds of the law, too. One of these informers, a convict on parole, told a post-office inspector that he knew a man who was in a position to sell some of the bonds that had been stolen from the truck during its ride across the Hudson. Probably this man was actuated by the fact that a reward of as much as \$2,000 is paid by the United States Government for information that enables it to convict a mail robber, and, if the rewards were larger, it is quite possible the inspectors' work would be easier. What they need, what any criminal investigation force needs, is information.

In this case a post-office inspector went down into a building in Nassau Street, rented an office, had a name painted on the door and also the words, "Investment Banker, Securities."

His office was fitted with second-hand furniture, a stock ticker, a telephone, some financial newspapers, and other properties intended to lend color to his background. There came to this office one customer only, and he was a man who appeared, after a few days of waiting, in the company of the paroled convict, who disappeared as soon as he had introduced the man he had been escorting, as let us say, Mr. Samuelson.

Now it must be remembered that this inspector was after something more than one whale. He wanted a netful and ambergris as well. In the days that followed he persuaded his customer that he was a very cautious but thoroughly unscrupulous individual. He invited the man to bring him a list of the securities he had for sale, and gained his confidence by urging him to come without any bonds.

"I don't want that stuff around my office," he protested in what was intended to represent an outburst of caution. The next day that customer brought the list and it was almost a complete inventory of the stolen bonds. So, still playing his rôle of cautious crook the pseudo broker invited his customer, Mr. Samuelson, to get the entire lot of securities, and go to Baltimore on a specified train. He specified Baltimore because he said his partner there would have the money, and also for the reason that he had a safe deposit vault in that city in which he could put the bonds.

That was one of the most complete recoveries ever made. Mr. Samuelson, when arrested in the railroad station in Baltimore, protested that the suit-case in his hand was not his own. He said it had been left in the seat by the stranger who had shared it with him, but he was unable to explain how he happened to have in his pocket a brand-new key that unlocked that brand new suit-case. All of the securities were there.

Unless Samuelson reads this it is unlikely that he ever will know that the broker with whom he was dealing in New York that time was a post-office inspector, but it was from him that the inspectors got the information that enabled them

(Continued on page 74)

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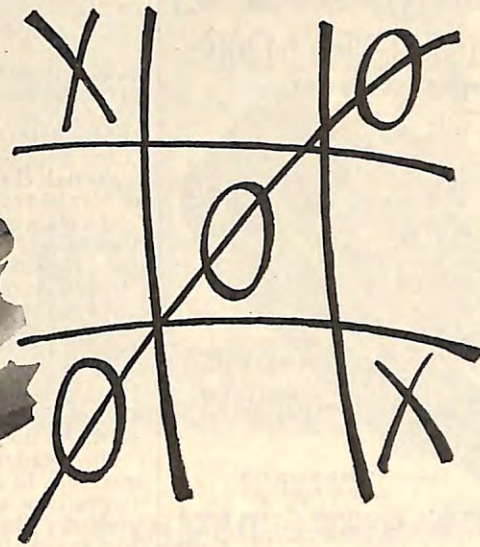
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**The Sanctity of the Seal**

(Continued from page 72)

to convict the bricklayer and his brother-in-law, the mail-truck chauffeur. It was Samuelson who enabled them to find the little red wagon and the sorrowful gray horse, and to prove that it had been hired from a livery stable by the mail-truck chauffeur for some work to be done on his night off.

One of the most complete collections of data on the confidence men of the United States is in the file of one inspector, H. N. Graham, who is now stationed in New York City.

A few years ago it was estimated that these human sharks were getting millions of dollars from victims, of whom there always seemed to be a plentiful supply. The department of justice began to take an interest in this situation, and Graham finally was assigned to make an investigation for the post-office department.

He studied the methods of the confidence men, and when he had learned who they were and the patterns of their tricks he was ready to proceed. The principal scenes of his activity were in eight towns in Florida, and there he was instrumental in having about fifty confidence men convicted. Some were sentenced for terms as long as nine years, and the offense for which they were sent to jail by Graham was using the mails to defraud, even though it is quite probable they did not mail a single letter in the course of any of their transactions. It is doubtful if they so much as used the mails to write home to their mothers, but they did have a habit of escorting a victim to some bank and then persuading him to write a check to be mailed to his home-town bank for collection.

INVARIABLY most of these victims were men who had gone to Florida for a vacation. In each case the victim encountered an affable stranger and soon afterward found a pocketbook containing papers important in appearance and perhaps \$100 or so in cash. It was when the victim attempted to return this purse to the supposedly rich and influential man to whom it belonged that he was admitted to the great wire-tapping scheme, or the equally great stock-market deal.

Graham mailed letters to about 35,000 banks in the United States and Canada in the course of his pretty nearly single-handed crusade against confidence men. In that circular he explained the methods of the crooks and urged the bankers if any of their customers had lost money in such swindles, to send him the name of the bank in which the victim had deposited his draft or check for collection.

"This will disclose to me," he wrote, "the places where confidence men are operating, and the banks which are lending their services to make possible this nation-wide scheme of highly organized swindlers which can be suppressed through the aid of bankers, some of whom inform me they have been offered as high as 5 per cent. commission by agents of con men if they would handle these collections and ask the victim no questions."

Naturally that circular letter went to the half-dozen or so banks which were being used by the confidence men, and in itself was sufficient to scare most of them into a state of righteousness.

Graham quite recently had information which he regarded as reliable, tending to show that bands of confidence men are still operating in Salt Lake City, Seattle, Denver, Los Angeles, Portland, Hot Springs, Ark.; Galveston, Texas; Mt. Clemens and Charlevoix, Michigan; Atlantic City, New Jersey; and certain other towns, and always it is the man away from home, the visitor from another State, that they set out to trim.

The stock salesman who misrepresents the facts about the paper he sells; the schemer who solicits poverty-stricken victims to send him a deposit on work to be done at home; the sender of obscene matter; the dispenser of fake remedies and other frauds in a multitude of forms all have a horror of encountering in person a post-office inspector, but none of these heartless wretches is capable of experiencing the woe that sometimes befalls an employee of the post-office department who so far forgets him or herself as to violate the awful sanctity of a sealed letter in the mail.

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town is no longer assisted in his work by his twenty-year-old daughter, because a post-office inspector told him he will be removed from office if he ever permits the girl to handle mail again. The cause of that prohibition runs back about two years to the time when this daughter was eighteen and fully persuaded that the only man in the world who could make her happy was a local automobile salesman.

About that time two Boston school-teachers came to the town during a vacation, to visit relatives, and met the automobile salesman. Perhaps he was trying to sell them a car, but he need not have been so earnest with those two particular prospects. He need not have neglected the postmaster's daughter on that account, nor demonstrated one of his cars so assiduously by night. However, he can not be blamed directly for the fact that presently the school-teachers complained that their letters addressed to persons in Boston were being opened and read before those friends received them.

It must have been about a week after that complaint was filed that a post-office inspector who is now an executive in the service arrived in this small town, made an investigation and then had the school-teachers write some letters for him. Into these he put a quantity of a certain chemical, the name of which had best not be mentioned here. Late that night after the small post-office was closed he shoved the letters through the slot in the mail-box at the front of the darkened building. Then he went to bed.

The next day he went around to the post-office as if to make an ordinary business call on the postmaster, and greeted the assistant post-mistress gaily, but that young lady seemed dis-trait and showed a decided preference for the dark part of the chamber in which mail was sorted, sitting there with her arms folded.

"I say, Miss Jeanette," the inspector called out finally, "will you lend me your lead pencil, please?"

With some hesitation the girl approached and handed him a pencil, but as she did so he seized her hand, with a playfulness that such a pretty girl had a right to expect.

"Why," he exclaimed with simulated concern, "what have you done to your hand? It's all black."

"Yes, sir," glibly explained the girl. "My little brother had some firecrackers, and as I took one of them up it exploded in my hand."

"Now, now," protested the inspector, "as a matter of fact isn't this what happened: You opened a letter you had no right to see and something enclosed in the envelope stained your fingers?"

NOT even a post-office inspector may violate the sanctity of the seal on a letter in the United States mail, and a few years ago an inspector was dismissed from the service because in his zeal to trap for the police of a large Eastern city some men suspected of being thieves he opened letters addressed to them. In one of the largest of the fifteen divisions into which the post-office inspectors have divided their work there are about fifty cases a year of complaints that letters are being opened illicitly to satisfy some one's curiosity. Usually the offense is committed in a small town.

The former postmaster of a town in Illinois went to jail a few years ago, after he had been trapped with stained fingers, because when his term was about to expire, he opened letters from his congressman addressed to a rival candidate for the postmastership.

One time out in Chicago inspectors succeeded in trapping a drug-store clerk in an outlying contract station, who had been steaming open letters from a young man addressed to a girl with whom the drug-store clerk was in love. To these letters the clerk would treacherously add passages calculated to arouse the wrath of the young woman against the man from whom they came. His low trick would have been successful, too, except for the fact that he was not content to do this once. He, too, discovered one day that his fingers were getting blacker and blacker, and that the more he washed them the blacker they seemed to get. It was when they were blackest that the post-office inspectors came to get him, and soon afterward he, too, started for Atlanta to spend weary days pondering there with other men on that importance which Uncle Sam attaches to the sanctity of the seal.



Harry A. Howe Residence, Nashville, Tenn.  
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## An Investment Trust

By Paul Tomlinson

**A** NEW form of security, new at least so far as this country is concerned, has in recent years been offered to investors, and seems to be gaining in popularity. It is the investment trust. Shares are sold to the public, and the proceeds used to buy securities of various kinds; the shareholder has a proportionate interest in these securities, and the value of his shares is based upon the liquidating value of the entire trust fund. Briefly, this describes the investment trust. An account of one actually in existence and operating will serve as a definite illustration, however, and show just how a typical enterprise of this sort operates.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts there is a company which we shall call "Investments Incorporated." The capital of this corporation consists of 10,000 shares of no par value. To insure continuity of management the stock has been placed in a voting trust for fifteen years, and five men have been named trustees. A Boston trust company is custodian and transfer agent of the stock. Legal counsel has been retained and has passed on all legal details in connection with the organization of the company and the offering of the shares. A firm of consulting accountants has approved the company's business methods and keeps them under supervision. "Investments Incorporated" was organized, according to its own statement, to provide an opportunity for both small and large investors to place money under sound and competent investment management. A combination of the resources of many individuals in a single trust fund provides the capital, which is invested in strict accordance with tested investment and economic principles for the benefit of those who have provided this capital. Investments are broadly diversified, thus minimizing risk; by buying interests in a group of strong dominating companies in essential lines of industry, possibilities for profit are increased.

The capital of this corporation comes from the sale of its shares, which are virtually collateral trust certificates, secured, that is, by the securities purchased for the fund. There is only one kind of share—fully participating both as to assets and income. The shares are transferable, non-assessable, and impose no personal liability on the shareholders. They are sold at a price based upon the actual liquidating value of the entire trust fund, plus a sales commission. This capital, so raised, is invested under the direction of the Board of Directors, and expert statisticians and analysts are employed, who constantly study financial data with particular reference to the companies and securities in which investments have been made or are contemplated.

It is interesting to note that the major investments are in common stocks, and the management states that common stocks will *always* comprise the total of the *permanent* investments. There is one reservation: that changing conditions may modify this policy for a temporary period. There is an approved list of investments, and all purchases for the fund are restricted to those stocks found on the list; this list is on file with the custodian and open for inspection during regular banking hours; it may, however, be amended by action of the Board of Directors and notification to the custodian, and all such amendments must be reported to the shareholders at least semi-annually. Not more than 7 per cent. of the fund is invested in any one stock, and it is the corporation's policy to eliminate any weak companies as soon as any sign of impairment of earnings or other unsound conditions are detected.

The purchaser of shares in "Investments Incorporated" receives a voting trust certificate, which entitles him to all the dividends and rights of a stockholder except the right to vote, which is placed in a fifteen-year voting trust. At the expiration of this term the right to vote reverts to the stockholder. All the securities owned are held by a trust company under a custodianship agreement, and all conditions to or withdrawals from these assets are made subject to the provisions of this agreement.

The income from "Investments Incorporated" is derived from regular and extra dividends

received from stocks owned, interest on bonds, if any are held, interest on call loans, and interest on bank deposits. This cash income is distributed quarterly or semi-annually to the stockholders, but before such distribution is made the management's compensation is deducted, a fixed charge of  $\frac{1}{8}$  of 1 per cent., which fee covers the entire cost of statistical services, office and clerical staff, and pays the fees of the directors and custodian. There is, of course, no stipulated dividend rate because the dividends to be received on the various securities held by the trust can never be known in advance.

Capital gains being capital are treated as such, and are not distributed as income, but are re-invested and hence gradually build up the value of the shares. Such gains may result from profit from the sale of securities, stock purchase rights, stock dividends, and increased value of the assets of the trust. Capital gains are reflected in the market value of each share held, which, as already stated, is based on the daily appraised value of all the assets. In addition, capital gains are reflected in an increased earning power, and therefore in a growing cash dividend. All dividends are free from the normal Federal income tax, and the Massachusetts State income tax. A duplication of inheritance taxes is also avoided, a distinct advantage to many investors, and a consideration which comparatively few people take into account.

The daily price of shares of "Investments Incorporated" is published in the financial columns of leading Boston and New York newspapers under the general heading "Investment Trust Securities," and a ready market is maintained by the managing company. In addition, the treasurer of the company is authorized to purchase any shares offered at the liquidating value, less 1% of the actual liquidating cost.

This outlines briefly the method of operation. The management policies of the corporation, as described by the president, also are interesting. When the corporation was started, the directors had a certain fundamental investment belief, namely that a diversified list of common stocks would make up a sound investment list. After a period of operation the management states that it believes more strongly than ever in its policies, and is able to offer a record of performance as a partial proof of its wisdom in following them.

**THE** corporation was organized for the purpose of making money for those who supply the capital, the shareholders. At the outset it was realized that a distinction must be made between investments which can not grow in value, and those that can; in other words, whether money should be *loaned* by buying bonds, or *invested* by buying profit-sharing interests in growing businesses. The latter policy was adopted, which means that common stocks are purchased, stocks in a carefully selected group of leading companies in essential lines of industry—public utilities, banks, railroads, insurance companies, and industrials. The management feel that buying merely one or a few common stocks is a speculation, but they assert positively that they have proof to show that buying a diversified group is not a speculation. They consider investments in the best common stocks as opportunities to go into business with men who through their command of material resources, and their ability, are leaders of industry—alert to every new advance in their line of business, and prepared to capitalize every opportunity for profit. The managers of "Investments Incorporated" believe in doing a few simple things and doing them well. They choose companies, not because of any possibility of immediate stock-market profits, but because they wish to be partners with the leading groups of men in business and profit as they profit. Holdings naturally are diversified, but the theory is not merely that there is safety in numbers, but that diversification should be practiced to the extent that maximum stability of earning power and growth can be secured. And of course all investments are carefully and constantly watched.

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chosen, and subject to constant revision. The list at present is composed of about thirty of the largest American businesses. New lines of industrial development are studied with the view of finding the leaders. Businesses with the strongest cash position, favorable credit, ample reserves, and, above all strong management, are considered the most desirable, and substitutions in and additions to the list are made only when necessary to maintain the policy of buying and holding the best. Growth of principal is regarded as more important than an immediate high yield on that principal. The managers believe that a good investment stock at a high price is worth while even if it must be purchased at a premium. Moreover, it is their opinion that the best values for permanent investment are often found among common stocks selling in the open market at prices which bring the initial yield on the original investment so low as to be considered unattractive by many investors. There is rich food for thought in these statements. Steady and assured earnings are vital, but growth of assets as reflected in a consistently appreciating market value are considered of equal importance, for the logical reason that a growing stock can reasonably be expected to produce an increasing yield.

No especial emphasis is placed upon temporary stock-market fluctuations. No attempt is made to take profits unless economic conditions in a particular industry show that market values should be preserved by temporary conversion of the holdings into cash or short-term securities. Speculation is not indulged in, but dividends and interest are looked to as a source of distributable income.

During a period of eight months a comparison was made between the Dow-Jones industrial average, an accepted barometer of the stock market, and the value of the shares of Investments Incorporated—which are based on the liquidating value of the securities held. In one month of severe depressions there was a 27-point decrease in the Dow-Jones average, while the market value of Investments Incorporated shares declined seven points during the same period. Gains since that time brought the value of Investments Incorporated shares above the previous high of the period, while the Dow-Jones average remained below that mark. The managers of this investment trust believe that the trend of good common stocks should be generally upward, and that their shares should increase steadily in value, fluctuating of course with the market, but not in the same proportion.

Certainly the investment trust idea seems a good one. The small investor, because of the different securities held, is able to diversify his holdings in a way that would be otherwise impossible, because he has not got the money to purchase shares in all these various enterprises individually. The large investor gains the decided advantage of leaving but one inheritance tax for his estate to pay. Any investor has the benefit of skilled investment management, intelligent selecting of investments, and a constant watching and appraisal of holdings. These are real benefits, and if the investment trust idea grows, and it seems almost certain it will, it very possibly will go a long way toward solving the problems of investors who have neither the experience, knowledge, or time to decide investment questions for themselves.

#### 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.

"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," Greenbaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison, Chicago, Illinois.

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**One Christmas Morning**  
*(Continued from page 12)*

channel in the trees overhead. I reached the bend and sensed a slight rustle which froze me still. I turned again toward the sound. And I heard, once again, that rifle's unmistakable click.

This time the situation had got to my nerves. I began to run up the road. Above the sound of my stumbling footsteps I fancied that I once again heard the pursuit. But the woods began to thin out. In a few moments I was in the comparative light of the open hillside and was greeting joyfully the old country doctor who was urging his sleepy horse toward the village. Next I reached the glow of the wood-fire the tunnel workmen had built beside the railroad track. And presently boarded the train for the West.

It was ten years later that I was stumping the State as a candidate for Governor and made a speech on the steps of the very court-house which had housed the Jed Hastings trial. After the line of hand-shakers had filed by, I found a gaunt mountaineer standing before me. He wore the rusty black frock coat of a mountain preacher and held a rusty Bible against his breast. You may imagine the surprise with which I recognized the long narrow nose, the gentle, mournful mouth and the intense black eyes. It was the same face I had seen on the road that Christmas Eve ten years before. Older, of course; traced now about the eyes and mouth with the lines of thought and suffering. But it was indubitably Jed Hastings' cousin.

"I reckon I ought to confess to you," he said, and his smile was very winning.

I waited.

"I followed you in the woods that night after Jed's trial," he went on in his soft, slow drawl, "and aimed to kill you daid. You see, I figured Jed Hastings never shot that preacher man, and I figured as how you ought to be shot for jailin' him. But I shore have thanked God I didn't shoot you. I reckon you done heerd how Jed confessed to the shootin' jes' before he died in jail?"

"Yes, I heard," I answered. "But why didn't you shoot me that Christmas morning in the woods?"

"Why! Don't you know?" he asked in gentle surprise.

"I haven't the slightest idea," I replied.

"I got nigh you on the upper hand of the road," he said, "but when I cocked my rifle-gun the man who was beside you come around and stood betwixt you and me. So after you had gone ahead I run across and went by you on the lower hand of the road. I could see you plain forinst the white of the snow. But jes' as you come nigh, and I cocked my rifle-gun, that man who was with you walked around betwixt you and me agin. I couldn't shoot without hittin' him, because he kep' a-standin' thar. And then you run."

"But," I cried, "I was alone that night on the road!"

"Oh, no," the mountain preacher smiled. "Eve'y time I drew a bead, I seen his yaller p'inted beard."

**Under the Spreading Antlers**  
*(Continued from page 44)*

famous degree team of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, which was assisted by the officers of Mahanoy City Lodge. A large banquet in the evening followed the initiation. This brilliant function was also attended by Mr. Grakelow who extended, in his after-dinner address, his congratulations to the Lodge on its high attainments during the twenty-five years of its existence.

Many other distinguished members of the Order graced the board and joined the Grand Exalted Ruler in expressing appreciation and admiration of the Lodge's excellent record. The evening was enlivened further by the music of a large orchestra, and by several delightful vocal selections.

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them by William H. Reinhart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations. The information desired by this Committee includes the names of each Association's officers; the date and place of annual meeting; number of Lodges in the Association; and per capita tax.

By filling out this questionnaire and returning it promptly, Secretaries will assist the Grand Lodge Committee in rendering greater and better service.

### Report on Crippled Children Work Made by Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge

The semi-annual report of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, shows a wide range of activities in this field of welfare work and the expenditure of nearly \$5,000 on behalf of unfortunate children. The total number of cases handled by the committee during the period covered by the report was close to 400. Braces, crutches, clothes, were provided in many instances, and operations, special treatments and other clinical care were made possible by the generosity of the Lodge and the gratuitous cooperation of physicians and surgeons. A special orthopedic operating table, to be installed in the Ann May Hospital, was among the principal items of expenditures.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Guest of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

While paying official visits to a number of Long Island, N. Y., Lodges, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov was the honor guest of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. Met on his arrival in New York City by a delegation from the Lodge, Mr. Grakelov was escorted to his hotel and later attended a theatre party to see "Honeymoon Lane" in which Eddie Dowling, an old friend of Mr. Grakelov and a member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, is the featured star. The show was stopped while Mr. Dowling introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler from the stage and Exalted Ruler Judge Frank F. Adel, on behalf of Queens Borough Lodge, presented the comedian with a solid gold card case in token of the esteem in which his friends hold him.

After the performance a supper was served at the Commodore Hotel, at which Mr. Dowling, Judge Adel and James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, were among those who spoke. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, and many distinguished members of the Order from Philadelphia and New York Lodges were present to do honor to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

On the following day Mr. Grakelov, accompanied by Mr. Hallinan, James D. Moran and Past Exalted Rulers Lester G. Brimmer, Eugene E. Navin and John W. Anderson of Queens Borough Lodge, visited Hempstead, Freeport and Glen Cove Lodges, Nos. 1485, 1253 and 1458 and, in the evening, Queens Borough Lodge, where a magnificent reception awaited him. Not since the first meeting in the present Home has there been such a large crowd, and when Mr. Grakelov was introduced he was cheered to the echo for fully three minutes. A class of candidates was initiated by the officers, who were highly complimented by the Grand Exalted Ruler on their rendition of the ritual. Among the well-known members of the Order who attended the meeting were Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Leo Fallon, and many past and present officers of New York Lodges.

### Nevada State Elks Association Holds Fine Convention

With an unusually interesting and varied social program, and a constructive series of business meetings, the recent annual convention of the Nevada State Elks Association at Ely was one of the best in its history. Ely Lodge, No. 1469, had spared no effort to make the event memorable, and is to be congratulated on the highly successful carrying out of its plans. A number of men, prominent in the affairs of the State, were present, among them being Gov. J. G. Scruggan, United States Senators Key Pittman and Tasker Oddie and Congressman Samuel Arentz.

(Continued on page 80)

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DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper.

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The true facts about your opportunities, together with information and data of the utmost value, are contained in a 64-page book which LaSalle will send you if you are sufficiently interested in your future to ask for it.

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**PINS CATALOG**  
Silver Plate 25¢ ea; \$2.75 doz. Sterling silver 40¢ ea; \$4.00 doz.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

Sight-seeing trips to the mines at Ruth and McGill were made, and on the first evening of the convention two large dances were held, one at the Home of Ely Lodge and the other at the Legion Hall. The trap shoot and baseball game attracted large crowds, and in the former a number of excellent scores were turned in for the various prizes. The parade, which formed in front of the Home, was composed of more than 500 marchers and was a truly spectacular sight as it wound its way through the streets.

The ritualistic contest was one of the closest ever held in the State, the prize finally going to Tonopah Lodge, No. 1062, whose team made the fine score of 97.19. Ely Lodge was second with 96.8, followed for third and fourth places by Goldfield and Reno Lodges, No. 1072 and 597. Another unusual feature of the contest was the presence of the two United States Senators on competing teams.

The program of festivities was wound up with a monster cabaret and dance in McGill. During dinner an excellent program of music and specialty numbers was put on which was halted for a time while Past Exalted Ruler A. J. Proctor delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast and Senator Pittman presented a silver loving cup to the officers of Tonopah Lodge.

Reno will be the scene of the 1927 meeting, and the following officers were elected for the coming year: President: J. Emmett Walsh of Goldfield Lodge, No. 1072; Vice-President: A. J. Proctor of Ely Lodge; Sergeant-At-Arms: Earl W. Hart of Reno Lodge, No. 597; Secretary and Treasurer: B. M. Weaver of Tonopah Lodge, No. 1062; Chaplain: George Barnett of Tonopah Lodge; Trustees: Three years—George C. Steinmiller of Reno Lodge; Two years—J. W. Madison of Reno Lodge.

### Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge Awards Scholarship

Hugh P. Genoe, Chairman of the Big Brother Committee of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, announced at a recent meeting that his committee had selected Lawrence Cicero to receive this year's scholarship award. This action was approved by the members present, and young Cicero will attend the college of his choice on funds provided by the Lodge.

Atlantic City Lodge each year sends one boy from among the graduates of the local schools to any college which he may select.

### Famous Ball Player Guest of Warsaw, Ind., Lodge

Eugene Hargrave, premier catcher of the Cincinnati National League baseball team, was recently the guest of honor at a banquet tendered him by his fellow members of Warsaw, Ind., Lodge, No. 802. Several of his team-mates were also guests of the Lodge, and there were short addresses of welcome and appreciation by members and prominent citizens of the community. A fine musical program contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening.

### San Joaquin Valley Elks Hold Large Meeting

The semi-annual session of the San Joaquin Valley Elks Association held recently at the Home of Visalia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1298, was the finest the organization has ever enjoyed and the most generously attended. The famous championship drill team of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, the drill team and band of Visalia Lodge and the band of Merced, Calif., Lodge, No. 1240, lead in the interesting parade which opened the festivities. The meeting was held in the Visalia Municipal Auditorium where the feature was a class initiation which included candidates from most of the Lodges of the Valley Association. Among the prominent California members who attended the session and who were the honor guests at the banquet that followed, were M. G. Potts, President of the California State Elks Association, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Elmer B. Maze and Dr. Ralph Hagan, Past President of the California State Elks Association. Mayor Joseph R. Barboni delivered the address of welcome to

## How to make better Christmas Gifts

FOR the man who enjoys a home workshop, especially in the holiday, gift-making season, LePage's has just issued two practical and useful books, called "LePage's Practical Suggestions for the Home Workshop," and "LePage's Gesso-Craft Book." These books give simple, practical directions for making strong joints with LePage's Glue, for covering up small errors in workmanship with LePage's new product, LePage's Gesso, and for decorating

### Recipe for making LePage's GESSO

TO MAKE one cup of LePage's Gesso, add to 1 1/2 cups whitening, 1 gill can LePage's Glue, 3 teaspoons linseed oil and 3 teaspoons varnish. Mix until smooth.

finished articles in a most pleasing way with LePage's Gesso. These books will be valuable to any home workshop craftsman who wants his work to come as near as possible to the skill of the trained cabinet-maker. Both sent upon receipt of 10 cents, coin or stamps. Mail coupon today.

## LE PAGE'S GLUE

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Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's two new books as stated above. Please send a copy of each to:—

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## \$351.00 CLEARED ~ IN ONE DAY

So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from V. A. Marini of California reports \$11,275 sales in three months. Jacob Gordon of New Jersey "\$4000 profits in two months." Alexander of Pennsylvania "\$3000 profits in four months." Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5 and 7 more by August 28. Iwata bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane of Pittsburg says "sold 8000 packages in one day." J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely. Crispettes wrappers scattered all over town. It's good old world after all." Kellogg \$700 ahead end of second week.



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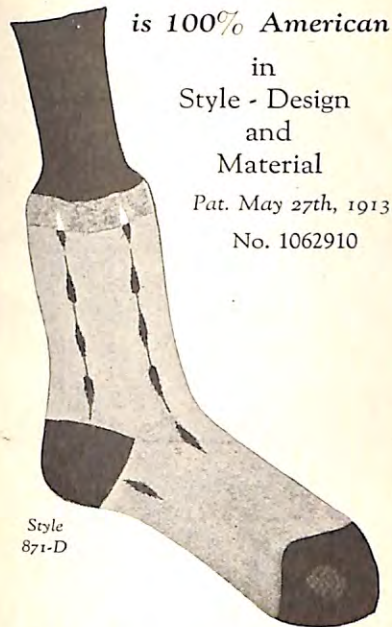
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which George J. Tschumy, Exalted Ruler of Visalia Lodge, responded. The whole affair was a most delightful and enthusiastic one in every respect, and revealed a growing and alert membership throughout this section of the State.

The next semi-annual meeting of the Association will probably be held in Porterville early in the spring. The quarterly meeting, to be attended by officers and secretaries of the Valley Lodges, will take place, in all likelihood, on December 12th in Porterville.

### Michigan State Elks Association Holds Twenty-first Convention

At the twenty-first annual convention of the Michigan State Elks Association held at Saginaw under the auspices of Saginaw Lodge, No. 47, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President: Richard E. Miller of Petoskey Lodge, No. 629; First Vice-President: Byron O. Smith of Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48; Second Vice-President: Judge Charles L. Bartlett of Detroit Lodge, No. 34; Third Vice-President: Henry E. Naegely of Saginaw Lodge; Secretary: Edward E. Nolan of Lansing Lodge, No. 196; Treasurer: Thomas Carroll of Detroit Lodge; Trustee: Harry C. Oldfield of Port Huron Lodge, No. 343. Marquette Lodge, No. 405, will entertain the 1927 meeting.

An interesting event in connection with the reunion was the meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the forty-eight Michigan Lodges making up the Association with District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Willard E. King and Charles J. Dovel. Many matters of wide importance were discussed, and the get-together was regarded as being one of the most interesting and productive yet held. Provision for a scholarship fund was one of the significant acts of the delegates.

Saginaw Lodge provided a delightfully varied program of social events which was enjoyed to the full by the several thousand Elks and members of their families in attendance. The first of these were the dinner in the Home of Saginaw Lodge to the State Association officers and delegates, and the simultaneous dinner and theatre party for the visiting ladies. At the function in the Lodge Home the diners were addressed by a number of prominent members of the Order, including Past Grand Treasurer John K. Burch, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter, Judge Charles L. Bartlett, James Bonar, Exalted Ruler of Detroit Lodge, President Miller, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler King and Judge Clarence M. Browne, of Saginaw Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and other Michigan Elks.

In the ritualistic contest Muskegon Lodge, No. 274, was first with the good score of 98, followed by Grand Rapids and Jackson Lodges, Nos. 48 and 113, with respective scores of 96.3 and 93.6. A silver cup was awarded the winner, while cash prizes of \$65 and \$35 went to the second and third teams. The famous Zouaves of Jackson Lodge paraded with the Alpena Lodge, No. 505, band and the Saginaw Lodge drill team, and later gave one of their intricate drills. Street traffic was stopped by the police and the evolutions were enjoyed by a large crowd of spectators.

The President's Ball in the Home of Saginaw Lodge and a bridge tournament brought to a close a thorough enjoyable and successful meeting.

### Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge Plays Host To City Children

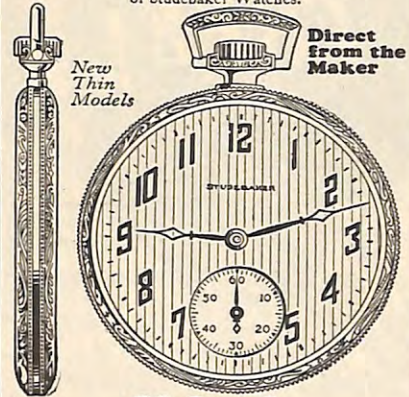
Orphan and crippled children of Bethlehem and vicinity together with many school children of the community were recently guests of Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191, at a special children's entertainment given for their benefit at the Globe Theatre. The youngsters of the Day Nursery and the Bethlehem-Allentown Homes were conveyed to and from the theatre in automobiles. It was one of the most successful events on the welfare calendar of the Lodge.

### Mangum, Okla., Lodge Has Enthusiastic Membership

Though a comparatively small Lodge, Mangum, Okla., Lodge, No. 1160, has a membership  
(Continued on page 83)

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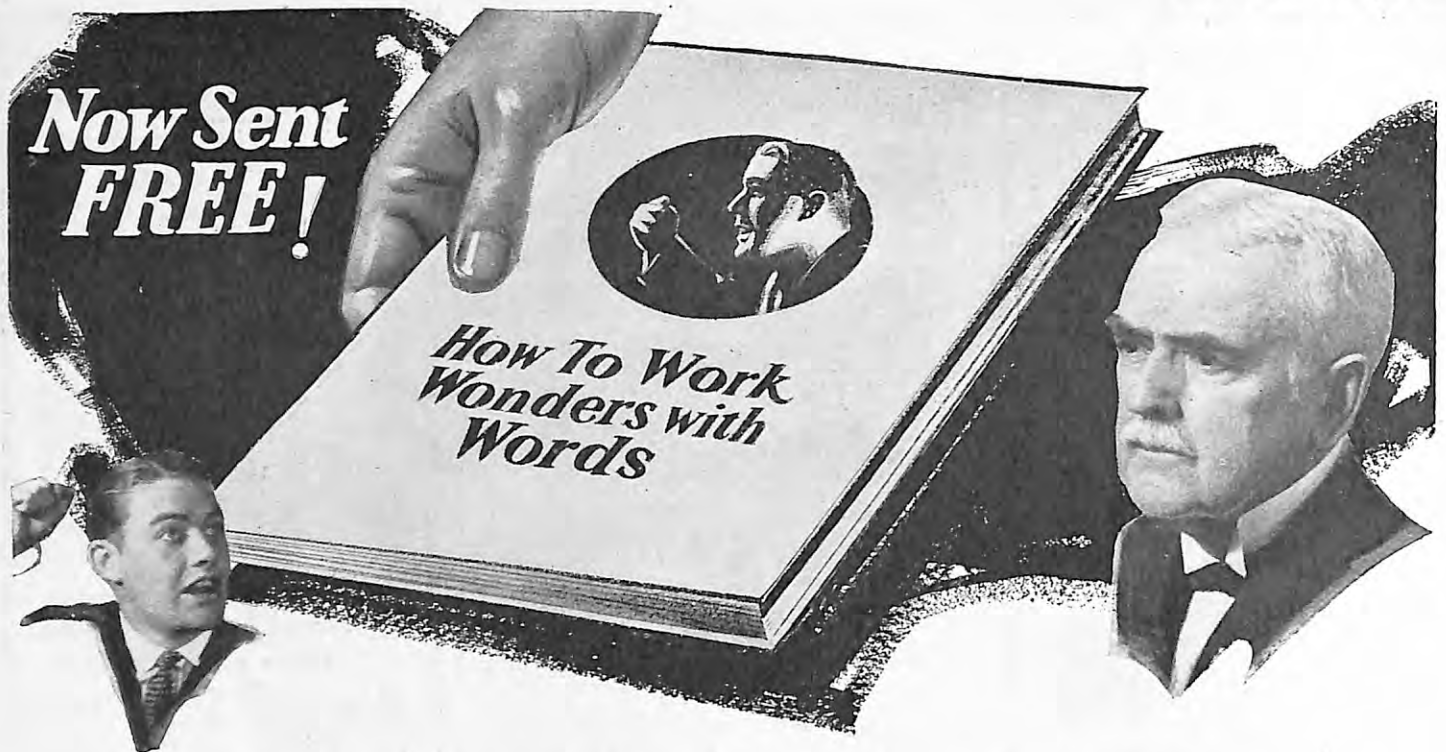
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**T**ODAY business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish, whether it be one man or a thousand. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation. Another from a small, unimportant territory to the sales manager's desk. Another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national prominence as a campaign speaker. A timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much-applauded after-dinner speaker.

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 81)

that is wide awake and interested. During the past three years it has shown an increase of 100 per cent.; remodeled its Lodge rooms, and engaged in many community activities. This Fall it conducted a large picnic which was attended by 3000. Several hundred dollars in prizes for various contests was awarded, and excellent entertainments were provided the visitors. Recently the Lodge undertook a "blanket campaign" which was a means of raising a considerable sum for its charity fund.

### Weehawken, N. J., Lodge Holds Mortgage Burning Party

Celebrating the clearing of the last indebtedness from its Home, Weehawken, N. J., Lodge No. 1456, held one of the most successful and gratifying gatherings in its history. More than three hundred members and many distinguished guests were present as John Schweigart, President of the Lodge's Building Corporation, dropped the mortgage into the flames, while the band, standing under a brilliantly illuminated arch, played "The Star Spangled Banner." Past Exalted Ruler Edward Fetterly, chairman of the committee in charge of the celebration, Exalted Ruler Pierre W. Giannini and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis P. Boland were among the speakers. Later in the evening Trustee Harry Bischoff on behalf of the Lodge presented Mr. Fetterly with an appropriate gift in appreciation of his generous support in the early days of the Lodge.

### Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge Has 1000th Meeting

John T. Gorman, President of the New York State Elks Association was recently the guest of honor at the 1000th meeting of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852. About 500 members attended the session, including most of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers and many of the early members. Mr. Gorman addressed the meeting and interesting talks were also made by several of the old-timers. Following this, a supper was served the honor guests and a splendid vaudeville entertainment was staged for their benefit.

### Sebring, Fla., Lodge is Instituted—Many at Ceremony

Sebring, Fla., Lodge, No. 1529, was instituted recently with exercises that were participated in by members and officers of Lodges in Lakeland, Arcadia and Fort Lauderdale. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. S. Irvin, who presided over the ceremonies, was assisted by Paul Henderson, Past President of the Florida State Elks Association. Following the institution and the installation of the officers, the members of the new Lodge and their friends were guests at a large dinner-dance in the Lake Sebring Casino.

The Exalted Ruler of the new Lodge is Ed Wolf, and the Secretary is Allen Altwater.

### Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge Initiates Large Class

Over 1000 members of various Elks Lodges in the section gathered recently in Tamaqua to take part in the festivities attending the initiation of a large class of candidates by Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge, No. 592. The exercises were launched with a great street parade in which the visitors and their bands were joined by the city's band and the drum and bugle corps of the American Legion. The initiation was conducted in the Masonic Temple and was followed by a delightful social session at the Home of the Lodge.

### North Adams, Mass., Lodge Entertains Grand Exalted Ruler

North Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 487, had the pleasure recently of entertaining Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, when Mr. Grakelow stopped at the Home and was the guest of honor at a dinner. Upon his arrival in North Adams, Mr. Grakelow was met, and escorted to

the Lodge Home, by a long line of automobiles. An informal reception was then held when members of North Adams, Adams, Mass., No. 1335, and Bennington, Vt., No. 567, were introduced. Following the dinner in his honor Mr. Grakelow made an inspiring speech. John F. Malley, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. P. Hogan, of Bennington Lodge, also spoke.

### Important Gift to City Made By Akron, Ohio, Lodge

The biochemical and research laboratory in Springfield Lake Sanatorium, built and equipped by Akron, Ohio, Lodge, No. 363, was recently dedicated by the officers of the Lodge. City and county officials, heads of Akron hospitals and many prominent citizens were present at the ceremony. The presentation address was made by Col. George W. Sieber, Past Exalted Ruler of Akron Lodge, and the speech of acceptance was made by County Commissioner Walter T. Akers. Music by the Elks band and vocal selections by Mrs. Wilfred Smith and Mrs. Hazel McGinley added much to the impressiveness of the exercises.

The new laboratory is divided into two departments, one for research into new methods of combating "the great white plague," and the other for scientific examination in the cure of the disease. The two rooms and their equipment cost approximately \$12,000. Many outside organizations will cooperate with the Sanatorium in the use of the new equipment. Among these will be the Department of Immunology at Warren Reserve University, and the Bureau of Standards which will keep a constant check on the accuracy of the instruments.

### Hospital Room Donated to Members Of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge

Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, now has a room in the new St. John's Hospital of Tulsa. This room, which is beautifully furnished and complete in every detail, was donated to the Lodge by Mrs. Sam Novak in memory of her husband whose recent death was a great loss to his fellow members of Tulsa Lodge. The room, one of the most attractively located in the hospital, carries on its brass door-plate the emblem of the Order and a tribute to the man in whose memory it was donated.

### Madison, N. J., Initiates Large Class of Candidates

The largest class of candidates since its institution was initiated this fall by Madison, N. J., Lodge, No. 1465. The ceremony was conducted by the officers of Dover, N. J., Lodge, No. 782, before an immense crowd of local and visiting members which taxed the capacity of the Home. Among the distinguished visitors was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Guenther of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, who was escorted by a number of his fellow members. A buffet lunch was served at the conclusion of the meeting.

### New Home of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Goes Ahead Rapidly

With the cornerstone laid during the recent convention of the California State Elks Association, the new Home of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, is now rapidly nearing completion. The members are looking forward to the dedication of the building on Washington's Birthday and plans are already under way for a fitting celebration of the event.

The new building will be one of the finest and most comfortable Homes in the State which boasts of many beautiful Elk buildings. Occupying an entire business block (Marine, Washington, Main and Pier Avenues) it is ideally and centrally located. Particular attention is being paid to the furnishings and equipment. From the auto storage basement to the living rooms on the upper floors, every up-to-the-minute feature is being embodied. The Lodge room,

(Continued on page 84)



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THAT unsightly, uncomfortable bulge of fatty tissue over the abdomen is an unnecessary burden. Here's the way to get rid of it without fasting, hot baths, or back-breaking exercises. The wonderful "Little Corporal" belt will

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## MEN! EARN \$1.50 AN HOUR Spare Time or Full Time NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

New pants to match coats and vests—enormous field. A customer behind every door. You find the customer—WE MAKE THE SALE FOR YOU! Write GLOBE MATCH PANTS CO., Dept. M. Ave. C, No. 7, New York City

# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 83)

recreation-rooms, and dining-rooms will be distinctive in arrangement, equipment and decoration.

## Grand Exalted Ruler's Itinerary: November—February

At the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press the Grand Exalted Ruler's itinerary for visitations to Elk Lodges was as follows:

In November:—Cincinnati, Ohio, 19th; Hamilton, Ohio, 20th; Milwaukee, Wis., 21st; Des Moines and Council Bluffs, Ia., 22nd; Omaha, Neb., 23rd; Sioux City, Ia., and Sioux Falls, S. D., 24th; Watertown, S. D., 25th; Aberdeen and Jamestown, S. D., 26th; La Crosse, Wis., 27th; Boston, Mass., 29th; Rochester, N. Y., 30th.

In December:—Buffalo, N. Y., 1st; Kearny, N. J., 2nd; Atlanta, Ga., 4th; Paducah, Ky., 6th; Belleville, Ill., 7th; St. Louis, Mo., 8th; Springfield, Ill., 9th; Sterling and Rockford, Ill., 10th; Aurora, Ill., 11th.

The following dates in December were tentative: Cortland, N. Y., 16th; Meriden, Conn., 17th; Hartford, Conn., 18th; New Haven, Conn., 19th.

During Christmas week Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow will be in Philadelphia. Late on the afternoon of Christmas Day he will leave for his trip to California and Western Lodges. The first stop will be at Albuquerque, N. M.; then to Santa Fé, N. M., so as to arrive in Los Angeles on the morning of January 1st, 1927, where the Grand Exalted Ruler will be the guest of honor at the annual Tournament of Roses. From January 1st to February 15th, the Grand Exalted Ruler will be touring the Western States.

## Franklin, Pa., Lodge Plays Host To Reynoldsville, Pa., Team

The degree team and orchestra of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, well accompanied by other members of the Lodge, recently were guests of Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, at whose Home they initiated a large class of candidates. Representatives from many visiting Lodges were present at the meeting, and were greatly pleased with the reception and hospitality extended the visitors by Franklin Lodge.

## Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Englewood, N. J., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow recently paid an impromptu visit to Englewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1157, following his participation in the dedicatory ceremonies of the new Home of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324. Despite the short notice given them, the members of No. 1157 were able to give Mr. Grakelow a fitting welcome. As the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at their Home, flares on the lawn were lighted, and the band of Weehawken, N. J., Lodge, No. 1456, struck up "Hail to the Chief." At the dinner tendered him by the Englewood and visiting Lodge officers, Mr. Grakelow made one of his characteristically inspiring speeches.

## Building Plans Are Approved By Grand Exalted Ruler

The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees have approved the following plans for the purchase of property and the erection of a new building:

Clarksdale, Miss., Lodge, No. 977. Purchase of a site of 3.6 acres for \$3,900, on which the Lodge will erect an outing club to cost \$7,500, with furnishings costing \$1,000. The property is on Moon Lake about eighteen miles from Clarksdale.

## Manila, P. I., Lodge Leads In Community Service

Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, is a leader in the welfare work done on the islands. Its usual method of raising funds for its charities is by an evening entertainment open to the public; the most recent play from Broadway, or a popu-

lar one revived, or its annual minstrel show. The Lodge is always able to command the best talent of the Islands, not all of which is amateur. Especially among the young Army and Navy officers and their wives there is always professional stage skill. In music the Lodge has the support of the famous Philippine Constabulary Band and Orchestra. Under Exalted Ruler Howard M. Cavender, a goodly sum for the support of the Y. W. C. A., a new movement in Manila, has been raised, and the Lodge is also behind the Boy Scouts, which does a great deal for American, foreign and native youth of the city.

## New York North Central District Association Elects Officers

Electing Harry Nugent of Seneca Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 992, President of the organization for the coming year, members of the Association of Past Exalted Rulers of New York, North Central District, were recently welcomed at their annual meeting in the Home of Watertown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 496. The meeting was opened by Miles S. Hencle, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, President of the organization, and discussion of the work for the coming year, as well as election of officers occupied the program. Daniel Farrell of Little Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 42, was elected as Secretary-Treasurer of the Association.

## Record Frolic Being Staged By Newark, N. J., Lodge

The big Elks Frolic of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, which last year netted over \$40,000 for the Lodge's Christmas fund, opened on November 29 with every indication that when it closes on December 4, the profits will be even greater. Last year 100,000 paid admission to the Frolic. This year it is expected that close to 125,000 will pass the gates of the Newark Armory to see the gigantic show the Elks have provided for the entertainment of the city. Famous orchestras and bands; well-known comedians, and nationally acclaimed masters of the sawdust ring, and novelties of many kinds crowd the program. Chief among these novelties is the Auditorium Orthophonic Victrola, first demonstrated this year at the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. This marvelous instrument, capable of being heard at a mile's distance or of being modulated to suit the acoustics of any size hall or auditorium, will give a number of concerts during the course of the Frolic.

One afternoon of the show is being set aside for crippled children and orphans of the community who will be the guests of the Lodge. Close to 2,000 unfortunate youngsters are expected to attend this free matinee.

## Pennsylvania Southwest Association Holds Meeting in Etna

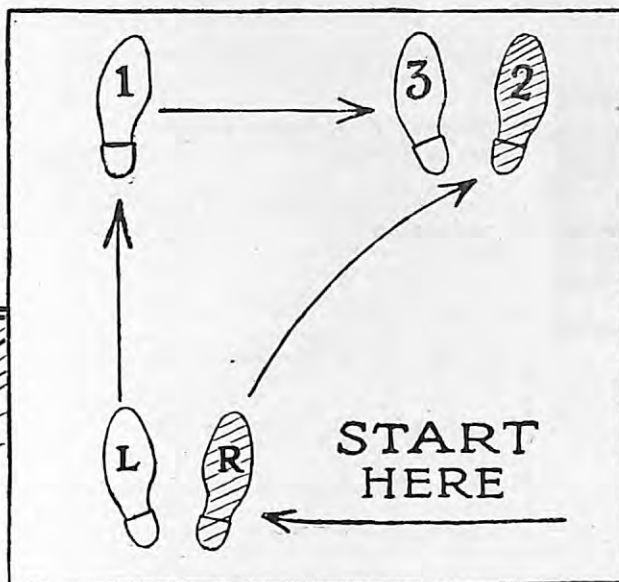
Entertained by Etna, Pa., Lodge, No. 932, the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association held one of the most largely attended meetings of the year a short time ago. District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Nugent, Southwest, and J. K. F. Weaver, Central, were introduced and addressed the gathering. Committees were appointed at this time to arrange for the Association's Annual February banquet at Pittsburgh to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

## Olean, N. Y., Lodge Puts on Spectacular Minstrel Show

Preceded by an old-time minstrel show street parade through the business district of the city, the three performances by Olean, N. Y., Lodge, No. 491, of the Elks Frolic of 1926 were a spectacular success. Not only was the show, produced for charity, an excellent one, but the co-operation of the citizens generally had been secured to an unusual degree. A special Elks Frolic edition of the *Olean Evening Times* was one evidence of the good-will which the Lodge has earned for itself.

The Frolic was the largest and most ambitious  
(Continued on page 86)

# If You Can Do This Step



See how easy it is to learn the Arthur Murray way!



## I'll Make You A Finished Dancer in 10 Days!

By **ARTHUR MURRAY**

*World-Famous Dancing Authority*

**I** DON'T care how poorly you dance now—I don't care if you've never been on a dance floor in your life—if you can do the simple step pictured above *I'll guarantee to make you a finished dancer in ten days!*

Just think! In ten day's time you will be able to do the Charleston, the French Tango, the Ritz Fox Trot, the Debutante Waltz, and all the other smart new steps—or *I'll return every penny you have paid me!*

That's a fair offer, isn't it? There's no excuse now for playing wallflower—no excuse now for passing up good times because you can't dance! My method of teaching dancing is so simple and easy to understand that you can learn any of the latest steps in one evening, right in your own room, without music or partner. And in ten days' time you will be ready to take your place as the best dancer in your set!

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You'll never regret being an accomplished dancer! Think what it means to be popular, sought after, admired! The dances I teach you in my course are not only the standardized steps, but also the brand new ones—the peppy, zippy Charleston that has captivated society, the sensational, modern dances that have swept the world!

The sooner you learn to do the new dances, the sooner you start upon this sure path to

popularity—the sooner you get some real fun out of life. You'll always be welcome everywhere. Better still, you'll be in great demand—for everyone wants to dance with the good dancer, the one who knows all the latest steps!

And when you learn by my method—when you have the Murray foundation—it will be easy for you to learn *any* dance. Once you have my training, you will be able to follow any music with ease and grace—you will be able to master quickly and easily any dance step after having seen it just once.

### Five Lessons FREE

To prove that I can make you a finished dancer in ten days' time, I am willing to send you five lessons from my remarkable course—*absolutely free!* Just send the coupon (with 10c to cover cost of printing and mailing) and these valuable lessons will be forwarded at once. Also a free copy of my new book "The Short Cut to Popularity."

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**Arthur Murray, Studio 663**

**7 E. 43rd St., New York City.**

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in ten days you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc. You are to include free "The Short Cut to Popularity."

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City..... State.....

# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 84)

amateur production ever given in Olean. The scenery and costuming were excellent, while the large cast, composed of members of the Lodge and their friends, who had been drilled by a professional director, acquitted themselves with high honors.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Nugent conducted the ceremonies, assisted by a number of prominent Elks from Pennsylvania Lodges, among whom were F. J. Schrader, of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, and President R. C. Robinson, of the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association. Paul Brasley, Past Exalted Ruler of Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 11, delivered the dedication address.

## Officers of Washington Lodges Meet in Tacoma

Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges in western Washington met recently in Tacoma for a conference with District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Lee B. Carroll and Earl C. Reynolds. The meeting was also attended by Justice Walter F. Meier of the Grand Forum. A number of important matters were discussed, and the various problems of individual Lodges were gone into, and many of them solved. Some forty members in all were present.

## Huntington, W. Va., Lodge Assists Salvation Army Drive

Continuing the practise instituted during the war, Huntington, W. Va., Lodge, No. 313, again conducted the budget campaign for the Salvation Army in its city. A campaign committee, recruited from the membership of the Lodge, put on a three-day drive and, while the actual result of their efforts was not available as this issue of the Magazine went to press, the past record of the Lodge in similar annual drives was assurance of its success.

## Daytona Beach, Fla., to be Scene Of Tri-State Convention

At a meeting of officers from Florida, Georgia and South Carolina State Associations, held in Savannah, definite decision was made to hold a tri-state convention next April at Daytona Beach, Fla. This action brings to a successful conclusion the many conferences and discussions of officers of the Associations involved, and promises a most interesting innovation in State Association conventions. It is expected that Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow will be present, and an attendance of from 4,000 to 5,000 persons is looked for.

## Chaplain of Panama Canal Zone Lodge Passes Away

Members of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, were deeply affected by the recent death of their Chaplain, the Very Reverend F. C. Meredith. Dean of the Cathedral of St. Luke, he was one of the most loved and inspiring personalities of the community. For the past four years he had been Chaplain of the Lodge, and entered whole-heartedly into all of its activities. His passing is a distinct loss to the membership and to his many friends all over the Isthmus.

## Contract for New Buildings at Elks National Home Awarded

The Board of Grand Trustees, with all members present, met at the offices of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City, on Friday, November 5, for the purpose of receiving bids for the erection of new buildings and for other improvements at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., as authorized by the Grand Lodge at the Chicago meeting last July. Bids were received from several contractors for the construction of a new dormitory, boiler house, and connecting tunnel.

After carefully considering all the proposals submitted, contract for the work was awarded to the Deakman-Wells Co., of 921 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Under the contract, the work, which was begun immediately, is to be completed by May 15, 1927.

Clinton and Russell, 100 Maiden Lane, New York City, are the architects for the new buildings.

## Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge Issues Auction Bridge Challenge

Believing that the auction-bridge players in their midst can hold their own with, if not defeat, the players of any other subordinate Lodge, Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455, has issued a challenge, through its Bridge Committee, to the rest of the Lodges throughout the Order. The plan is to inaugurate a nation-wide tournament, among subordinate Lodges whose bridge-playing members would like to pit their prowess against that of the Ridgewood enthusiasts, in which the players from all the Lodges entered would be given identical hands to play, with specially prepared cards. For

## Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge to Have A Country Club

Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge, No. 341, has plans under way for an Elks Country Club of 100 acres situated within thirty minutes drive of the city. The tract has been offered to the Lodge by Dr. R. I. Bond, a member of its Board of Trustees. In connection with the construction of a large club-house, plans are being made for the erection of cottages on the property which are to be used for housing undernourished women and children of the community. Dr. Bond gave this plan as his underlying reason for offering his property to the Lodge. The cottages for this purpose are to be entirely separate from the club's buildings.

## Grand Exalted Ruler to Visit Atlanta, Ga., Lodge

The extensive preparations made by Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, for the promised visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, are now complete. Mr. Grakelow will be received at the Lodge Home on December 4th at one of the largest functions Atlanta Elks have enjoyed for some years.

## Well-Known Secretary of Clarksdale, Miss., Lodge, Killed

G. C. Rogers, for many years Secretary of Clarksdale, Miss., Lodge, No. 977, and one of its charter members, was killed a short time ago in an automobile accident. He was returning from the funeral of a fellow member when one of his tires blew out and the car turned over three times, killing Mr. Rogers and injuring five other passengers.

Mr. Rogers was one of the best-known and most popular Elks in his part of the country, and his untimely death was a shock to his many friends. Services at the grave were held by the Lodge, and a large body of members attended.

## 5,000 Attend Opening Night of Cincinnati, O., Lodge's Fashion Show

The largest and most gorgeous fashion show Cincinnati has ever seen was held during the week of October 25 to 30 under the auspices of Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5. Some 5,000 persons crowded Music Hall on the opening night, and every evening the two performances of the show were witnessed by capacity audiences. Famous models displayed costumes from the style centers of the world, while between each display there was a high-class vaudeville act. Proceeds from the undertaking went to Cincinnati Lodge's fund for the entertainment of the 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion.

## Sheraden, Pa., Lodge Dedicates New Home

The new Home of Sheraden, Pa., Lodge, No. 949, was formally dedicated in the presence of a distinguished gathering. Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters were among the honor guests who congratulated Sheraden members on the completion of the beautiful building.



\$1,000 in 30 Days made by Harde, R. R. Mat Clerk for ten years.  
\$13,500 First Year is what A. H. Ward made after taking this sales training

# Let Me Make You a MASTER SALESMAN! This New Easy Way

If you are ambitious to become a salesman the Association of which I am president will take you in short, easy steps and make a Master Salesman of you, help to put you in the same class with the big pay men who have all the good things of life.

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If you have ordinary intelligence you can quickly master the simple A B C's of selling. There are certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to stimulate keen interest, overcome objection, batter down prejudices, and make the prospect act.

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The book "Modern Salesmanship" has been the starting point for thousands of men who are now successful salesmen. It is now FREE, and will be sent to every man who fills out and returns the coupon below.

## RUSH THE COUPON

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17-Jewel ELGIN No. 15 Green gold, Elgin Watch; 25-year quality case; 12 size; gilt dial; \$30.00 \$1.00 down.

No. 856—Solid 14-k White Gold case, 15 Jewels, fancy rectangular \$725 a shape. \$22.50, \$2.25 down.

Our References: Any Bank or Banker in U. S. A.

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further information regarding this plan address John H. Smith, of Ridgewood Lodge, at the Auction Bridge Bulletin, 30 Ferry Street, New York City.

**News of the Order  
From Far and Near**

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Toledo, O., Lodge, has moved to commodious new quarters in the Jefferson school.

Rolland H. Spaulding, governor-elect of New Hampshire, is a Trustee of Rochester, N. H., Lodge.

Covington, Ky., Lodge held a dance and cabaret performance in its Home a short time ago to raise funds to assist Cincinnati, O., Lodge in entertaining next year's Grand Lodge Reunion.

Hagerstown, Md., Lodge is forming a drum corps.

Boonton, N. J., Lodge will produce its annual Elks Show some time this month.

Governor O. H. Simpson of Louisiana is a member of New Orleans Lodge. Gov. Henry L. Fuqua, upon whose death Mr. Simpson took office as head of the State government, was also a member of the Order, belonging to Baton Rouge Lodge.

Due to pressure of private business, Thomas L. Edmunds, for fifteen years secretary of Freedland, Pa., Lodge, has been forced to resign.

New York, N. Y., Lodge has instituted a series of stag social sessions to be held on the fourth Sunday of each month.

Greensboro, N. C., Lodge recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Orange, N. J., Lodge has set the night of February 22, Washington's Birthday, for its annual Charity Ball. The funds will go into the treasury of the Crippled Kiddies Committee.

Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge celebrated its twenty-third anniversary a short time ago.

Augusta, Ga., Lodge recently produced its sixth annual minstrel and frolic at the Imperial Theatre. Three performances of the splendid show, on which no effort had been spared, netted a large sum for the Lodge treasury.

The Antlers Guard and Bugle Corps of Allentown, Pa., Lodge provided a special vaudeville entertainment on the occasion of a recent meeting.

Under the auspices of Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, the Glee Club of the University of New Hampshire gave a concert last month for the benefit of charity.

Gloucester, Mass., Lodge held its annual charity ball a short time ago, the entire proceeds being turned over to the Lodge's Permanent Charity Fund.

Tacoma, Wash., Lodge will produce its annual minstrel show on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of this month.

The club rooms in the Home of Meadville, Pa., Lodge are to be completely renovated and redecored.

William B. Puder, former fire chief of Savannah, Ga., veteran member of Savannah Lodge, and for thirty-one years its treasurer, recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday. During his long membership in the Lodge Mr. Puder is said to have missed only five meetings.

Great Falls, Mont., Lodge lost one of its best-known members when Charles Russell, the famous cowboy artist, died a short time ago.

Nashua, N. H., Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on Armistice Day, November 11.

The picture of the home of Warren, Pa., Lodge published on page 44, of the November issue, was incorrectly credited to Warren, Ohio, Lodge.

Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge has sold, at a handsome profit, the lot adjoining its Home.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge will hold its annual charity ball in the Lodge room of its Home on December 3.

Rome, N. Y., Lodge opened its new Home with a housewarming party a short time ago.

An unusual occurrence at a recent meeting of Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge, was the presence of each of the Lodge's living Past Exalted Rulers—19 in all.



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## That Christmas Book

(Continued from page 19)

After you have learned to read, this is the book for you. A special size stocking will have to be selected on Christmas Eve to hold this bountiful volume, which is all about two bubbling imps and their didoes. Any Santa Claus who fails to bring along this book on his visit should be "bawled out."

*Winnie-the-Pooh*—by A. A. Milne, author of that already classic book, *When We Were Very Young*. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

Mr. E. H. Shepard has contributed some irresistible illustrations to this youthful tale in which the author's little son, the well-known Christopher Robin, plays the gallant rôle of hero. A tale of woods and bears and *Things like that!*

*David Goes to Greenland*—By David Binney Putnam. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

David is thirteen years old, and already is a veteran explorer. Last year he went off with William Beebe to the Sargasso Sea. This year saw him up in the ice-fields of the North. Added to all this adventure, David is a great little author. Boys and girls may share his fun by reading his book.

*Gay's Year on Sunset Islands*—by Marguerite Aspinwall. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Once there was a little girl who used to pretend that she was marooned on a desert island. She "pretended" buried treasure, palm trees, bright lagoons, fascinating enterprises. You know how—when you were a little girl—you used to play with an idea like that for weeks and months, taking the thing to bed with you, building it up, living in a world delightfully apart from the stupid, grown-up world around you. Well, this little girl who played her "island play" grew up and learned to write stories and now has put her dream into a splendid book for other girls—and boys.

*All Summer to Play*—by Elizabeth Lee. (John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Md.)

The rollicking tale of how a family with five children used to go from the city each summer to a wonderful holiday farm. Katherine Pyle adds half the delight of the book through her illustrations.

*Modern Great Americans*—by Frederick Hawk Law. (The Century Co., New York.)

The kind of thrilling biography—short, dramatic, moving—that boys find full of inspiration and incentive.

*The Enchanted Flivver*—by Berton Braley. (The Century Co., New York.)

Just fancy a little car run by laughing gas! A magic sort of little car—and the person who drives it is just the kind of person that every boy and girl should go off on an adventure with.

*The Magician of Science*—by John Winthrop Hammond. (The Century Co., New York.)

For boys interested in electricity and science, and in the lives of men devoted to such things, this fascinating and friendly book—a boys' life of the great Steinmetz—will be the best of all possible Christmas gifts.

*The Mounted Troop*—by Joseph B. Ames. (The Century Co., New York.)

A great yarn about a Boy Scout's adventure in the Southwest. Hard riding and swift shooting and a lot of good fellows make this a perfect book for the boy of the household.

*Polly's Secret*—by Harriet A. Nash. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

Up in the Kennebec country, Maine, sweet Polly flourished some seventy-five years ago, and found her little girlhood shot through very suddenly with a great secret. What it all was about makes an unusual tale for little feminine readers.

*The Seven Cities of Cibola*—by Aileen Nussbaum. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A collection of beautiful Zuni folk-tales, retold for the children by the author whose own

little boy was adopted by the Zuni tribe when he was seven years of age. Sympathetic—simple—sure to please imaginative youngsters.

### A Royal Miscellany

*Turn to the East*—by Caroline Singer and C. Le Roy Baldrige. (Minton, Balch & Co., New York.)

A book fit for a king—if the king knew enough to love travel, art and literature. Two high-geared American travelers recount the story of their days in Japan and China. One does it by means of spirited crayon drawings and full-color pages, the other by descriptions and impressions, so sensitive, so comprehending that it is an abiding pleasure to read them. Surely, both these artists have drawn some fine necromancy from the silver screens and the polished lacquer upon which they gazed in the East and have applied it to their work. We recommend this book as a peerless gift for a fine and appreciative person.

*Three American Plays*—by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

In here you will find the text of *What Price Glory*, that famous comedy about the Marines. Give it to your World War Hero.

*Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President*—by Will Rogers. (Albert & Charles Boni, New York.)

Caught! Roped! Will Rogers whirls his ink and there is no escape for you. You'll read every word by this optimistic philosopher.

*My Idea of God*—Edited by Joseph Fort Newton. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

A symposium of faith by a group of men whose words are worth listening to in an era of doubt and danger. Leaders of different denominations and movements give the grounds of their belief in, and their conception of, God. A book full of help and courage.

*This Believing World*—by Lewis Browne. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

A simple account of the great religions of mankind.

*Another Treasury of Plays for Children*—Edited by Montrose Moses. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

This volume should bring much inspiration and suggestion to those who realize that the development of the dramatic instinct in children is one of the greatest factors in their growth and education. Rich material here for homes, schools, clubs and social circles.

*Lenz on Bridge*—by Sidney Lenz. (Simon & Shuster, New York.)

How's your game? Just so-so? That's pretty desperate. There are some places where, if one is only an average human being at Bridge, it were better to have what our small cousin calls a "mill-stone" hung around our neck when we take our morning tub. So—Mr. Lenz to the rescue! He drags us out as we go down for the second time. If we ultimately sink, it is not his fault.

*The House of Simplicity*—by Ethel Davis Seal. (The Century Co., New York.)

The man says, "Don't fuss! The old place looks all right to me." And the woman says, "If I didn't fuss, it wouldn't look all right!" So the business of rearranging the furniture and redecorating goes on over his dead words. There's no use struggling. Eve did this sort of thing with twigs and leaves and flowers. Just go and get your wife this little book and see what sport it will be to fix the house up according to Miss Seal's excellent and simple standards of comfort and beauty.

*Real Dogs*—by Charles Wright Gray. (Henry Holt, New York.)

Personally, we always make straight for a book devoted to dogs, and let the rest of the day go hang. Mr. Gray has collected here the best of yarns by famous authors—men who write of dogs with affectionate understanding.

"—there came a dull explosion above the motor's roar. Startled, I turned to see—"



## The stuff that men are made of

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