

# The Elks

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FEBRUARY, 1927

Ma e



Haskell Coffin

Adventure, Mystery,  
Sports and Business—Combined in Brilliant Stories and Articles This Month

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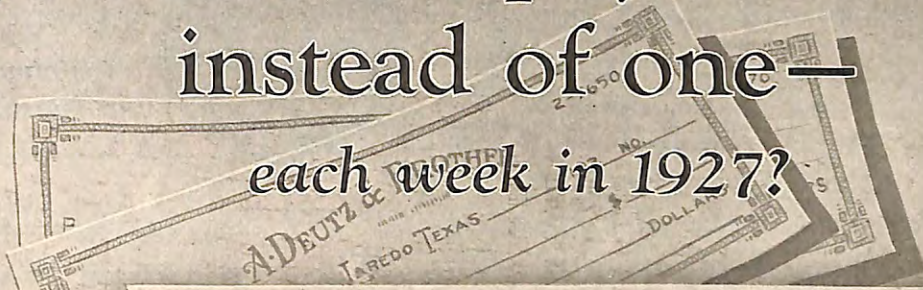
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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."  
 —From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Five  
 Number Nine

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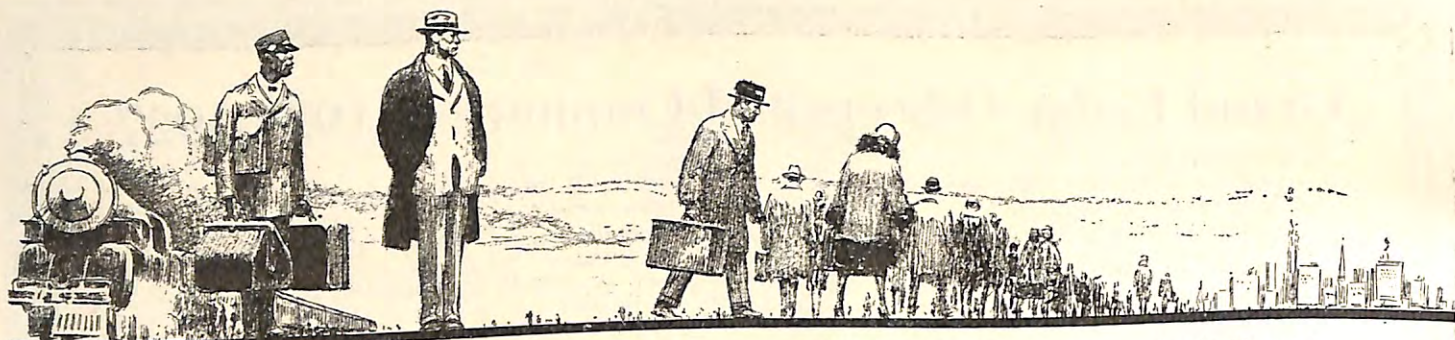
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Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home,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



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Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46

Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2

Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13

Newark, N. J.  
No. 21



A few prominent Elks Clubs that accommodate traveling Elks. Other clubs will be shown in subsequent issues.

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



Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

## The Month of Patriots

*Philadelphia, Pa.,  
February 1, 1927*

### *To All Elks—Greeting:*

No birth month in the American calendar contributed so largely as this in lives worthy of emulation—men whose leadership in times of national need recorded upon history's pages inspiration for all time to come.

Washington and Lincoln—what a host of hallowed memories they call to mind! They have left us the lesson that we, too, leave something to contribute to the advancement of America.

Let us now resolve this to do: Help our Lodge effectively to function in the communities' activities. One of the best means of so doing is by aiding in increasing the membership. The country's population is about 120,000,000. Your Order boasts of over 850,000 members. There are many American gentlemen without the fold whose opinions would be valued—men who would be enthusiastic and loyal members. Such increase would enhance the growth of our Order and enable it to keep pace with the growth of our nation.

Only two months remain of this Lodge year. Your immediate support will make possible that which you and I so much desire, the greatest year in the history of our Order.

We are all capable of gratitude. As Elks we can only express ours by increasing this army of loyal fighters for the American principles which Washington and Lincoln were so largely instrumental in founding.

KNOW YOUR ORDER BETTER

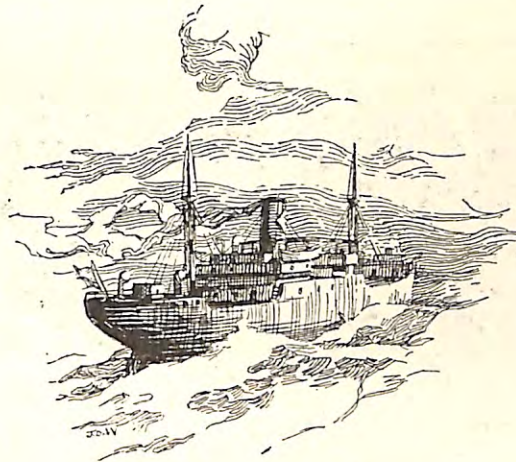
*Grand Exalted Ruler*

P.S.—In sending your Valentine, breathing a message of love and friendship, you can not send any better expression of loyalty and sincere good wishes to your Exalted Ruler than a signed application of that friend of yours in whose company you find such pleasure, whom you invite to your home and whose companionship you must forego when you visit your Elks Home.

C. H. G.







# Tin Eye

## *A Stirring Story in Which an Old Sea Dog Teaches A Young One Some New Tricks*

By Captain Dingle

*Illustrated by John D. Whiting*

**T**IN EYE MURRAY had just brought home the barque he had commanded for half an ordinary lifetime. A three-hundred-day passage from Calcutta with jute. Twice dismasted. Twice jury rigged; lugging home a cargo of jute which had been on fire since off the Cape. And no towage; no salvage; no distress costs for his owners to pay. Tin Eye carried his ship home as a sailorman should: on his own resource: with the crew the gods had inflicted upon him. But there had been no praise for him. His employers simply told him they had lost money; they were quitting shipowning for brokering; they would recommend him where they could, unless he thought of retiring.

"I can't afford to retire!" he had growled, and left the office with a queerly numb feeling about his rugged old heart.

And he found it hard. New employers were not interested in sixty-year-old veterans of sailing ships. Skippers, too, seemed determined to hang on to their jobs. He had never realized how fast the square riggers were vanishing. Here and there might be seen a windjammer lacking master or mates: they proved to be "sold foreign": just waiting to be taken away.

Steam he would not yet turn to. Six months he plodded docks and offices. Each morning he blacked his sturdy square-toed shoes, brushed his fading blue suit, and took a very small moiety from his dwindling store of cash, facing the dreary round. Almost six months more: then clothes were rusty, not faded; shoes, still religiously blacked, were less sturdy to the eye. His old employers sent him to owners often enough, at first. When he declined a mate's berth in a small steam tramp they ceased to trouble about him.

Desperately at last he turned from his home port and took train to a place where, if ships were fewer, men were fewer too. He found no owners running around seeking masters. In three months the end of his cable was in sight. In three months more he would not have money to buy a Nautical Almanac if he got a ship. In a corner had been lying for some weeks a steamer of a thousand tons, fitting out. One thing she had which made the lump in his throat easier to engorge: She had yards on her foremast. He interviewed the owner, briskly.

"Well, captain, we like our shipmasters to have experience in steam," the owner said. He had been startled when Tin Eye slapped

down his papers on the desk and demanded command of the steamer as he might ask his steward for a cup of coffee. "As a matter of fact, we have a captain for the steamer. He's a fine young fellow. If you care to go first mate with him he'll be easy to get along with. We're getting new ships. There may be something better later on."

Tin Eye went out of that office like a white squall. Mate of a steamer! Skipper's a nice young fellow! *Young* fellow. Half an hour and twice around the dock basin brought the old chap to his bearings. He swallowed another lump that was choking him, and went back to the office.

"I'll take that job if it's still going," he growled huskily. "Give me a note to take on board."

There was a smart young second mate to receive him and show him the ship. The youngster was flippantly inclined, as youth will be toward age. Somehow the flippancy lost its vitality before old Tin Eye's fierce glare.

"The captain's gone home for a few days, Mr. Murray," he explained, showing the new mate to his room and lounging in the doorway. "We shift over to the loading berth to-morrow to load general for the West Indies." The young second mate was frankly at a loss. When he, fresh from the Board with a brand new certificate on which the ink was still damp, joined the steamer as an officer of a real seagoing steamer, he had been so excited he had to see every inch of the ship before he could bother about his own quarters. Here was an ancient salt who had not even glanced around as he came on board. It was hard to imagine him taking any interest in the ship after that. The youngster, dampened, passed on such orders as had been left to him.

"There's a shore gang belonging to the firm. The Old Man told me to strip the yards from the foremast. I don't know much about yards. Thought I'd wait until the mate came on board."

Old Tin Eye glared. In his seagoing life there had been nothing but yards. Any man who confessed to knowing nothing about square yards could be no sort of a sailor. Those yards had persuaded him in the end to try a steamer. They had the right flavor. Here was a second mate—Tin Eye snorted,

remembered that he was trying a new phase of sea life, and controlled his feelings.

"If you'll get the gang, Mister, we'll send down the yards," he said.

He sent down the yards. He supervised the shifting of the ship to loading berth, and he saw her loaded. His was the efficiency of experience. Steam might be new to him; but there was nothing concerning a ship as such, cargo or gear, that could stump him. Steam or wind might drive the hull: cargo might be taken aboard by steam derricks instead of burton tackles and windlass: but a hull it was, cargo it was, and he could handle both. In a week he even began to feel almost at ease. It was comfortable, after all, to go to his room after a day's work and be able to turn on a faucet and get hot fresh water right in his own basin. There was a difference in the food, too. Perhaps steamer cooks were required to know something more than how to boil sea-water soup.

**A**S SAILING day approached, he believed he could meet the captain, young or old, with a show of resignation. Anyhow, he was determined to do his duty. There should be no trouble on that score. The keen edge of his humiliation had dulled. He grew impatient to meet the captain. Then young Pitt, the second mate, came to him full of news three days before sailing day.

"The Old Man's staying behind to take the new ship they're buying. A new man's coming. I think that's him now, with the owner."

Tin Eye glanced, scarcely interested. In a moment he stiffened. Luther Chandler stepped on board, smiling and full of vivacity as he chatted with the owner. Then the owner was saying:

"Captain Chandler, this is your chief mate, Mr. Murray. An old sailing-ship man. You'll find him very efficient."

Chandler looked surprised, but only for a moment. Then a red spot colored both his cheeks, his eyes widened, and his teeth gleamed, not pleasantly.

"Ah, Murray, the balance seems to have turned toward youth," he smiled coldly. Old Tin Eye nodded, dazedly.

"You have met, then?" the owner ventured.

"Oh yes," Chandler laughed. "I served my time under Murray. He was master then. I wasted six years with him too, as second mate. But he is not a bad sailor, of the ancient type. We'll get on."



*"I wasted ten years getting experience," said Chandler. "I'm firing myself. If I stay here I'll get as mouldy as you. Snug Harbor's full of your sort."*

Get on! Poor old Tin Eye Murray was not much given to holding a grudge. He had no grudge against Luther Chandler. But in the first brief meeting of master and mate in the presence of the owner a memory was conjured up which sent the old seadog's heart like lead to his boots.

**TIN EYE** they had called him, those men and boys of his deep-sea career. And almost always the nickname was bestowed with respect. It only meant that the old fellow had a piercingly keen eye for a fault. It had the same keen vision for merit. Men or boys who let experience teach, rarely let that old eagle eye worry them more than once. Those who resented correction usually carried resentment of that keen, judicial old eye into their later years. And in all his experience old Murray remembered but one instance of bitterness that had come to his notice. He could recall, now, in this first meeting with Luther Chandler since that rather torrid interview when Chandler, second mate, came to ask promotion to chief mate in place of an old mate sent ashore damaged in a gale. To Tin Eye there were but two ages of sea-going man: One was his own age, whatever it might be. It meant maturity, competence, wisdom. The other was the age of all men younger in years or experience: callow youth, inadequacy, immaturity. Chandler had served ten years with old Tin Eye, four as boy, six as second mate. The young fellow believed, and was not greatly in error, that he knew as much of a ship and her ways as old Tin Eye himself. But to the old man, Chandler was little advanced beyond that timid lad who first came to his ship on a parent's guidance to stare pop-eyed at the towering spars and seemingly hopelessly involved rigging.

"Mate's berth?" Tin Eye had answered with raised brows. "How old are you, Mr. Chandler?"

"Twenty-five."

"And you think yourself competent to go mate of a fifteen hundred ton barque? I was thirty before I was permitted to go second mate. Maybe you're a better man than I was?"

And Chandler had retorted, with rising youthful heat:

"I don't know about that. Times move fast, though. Ideas that seemed good in your time are pretty mouldy now. I have my ticket, on my experience with you. Six years as second mate. Four as apprentice. If I don't know my business now——"

That was as far as Chandler got. Tin Eye could well recall it. He had answered as gravely as he might answer a call for supper:

"Your knowledge may be perfect, Mr. Chandler, but you lack experience. I need a mate who'll carry on if anything happens to me."

In turn, that was as far as Tin had got. For Chandler opened on him with all the guns of piled up bitterness:

"Experience? I wasted ten years getting what you call experience! If I stay here I'll get as mouldy as you. Oh, don't bother to warn me. I'm firing myself. And may God help the poor toad you ship second mate in my place. Snug Harbor's full of your sort, but they have sense enough to stay in there——"

And Tin Eye had cut in, quietly, patiently:

"I suspect you were drinking last night, Mr. Chandler. When you recover you'll come and apologize to me. Be so good as to bring the new mate to me when he comes on board at ten o'clock."

That had been the last of Chandler, except for a very short meeting at the Shipping

Office when the crew paid off. Tin Eye had taken his barque to sea with a new mate and new second mate. He had made his voyages for four years, always facing grumbling owners who were losing money. Until that last disastrous voyage which finished them as owners and put him on the beach.

Now the tables were turned. He was going to sea junior to the man he had told he lacked experience. And there had been a tang of bitter remembrance in Chandler's tone when he told the owner:

"We'll get on!"

**THEY** got on. Before the steamer was off soundings old Tin Eye wished he were deaf and dumb: deaf to Chandler's voice; dumb beyond the power to express his own thoughts. Never in his long life at sea had he been so tempted to utter the unforgivable word. With a smile, always with a smile, Chandler found excuses and words to flick the old fellow on the raw. Always there was something he could find to say, often before the young second mate, many times in front of the men, to subtly insult Tin Eye. Rarely, however, did he go to lengths which must force a retort from the harassed mate. The steamer had been at sea a week before the crisis arose which wrung from old Murray a bitter protest. Chandler came on deck one bright evening in the second dogwatch, and stood on the bridge beside young Pitt and the helmsman. He sent for Murray, presumably to talk about some work for the morrow. When Tin Eye stepped up the bridge ladder he found a highly exhilarated skipper, with brilliant, dilated eyes,

and a red spot of high color upon each cheek.

"I hardly like to tell an old deepwater man about his work," Chandler accosted him, suavely, "but I require my steamer to be kept clean. There are no yards to haul, no sails to hand here. It seems reasonable to expect the decks and paintwork to be kept decently clean, doesn't it, Mr. Murray?"

There was a silky smoothness in the voice, but there was a deep-lying insult in the words, for Tin Eye had worked with the small crew all afternoon on the paintwork, and he knew that when he knocked the men off there was no spot left.

"The steamer was clean when I went below, sir," Old Tin Eye replied respectfully. He saw what Chandler was referring to. The smokestack had belched out smuts, and they stuck on the damp surface of newly washed white paint like raisins stuck in cake icing. "The dirt comes from the fires. It comes all the time."

"Mr. Murray, I wish you could realize that you are now in a steamship, and not in a doddering old windbag," Chandler said, and smiled brilliantly and disdainfully at old Tin Eye's fierce stare. Young Pitt was enjoying it. The helmsman, steering in the fine weather at the outside wheel, grinned into his crooked arm and absorbed a fine yarn to spin in the forecabin. Tin Eye stood four square before his captain, breathing his indignation, his fierce old eye snapping, yet restrained by the habit of a lifetime of discipline from undutiful retort. Chandler was plainly trying to provoke some outburst. When it did not come, he slowly worked himself up into a biting, seething offensiveness. The color fled from his cheeks.

"YOU are not competent as a steamer's mate, Mr. Murray, whatever you might have considered yourself as master of an obsolete windjammer. You have to expect dirt from burning coal. Keeping my decks and paint clean is about all you have to do at sea. If you can't do it, a younger man can. This is the age of youth. Youth is rising, age is setting, and age must watch itself or youth will run it down." As Chandler proceeded, he quivered with spite, and flecks of foam came to his lips. He no

longer cared to keep his voice level and smooth. He fixed his widened eyes on the old man standing patiently before him, and wound up with a gale of long fostered hate.

"You are useless! With all your experience you can't hold down a mate's job in a small steamer. You, the man who told me, after ten years under you, that I lacked experience to go mate of your old barque. Ten years you made me waste. Ten years at the best time of my life. Not experience enough, you said. And you, with your fifty years of the same experience, come here as mate of a steamer and can't keep the ship clear of dirt! I advise you to get busy and learn your duties, old Tin Eye, for you'll never be more than a mate in this employ."

WHEN he had finished, Luther Chandler stood trembling and white-faced, his eyes a-glitter and his teeth gleaming between drawn lips. Old Tin Eye had never once taken his gaze from the captain's face. Now he waited, as if to be sure there was no more to come. The skipper had finished. The second mate sensed the tension, and walked across the bridge. The helmsman bent over the spokes, head down towards the binnacle.

"Captain Chandler, I'd take it kindly if you would reprimand me about the work in private," old Tin Eye said at last. Chandler seemed to be gathering force for another blast; but the mate turned and left the bridge, striding forward to where the men lounged on the hatch. In a few minutes he returned aft, with the bosun and two men, with buckets and swabs and suji-muji, and fell to work upon the offending smuts. The bosun voiced a protest for himself and the men, at being turned to on paintwork in the dogwatch. The mate turned his fierce old eye upon the man, and the work was done without further complaint.

But as the steamer pounded her way across the ocean, old Tin Eye's position grew no more enviable. He nipped in the bud young Pitt's single attempt to trade on the skipper's enmity by showing less respect towards his senior. The helmsman's yarn, told gleefully in the forecabin, lost all of its value when the mate quelled with a glance the first and only outbreak of slackness

that followed the yarn. But Chandler, day by day, left nothing undone or unsaid to keep Tin Eye in mind of the change in their relative positions, and the lasting grudge he bore the old-fashioned seaman who once laid such stress upon experience, meaning mere age.

"You'll get nowhere in this firm, and you'll be lucky to get a second mate's berth in another steamer. You lack experience," Chandler found occasion to say often, at table, on the bridge, even while working up sights in the chart-room. The mate noticed soon that every time he was made the subject of some insulting remark, Chandler was full of vivid brilliance and zest. There was one gray morning, when the steamer encountered the tail of a storm, that Chandler came on deck in his dressing gown before breakfast; and he looked drawn, haggard, and lifeless. Immediately after breakfast, the storm having passed, he had regained his normal color and as usual found some way to sting old Tin Eye. The second mate was there handy, and was the one to send on an errand; but it had to be the mate who was sent to bring up the captain's sextant from his room.

Tin Eye went with never a thought of protesting. He had resigned himself to a life of humiliations as long as he was with Chandler. He had tried to find excuses for the young skipper. It was like old Tin Eye to do that. He disliked very much to believe that a man brought up in the clean life of a sailing ship under him could nurse such a petty vengeance as Chandler seemed to hold. He tried hard to believe that bitter words meant nothing; that in the end his application to duty would be recognized and appreciated. He entered the captain's room almost unconsciously, his mind being full of what might yet be, and looked around for the sextant. A brandy glass lay on its side, in a slop of liquor. The sextant case was stained and sticky. Now that his attention was stirred, Tin Eye knew the cabin reeked with brandy fumes. A wall locker was open; the door swinging gently; and in it were bottles. There were enough bottles to last



"Resume the proper course and don't bother me," snarled Captain Chandler. He was drunk as a pig and young Pitt looked frightened

even an active drinker all the passage to the West Indies. Here, not one single bottle remained unopened. The dregs of all would not half fill one bottle. Tin Eye's weather-bruised old face grew dark. Many things came to mind.

"So it's that!" he muttered. "Poor fellow."

That was about the limit of old Tin Eye's capacity for rancor. He could find in the liquor habit complete excuse for all the cruel insult Chandler had ever heaped upon him. He took the sextant up, and stood by the chronometers to take the time while the skipper boggled for his sight.

**T**HEREAFTER, no matter how far Chandler went in his offensiveness, Tin Eye only felt sorry for him. He thought once that Chandler had to fall back upon the fictitious verve of alcohol to stiffen him against emergency. But he had seen him face and bring his steamer through that whipping tail end of a storm without it. He realized, since making his discovery, that Chandler's moods, his haggardness or his brilliance, were due to indulgence or abstinence. When he had faced that storm in his dressing-gown, he had obviously lacked the stimulation of brandy. So the only thing that remained a certainty in the mate's mind was that his own lot was more bitter the more brilliant Chandler became. And he endured that with stolid refusal to believe the worst of any man.

Chandler had to let up on his mate when the ship got among the islands. From port to port the ship went, discharging small parcels of cargo at each; then to the loading port for sugar, rum, and molasses. And in every port Chandler was well known. He was a popular man. He spent no time at all on board; here at least he was willing to concede old Tin Eye's efficiency. Or if he did not concede it, his own business of having a good time ashore was pressing enough to override any anxiety on the score of a chief mate.

Tin Eye had occasion to go into the skipper's room again to look for some papers concerning stowage, and curiosity impelled him to see if the little wall locker were replenished. He found it full. The bottles were full. So Chandler did not tittle on board in port. But he drank heavily ashore, for he never appeared on board in any condition other than exalted. That mattered little to the mate. He preferred to think the skipper drank sociably rather than solitarily. So long as he stayed away from the ship while loading, old Tin Eye was happy, and contrived to get the work done very much according to his own ideas. When Chandler at last rejoined the ship, the day before sailing, even he could find no fault with the loading of her.

So away again to sea. Along the chain of islands, in the calm water of a long lee, Chandler developed a degree of fiendish ingenuity in insult that almost forced Tin Eye to make an issue at once. But the old fellow saw that Chandler was starting in again on his bottle habits, and once more found excuses for the man who was hounding him.

In the fine weather there was painting and scouring to do fore and aft which kept the mate busy enough to be able to avoid the skipper largely. Then one afternoon all his fresh red-lead, his glossy white paint, his bright yellow masts and cargo booms appeared coated with fine gray dust. He came on deck after supper to find Chandler and the second mate going the rounds, and he braced himself for the outburst he knew must come. The smoke-stack was making little smut, and what there was blew out

directly abeam. Tin Eye looked around the sky; and just when Chandler was about to open upon him, he detected a dull, fine haze not yet sufficient to greatly mar the speckless blue. And the skipper, instead of raking him fore and aft with verbal fire, stood stock still and sneezed.

"It's like volcanic dust, sir," old Tin Eye said.

"Volcanic dust it is," snapped Chandler. "Damned fine mess." Tin Eye stood expectant. He dully wondered what new scorching the skipper's tongue could invent to fit this case. But Chandler was peering down towards the source of the dust. He motioned to the helmsman to shift his course, and stopped him when the ship's head was laid straight down the dust haze.

"Wonder if that can be old Pelée on Martinique," he said, and stood there gazing ahead as if fascinated by the idea of seeing a volcano in eruption. As the steamer sped toward it the dust got thicker. It fell warm, and the sea had a film upon it. The sun went down like a tawny copper shield; and when the stars should have winked, there were no stars. A long-running swell hove the ship up and let her down steeply. Where the moon should be was a broad field of dull red. Soon the red brightened; it was shot with stabs of glare; black smoke writhed across it like dragons in flight. And men began to mutter, glancing at the bridge. The air was hot and choking. The decks were thick with hot dust. Engine-room ventilators were turned this way and that for air; until the chief engineer came up at last to see.

"Did you ever see an eruption, chief?" Chandler accosted him.

"I'm nearer to one now than I want to be!" the chief growled. "Must you go this close?"

"I want to see it. Turn on the water in the deck pipes as you go below, will you? And, Mr. Murray, have the bosun rig the hose and wet the decks down."

Young Pitt believed the skipper a little mad. Old Tin Eye feared the rum had at

## Shadow River

**O**RIGINALLY scheduled to open in this issue, our new serial, a thrilling story of elephant hunting in the Belgian Congo, has been held over until March, because of circumstances beyond our control.

*Shadow River will positively appear in our March issue. It is worth waiting for.*

last fuddled his brain. But orders were to be obeyed. The hoses were run along, spouting out water sucked from underneath the floating scum of pumice.

At midnight the sky was ablaze. A fishing boat came sailing out from under the glare, her sails and gear scorched, full to overloading with frantic negroes who shouted at the steamer that a town was buried. Chandler had wrapped a wet cloth around his face; but he looked less eager now that the cataclysm was in sight. He made frequent visits to his room. Each time he came back a bit more unsteady. Old Tin Eye, staring at the spouting horror ahead, caught the whiff of brandy even above the choking fumes of volcanic dust. Young Pitt coughed inside the chart room, not at all flippant. And just when Tin Eye looked

to Chandler for some definite order concerning their course, the skipper went for another bracer of grog and did not return.

"Go tell Captain Chandler we're getting too near," Tin Eye told young Pitt. Pitt came back looking frightened.

"He says resume proper course and don't bother him. His cabin's like an oven," he said. "What shall we do? He's drunk as a pig." Tin Eye held his course.

More boats came out of the swirling reek. Some were full to overlading. Some were empty of any save the scared wretches who took them first. There had been a moment, an hour ago, when a change of course was advisable. Now a change was absolutely essential to the safety of the ship. But ahead were people in the grip of horror. The red and black loom of the land was near. Through the glasses Inferno grinned. A sailing ship staggered out of a fiery cloud, her canvas alight. A steamer foamed past, her siren booming, hoses spurting. Somebody on her bridge shouted that the town was wiped out, and all its people.

"She didn't wait for anybody," the second mate gasped, hoping perhaps that Tin Eye might follow her example. The grim old mate was muttering to himself, snorting to clear the hot dust from the breathing passages.

"Go tell the steward to look after Captain Chandler, that he doesn't stife in his sleep, then come up as quick as you can," said Tin Eye at last.

**N**OW the crew came aft, led by bosun and carpenter. The engine-room crew clambered up from stoke-hold and engine-room. All came to the bridge ladder.

"We can't stand it, sir," they cried, thinking that Chandler still held the bridge. Old Tin Eye answered them, as he would have if in actual command.

"Go to your duty, men. There are people yonder needing help. You must keep steam up, Chief. Bosun, the ship'll be on fire unless the hoses are kept going."

The men went grumbling away. Not that they lacked the will to carry on, but simply because human lungs could not breathe in the reek. Yet that grim, sturdy old figure on the bridge breathed. More boats sped out, full of screaming people. The Chief Engineer, who well knew the relations existing between skipper and mate, lingered after his crew had gone below.

"Why don't you alter course and get clear of here, Murray?" he demanded. "Nobody'll be able to stay in the stoke-hold in fifteen minutes." Out of the seaward darkness, racing toward the doomed town, a swift warship came, her siren roaring encouragement.

"It's too late now, Chief," Tin Eye gasped. "Can't leave human beings to roast in plain sight."

"Let that warship do it! She's got men to spare," the Chief rasped back. "She'll get all the glory anyhow. We'll get none. You won't, anyhow. Chandler'll see to that. Better get out. Where is the Old Man?"

Getting no reply, the Chief went to find Chandler. When he returned, Tin Eye had the bosun playing water on the lifeboats. Two boats were swung out ready for lowering. Hoses lashed in place kept water drenching the tackle and gear of those two, the plugs taken out to let the water run clear. Tin Eye knew that the Chief's blunt assurance regarding honor and glory was true. Chandler would never let any credit accrue to his mate, whatever he did. But that made no difference. The steamer was so far, she must carry on.

(Continued on page 75)

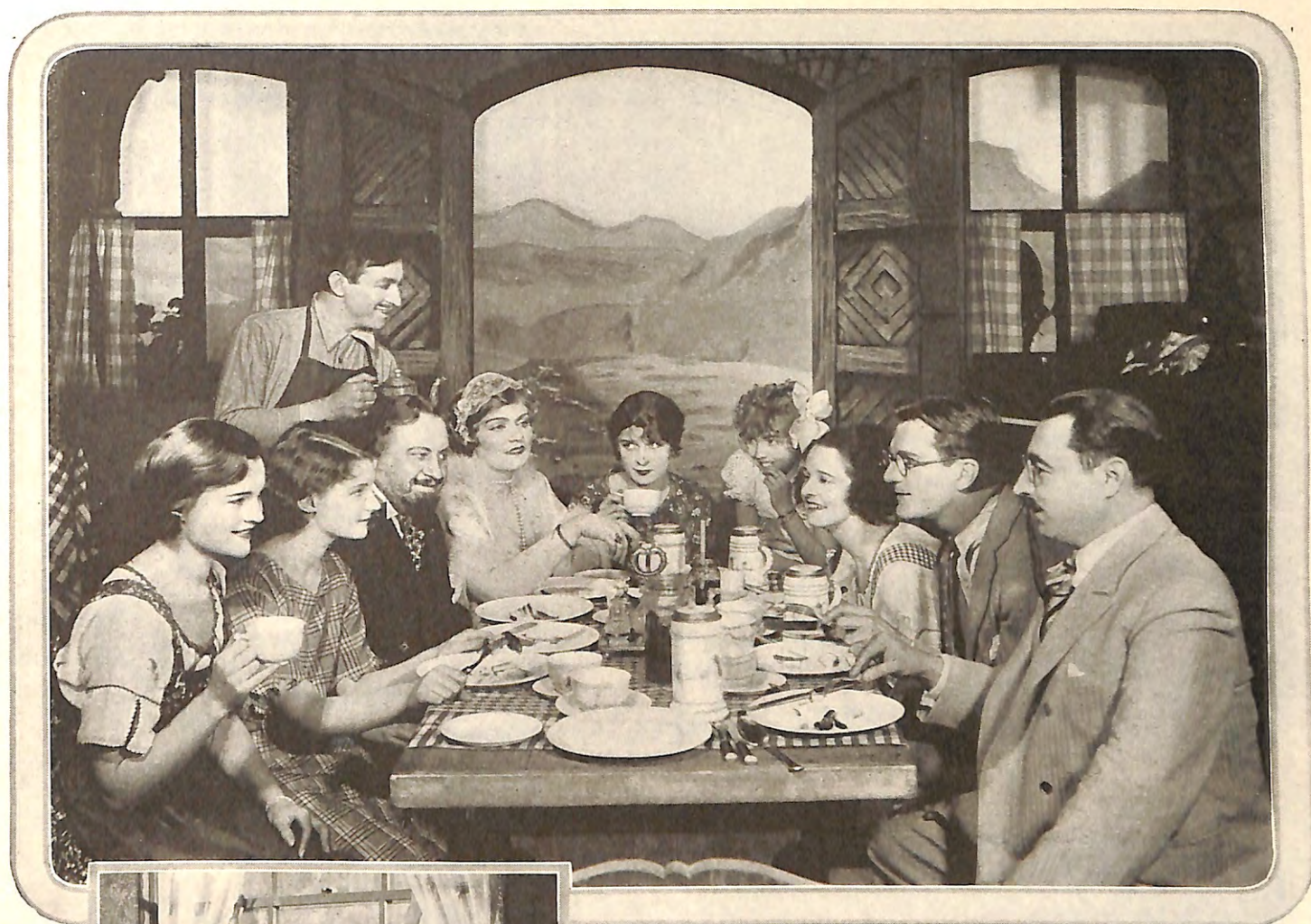


PHOTO BY VAN DAMM

*THE nymph's progress in three reels; First, the rowdy breakfast of Sanger's circus just before that mad musician's death sends Tessa to England as the ward of the conventional cousin who has married Tessa's lover, Lewis Dodd. Below, a critical moment of rebellion which leads to the final elopement of Tessa and Dodd to the dingy boarding-house in Brussels where the dying girl struggles for a breath of happiness. Margaret Kennedy's novel makes a moving play in which the performances of Beatrice Thompson as Tessa and Helen Chandler as Paulina are brilliantly clear and sympathetic—E. R. B.*

*The  
Constant  
Nymph*





Mme. Cecile Sorel, who is accounted a very great actress in France, is touring here in repertoire. While her support leaves something to be desired, her troupe is very well worth visiting



Once upon a time, according to Otto Harbach's story, "The Desert Song," there was a governor's son in French North Africa who played the fool in order that he might rob the rich to succor the poor. A romantic figure with some mighty exciting adventures, this Red Shadow, and Robert Halliday (above) bring to the rôle a finer rich voice to do justice to Mr. Romberg's melodies. A delightful operetta with a superb male chorus



The lovely Yvonne Printemps and her playwright husband, Sacha Guitry, in a scene from the second act of "Deburau" which they gave as a curtain raiser at their premiere. Their first offering is "Mozart," a fanciful bit of biography written for Mlle. Printemps by her husband to display her exquisite and disarming charms as the boy composer. She gives a performance full of grace and the allurements which, for want of a more exact term, we are wont to call typically French

Books and plays on the theme of mother love have been written galore, but in the "Silver Cord" Sidney Howard has chosen a new and interesting angle for dramatic exploitation—a mother whose selfish passion for her sons drives her to come between them and their happiness. To the right may be seen the three actresses who carry off the honors of the play, Laura Hope Crews as the mother, Elizabeth Risdon and Margalo Gillmore as daughter-in-law and fiancée respectively



Captions by  
Esther R. Bien

The thrill of the first reading lesson; Clara Langsner and Muni Wisenfrend (left), who give a superb performance in "We Americans" as the aged parents who get up a class among their assorted foreign-born friends and neighbors to attend night school to learn English in order to keep up with their thoroughly Americanized offspring



Rex Cherryman, Barbara Stamwyck and Charles Brown at a gay moment just before the lights go out and there's a murder in the second act of "The Noose." Besides good acting and an unusual twist, Willard Mack has all the usual ingredients of fast melodrama in this piece, and at least one act is set amidst that whirl of Broadway night life that is so fashionable on the stage this season



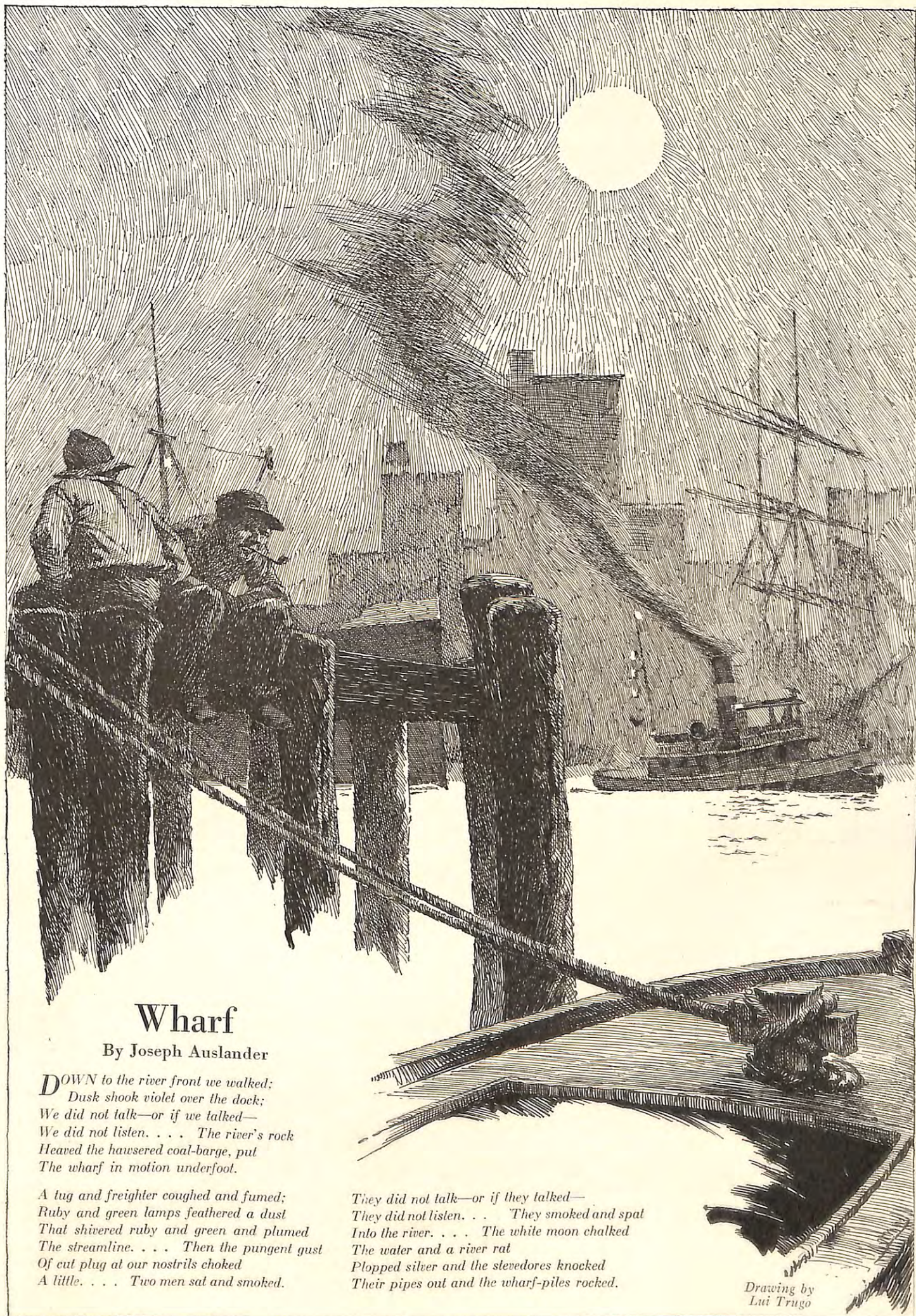
PHOTO BY VANDAMM

## The Pirates of Penzance

**DO YOU** know Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's tale of the young pirate apprentice whose virtuous efforts to quit his disgraceful profession were foiled because he had been born in leap year on February 29 and simply could not grow up fast enough? Whether it's an old friend or not, you must not miss this glorified revival. Here are some of the people you will meet: above, William Williams, the aforesaid apprentice, who has only just met Ruth Thomas, the general's lovely daughter! To the left, Vera Ross, the apprentice's faithful nurse and mentor, and to the right, John Barclay, the brave and chivalrous pirate king—E. R. B.







## Wharf

By Joseph Auslander

*DOWN to the river front we walked;  
Dusk shook violet over the dock;  
We did not talk—or if we talked—  
We did not listen. . . . The river's rock  
Heaved the hawsersed coal-barge, put  
The wharf in motion underfoot.*

*A tug and freighter coughed and fumed;  
Ruby and green lamps feathered a dust  
That shivered ruby and green and plumed  
The streamline. . . . Then the pungent gust  
Of cut plug at our nostrils choked  
A little. . . . Two men sat and smoked.*

*They did not talk—or if they talked—  
They did not listen. . . . They smoked and spat  
Into the river. . . . The white moon chalked  
The water and a river rat  
Plopped silver and the stevedores knocked  
Their pipes out and the wharf-piles rocked.*

*Drawing by  
Lui Trugo*



## “Let’s Take a Bus”

By Earl Chapin May

Drawings by Louis Fancher

**T**HE business man at Sharon Station had missed his southbound morning train.

“I knew something would spoil my vacation in these Berkshire Hills,” he muttered ruefully, glowering at a telegram which bade him meet his boss in the New York office by 3 P. M. that day.

“The next train to New York on this line won’t get you there until late this afternoon,” his host confessed. “I’m sorry that I made you miss the one that’s gone.” Then, as an after thought, “why don’t you motor down?”

“My wife won’t let me have the car,” the New Yorker answered testily. “She wants to use it until I come back.” Then he peered pointedly at his host’s sedan.

The host, who had a foursome booked for that day and date, spoke hastily. “I’m in as bad a boat as you. My wife’s an auto bug as much as yours. But I’ll get you into town. We’ll catch the southbound motor bus that runs through Sharon on the Pittsfield-New York route. Sharon’s only three miles east of here. Let’s go.”

They went, and on Sharon’s shaded and wide Main Street they caught the bus—a local but palatial affair—in which the anxious Manhattanite rolled luxuriously along a hard highway that paralleled the winding Housatonic River for ninety miles, and thus kept his tryst with a boss who would not be denied.

“I’ll tell you, boss,” exclaimed the man whose vacation in the Berkshires had been spoiled, “the next time you and I are due to make some short trip let’s take a bus! It’s a dandy way to cover ground.”

While the Manhattanite in his home town thus extolled the virtues of the modern motor bus, his erstwhile Berkshires host asked a college professor with whom he was playing a second round of golf how he’d enjoyed his recent western trip.

“Great!” the professor chirruped as he holed out in three. “The Grand Canyon and the Pacific Coast are all the boosters say they are, climate and everything.”

“And did you buy a car in Los Angeles and sell it farther up the coast before you started once more for the East—as you had planned?” the Berkshires golfer inquired casually.

“I did not,” the professor casually replied. “I could have bought one cheap enough and perhaps sold it at a decent price. But our whole family took a motor-bus that carried us up through California into Washington in the best of Pullman style. If you want to see the country handily you take a motor-bus. It beats riding on a railroad train or even driving your own motor-car.”

Although it happens that I figured in these two cases which illustrate the widely spreading penchant for the new highway common carrier a million readers of this magazine can furnish similar testimony. We, as a nation, have learned to take another joke. This joke is called “the motor-bus.” It was a joke before the great world war. “Bus” is a contraction of “omnibus,” which comes from a Latin word meaning “for-all.” The English, who gave the omnibus its start, adopted “omnibus” satirically as a substitute for “universal.” Thus humorously did they refer to the clumsy horse-drawn vehicle which used to clutter up the London streets, loaded with passengers.

When, some fifty years or more ago, this vehicle invaded our own New York and other American metropoli it was regarded rather scornfully by those who drove their four-in-hands or kept a carriage or a saddle horse or so. The bus, when motorized within the memory of most readers of this page, was still a joke—in fact a rather sorry thing with grinding gears and awkward lines and tendencies to balk at obstacles.

But the motor-bus is a joke no more. There are two hundred thousand of them operating throughout the world and they are mostly American made. They traverse our highways from coast to coast; from Mexico to Canada. Plain travellers depend on them. Tourists patronize them avidly. Great corporations manufacture them. Other corporations buy and operate them. Powerful railroad systems are adopting them, having first learned to pity, then endure and then embrace. Electric railways are falling into line.

The era of the motor-car brought on the era of the hard highway, and the era of hard highway has ushered in the era of the motor-bus. Not a few far-seeing ones predict that twenty years from now the bus will relegate the motor-car. At any rate we’re bussing as we’ve never bussed before. This holds good for town and country equally.

The rising generation in New York, Chicago, and other cities of the largest size can tell you that the best way to see the town is from the upper deck of the busses which for years have traversed the busiest streets. But they come handy in a crisis, too.

**W**HEN one of the subway systems in Greater New York was paralyzed by a strike, and some one million, two hundred and fifty thousand persons had to find some other means of getting to and from their daily tasks, one bus line, by putting on a lot of extra men, carried three hundred and thirty-eight thousand passengers in a single day, an increase of one hundred and eight thousand over normal trade. When a street-car strike all but laid the rubber towns of Ohio on their backs, fleets of motor-busses were brought into play, and remained in action until the strike was over. These cases attested to the flexibility of the

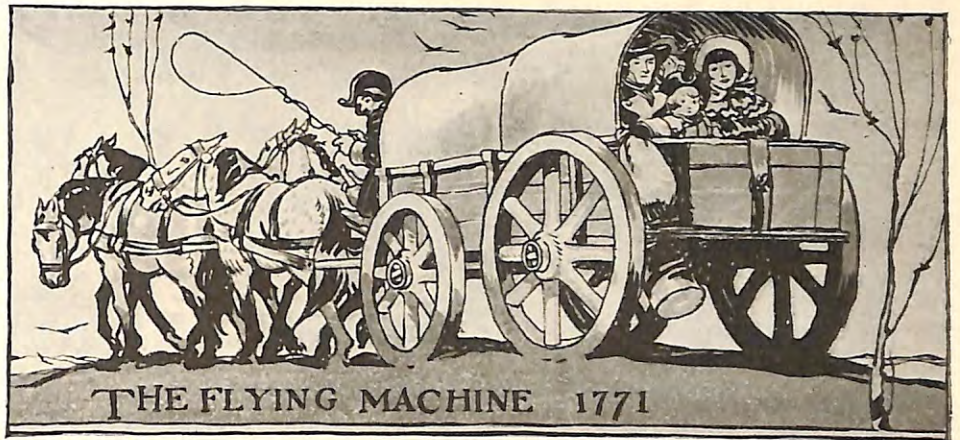
bus and it is this flexibility that makes them strong.

In the New York case an old organization suddenly revamped its system in many ways. By adding one hundred buses to the normal fleet, manning them with drivers and conductors recalled from vacations or temporarily on shop duty, adding new routes, establishing the "pay as you enter" plan of collecting fares, carrying new route cards in the cars and explanatory advertisements in the press, stationing guards and guides at junction points and granting bonuses to employees who worked overtime, the New York bus lines demonstrated their peculiar worth in times of stress. In the Ohio case, the street railway company hastily gathered buses of all kinds and with the aid of a few trolley cars which were kept in service transported loads up to the normal peak. So great was the success of this experiment that at least one of the affected cities may become completely motorized.

**Big Business and the Motor-Bus**

Big business has put the motor-bus across. The first movement toward substituting the gas-driven omnibus for the old horse-drawn carryall or village hack was fathered by Jehus of the country towns who with daring—greeted with disdain by home folks of the more conservative school—left "Doll" and "Dobbyn" in the barn and rolled forth with a home-made body bouncing on a rusty chassis picked up at some bargain sale. Then a few city hotels, which appreciated the value of publicity, hired local wagonmakers to create gaily painted, box-like bodies which, when fastened on ancient trucks, met all comers at the local trains. After that the motor-bus was really born.

Most of the crazy contraptions of the early days were owned and operated by stable boys until the flood of motor-cars inspired an army of mechanics or plain roustabouts to try their luck with "pirate" or "fly-by-night" affairs, propelled by gas, and charging all the passengers would pay. That was the motor-bus's second stage.



Some of the individual operators still function here and there. But most buses of the present day are under corporate control.

Fleets of motor-buses, owned by one concern, flit from New York to Boston and return each day. One corporation on the Pacific Coast owns and operates a line of "coaches," as they are sometimes called, from Portland, down through Oregon and California to San Diego, then across New Mexico and Arizona to El Paso, Texas. The Northern tourist seldom thinks of Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas in connection with good roads. Yet one Memphis corporation is operating buses on fast schedules over six hundred and forty-seven miles of highway in those States.

The tendency of the industry is to amalgamate or consolidate small companies into large. Hence one so minded can travel more than a hundred miles through Texas in the buses of a single company. And five hundred miles of bus-lines in Oregon are under the control of one stock company. A Louisville firm sends chartered buses as far as Cincinnati, Cumberland Gap, the Mammoth Cave, the State Capitol, and French Lick while the adventurous ones may tour the entire East Coast of Florida under the banner of one bus line, then across the State from Miami to Tampa under the banner of another. And no one who has visited



Florida during the past three years needs to be reminded that the motor-bus was used intensively during the recent real-estate boom.

But while hundreds of wealthy corporations which have no other transportation affiliations are putting the motor-bus on and pretty much all over the map the big investors in mass transportation on highways are the railroads and the trolley lines.

**Motor-Buses De Luxe**

It might be remarked in passing that if this boom in motor-buses were not backed by big business, it would not get very far. The motor-bus game is not a game for pikers. The shrewd ones learned long ago that the public is as much interested in comforts and conveniences of travel as it is in getting there. Most motor-bus companies aim to charge an equivalent of railroad fare plus Pullman fares and surcharges, and nearly all of them try to maintain a thirty-mile-per-hour schedule, but many of them have discovered that patrons will pay more than normal railroad fare per mile if they can travel in roomy, fancily

finished, tastefully decorated and upholstered cars.

That is where the de luxe motor-buses come in. Some of them which you may see rolling over the highways carrying from twenty-five to thirty-five passengers cost from ten thousand to twelve thousand dollars. One company in the Pacific Northwest has recently come out with a fleet known as parlor observation coaches because passengers in the rear section of each look out over the roof of the car through the windows of a sort of cupola. These, like other motor-buses in the Far West, have all the conveniences of the best Pullman cars.

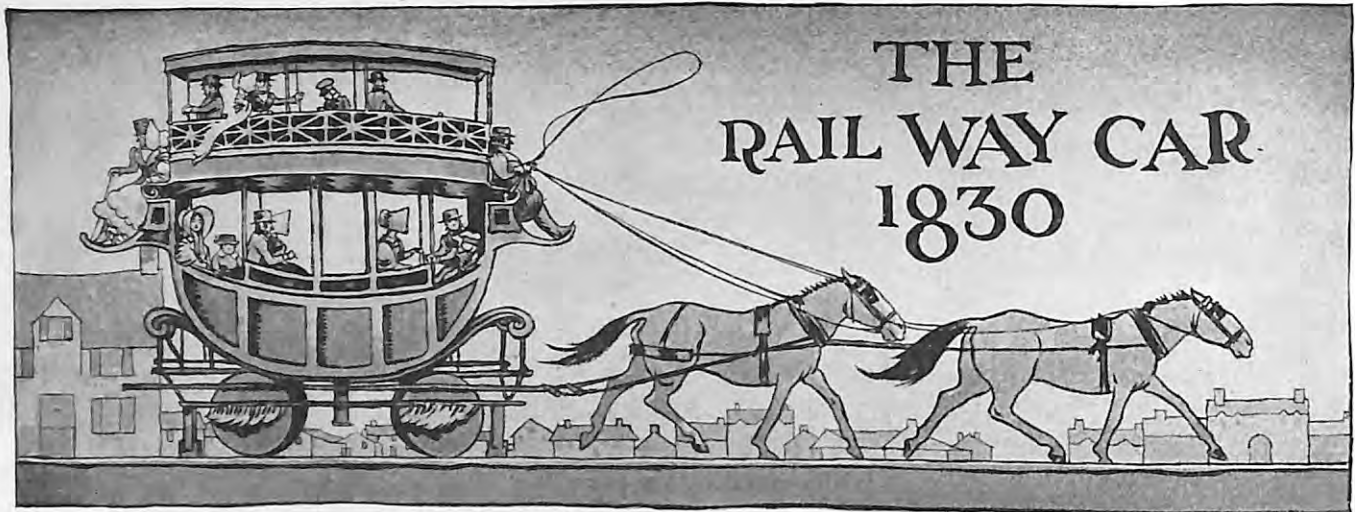
PERHAPS the parlor-buffet motor-coaches which speed along the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Francisco are the most luxurious of all. "Briefly" to quote a true statement made by the operators of the line, "they add Pullman and dining-car service to motor-stage travel." The happy voyager who enters one of these modern motorized palaces on wheels steps noiselessly over a thick carpet to a comfortably upholstered chair. And as he steps, he need not crouch. He can stand upright, even if he is very tall, without hitting the ceiling with his head. But once he is seated beside a big plate-glass window, which opens and closes, as quickly and easily as do those in a sedan, he may pull filmy curtains to shield himself from the sun's glare, or he can absorb some of the most romantic and appealing scenery found in California—where real scenery is made.

If hunger assails him, the argonaut merely presses a wall button and a uniformed steward appears, listens, and presently returns with hot or cold lunch, steaming coffee or ice-cream—or what will you? If the day is cold, the parlor-buffet motor-coach is heated, just enough. If after an all-day journey of four hundred and forty miles one gets a little travel tired as evening fades, he touches a metal handle, and his chair leans back quite comfortably; or if he would read, a switch is touched and an individual electric lamp floods the passenger with soft light.

Smokers and card players have a compartment to themselves in each of these luxurious affairs. Each coach is equipped with lavatory, washstand, mirror and flushing toilet. So smoothly does this modern miracle of the motor road eat up the miles that the day is done almost before the traveler realizes he is on his way.

In other regions of this bus-supporting land the buses make regular stops at taverns—as in the ancient coaching days. And many a time I wonder, as with siren sounding and much noise of gears and brakes, a mighty motorized modern coach pauses, panting, in an old inn-yard, if the





ghosts of handsome horses which were once the center of attention from travelers and tavern keepers, too, do not neigh sadly for the good old days of coach-and-four. But money and speed are the prime desiderata of our day.

Investment in a two-hundred-thousand dollar garage, a hundred-thousand-dollar terminal or a fifty-thousand-dollar stock-room is not considered out of order in motor-bus circles. But even the strongest of the strictly motor-bus concerns find themselves in pretty fast company because the railroads are playing the motor-bus game.

#### Highways Versus Roadbeds

The well-known Pro Bono Publico has been heard to remark, after side-stepping or patronizing one of the several thousand motor-buses now whisking over our city roads and rural highways: "The iron horse drove the covered wagon out of business; the electric railway put a crimp in the steam railroad, and now the gasoline motor-bus is going to shove steam railroad and electric railway into limbo." But there are a good many onlookers who believe that Pro Bono Publico goes too far.

Unquestionably the highway is taking its toll from the roadbed and its steel rails. Undoubtedly many a branch line railroad is running at a loss, or not at all. Unquestionably many a trolley system is in receivers' hands and many a street-car line is on its way to bankruptcy, if it has not already arrived. And undeniably many a railroad and trolley system is going into the motor-bus business. But to a great extent the steel rails will continue to carry their load.

The telegraph persists in spite of the telephone. The telephone will continue to give us service in spite of the radio. And the railroads—even the electric railways—will continue with us during this and succeeding generations in spite of the motor-car and its big brother, the motor-bus. But motor-car and motor-bus are playing hob with the transportation world, and it is some world, too.

Twenty-five years ago we, the great American public, had ten billion dollars invested in transportation plants of various kinds, but mostly railroads, and we were spending about one billion, five hundred million dollars in transporting freight and passengers. This year we can count our investment in transportation plants up to the fifty-billion-dollar mark, while we will spend between eighteen and twenty billion dollars in transporting

property or persons. Most of this increase has come during the past five years and is due to the growth of highway travel via the gasoline car. In fact, our expenditures for highway travel have more than doubled during these five years, while expenditures for railway transportation have actually declined. During these five years there has been no increase in railroad mileage, and very little in railroad equipment, while improved highway mileage has grown from three hundred and seventy thousand to four hundred and ninety-five thousand miles and our motor-cars and trucks have increased from nine million, two hundred and twenty-five thousand to twenty million. "Motor-cars and trucks" of course include motor-buses.

Flexibility and relatively low overhead are boosting the motor-bus business. Even on branch or local lines a railroad train can not hope to stop more often than once every four miles. A motor-bus can and does stop once every four blocks or oftener. It costs five times as much to run a three-car local railroad train as it does to run a modern motor-bus. Putting it another way, it costs as much to run a three-car railroad train down the line in the morning and up the line at night as it does to run a motor-bus over the same or parallel route every two hours in each direction from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

The Great Northern Railway, one of the big railroad systems of this country, found that its short-haul passenger business was falling off, because motor-cars and buses were competing with it. So it bought up or built bus lines until it controlled the bus field in its Minnesota territory. Its records showed that during 1920 to 1924 its passenger business at fifteen stations, selected at random, but having no bus competition fell off 64 6/10 per cent., while eleven other stations selected at random, but having bus competition, showed, during the same period, a falling off of 63 7/10 per cent. Its officials thereupon concluded that the railroad was losing business to the private motor-car



rather than to the bus. But they also concluded that properly organized and managed bus lines would eventually get business, on local hauls, from private motor-car owners.

This is the position held by many railroad men and bus-line operators. The figures so far available seem to prove their contention that the great bulk

of motor-car business comes not from those who do not own cars but from those who are accustomed to motor-car riding and who patronize bus lines for convenience. In other words, if the motor-bus lines offer enough inducements in rates, comfort and speed, private motor-car owners will use the bus lines on local hauls instead of bothering to get out their own cars.

Not all of the railroad magnates may agree with the president of an Eastern road who recently declared that "because of the exhaustion of the resources they were built to serve, the construction of competing lines of superior character, the destructive effect of automobile competition and other circumstances, there are thirty thousand miles of railroad that should be taken up and abandoned." But from the rock-ribbed shores of Maine to the blue waters of Puget Sound, and from the shell-strewn sands of the Gulf of Mexico to where the moonlight shines to-night upon the Wabash, railroads are discontinuing trains or abandoning branch lines and substituting motor-bus lines either directly or through subsidiary corporations. One of the biggest Eastern railroad systems is conveying its passengers from its New Jersey terminal to the central hotel district of Manhattan by motor-bus, and practically all of the motor-bus lines in Colorado are owned or are being negotiated for by railroads. And the railroads are not planning to put these motor-bus lines out of business, either. Quite the contrary.

#### Trolley Railways Adopt the Bus

The same president of an Eastern steam railroad who advised the tearing up of thirty thousand miles of rails declared before the St. Louis chamber of commerce that the country could "wipe off the books the six billion dollars invested in electric street and inter-urban railways because the motor-bus and automobile truck had placed them in the discard as effectively as the steam railroad shelved the stage coach during the last century."

To which a prominent street railway man, speaking before the United States Chamber of



Commerce at Washington, replied, "You are going to have street cars for many years to come. You are going to have more buses. You are going to have more automobiles. At present the street cars in the medium and larger cities are carrying more and more passengers. In Chicago the surface lines carried twelve million more passengers in 1925 than they carried in 1924. In New York City the surface lines carried one billion, thirty-six million passengers last year and the rapid transit lines one billion, six hundred and eighty million. The street railways in Milwaukee, San Francisco, New Orleans and many smaller cities carried more passengers last year than they did in 1924. Trolleys carry from 80 to 85 per cent. of all human beings moving in the public streets in rush hours, and do it with only 15 to 30 per cent. of the total number of vehicles in the streets."

Nevertheless many city street-car systems are going in heavily for motor-bus fleets and many interurban companies are going out of business or substituting buses for rails. A New Jersey street railway and interurban system has recently invested a half million dollars in a series of bus lines. In San Antonio, Texas, Dover, N. H., Hagerstown, Md., to take random examples, street-railway lines are adopting bus transportation. A Cleveland street-railway company is investing one million dollars in double-deck motor-buses. The Twin City Rapid Transit Company (the street car system of Minneapolis and St. Paul) has announced the immediate expenditure of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for additional motor-bus equipment. A trackless trolley in Virginia has been abandoned in favor of motor-buses.

**Buses Across the Continent**

One can travel by motor-bus from Chicago via Gary, Logansport and Indianapolis, Ind., to Washington, D. C., and then via Baltimore, Philadelphia and Atlantic City to New York, with the exception of the forty miles between Richmond, Ind., and Dayton, O., and the twenty miles between Havre de Grace, Md., and Newark, Del. And the going was not so bad, although it is a bit bumpy while bounding over the Blue Ridge in Maryland. But there may be a slight irregularity about the meals. For example, in order to avoid over-night delays, one

has to eat his soup at Cambridge, Ohio, his meat at Wheeling, W. Va. and his dessert at Washington, Pa., about thirty miles farther on. But a transcontinental motor-bus trip will soon be one of our outdoor sports. Barring occasional recourse to the rails, such a trip may be taken now.

If you are blessed with health and strength, have five weeks to spare and do not mind spending a little more money than you might spend on a Coast to Coast journey by rails or in your motor-car, leave New York by motor-bus for Nyack, then follow the west bank of the Hudson River to Catskill, N. Y. From that old town you may have to take a railroad train to Albany and Rochester. From Rochester through Buffalo to Erie you will travel by motor-bus, and a bus will carry you clear through Cleveland to Sandusky, where you may have to take trains or trolley to Toledo. But after that the faithful buses will hurry you through Detroit, Lansing, Grand Rapids and Muskegan to the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, down which you will coast to Gary's steel mills and Chicago.

It will be possible to travel across level, fertile Illinois by motor-bus from Chicago to St. Louis between daylight and dark. But you may have to bridge the three-hundred-and-forty-nine-mile gap between St. Louis and Little Rock via the railroad route. Then de luxe buses will bowl you over seventy-nine miles of fine road to Hot Springs and Malvern, Ark., after which railroads will convey you thirty-two miles to Camden. There the motor-buses will again pick you up, trundle you through the Arkansas oil-fields about Eldorado and the flat lands about Ruston and Shreveport, La., to Marshall, Tex., where other buses will swing you westward through Tyler, Dallas, Fort Worth, Abilene, Sweetwater and Big Springs to the railroad which will take you

on a three-hundred and forty-eight mile jaunt across the staked plains of our old geographies into El Paso, on the Rio Grande. In that thriving Texas city from which many

bus routes radiate, the famous Pickwick Stages Systems will carry you by day and night across mountains and deserts down through the celebrated Imperial Valley to San Diego and Los Angeles.

Such a journey cost Lewis R. Freeman, of Bus Transportation, \$127.14 in fares and gave him some experiences he will not soon forget, for not all our modern bus tours are tours de luxe.

If you like skating on large skates try the bus run down the western shore of Lake Michigan, say from Milwaukee to Chicago or any part thereof, on an icy day. Or if snow-drifts appeal to you follow a snow-plow through head-high Minnesota drifts about the middle of January. If you don't like the desert sands of the far southwest, engage passage on the regular bus run from Colorado Springs to Kansas City in the early spring. You may be sore in mind and body before that trip is over, but you'll take off your hat to the mighty machine which, hub deep and dragging its rear axle in the mud, keeps up the pace and lands its loads on time.

I don't know which is harder on the layman's nerves—the red clay of Georgia when it is wet, or the side-slanting mountain roads beyond where the West begins. A Massachusetts asphalt road when greasy from recent rain gives the passenger food for thought if the road, for instance, is on the Jacob's Ladder route.

These motor-bus excursions are growing in popularity. One of the several companies operating sight-seeing bus lines in and around New York City loaded a fleet of cars with West Point cadets one fall day, delivered them at New Haven in time for the Yale-West

(Continued on page 70)



# The Perfect Scorecard

By George H. Lyon

Illustrated by Albert Levering

THREE blocks up and three blocks over from Pier 17, River Styx, is to be found that particular department of the Hades Oil Baths, Inc., to which magazine editors daily consign aspiring young men who so far forget the fitness of things as to write stories about life in newspaper offices.

This story has to have a newspaper office for its setting, because that is the place where the old man whose courage it chronicles met all but the last great adventure of his life—and even that began there. To put him anywhere else, say, in a department store or a courtroom, would be to invite a fate worse than boiling oil.

The story begins in the city room of an evening newspaper at two o'clock in the morning—the hour when the “lobster” shift picks up the news trail where the morning papers have dropped it and starts work on an edition that reaches the street just as the elevated and subways pour their yawning, stretching millions into office, factory and shop.

Lafferty, night city editor of *The Record*, was looking through the second editions of the morning papers for some scrap of local news which might be expanded and developed into a leading story in event the next few hours brought nothing worthy of an eight-column banner. The usual clamor of the “night-side” printers clattering down the stairs to the street failed to disturb his study; he yawned as boisterous houts floated in from the stairway. The shouting grew nearer and louder and then burst full-toned upon the quiet of the city room. Lafferty looked up. Swarming through the door came a squad of noisy revellers, carrying on their shoulders Old Mel, the “lobster’s” antiquated office boy. He was tied hand and foot. A handkerchief held a gag in his mouth loosely. The riotous crew dumped him on the floor without ceremony, propped him half-sitting against the door jamb and fled precipitately.

“Hell’s kite,” Lafferty burst out. “What’s the old gent been up to now?”

McMahon, rewrite man, was the first to reach Old Mel’s side. “Can’t you guess?” he demanded, pointing dramatically to a shirtboard pinned on a lapel of the captive’s coat.

The cardboard bore an inscription pencilled in scabbling, hurriedly printed letters. Lafferty read it aloud: “ALL THE SOX NEEDS IS NINE BALL PLAYERS.” He lifted Old Mel to his feet and spun him around. On his back was a second shirtboard. It read: “WHEN WORSE BALL PLAYERS CAN BE HAD THE SOX WILL HAVE ‘EM.”

Old Mel didn’t say a word while Lafferty and the rest of the staff were untying him.

*Old Mel measured his words. He knew what the truth would mean. “I ordered the type killed.” The words came slowly. “I thought that on reflection Mr. Engle would regret having written the story”*



He could only sputter and glare. Every one had better sense than to question him until he settled down a bit, but he was worth watching. First he snatched off the shirtboards and tore them into a dozen pieces. Then he picked his way gingerly across the room—as though to try out his legs—and deposited the bits in a bucket beneath the water tank. This washing away of damning evidence accomplished, he applied himself vigorously to the work of rehabilitation. The rusty black derby from which he managed with some effort to pry his head he subjected to a vigorous rubbing in an effort to erase certain profane chalk marks. The sleeves of his blue serge coat, turned inside out by his tormentors, he returned to their original position in life, revealing lustrous elbows gained after long and faithful service. The legs of his trousers, now rolled almost to the knees, he made again to cover his gaunt, brown-stockinged shins. He adjusted his collar and drew his cravat taut. From his vest he produced a comb with which he repaired carefully the ravages done his mustache and iron-gray forelock. His steel-rimmed spectacles he wiped carefully and set in place—just so. Then, with his hands gripped tightly together behind him, he walked gravely to the copy desk.

“Mr. Lafferty?” His tone brooked no facetiousness. “May I have a few moments?”

THE city editor ceased clipping the morning papers and waved assent with long, murderous shears. “Sky’s the limit,” he said politely with the air of one receiving the bearer of great tidings.

“Mr. Lafferty, I have been outraged.”

“Outraged? By whom?”

“By thugs, sir; by villainous miscreants. Outraged, sir, set upon and made ridiculous.”

Lafferty nodded amiably. “What did they get?”

“It is not a matter of robbery, but of

honor—the honor of a great, fighting ball club, such a ball club as—”

A gentle sweep of the shears cut the old man short. “Get down to the story,” Lafferty admonished gently.

“I will try to be concise, sir. I was breakfasting as usual this morning at the Old Pal. I had finished my doughnut and was half through my coffee when my work of compiling yesterday’s box score was interrupted.”

“You check up the score every morning?” interposed McMahon. “What’s the percentage in that?”

“I do not permit any injustices to be done the Sox, Mr. McMahon. Official scorers have been known to rectify errors. I apologize, Mr. Lafferty, I am about to get at the news. To continue, I was finishing the box score when I was interrupted by loud voices at the end of the bar. Said one—you will forgive me if I repeat verbatim—one: ‘Master mind, hell! This Elkins is a bum and he’s got nothing but bums on his ball club.’”

Lafferty leaned forward comprehendingly. “Bums, eh?”

“Bums’ it was, sir. I hastened at once to the end of the bar to ascertain the identity of the slanderer. I found him to be a large, uncouth longshoreman whom I had heard addressed previously as ‘Kid Saunders’. I am not a coward, Mr. Lafferty, but I had no desire to enter into physical combat against such great odds. I preferred to have recourse to persuasive reasoning. ‘Mr. Saunders,’ said I, ‘did I understand you to compliment Mr. Elkins upon his ball club?’ ‘You did not,’ said he. ‘You understood me to say they was a lot of bums. Do you get it, bums? B-U-M-S! All of ‘em, the whole damned lot of ‘em.’ I was now well aware that my blood-pressure was mounting rapidly, and that I was in great danger of losing my temper. ‘Mr. Saunders,’ said I, ‘is it possible that you are basing your opinion wholly upon hearsay



## A Tale of an Old Fan's Loyalty that Is Calculated to Warm the Heart of Every Winter Leaguer

and that you have not had the privilege of seeing Mr. Elkins' ball club in action this season?" "Privilege, me royal eyebrow," said he. "It's no privilege to watch that moth-eaten bunch of has-beens hobble around without their crutches."

"You insisted on picking an argument with him?" interrupted Lafferty. "Even after looking him over?"

Old Mel ignored the question. "I viewed the situation carefully," he went on. "Viewed it from all angles. I estimated carefully the chances of probable disaster. I estimated the power I should need to put behind a devastating blow. And then, Mr. Lafferty, with my decision made and my fate in the hands of the gods, I launched my attack—full in the abdomen."

"And you're still alive to tell it!" Lafferty swore to himself softly. "Where was Saunders all this time?"

"Need we go into that in detail? I was taken across the knee of this thug and spanked, while his gangsters cheered him on to greater endeavors. I was threatened with severe punishment if I did not seat myself on the bar and burlesque Mr. Elkins' peculiar position while directing the play of his team. Finally I was trussed and brought here on the shoulders of Saunders and his rowdies, a mocking crowd in our wake."

A shudder rattled through the old man's thin, spare frame and his shoulders sagged. Lafferty put an arm around him, clapped him on the back. "Cheer up, Mel," he said, "don't forget what they did to Napoleon."

"Napoleon was a very poor ball-player—he couldn't field," said Old Mel.

No one on *The Record* staff ever had completely explained Old Mel's fanatical love for baseball or his idolatry of Pat Elkins and the Sox. For that matter, no one ever had explained Old Mel himself. Lafferty, who sat in the slot of the copy desk, swearing loudly when news was

plentiful and twice as loudly when it was scarce, was of the opinion that the old gentleman was of a race apart—an eerie creature bound to this earth only by box-scores, club batting averages, double-headers and a hot and consuming passion for the "master mind," white-collared, bench-warming school of baseball managers as best exemplified by Elkins.

"How do we know he's human?" Lafferty would demand of his henchmen on the rim of the semicircular desk. "McMahon says he saw him take a drink once, but what does that prove? For that matter, Mac thinks he ought to get a streamer—'Thousands Saved from Flood'—every time he writes a yarn about a bathtub slopping over somewhere up in Kingsbridge."

**T**HE most nearly satisfactory explanation of Old Mel—and there were some fragments of evidence to support it—was that he had been a teacher of mathematics in a normal school in his younger days and first had acquired a taste for baseball from a purely scientific standpoint. This, it was argued, would explain his obsession for the strategy of the game, his devotion to Elkins and all his works, his mathematically perfect scorecards and his never-ceasing compiling of averages. Also, it might explain his preciseness of speech. What cut short his career as a teacher no one knew. Lafferty suspected some disorder of the nerves; a mental breakdown, perhaps, which had cut him loose from his moorings and sent him drifting to the four corners of the world. Once he surprised the desk with his familiarity with the Sahara and the sacred cities in the south of the desert. He had been *The Record's* "lobster boy" as the man of all errands was called on the early morning trick, for some ten years, having answered an advertisement in the classified columns. Fair weather or foul, he came to work promptly at two o'clock in the morning, seldom missing a day, and then always

reporting to Lafferty by telephone. Odd moments between doing errands and running copy were devoted to reading baseball news and figuring away in the leather-covered book in which he kept the box scores and individual averages of the Sox. He could tell instantly whether Elkins' shortstop was up to his last year's record of stolen bases or whether the home club's center-fielder was hitting as hard as he did in July, 1922, when he first changed his position at the plate and became a left-handed batter. When he left the office at half-past nine he went directly to the home of the niece with whom he lived, a baseball pass, given him daily by the sports department, carefully tucked away in his vest pocket. After a combination breakfast-dinner he sat on the front steps and talked baseball to such an audience as he could muster. At one o'clock he was on his way to the park. Only the days when the Sox were on the road were lonely; then time hung heavy on his hands. Both the "lobster" and his neighbors knew him as a kindly, lovable gentleman of the old school, obliging, earnest, conscientious. His only weaknesses were baseball and the Sox.

The "lobster" rode through July on the strength of two or three good foreign stories which kept breaking in time for the nine o'clock edition, but Old Mel paid as much attention to them as though circulation were something one got for being a good boy and holding out the right hand. When we beat the town by eighteen minutes on the finding of "Billion Jim" Donahue's body in Clare La Reine's apartment, Mel looked as interested as an opera star who had just been invited to visit an amusement park and ride the merry-go-round. He promptly buttonholed Lafferty to tell him why Joe McAdam had the greatest cross-fire delivery of any pitcher in a generation. It wasn't so hard for Mel to get an audience now, because baseball was getting to be red-hot news. The Sox had shed their slump and were headed for the top. They had learned the practical purposes for which a baseball bat was devised and were knocking the ball to the four corners of the lot. A club which in the spring was rich in ivory but poor in fielding was beginning to make the grade. And Old Mel rejoiced therein.

All the old gentleman's days were not days of joy, however. For an instance, the tragedy of the forgotten wedding—forgotten not by the bride or the groom or by Mel's niece, arrayed in new tan silk and impatiently awaiting the return from work of her baseball-worshipping uncle. A wedding so completely and efficiently, if not half-purposely, forgotten by Old Mel that not until the visiting club's last batter had popped up a weak fly in the ninth did the old

man realize that he would be many hours late in keeping an engagement to escort a young woman to a front pew, and that long before he carried his six star extra with complete box-scores across the family threshold the nuptial flivver, pennants, rice and one bad spark-plug would be Niagara bound. For several days thereafter Mel was a man of secret sorrow. Twice he had to be reminded to stop at the sports desk for his pass. These mornings he ate his seven o'clock lunch at the counter of the Q. & D., it being quite obvious to the "lobster" that the outraged niece's memory had purposely failed in the matter of the neatly wrapped sandwich and dill pickle, the eating of which, accompanied by reading of sport proofs, had always been a part of Mel's morning ritual. But in the course of eight straight victories for the Sox and the consequent clinching of a comfortable lead for second place, the morning sandwich returned to its accustomed place in the office routine.

"Looking perkier than you did, Mel," Lafferty observed pleasantly on the morning the lunch began its return engagement.

"Hitting over four hundred and fielding about nine seventy-five," Mel replied. "And stealing a lot of bases."

WITHIN a few days Lafferty came to be of the opinion that his favorite office boy was stealing altogether too many bases. He spoke to McMahon about it. "The old boy's riding for a fall," he said.

"Thought you were doing the riding," interposed the rewrite. "Sounded that way this morning." "I did jump him a bit."

"Yeah?"

Lafferty grinned reminiscently. "I sent him up to the library for the clips on the Montague girl and told him to get the proofs on the way back through the composing room. Ought to have taken him about three minutes. I waited half an hour, then started out to find him. And where did I find him?" He paused dramatically. Macready, tragedian and master of theatrical effect, never did it better.

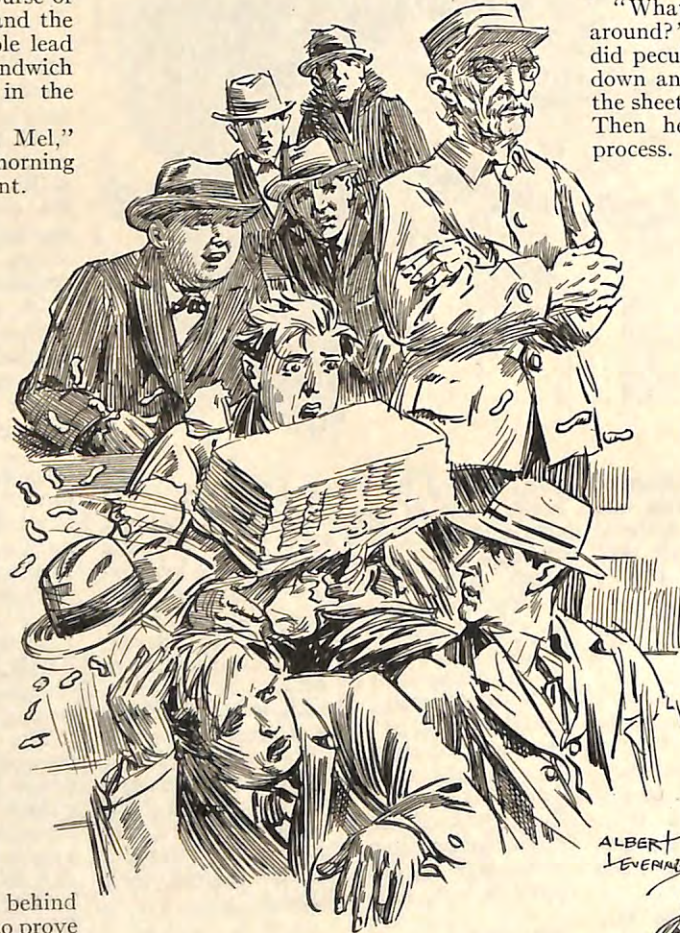
"Where did I find him? Hidden behind some cases in the stock room, trying to prove Sol Engle was three points off in some averages he'd quoted in his column." Engle had been *The Record's* baseball expert for some fifteen years. Lafferty ran on: "I asked him what the devil the idea was in holding up the clips. 'Think we're publishing a year-book?' I asked him. 'Mr. Lafferty,' he says, 'you will get your clippings; also, Mr. Engle will learn that some one in this office takes sufficient interest in the Sox to see that justice is done them. I have made the necessary changes in the proof.'"

"Get that, will you!" said McMahon. "Changing Sol Engle's copy! Might just as well pour kerosene in the kitchen stove. He'd start out to lick the whole typographical union if he thought the proof-room was trying to steal a comma on him."

"I explained that to the old man," Lafferty continued. "Told him he was fooling with dynamite, but he just drew himself up to his full height and a couple of inches more and started another speech. 'Mr. Lafferty,' he said, 'I know nothing of Mr. Engle's deficiencies of temperament, but I shall not permit Mr. Elkins' club to be deprived of its just due.' And with that he

marched grandly out ahead of me, paraded through the composing-room and put the clips down here on the desk."

The next few days Old Mel kept pretty close to his table in a corner of the city room. The Sox were within a game and a half of the Eagles now. They won three games by sheer break of luck, but they won and Mel wouldn't admit that anything but Pat Elkins' high-powered strategy had turned the trick. Then came the debacle. For five days the Sox wouldn't have taken a ball game if it had been handed to them on a platinum salver. The climax came when they lost a double-header to the tail-enders. The delicately contrived, carefully oiled machine which Elkins had spent months in assembling looked fit for the junk-heap.



*Trying to get his head out of the basket, find his hat, call a cop and punch the peanut seller all at the same time*

The procession of routed Sox pitchers marching from the infield to the clubhouse took seven minutes passing a given point. The "master mind's" batting order began to look like a suicide club. The infield had more holes than a sieve. The dreaded August slump had arrived.

It was a different Mel who came into *The Record* city room the morning after the disastrous double-header. McMahon was ready for him. "Old 'Master Mind' seems to have failed to function yesterday," he observed politely.

"No team is invulnerable," Mel replied with perfect dignity. That was all. If he were aware of the sarcasm which tinged the conversation of the city desk, he gave no sign of flinching. Rather, he went mechanically about his work, keeping a bit closer to his table than usual and giving no heed to conversation obviously intended for his benefit. But his cup of woe was brimming.

Solly Engle, scenting a possible new base-

ball story for the second edition, came down to the office early. The continued victories of the Sox the month before had become tiresome writing; in Elkins' string of defeats he now found new material—the possibility of a changed line-up, speculation as to the manager's tactics in the face of a continued slump. The night before he had written a brilliant, sarcastic review of the latest disaster, leveling most of his shafts at the Sox leader. He was anxious to learn whether his story would prove as readable in cold type the morning after as it had when it came hot from his typewriter, and he was quick to seize a paper when the first editions came up from the pressroom. He turned to the first sport page, where his daily column held undisputed position, and scanned it petulantly.

"What's the hell's the idea of switching it around?" he muttered. Make-up editors did peculiar things at times. His eyes ran down and up the second page. He turned the sheet and began to study the third page. Then he turned back and repeated the process. A flush began to mount slowly in his cheeks; his brows lowered and his jaws clicked sharply; the lines about his mouth deepened.

"Lafferty!" he yelled across the room.

The "lobster" boss, hardened to the ways of sports department experts, continued to read.

"Lafferty!" This time with a sharp downward inflection. "Where in hell's my story?"

Lafferty opened his paper to the sports section. Engle strode across the room to his side. Old Mel rose slowly from his table and moved toward the copy desk.

"I spent half the night putting that story together," Engle stormed. "It's the first chance I've had to turn out a decent yarn in months."

Lafferty studied the last of the sport pages intently, then closed the paper. Plainly he was perplexed.



"I don't know what happened," he said. "We'll rush through a replate. The type must be standing. I'll send word to the stereotypers to put through a dry mat." He wheeled and barked at Old Mel. "Tell Moran there will be a make-over on the first sports page. Tell him to tell the press-room."

Old Mel stood glued to the floor.



"Speed it up," snapped Lafferty. The old man drew himself up and threw back his head. "There's no type standing on Mr. Engle's story," he said. "No type? What do you mean, No type?"

Old Mel measured his words. He knew what the truth would mean. "I ordered the type killed." The words came slowly. "I thought that on reflection Mr. Engle would regret having written the story. I told the foreman Mr. Engle had telephoned to kill it, that he would write a new story for the second edition. I told the make-up editor the same thing."

The city room waited for the trumpet blast that would proclaim the ending of the world. Words would not come to Lafferty's lips. Engle's purpling rage could find no adequate means of expression. Only Old Mel remained calm. His eyes were filled. He loved the old news room of *The Record*. The calm stillness of the city in the hours just before dawn, the reddening of the east behind towering office buildings, the comradeships of the "lobster"—all had served in their way to mellow the autumn of his life. But there could be no compromise. He turned to Engle and their eyes met.

"Your story," Old Mel said very quietly, "was an insult. It was an insult to a great man and to a great ball club. I could not permit it to be printed in any edition of *The Record* with which I am connected. What others may do is beyond my control now and for the conscience of others to determine." A moment later he was gone without another word.

In a newspaper office there is nothing deader than yesterdays. Old Mel quickly be-

came a memory. After Engle had cooled off he and Lafferty got together in the publisher's office and it was decided to send a note around to the old man telling him all was forgiven and to report back for work; but Mel wouldn't or couldn't swallow his pride, much less deal with a lot of Sox-baiters; which left no alternative but to put a new office boy to work.

Lafferty thought the desk had heard the last of the old gentleman, but McMahon was not so sure. "He may be out of a job, or wondering where the next meal's coming from," the rewrite man said, "but unless I'm so far off that there isn't a single speak-easy on this block, he's getting into that ball park every day." Before the "lobster" left the office that morning there came tidings of Old Mel. Strangely enough, they came through Engle.

"That antiquated ex-office boy of yours is at it again," he told Lafferty as he halted at the copy desk.

"Old Mel? At what?" "Raising the devil every time things go wrong with the Sox; wanting to kill anybody who makes a crack at 'em." The desk began to prick up its ears. "Don't you know he's working out at the ball park?" "What did I tell you?" McMahon yelled excitedly.

Engle continued: "I didn't know it until yesterday. You remember the Utes filled up the bases in the seventh with two men down? And then the batter polled an easy fly into Joe Blunk's hands?"

"Sure," said Lafferty, "and Blunk dropped the ball and the ball game all at one time."

"That's where your ancient jazz-bo begins to figure in the picture. The crowd had just stopped booing when I heard a lot of loud talking behind the press box. I swung around to see what was loose, but it was only a white-coat—one of the peanut men—arguing with a customer. I turned back to the game when the crowd back of me let out another flock of war-whoops. What had this peanut man done but crashed his whole damn basket

down on a customer's head. There were peanuts flying in forty-seven different directions and this fan who had been crowned Queen of the May was trying to get his head out of the basket, find his straw hat, call a cop, punch the peanut seller and make a couple of speeches all at the same time."

"Sweet lilies of the valley!" said Lafferty. "May we all remain as pure!"

"Finally the customer picked the peanuts out of his ears and got a cop; they started to bring their wild man down near where I was sitting. Then I got a good look at the white-coat, and I'll be caught napping twenty feet off first base if it wasn't our little friend, Old Mel."

McMahon brought his fist down on the table with a bang. "You can't keep him down, you can't keep him down," he chortled.

"I DUCKED back into the stand," Engle went on, "and stopped Mel and the cop; I've known him for four or five seasons. 'What's the big idea,' I asked him. The old fellow just looked me straight in the eye—you know how he does it when he's mad all the way through—and said: 'Not that I consider it any affair of yours, Mr. Engle, but I believe you and I once had a disagreement over the same matter. I will not permit any member of the Sox to be called a bum.'"

"Of course the cop let him go?" Lafferty asked. "There's a lot of cheap croakers out there every day who need a healthy sock."

"The cop let him go, all right, but Mel lost his job. After the game I hunted up Larry Ashburn in the concession office and asked him what he'd done with his lightweight peanut champion. He said Old Mel was forever getting into fights with customers and that his patience was exhausted. He said the old man spent more time watching the game than he did selling stuff. Mel offered to work for nothing next week if Larry would get him into the park to see the last series with the Eagles, but Larry said he wasn't running an outdoor gymnasium for old men and turned him down cold."

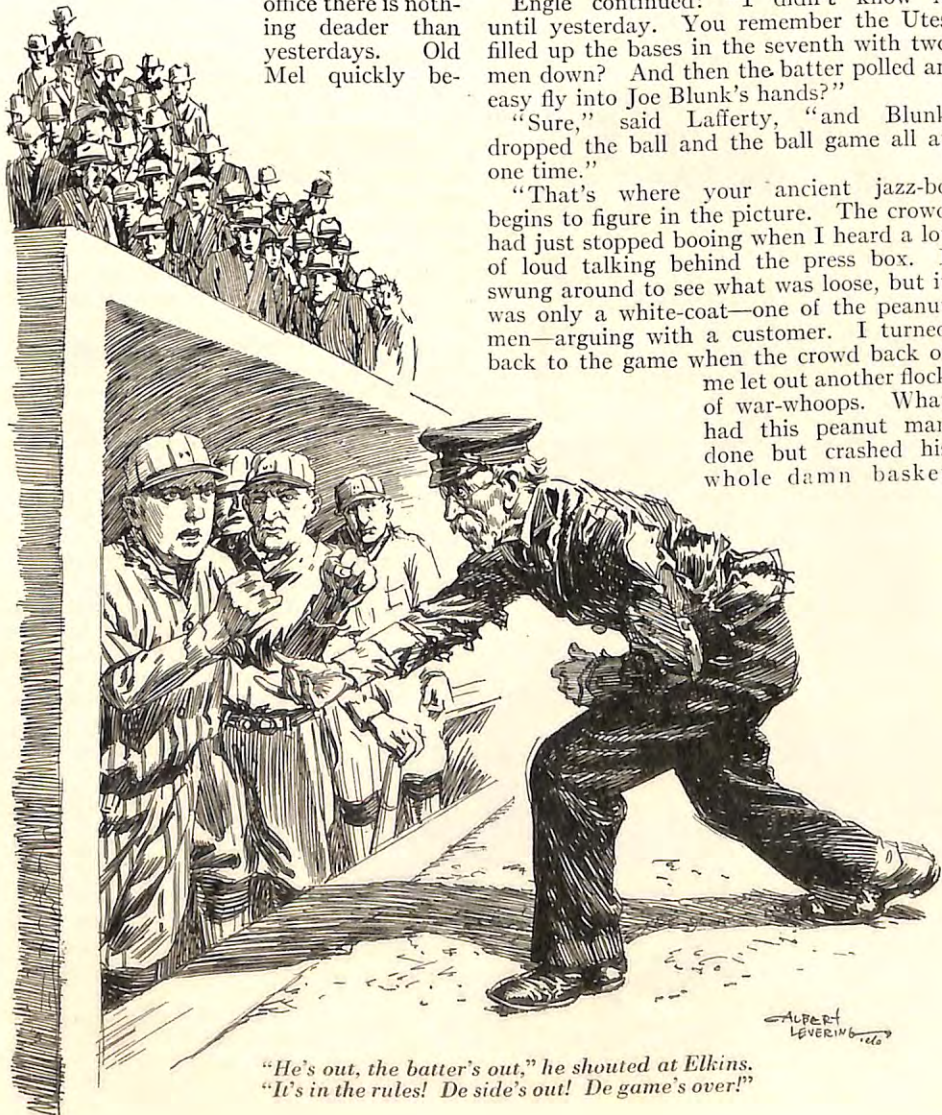
"The poor old cuss," said Lafferty.

"Spare the tears," said McMahon, "he'll get there."

Pretty nearly every one on the "lobster" got an early start for the ball park on the last day of the season. McMahon and Lafferty had the fight of their lives to get through the mob that was milling around outside the gates. The "specs" were asking as high as they could count for reserved seats—and getting it. About seventeen million people wanted to jam themselves into that park in order to tell their grandchildren some day how they saw the Sox and the Eagles fight off a tie for first place on the last day of the season. There was all kinds of squabbling at the press gate. A woman who had a pass with a July date was trying to argue with the doorman, and a seedy looking individual with a last year's straw hat was trying to pass himself off as an uncle of the Sox second baseman.

"Get this kid trying to crash the gate,"

(Continued on page 64)



"He's out, the batter's out," he shouted at Elkins. "It's in the rules! De side's out! De game's over!"

ALBERT LEVERING 1926



# New Furs for Old

*There, Little Bunny, Do Not Cry, You'll Be a Sable Bye and Bye*

By Walter S. Hyatt

Drawings by Dan Jacobson

**F**URS? Once for the classes, now for the masses. Furs. . . . Modern industry is giving women one of the articles of dress they most covet.

Last summer I was seated in a street car. It was very hot. People were dying from the heat. Opposite me sat a girl fanning herself desperately. Around her neck she wore a piece of white fur.

Why? Feminine stuff. Vanity. Original sin. Sex psychology. A flareback to the primitive. Phalanxes of complexes.

Dogs bark at furs. Women adore them. Barbaric man wore whiskers and furs because he didn't know any better, had to. Nowadays women bob their hair, throw away lots of clothes, cover themselves with furs. Why? Surely the reason is deeply seated in our pride of show, of possessing something at once useful and ornamental. I have bought for myself and others a half-dozen fur coats at different times, and I confess fear of cold was not the whole reason.

Furs are treated with too much respect, or too much levity. That's the lesson from those half-dozen coats. There's a middle ground to be trod. Buyers and wearers of furs should know more about them.

Where do they come from, exactly, all these furs women wear to-day by the million? What are they? There's a mystery in these questions that only inquiries in the fur industry will solve.

"Yes, it cost all of ten thousand dollars, and a bargain at that," I lately heard a woman remark, parading before an envious friend a sable coat, quivering with gloss and flare.

How much had she really paid? Probably far below the price mentioned. At any rate, before paying such a price she would have been at great pains to learn more about furs had she known what the trade knows about Australia. Australia is not only a vast land slightly larger than the United States. It grows millions and millions of rabbits.

From that broad continent last year came to the United States a round million rabbit skins, one-half of which went into our hats and the rest into our cheaper furs, into imitation sables, seals, minks, often sold sometimes at a handsome price because women do not know the things they should about furs.

These rabbits are the backbone of the modern fur industry. Then come millions of squirrel skins from Lapland, Finland, Siberia, for use in their natural color but oftener dyed into rich and colorful trimmings and other garments, perhaps sold under stage names.

The lack of fine furs sufficient to supply an ever-increasing demand doesn't matter, so long as the supply of these rapidly propagating animals lasts.

Because of this demand, during the past two seasons, the use of these and other cheaper skins to imitate more expensive ones has reached an unparalleled degree. The original pelt is dyed beyond recognition. The fur industry just couldn't go on otherwise.

Too, this phenomenal necessity and practice has all but upset the industry internally. The fingerprint system can't be applied to furs. Many controversies arise between wholesale fur-handlers and the wholesale cloak, suit, and skirt manufacturers over the identification of furs. Ignorance of furs is

the basis of many errors all over the world. One phase of it here is the popular impression that foreign furs must be better, or may be had more cheaply.

An acquaintance of mine has just come out of Russia, renowned for its fine furs. He told me joyfully how he had smuggled nearly a hundred crown sable skins over numerous frontiers, sewed up in a pillow, an article that many travelers carry on long journeys in Russia and Eastern Europe. He told me he was going to make his wife a grand present. He had his treasures examined by a furrier. They proved to be dyed rabbit belly, the lot worth, perhaps, \$150.00, including the United States duty on foreign-dressed skins.

Such incidents are ancient history in the fur trade. Six hundred years ago the Skinners' Corporation of London vainly undertook to prevent frauds in the sales of furs, one of which was the selling of old furs as new. To-day, in the United States, several fur organizations are trying to eliminate this and other deceitful practices.

**T**HIS ignorance about furs is astonishing.

People who pay the price of an automobile for a fur garment don't inform themselves about these imitations, and the wide range of values that apply to real furs. This ignorance extends right into the trade. Men who have been fur scouts all their lives, going among trappers in many lands, taking big risks to get exceptionally beautiful pieces of fur, have told me the business is far more complicated than the handling of diamonds. New kinds of real furs are turning up all the time. People from distant lands are frequently turning in to the fur cold-storage warehouses furs that no one seems to be able to recognize.

The most common error, and despite the present low price of many serviceable furs on the market, is that people insist on regarding furs as a luxury, as things of great price. This impression often forces the retailer to misrepresent his furs in order to make a sale. The average rich or well-to-do woman rather scorns garments labeled as dyed rabbit, and might look askance at squirrel.

Just after the World War Armistice, late in 1918, I went into a fur shop in Vienna, once one of the great fur-manufacturing centers, a city where every one of any wealth or consequence, man or woman, owned fur coats. The dealer, in talking, told me of the wonderfully picturesque street coat worn by the Duchess of Hohenburg, wife of Archduke



Francis of Austria, both of whom were assassinated at Sarajevo in 1914, thereby precipitating the World War. That coat was made of the gray and white bellies of squirrels. It should be recalled that she moved in, perhaps, the most exclusive court of the royal world of pre-war days, or, at least, the most punctilious. She was a woman of much dignity, taste, refinement, and anyway as a morganatic wife she was more open to criticism than another in all she did. Of course she had other furs, sables, seals, ermines, for occasions of ceremony, but she fancied squirrel and in its cheapest form.

The Queen of Holland has long affected beaver, certainly a good but moderate priced fur, as it is no longer very fashionable, and, therefore, not in high demand.

An American wholesale broker in fine furs told me his wife had been wearing a Hudson seal garment since 1917, when it cost \$125.00 and could be duplicated to-day for \$275.00. She has worn this coat for eight winters. Of course, Hudson seal is not real fur seal from Alaska. It is made of American muskrat dyed black. At double the price the Alaska seal coat may be had, with a wear in it of ten to twenty years. Some women are not informed of these prices, further, they have the impression, dating from a half century ago when the fur seal was not so cleverly tailored, that the real article is too heavy. Yet, there is not the quarter of a pound's difference in two such garments of equal size and similar lining.

If my acquaintance who came out of Russia had not been so obsessed with values, he might not have been duped. The sable is at once the most valuable and, therefore, the most widely imitated of furs. This crown sable comes from the frozen swamp country of the far North, in the Bargazin forest region. These sables always went to the imperial family in the old days, hence the name crown sable. They were used as presents to other royal houses. Queen Elizabeth, of England, wore Russian sable and ermine at her coronation.

**T**HERE are few on the market at present because under the Soviet régime there is not the money inducement there once was to endure the hardships to get the crown sable. But there are others. The sable, in general, is of many qualities, ranging in wholesale price from \$20.00 to \$700.00 the skin. When properly matched, eighty crown skins to make a cloak may be worth \$50,000. To this may be added the cost of workmen experts whose salaries may be \$250.00 a week. Then, comes the lining, the fashion, and such a garment might retail at \$75,000.

No one but a millionaire can afford such a garment. The fact that sables are so valuable is well established, and on this fact the unscrupulous dealer works. He may even in the fur auctions held for the trade, hoodwink other dealers. There is more



Dan Jacobson

money made in selling imitation or low-grade sable than in the old master game of the picture-dealers. The Oriental rug fraud can not compete, by comparison, because prices are lower. At best a good rug of natural vegetable dye made up fifty years ago can only bring a few hundred dollars, whereas sables run into thousands.

Just as the German aniline or chemical dyers of twenty to thirty years ago made the rug fraud possible, so did they contribute to the wholesale dyeing of furs and make more room for this fraud. The dyer can take a low-grade sable and make it look like a high-grade one, which is all very well so long as there is not misrepresentation, perhaps later to be discovered in the wear of the fur.

But of the millions of sable garments, neckpieces and trimmings now worn in the United States, the majority are made of dyed imitations. This must be so. There are not enough sables to fill such a demand.

We depend largely on Carnivora and Rodentia for furs, and to-day in their making these two branches of animal life are drawn on indiscriminately for imitations. The sable is made of at least a dozen other animals dyed. Other than rabbits and squirrels, the weasel family is largely drawn on. The skunk, the polecat, the French house cat, the Siberian kolinsky, the fitch, the marmot, the marten, are among the furs used.

And all of these animals are indiscriminately dyed, in imitation of each other, according to the market prices, styles, the particular need of a manufacturer. He may have a big order for a lot of cheap collegian coats that came into style three seasons ago. He can not afford to buy Northern muskrats at from one to four dollars apiece, so

he picks up a lot of Southern muskrats, or even Australian rabbits and shoots them into the dyer with a rush order to turn them out as raccoon. To be sure, these skins, when made up, haven't the wearing quality of the raccoon, the skin won't hold the thread, the seams burst, the skin crackles like paper, but they *look* like the real thing, give the collegian a chance to swagger in brief glory.

Every fur known can be readily imitated. The King of Beasts, the lion, is not a factor in the fur-garment trade, but, if such garments came into fashion you would find this lordly animal's skin ready, without any one taking the trouble to wander to his habitat in Asia and Africa.

Take the chinchilla, almost as priceless as the crown sable. There are a host of chinchillas on the market, yet the animal is extinct in a trade sense. It was sold in the New York wholesale market

in 1903 for as low as twenty-five cents a skin. The man who made a specialty of importing chinchillas had on hand thousands of skins. To-day, there are probably not 100 dozen in this market, and these are held at from \$50.00 to several hundred dollars each, according as they are from Bolivia, the home of this field rat, or Peru and Chile, where is found the bastard chinchilla. It is the finest, silkiest hair known. It is as delicate as dew on the mountain. It can be dressed but not dyed, or treated with a chemical. It has a gray or brown top color, with a steel-blue undercoat. It makes a wonderful opera cloak and will wear for many years if carefully handled. The animal won't live in captivity.

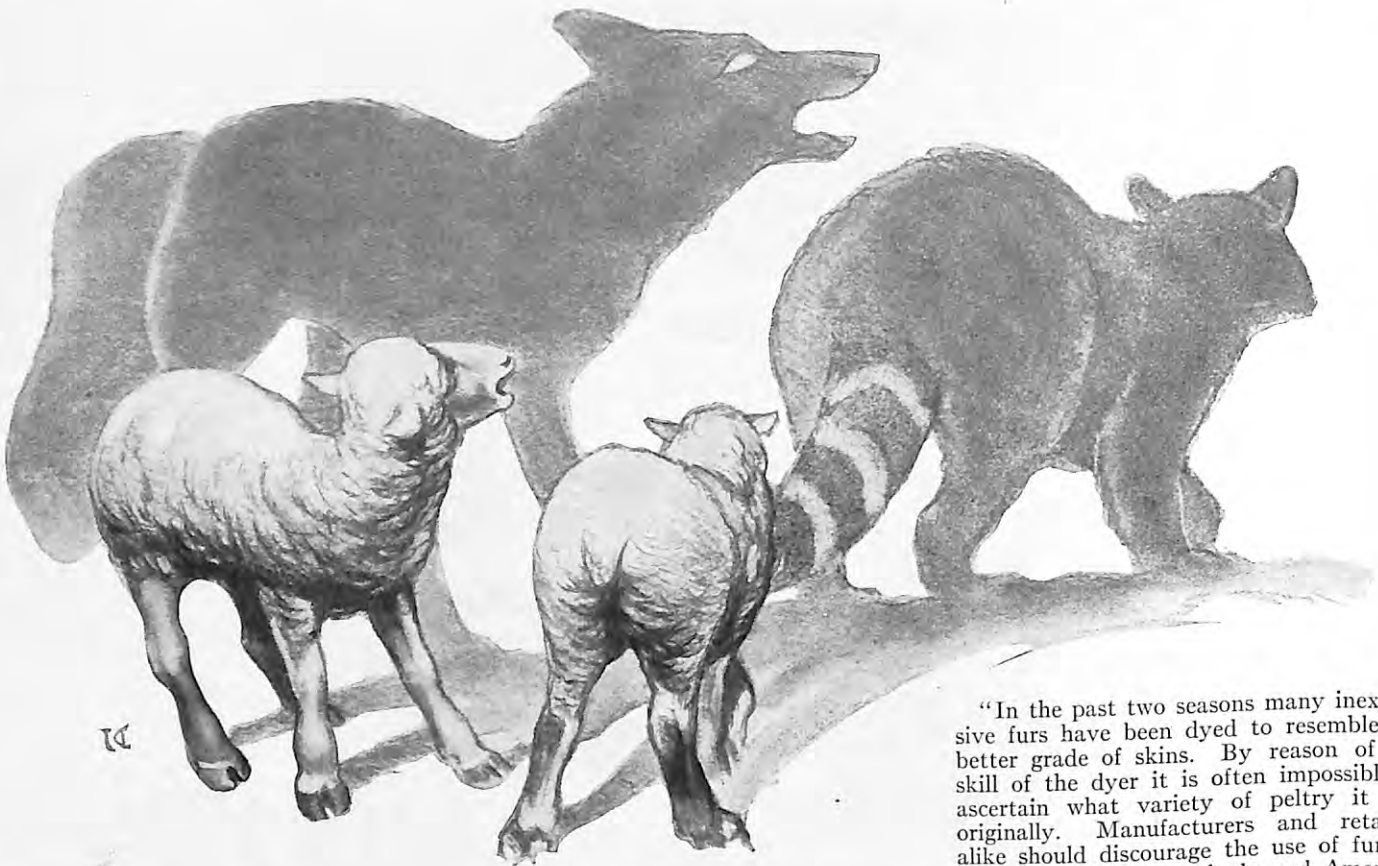
The market substitutes are rabbits and squirrels, especially the French white rabbit, dyed in Germany. To some these imitations are desecrations, prostitution of beauty. But women must have something new, and most of them are so ignorant.

There's a snow-white royal ermine, of coal-black tail, habitat Siberia, British North America, Alaska. What dignity, what memories are wrapped up in this fur! Charlemagne, the king of Gaul who reconstructed the Roman Empire, wore it in

state, and every king and queen since his time have been graced by this wonderful fur. To-day most such garments are just rabbit dyed white.

"What's the use of being rich nowadays," wailed a woman in one of the exclusive fur houses lately, who had thought to break the hearts of some of her dearest friends by buying a real ermine coat. "Any shop girl can buy one on the instalment plan that





matches mine in looks. Thousands of dollars for a label!"

Let the women fight it out. Facts are facts. This is an industry whose truths are stranger than fiction.

We read in the Bible how lamb's wool was dyed crimson. We have improved on Bible times a lot. The French have a saying that at night all cats are black. To-day the lamb, the sheep, the goat, counterfeit many furs. The Italian lamb, the trade name of which is mandel, is dyed to imitate the blue fox, the raccoon. It may appear as the more expensive sable, the fitch. It may be used as trimmings. Two lamb skins made up into collars, cuffs, and border will cost wholesale \$8.00, whereas eight fitch skins for the same purpose will cost \$36.00. Such skins will wear for two seasons, due to chemical treatment, including an electrical process to straighten the curl. If dyed into raccoon shade, the coat will cost retail \$150.00 as against \$300.00 perhaps for the real raccoon. Just now Italian lamb, and for these reasons, has jumped from fifty cents to several dollars the skin, wholesale.

The fox is set down as a cunning animal. It would take a lot of his cunning to distinguish between most fox furs after they leave the dyer. About a thousand blue foxes are turned out yearly by the United States government preserves in Alaska and sold to the trade for around \$100.00 each. Yet how many are in use? Imitations of the blue fox include the white fox, the Manchurian dog, Chinese and Russian goat. The silver fox costs wholesale from \$150.00 to \$250.00, hence red, gray, cross-foxes, costing \$20.00 to \$50.00 each, become silver foxes, the silvery effect being secured by "pointing," that is inserting long gray hairs into the leather.

Men being what they are, think they know a good deal about furs. Every one has some memory of a trapping or hunting expedition during which he learned all about furs. Many men will be stopped in alleys, doorways, this winter by truck-drivers, delivery boys, who, beckoning mysteriously, looking

fearfully up and down the street meanwhile, will open their coats and reveal some furs, which apparently being stolen property will be offered at 90 per cent. off for quick cash. Some of the men so stopped, thinking to please their wives or daughters, will jump at the bargain, and later put the fur in the garbage can in the hope that somebody will steal it.

Furs are stolen frequently, however, but by gangs which operate on a bootlegging scale. The fur-dealers have been obliged to form a protective association to prevent such thefts, yet the daily papers continue to record the activities of these thieves. Once the theft is made it is not easy to trace them, because of the difficulty of identification. Unscrupulous manufacturers constitute the market for the thieves. Such a manufacturer, say, is hard up, he wants a given lot of furs, so the leader of a theft gang is notified, this leader locates the particular lot of furs. Such thefts run into millions of dollars annually.

**T**HE honest men in the business are working hard to eliminate these thefts, as well as misrepresentation as to quality. High prices for poor furs diminish all sales, and help to drive the quality fur out of the market.

Some of the trade difficulties between manufacturers and retailers lately yielded information of interest to fur-buyers. In an appeal to retailers to exercise more consideration in passing judgment on fur trimmings furnished by the manufacturers, Mr. Max Lachman, manager of the cloak, suit, and skirt manufacturers' association, explained that an exact duplication of a sample for fur cuffs, collars or borders is not possible. "Merchants," he said, "should realize that fur skins represent a natural phenomenon. No one can determine the exact shade. No two pieces of fur, either natural or dyed, ever did or ever will look alike. That's why matching is so difficult and costly. Nor can any manufacturer guarantee the wear of a piece of fur.

"In the past two seasons many inexpensive furs have been dyed to resemble the better grade of skins. By reason of the skill of the dyer it is often impossible to ascertain what variety of peltry it was originally. Manufacturers and retailers alike should discourage the use of furs of this kind. When properly dressed, American furs, such as skunk, beaver, mink and raccoon, will give reasonable satisfaction. The use of catskins and similar domestic peltries, dyed beyond recognition, is a basic cause for disputes, and the lavish use of fur trimmings on all good garments has aggravated the fur problem, added another complication to the many that beset our industry."

Mr. Michael Hollander, who has nine big fur-dyeing factories in different parts of the country, and is recognized as the chief dyer of muskrats for the making of Hudson Seal garments, has another view about dyeing. "First," he said to me, "the best way for the buyer to be sure of the quality of purchases is to deal only with reputable houses, and at that demand a bill of sale exactly describing the fur purchased. Women long since have realized that dyed or imitation furs are good. Real fur seal is dyed. If women saw it in its ragged brown form before dyeing, they wouldn't recognize it. Under proper handling a fur garment doesn't need to look like the original any more than a chair must look like a tree, or a shoe like a calf."

The Hollander factories turn out 6 to 7 million dyed muskrats to the trade each year, and all the factories dye about 17,000,000 muskrat skins, and then there are imitations of the muskrat so cleverly done that even an expert dyer, to detect the imitation, might be obliged to rip open a garment and identify the skin as an imitation by the feel of the inner leather. For the whole trade, there are dressed and dyed about 80,000,000 pieces of fur annually, a relatively few of which have any special value, say, from five to sixty dollars each. Intermediate in the scale might be placed the beaver, the white fox, the mink, the otter, the red fox, the lynx and the leopard. In the lower scale of wholesale prices range the fitch, the muskrat, the American opossum, the hair seal, the gray fox, ermine, nutria. Next come the ringtail opossum, the marmot, the squirrel, caracul, and finally the house cat, the mole, the hare, the rabbit, selling from a few cents to a dollar each.

(Continued on page 62)



Lui Trudo

### February Madness

**T**HIS month, so the legend runs, the ground hog emerges from his lair and, by his behavior, forecasts an early or a late Spring. Our demon newspapers and press associations annually send reporters and cameramen to spy on the ground hog, with the natural effect of giving him such a fright that he is too nervous to forecast anything. In any event, Spring is always late, so it doesn't make much difference



Henri Lutrelle was suddenly set upon, shot and savagely stabbed with a bayonet

## The Bayonet in the Wall

An Adventure of the Chief of the Famous Secret Service of the A. E. F.

By Ben Lucien Burman

Illustrated by Henry B. Davis



**LIEUT.-COL BERNARD FLOOD**, U. S. R., was the chief of the celebrated D. C. I., the Secret Service of the American Expeditionary Forces, and as such had complete charge of all criminal and espionage investigations affecting the American Armies in France and elsewhere in Europe. So brilliant was

his work that on October 23, 1922, the United States Government conferred upon him the highest honor in its power, the Distinguished Service Medal. The laconic War Department General Order 43 announcing the award states in part: "For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services . . . He organized, co-ordinated, and directed this important office in a highly efficient manner. The successes achieved by this section are largely due to his sound judgment, untiring efforts, and exceptional ability, and were of great value to the American Expeditionary Forces." He was decorated not only by his own country but by a host of European governments, France conferring upon him the Legion of Honor, The Medal of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre, Italy the Order of Lazarus, Belgium the Order of Leopold, Greece the Royal Order of St. George, and Roumania the Order of The Crown. This is the story of one of his most remarkable cases.

PARIS was in blackness. An airplane sputtered in the sky watching for the first signs of the expected enemy raiders overhead; a gendarme paced the street watching for a light in a window that might betoken an enemy below. An orderly, muffled in an American Army overcoat, passed the hooded green glow which served as a street lamp, looked about, then vanished in a dark vestibule. He knocked at a door which bore no name or number, was admitted, walked through a gray, silent room in which three men were studying some documents, and entering an inner chamber gave a telegram to the keen-eyed officer sitting behind a desk. The officer, who was Colonel Flood, tore open the envelope, read the message, read

it again, then stepped into the outer chamber and strode up to one of the trio poring over the documents.

"I'm leaving for the Belfort front tonight, Brayton," he announced, offering the other a cigarette. "There's a devil of a mess up there. Something queer about it. The order's brief but it's signed by the Commanding General himself so it's probably extremely important. I'll get the full account there."

He gave the officer a few instructions, went to his lodgings in the rue Helder, and taking a cab to the Gare de L'Est boarded a train for Belfort. Arriving late the next afternoon, he hurried to the headquarters of the general in command of the American troops in the region and asked for details. They were quickly related; and he knew that he had not exaggerated the telegram's importance. The situation was not only grave; it demanded instant action to prevent its becoming a calamity.

Anywhere in France the events which had occurred would have been considered highly serious in their effect; but it was because they had taken place across the French frontier near Belfort that the future was so fraught with evil consequences. For this region was Alsace-Lorraine, snatched from France in 1870; it was the one battlefront of the war where the Allies were fighting on German soil; and France was bending every effort to make a favorable impression upon the inhabitants. The desire to create that impression had deep roots. For almost fifty years the Alsations had been learning German ideals and the German language in the schools, they had served in the German armies, they had been surrounded every moment of their lives by German influences; no matter what patriotic Frenchmen they might have been in the beginning such

influence could not fail to have had its effect. Now, with the changed war conditions, if France and her Allies occupying this small section of the province proved kind masters, the news would spread and the inhabitants of all Alsace would wish France well and try every means to be returned to her, perhaps even forcefully rebel against the Berlin Government. But if France and her Allies proved or seemed to prove harsh or cruel, the populace would consider they had nothing to gain by the change and would give France no aid, but follow the line of least resistance and continue to enroll placidly, perhaps willingly, in the gray-coated ranks of the Germans.

And there had been a series of episodes which tended to afford clear proof that the Germans were no worse but perhaps better than the men who fought against them in the muddy trenches. In two weeks the little towns about Belfort had experienced a succession of assaults and holdups, the most brutal and savage in the region's history. Here the aged proprietor of an *épicerie* had been beaten into unconsciousness with a piece of lead pipe, his stock of groceries overturned, his money stolen; here the old woman who conducted a laundry had been struck down with a club and her money likewise snatched away; here the red-lipped girl who tended the patrons in her father's café and the fat butcher in the shop close by had been treated in the same violent fashion, losing their money and almost their lives. Each night brought a new victim. Finally, three nights before the colonel's arrival, the events had reached a climax. A little after twelve o'clock, Monsieur Henri Lutrelle, a member of one of the most prominent and beloved families of the region was walking down the road, returning from a visit to his fiancée, when he was suddenly set upon, shot, and savagely stabbed eight or ten times in the breast with a bayonet. He lived long enough to say to the passing farmer who found him that the assassin had

been an American soldier. His dying statement was confirmed by the gendarmes' examination, which found that the bayonet causing the wounds had been an American bayonet and the bullet an American bullet. A serious enough blow to American prestige at best; but a catastrophe after the previous crimes. For each of the assault victims, the aged grocer, the wrinkled laundress, the red-lipped waitress and the fat butcher, all had declared that their attacker was wearing the American uniform.

The countryside was in a furore against the Americans and their allies, the French. Passions are inflamed in wartime; misunderstandings are only too easy. An isolated act of an individual becomes the act of a nation. A French merchant cheats a soldier; therefore all French merchants and all Frenchmen are cheats. A German is cruel to a captive or commits an atrocity; therefore all Germans are cruel and all commit atrocities. A man in an American uniform commits a series of robberies and a murder; therefore all Americans and their allies are robbers and murderers. It was a knowledge of this war psychology and the tragic consequence in, perhaps, all Alsace-Lorraine if the crimes did not instantly cease and the criminal be apprehended that had sent the telegram to Paris and brought the colonel post-haste to the scene.

WITH the gravity of the situation thus impressed upon him, the colonel left the general and set instantly to work. Jumping into his car, he drove about to the picturesque little towns where the robberies had been committed and closely questioned the victims. But he learned little of value. The red-lipped young woman at the Café de la Gare whose delicate head was still swathed in bandages was the most talkative. "Yes, eet was a soldier American, monsieur," she said weakly in answer to this question. "I am sorry to say it, I, because I like ver' much ze soldier American. I am French, moi. But I must say ze truth. Eet is twelve o'clock. My fazzer he have go and I began to shut ze café for ze night. And then comes in zis man. I do not see his face.

His hat is pull far down over his eyes. But I have see his hair. Eet is black hair. And I have see ver' plain his uniform. He was—how you call him?—a private." There her information ended.



The colonel thanked her and returning to his auto, drove to the gay-roofed settlement where Henri Lutrelle had made his home. The venerable *maire* led him to the roadside half a mile from the town square where the body had been found. Flood glanced searchingly about. On both sides of the road were open fields, emerald with wheat; beyond these a cluster of tiny red cottages, then emerald fields again. Obtaining a detail of soldiers, he began a rigorous search that did not omit an inch of the ground near by; he found nothing. He was disappointed; but the expert criminologist never permits himself to be disheartened. He meditated. The crime had been committed with an American rifle and bayonet; while the rifle might be considered the ordinary part of a soldier's equipment, a bloody bayonet would be certain to attract attention. A man after the commission of a murder is a creature of the moment; his first fear-impelled idea would be to get rid of the weapon he had employed. Therefore the rifle and bayonet were probably somewhere in the vicinity. But to find them was the problem; it was obviously impossible to search every foot of these fields which stretched greenly to the horizon. He decided to return at night and view the landscape as it had appeared to the murderer.

Night works many changes. When he returned to the spot after a few hours spent in vain questioning of the inhabitants of the neighboring houses, a full moon was shining brightly overhead and the landscape was transformed. Houses and trees which had commanded the vision in the daytime were now but obscure shadows, while shapes which had been but shadows in the background now leaped into prominence. Particularly were his eyes drawn to a wall and a small pond at some distance away whose surfaces caught and vividly reflected the throbbing moonlight. What more likely than that the murderer with the gun in his hands would react to the objects most

prominent in his vision and either throw the rifle over the wall, hoping it would lay hidden in the high wheat, or toss it into the pond?

Flood hurried to the wall. He flashed his electric torch in the wheat and the scrubby grass fringing both sides. His quick eye sighted a bit of brown paper lying on a leaf. He picked it up. It was a half-consumed cigarette. He thrust it carefully into an envelope and continued his search. Neither gun nor bayonet lay on the ground. Then he noticed a deep gap in the stones where the plaster had cracked and fallen. He thrust an investigating finger inside. Something sharp touched the skin. He thrust his hand further into the cavity; and drew out a bayonet. The end was stained with dried blood.

Armed with the knowledge that the murderer had separated bayonet from rifle, he now determined to search the pond, and unwilling to wait until morning, had his assistants bring lights so that he could immediately set about his muddy task. Donning boots, in a quarter of an hour he was in water almost up to his waist, groping, splashing, bringing up from the clayey bottom now an old shoe, now a bottle, now a broken rake. But at last his fingers crept over a smooth metallic cylinder that caused him to smile in triumph. He brought it out of the water. It was an army rifle. Here, at last, were clues.

Finding a lodging in a neighboring farmhouse, he retired, arose in the morning, and after much tracing of scattered records learned from a quartermaster's detail that rifle 22407 and bayonet 147613 should at the moment be in the possession of a detachment of infantry quartered a kilometer from the scene of the murder. A quick drive brought him to the billet. It was the ordinary French stable so familiar if not so dear to the American soldier—white-walled, scarlet-roofed, manure piled high in one corner. A ladder led to the loft above. He climbed it, reached the long hot chamber where heaps of straw with rifles alongside marked the troopers' beds, and asked for the officer in charge.

WHEN a nervous, thin-mustached lieutenant arrived, the colonel briefly explained his mission and put the rifle into his hands. "Do you know to whom that belongs, Lieutenant?" he asked courteously.





The officer glanced at the number engraved on the steel. "Queer," he answered. "Mighty queer. It's 22407, isn't it? That's Markley's. Markley reported it as missing."

"Do you remember when?"

"Let's see. . . . One, two . . . four days ago."

"Hum. . . . That would make it the morning after the murder, wouldn't it?"

"Yes . . . that's not very pleasant news to me, Colonel."

"What sort of a chap is this Markley?"

"A GOOD sort. A very good sort." The lieutenant's face was troubled. "One of my best men. But very violent-tempered and likely to do foolish things when he's in a rage. It's hard to believe though that he'd do anything like this. But he must have some connection with it. The rifles haven't been taken out of the billet for a week. We're in reserve here and I've given the men no drilling. I like to let them rest when

*The red lipped young woman at the Café de la Gare whose delicate head was still swathed in bandages was the most talkative*

they have the chance. Do you think it looks bad for him, Colonel?"

"Bring him here, please."

Markley, straight-limbed, clear-eyed, covered with oil and grime from the machine-gun he had been cleaning, faced the colonel fearlessly, and in fifteen minutes had proved his innocence beyond question.

"How did the murderer get the gun then, if Markley had nothing to do with it?" the lieutenant asked, puzzled.

Flood gazed at the heaps of straw dotting the floor. "He probably climbed that ladder outside without being observed, simply walked in, and took the first rifle that he saw. It happened to be Markley's. I state that as a supposition because Markley slept nearest the door. A thief who's in a hurry naturally takes the easiest way."

He bade the lieutenant good-bye, and eating dinner in a cottage near by meditated over his coffee and cheese as to his future course of action. The clue of the rifle and the bayonet had come to naught; there remained only the cigarette. It had interested him from the moment of its finding, that cigarette. He took it out of the envelope in his pocket, peered at it, brought it to his nostrils. It was filled with a coarse brown tobacco, tobacco such as was issued to the French *poilu* or sold to him in blue packets, a packet for a franc. Flood theorized. And theorizing decided that if this fragment of a cigarette had been discarded by the man who had hidden the bayonet, it was almost certain the assassin was not an American. For the coarse French war tobacco was like gall on the tongue of the *petit soldat* who came from across the seas, and many a martyred and cursing doughboy, rather than smoke it, went tobaccoless. Certainly no native-born veteran used it when American



cigarettes were available, and in this sector the supply service was good and the cigarettes plentiful.

From the beginning of the case, despite the unwavering testimony of those who had been assaulted, the colonel had doubted that the murder had been the work of one of his fellow countrymen. He had no illusions that the members of the A. E. F. were khaki-clad angels: he knew that an individual in an impassioned fury might commit an act he would spend the rest of his life regretting. But that he would deliberately plan robbery after robbery and climax these banditries with so barbarous a murder seemed incredible. But if not an American, who then was the guilty one? Possibly an Alsatian using the uniform as a convenient cloak to avenge his private grudges; perhaps an individual who had donned the uniform in order to gain that end already on its way to accomplishment, a rousing of Alsace against the Allied armies.

**T**HE colonel, a veteran of two wars and now himself the head of a vast organization of secret agents, completely lacked that hatred of a spy which is so deep-grained, so universal. He knew how often they were the bravest of their country's patriots who within the enemy lines risked their lives literally every second while their fellows on the battlefield were occasionally relieved to enjoy at least a few days' safety and repose. The hypothesis that this was the work of such a secret agent was logical; but two factors tended to contradict it. First, as a combatant, he knew that the civilian's stories of enemy atrocities were usually exaggerations. Second, the spies he had previously encountered had been men of high culture and brilliant intellect; the quarry he sought was obviously a thug who, instead of mind, used club and bullets. Yet spies can choose neither their orders nor assistants and the ways of governments in war time are deep and devious.

With renewed vigor he set once more upon his quest and, leaving the cottage, again quizzed the rustics in the vicinity of the murder. He learned nothing that night, but doggedly continuing his queries in the morning, combed every dwelling within a wide radius for a chance remark or observation which might carry him on the first stage of his journey along this road of mystery. At length his persistence was rewarded. In a dilapidated house half hidden by a huge and towering oak-tree, a cottage at which he had knocked in vain the night before, he found an old peasant woman whose face was wrinkled and whose hair was the color of the white road sparkling in the sun, but whose deep brown eyes still held their youthful luster.

"Yes, monsieur. I have see a man," she chattered, after the officer had spoken to her gently and won her confidence. "I have say nothing before because I do not wish the gendarmes to come. And *moi*, I do not like them, the gendarmes. I am a silly old woman. Yes? I fear all things. So will you perhaps, monsieur, when you are old. It is a great fear I have the night they have kill poor Monsieur Lutrelle. I am in my bed. I can not sleep. It is hard to sleep when you are old, monsieur. And I arise and sit by my window. On the road is no one. Then I see

Monsieur Lutrelle. He walks ver' fast. He comes from the house of pretty Mam'selle Juliet. Three times each week did he go to see her, monsieur. Then he is gone and on the road is no one again, only the trees and the moon, which shines. But soon comes another man, a soldier. He wears the uniform American. He is old, monsieur. Not old like myself. But neither is he a boy, a baby like these other soldiers American. He is forty years, fifty maybe. His hair is black, ver' black; his face is round, like an apple, a *pomme*. I see this ver' plain because he stops under the tree to smoke a cigarette, and when he lights the match it shines bright. He beholds me as I sit in the window. He looks. And looks again. I am frightened. I pull down quick the blind. I am old and alone, monsieur. It is not easy to be so. But though I have pull down the blind, I look out at the side. The round-face man he smokes two, three minutes; then he goes away. An' soon I hear boom. Boom! A gun. Then I go to my bed."

"Was this man carrying a rifle when you saw him?"

"I do not know, monsieur. As he goes away he bends and picks up something from the ground. Maybe is this the rifle."

**T**HE woman's cottage was but a short distance from the stable which sheltered the detachment of infantry he had visited the day before. He drove to it, once more and began to question each sentry, each trooper who had passed along the road that night for news of a black-haired man forty years of age whose face was like an apple.

"Yes, I seen a man like that all right, Colonel," a lanky Tennessean drawled to him, after he had interviewed almost a score of others without result. "But I didn't think he'd nuthin' to do with the murder. I was on guard an' he come staggerin' along lookin' like he was goin' to drop every minute. I thought he was drunk an' I went up to him.

"Here, here. Where yuh goin'?" I says to him. 'Yuh drunk? Where's yer billet?'

"I'm not drunk, brother," he answers. 'Maybe I'd be better off if I was. I'm sick. Powerful sick. I want a place to lay down.'

"He sure looked sick. His eyes was pretty near poppin' out of his head an' he was shakin' all over. An' even if he was drunk I didn't want him to get into no trouble; he looked like a kind of nice man, so I took him to that little shed there just outside the stable—they use it for keepin' tools—and laid him down in it.

"I left him then. In the mornin' before I goes off post for good, I goes to see how he is an' call him so he won't be AWOL with his outfit, but he ain't there. He's gone away."

"What time was it when you first saw him?"

"'Bout a quarter of twelve, I guess." Then he whistled in astonishment. "Lordy! That'd just about give him time to get over

from here to where Lutrelle was murdered, wouldn't it? But the old fellow didn't have nuthin' to do with it, I'd bet my bottom dollar on that. He was too sick."

Flood smiled. "We'll find him first if we can and then you can bet your dollar if you like. You must have had a good look at him. Did you happen to notice the cigarettes he was smoking, or see anything singular about his uniform?"

"Didn't notice his cigarettes. But I did see he was wearing a Spanish campaign ribbon. And come to think about it, there was a little blood on his coat. But I thought that come from his head. He said he cut it."

"Hum. . . . That ought to help considerably."

Hastening to regional headquarters, he began a search of the records and out of a hundred veterans of the war of '98 selected six he thought best answered the description. True this clue might be utterly worthless, the blue and gold ribbon being assumed by the wearer as part of his disguise; but in a case so blind it was a clue worth following. Quickly he began to visit each of the six he had ferreted out. One he found lazily cleaning his rifle in a front-line trench while casual shells screamed overhead and burst dully a few hundred yards away; another stood beside a shining 155 roaring out its metallic blasts at a cross-roads; another was cooking an odorous stew for a detail of hungry engineers; another was mending one of the thick ropes which moored a great observation balloon floating serenely in the sky to the shell-torn ground. All were instantly able to prove alibis that could not be shaken.

**B**UT the fifth, a private in a battery of seventy-fives in reserve a few miles behind the firing line, was obviously uneasy when brought before the flashing-eyed colonel. A man of perhaps fifty, black of hair and round of face, he went by the name of James Davis and claimed New York as his residence. Questioned, he denied ever being in the vicinity of the murder, and further insisted that he had not left his billet on the night it was committed. But the colonel was not satisfied with mere affirmation. He learned from a lieutenant of the battery that Davis had been very late in reporting on the morning after the murder and had pleaded a sudden and severe illness as his excuse; soon he found a sergeant who, the same morning, had noticed Davis carefully washing out his clothes.

Quickly the colonel ordered the artilleryman into his car. Driving to the red-roofed stable he was beginning to know so well, he confronted his prisoner first with the Tennessean, then with the white-haired old woman who lived in the house by the oak-tree. The recognition of both was instant; both were certain he was the man they had seen.

"You lied to me, Davis," Flood remarked quietly, as he faced the other in a corner of the loft which served as the detachment's office. "Now I want the truth."

The soldier's heavy face trembled, his thick fingers clutched nervously at the collar ornament on his shirt. "I did lie to you, Colonel," he admitted gloomily. His voice was uneven, guttural. "I didn't think you'd find out, and I thought it wouldn't  
(Continued on page 59)





"I'm sorry for you," said Lois, "you'll no longer be an innocent man. Everyone will know who stole those bonds"

## The Outer Gate

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman

### Part V

THAT morning—Tuesday—Bob did not eat breakfast at the Borden home. After telling Lois that he had remained in the house all night, he swung down-town and met Todd Shannon.

Todd was beaming. Together they visited an armchair lunch-room and ordered coffee. Then Todd handed Terry the innocuous-looking package which contained two hundred thousand dollars worth of negotiable securities.

"There she is, Son."

Bob stuffed it gingerly in his pocket. He was more nervous than he cared to admit.

"Didn't sleep much last night, Todd."

"I should reckon not. That's a heap of money."

The boy's eyes were troubled. "You think everything will be all right?"

"Gosh! yes. Not a worry. You can trust John Carmody."

"I wasn't thinking of that. . . ." Bob faced his gigantic friend. "Queer thing, Todd. I've been convicted of a crime and I've served a sentence for it. But do you know that this is the first crooked thing I ever did in my life?"

"Gettin' the game as well as the name, eh?"

"Seems so. I suppose it's natural for me to be nervous. Can't help it. And yet—"

"It's done, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why worry? You couldn't put them bonds back now if you wanted to. And no matter what you feel, I ain't sorry. I guess I ought to be sheddin' sad tears because you really slipped, but I'm damned if I can. Everybody in the world has been lookin' at you cockeyed since that first trouble happened at Borden's plant. Now let's see what they can do about it." He produced a pipe, tamped it full of tobacco,

and lighted it. "What you doin' with them?"

Bob was instinctively evasive. "Hiding them."

"With Carmody?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I prefer to handle them myself, Todd. I'm glad to get Mr. Carmody's advice and protection—but this is too much money to trust with anybody but myself. You see, Todd—there isn't a soul who can prove I've taken these—except you, and God knows I feel that you can be trusted. It wouldn't be wise to hand them over to Carmody."

"You ain't afraid of the man?"

"No-o. But I don't trust anybody entirely. Not with this much money."

At the door of the lunch-room they separated. The slim package of bonds in Bob's pocket felt as if it weighed a ton. He kept one hand over the pocket. His one desire was to rid himself of the bonds . . . and yet he knew that caution was necessary.

When the City Trust & Savings Bank opened its door, Bob Terry was there. He proceeded to the vaults and rented a small box, giving the name of Edward C. Mack. He signed the identification card in a sprawling back-hand script, amazingly unlike his usual handwriting. Ten minutes later he left the bank—without the bonds.

He did not emerge direct from the bank into the street. Instead he went through the lobby of the office-building in which the City Trust was located. He felt that there was no immediate danger . . . yet somehow a feeling of regret persisted. A change had occurred in his life. It was as though he had stood for a long time at the cross-roads—then had made his decision. And now he was not at all sure that he had taken the right road.

The thing came so suddenly. There had been no opportunity for sane and connected

thinking. Yet now that he knew he held Borden's future in the palm of his hand, the idea was not as sweet as he had fancied.

Lois Borden stood with her back to the window and watched her father make his fourth unsuccessful search. His thin figure seemed pitiful as he stooped with forlorn hope before the decrepit old safe . . . and when he turned, her heart went out to him.

He had aged ten years in an hour. His face, usually so ruddy, was haggard and deeply lined. His shoulders were stooped. In his eyes was a hunted light—his manner was one of complete bewilderment and unutterable pain.

"No luck, Dad?" She tried to make her voice brave.

"No, dear. They're gone."

EVERY muscle in the girl's body was taut. All through her father's meticulous search she had been fighting a battle with herself: a grim and bitter fight. On one side was her duty—and on the other . . . Bob Terry. She was too much her father's daughter to evade the truth.

"Sit down, Dad."

He seemed old and broken. He obeyed without protest. Suddenly he had lost his dynamic force and was leaning on his daughter.

She did not seat herself on the arm of his chair as he had hoped. Instead she drew up a chair opposite and sat staring into his eyes. There was a strange power about her; a tightness about the usually soft lips which bespoke determination . . . and hurt. . . .

"You put those bonds in there yourself Saturday night?"

"Yes."  
 "No mistake?"  
 "No, dear. I worked at my accounts again yesterday morning and the package was still there."  
 "The safe hasn't been tampered with?"  
 "No. Whoever opened it used the combination."  
 "Well—" She drew a deep breath: "Who did?"  
 Peter Borden did not answer at once. And when he did, it was with pointed evasion—  
 "I can not know that."  
 "But you have your ideas?"  
 "Perhaps, Lois. But once before in my life, I suspected a man of committing a crime . . . and because of that I ruined him."

"YOU are not wrong this time, Dad." She spoke positively: with infinite bravery. He looked into her eyes.  
 "What makes you say that?"  
 "Several things. Bob Terry and I were sitting in the living-room when you put that package of bonds in the safe. We both saw you do it. I didn't pay any attention then—I only remember it now. But it was probably different with him. A few minutes later he received a telephone call." She spoke in a voice freighted with bitterness. "It wasn't from Todd Shannon and it wasn't from Kathleen Shannon."

"Who was it from?"  
 "I know now. John Carmody!"  
 "Carmody?"  
 "Why not? He hates you. He isn't the forgiving, forgetting type. Can't you see now why he has been so kind to Bob? Because Bob was precisely the tool he needed against you; because Bob was in our home—on terms of freedom and intimacy. And Carmody unquestionably knew about those bonds. He telephoned Bob."

"All during Saturday and Monday, Dad—Bob was not himself. He didn't eat his meals here. He avoided us. I knew he was troubled about something. I even went to see Miss Shannon—"

"You did that?"  
 "Yes. She is a fine girl, Dad. I—well, I learned something from her."

Lois's face was very white.  
 "She and Bob are engaged, Dad."  
 Somehow, Peter Borden's tragedy seemed to fade by comparison with this.

"I'm so sorry, Lois."  
 "So was I. Before . . . Oh! Dad—what difference does it make now? Can't you see that it is Bob who stole those bonds? Can't you see him, bitter and bewildered and under the domination of a forceful, unscrupulous man like Carmody, believing that this evens his account with you? Can't you think his thoughts for him?"

"But, Lois—we're not sure."

"I am. Kathleen was worried. He had been as aloof with her as he had been with me. There was no difference. He was wrestling with a problem. That is my own hope—for him and for you—that he was ashamed, and that he regrets it now. There was no bravado about him. I won't believe he is a criminal. I won't believe. . . . And I'm not making the old mistake, Dad. Something else happened. . . ."

"What?"

"Do you remember that Bob came in last night just as we were going out with Bruce?"  
 "Yes."

"He told me he was tired and intended to remain at home. But he lied."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly. When we got home, he was out. That meant nothing—he has always come and gone as he pleased. But this morning he took pains to explain to me that he hadn't been out all night. He didn't know that I saw him come in—that I was worried and sat at my door until I saw him go into his own room at about one o'clock this morning. That's how I know he stole those bonds, Dad."

Peter Borden shook his head. "I misjudged him once, Lois. I'll never do it again."

"What are you going to do?"  
 Borden raised his pain-filled face. "The only honorable thing: call a meeting of the directors and report the loss."

"What will happen?"  
 "I don't know. . . . You see, dear, these bonds should have been put in the vault Saturday. But I was busy. Now that those bonds have disappeared, what I did amounts to criminal negligence."

She was too honest to argue. "They won't blame you—not that way."

"Perhaps not. They have known me all their lives. It seems impossible that they will think I have stolen. Even Jonas Merriwether wouldn't think that . . . and one hundred thousand dollars of that money was his. He is bitter—"

"What will he do?"  
 "I don't know. I don't seem able to think this morning. It is all too sudden and too ghastly. I only know that it is my duty to call the directors together immediately. When I hear what they have to say . . . I'll know more."

He rose slowly. All his vitality was gone. The hour had broken him. Even yet he did not entirely grasp the enormity of the situation. There was no way of making restitution. Aside from his

*"If it makes you happy," said Kathleen, "I'm glad." "Glad I stole the bonds?" asked Bob in great amazement*



home, he owned nothing in the world save his interest in the plant. And the plant was not solvent—couldn't be for another two years of successful operation. The directors were losing faith in it.

They had reached the point where they had made their last loan. Borden himself had invested every available dollar in the plant. There were others in the same position. And Merriwether, the only man of them who could actually afford the loss—was the one who accepted no loss lightly.

Lois watched him walk from the house. Usually he radiated the zest of living. Today he was an old man; weak of step, uncertain of movement.

Lois's heart was torn with doubt and fear—and love. But her fighting spirit had never flamed brighter. She went to the telephone and called Carmody's office, asking that Bob Terry be summoned to the 'phone.

"Yes?"  
 She fancied that his voice was uncertain. "This is Lois, Bob. I wish to see you immediately."

She caught the tremble in his answer. "I'm busy—"

"Right away, Bob. I shall wait at home for you."

The receiver clicked. Then, tense and starry-eyed, she waited. Instinct told her that Bob would come.

At the same moment another telephone rang in another part of the city. Jonas Merriwether's secretary answered and pressed the buzzer which summoned her irascible employer to the telephone. He rasped into the transmitter.

"Hello. What do you want?"  
 "Something important, Mr. Merriwether—very important." Each word was clear. "Two hundred thousand dollars worth of negotiable bonds, partly your property,

have been stolen from Peter Borden's home. They were stolen by that young man Terry."

CHAPTER XXXII

THEY faced one another in the big living-room: Lois taut and firm-lipped, Bob Terry ill at ease. She regarded him with eyes which sought to probe to his soul. And her first words startled him.

"You're not a criminal, Bob. You never will be."

He opened his lips, then closed them. He dissembled pallidly.

"What are you talking about, Lois?"

"Those bonds you took from the safe last night."

It was a statement rather than an accusation. Bob was nonplussed. Bitterness, he had prepared for; bitterness and recrimination. Anything but this.

"What bonds?" he questioned weakly.

"We won't discuss that, Bob. Let's not have lies between us. I want to be your friend. I want to help you. If there was any good reason why you should do this—then perhaps you can make me understand."

Her eyes were twin pools of azure. He could not meet them and lie.

"You know why I did it, Lois."

"No-o. I'm afraid I don't. It doesn't seem reasonable or logical. Whatever Dad had was yours. He has told you that. Right now he is facing a financial crisis, but mean-

while there is enough for everything you want. Later, he will be successful: there will be plenty of money. It is yours for the asking. Why steal from him?"

Bob shuffled his feet awkwardly. Somehow, there was no sense of triumph here. Instead of feeling heroic, his sensations were those of the small boy caught in the act of meanness.

"I want your father to appreciate what I went through."

"Don't you think he does?"

"No! He couldn't. All his life he has been sheltered and protected. Little business cares, perhaps—but nothing real and stark."

"What good does that do you?"

"Satisfaction!" Bob was trying futilely to lash himself into a fury. He only succeeded in feeling contemptible.

"It will satisfy you to ruin him?"

"Yes."

"Very well." She rose and started from the room. "If that is the way you feel about it, I won't argue with you."

She paused briefly in the doorway. Terry rose and started across the room.

"Lois! You don't understand . . ."

"Is my understanding essential? Haven't you done this yourself? Isn't this the explanation of why you accepted a home in my father's house? Isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You've waited for this, haven't you? You have worked toward this goal. Very well—now you have attained it. But it doesn't feel pleasant, does it? Oh! don't answer. I can see the truth in your face, and it isn't at all what your lips would say." She walked a few steps toward him: slim and regal and inexpressibly beautiful. "But you'll be disappointed in one thing, Bob—Dad will take his medicine like a man. Whatever the future holds in store for him because of this—he won't whine. That's one thing you have never known about him, Bob Terry: he's a man."

"YOU expect me to be sorry for him, Lois? Was he sorry for me?"

"Yes."

"A lot of help that was. So damned sorry for me that he sent me to the penitentiary. Let me rot there. Get this straight: whatever I've done now is justified—"

"Of course. I haven't said it wasn't. I have only argued that it is unnecessary. Brutal, even."

"No more brutal, than what he did to me. He is innocent. Well, so was I. He'll go through precisely what I did. I don't expect you to understand. Be as sane as you like—you still can't understand. Even your father don't. But he will. And he'll understand because he's innocent!"

"And everybody will know that he is. Do you suppose his directors will think he stole that money?"

"I don't care whether they do or not. He'll be ruined. I'll get a heap of pleasure from that. Perhaps he won't be so smug and so—so—conscientious."

She shook her head slowly. "Poor Bob! They've fanned that flame of bitterness and kept it alive in spite of all your better nature could do, haven't they? They've almost made you believe that you really wanted to do this. I'm sorry for Dad—but I'm more sorry for you. You've made a mistake. I can see it—but you won't until it is too late."

"I suppose so."

"But you'll no longer be an innocent man. Every one will know who stole those bonds."

"They can't prove anything."

"I suppose not. Your legal adviser has

probably attended efficiently to those details." She fell silent for a moment. Then: "What does Kathleen say about this?"

"Kathleen?" He was startled. "She doesn't know."

"You should tell her. As your fiancée it isn't fair not to."

He looked his amazement. "You knew that we are engaged?"

"Yes. She told me." She questioned gently. "Will she approve?"

"Yes!"

"You don't really think so."

"I guess I know her pretty well. She knows what I went through down yonder. She hasn't any love for your father—"

"—But she has for you. And I believe that she has tied to one thing: That you are not a criminal. You have been unfortunate—fate has buffeted you cruelly, but until last night you never actually committed a crime. I don't think she will be very happy, Bob."

"I'll take my chances." He was somewhat surly—because he was ashamed of himself. "I'll tell her."

"Do—please. She's a fine girl, Bob—if I were you I'd pretty well follow her advice."

"You think you know what it will be, don't you? You believe she'll tell me to bring those bonds back?"

"Certainly. So do you."

"She won't."

"It's bad enough to lie to me, Bob. It is silly to lie to yourself."

He flushed. "I'll tell her. But no matter what she says—I've done this thing and I'm going to see it through. Neither Kathleen nor any one else can change me."

"I'm afraid not, Bob. A powerful brain—not your own—has flayed you into this. Otherwise, I might have been able to point the right road—"

"Why should you be interested?"

She stiffened. But she did not evade. "Because, Bob—I have grown very fond of you. I cared for the man I thought you were. I was sorry for you. I stood shoulder to shoulder with you in your battle. I knew how hard it was—and I was suffering with you."

"And now you hate me?"

"No. I could never do that." She stood before him, gloriously and unashamedly self-revealing. "But I'm afraid there's no use fighting any more for a lost cause."

He gazed at her. His eyes were smarting. In this magnificent moment she seemed more desirable than ever before. Nor was he swayed by her superior culture or her social poise. It was the sheer feminine strength of her. He persisted in his bravado because he was lost—and did not know what else to do.

"I'm no good, Lois. I never will be any good."

"Poor, foolish Bob."

"I won't!" He rasped his own condemnation. "We're not the same kind. I'd better get out."

"Yes. I think so."

"Good-by."

"Good-by, Bob."

HE STUMBLED past her. His vision was misted—and he hoped that she would touch him. But she merely stood back and let him pass.

He felt mean and degraded. Instead of being a hero in his own eyes, he saw that he was merely contemptible.

And back at her home, Lois stood dry-eyed. The hurt was too deep for her to bear alone, and so she went to the telephone and called a number.

"Bruce—is that you?—Please come over. —Yes, now.—I want to talk to you, Bruce. . . . I need you!"

## CHAPTER XXXIII

TORN with doubt of himself, wracked by uncertainty—Bob Terry went straight to Kathleen Shannon.

"I've got something to tell you," he announced grimly. "I want you to hear me through."

"Very well, dear."

She listened. She did not interrupt as he started his story back in the days when he had been a youngster in the employ of Peter Borden. He spoke brutally, without shading of words. He told of his growing affection for the man, of his filial feeling.

And then the shock of his arrest. The knowledge that Borden believed him guilty and intended to assist in the prosecution. "He talked mealy-mouthed then, Kathleen. That is when I first began to hate him."

He sketched briefly his prison experience; the galling bitterness of knowing that he was innocent; the corrosion of hatred against Borden—the monomania which kept his brain functioning against the day when he should be free to balance the books with the man who had wrecked him. He was grimly effective in what he did not say.

Then the release; the dazzling splendor of freedom—and the opportunity to make his home with Borden. He told of how the luxury of Borden's home and Borden's obtrusive kindness had irritated him beyond measure and kept his hatred alive. He did not mention Lois. But he did speak of watching and waiting—and then of this great opportunity.

"You'll probably not understand, Kathleen. But it seemed to me as though my life would never be complete until I knew that Borden understood what I had been through—and the only way he could understand was by going through it himself."

"At any rate, I stole those bonds. I have them. I don't care for the money. He would have given me anything he had. I want you to know that there isn't anything petty about this. It is something a heap bigger than the two hundred thousand dollars. Borden is going to suffer. I stole the bonds—and I have them hidden. He threw his arms wide. 'I've told you the whole truth, Kathleen. What do you say?'"

SHE loved Bob Terry. He was the first man she had ever loved . . . and she rejoiced in the fact that he had not attempted to conceal anything from her. The glory of that transcended any ideas she may have had about the robbery. And so, at first, she simply said:

"I am glad you told me, Bob."

"What do you think?"

Again she hesitated. Then her eyes met his squarely.

"If it makes you happy—I am glad."

He looked at her in amazement.

"Glad? That I stole the bonds?"

"Yes, dear."

Bob seemed to go limp. Here was the greatest surprise he had ever experienced. He had expected bitterness from Kathleen—an expression of disappointment. Just as he had anticipated a scene with Lois. Neither woman had done what he expected. Lois had understood—and merely been sorry. Kathleen was glad—

"I—I don't understand," he said.

"I do. You have felt that there was a blank in your life—that there was something to be done before you could know real contentment. Now it is done—and you



can begin to build your future. You are happy, aren't you?"

"Why yes. . . . Yes, of course."

He was bewildered: more uncertain of himself than ever. There was a feeling of disappointment that Kathleen had allied herself with him.

"You should be. Borden will suffer. And I judge that you are not in any danger."

"No."

"Mr. Carmody, I suppose, has promised to take care of you."

"Carmody!" First Lois had taken him for granted—and now Kathleen. He nodded.

"He said I'd be safe."

"Then you haven't anything to worry about. You've done what you wanted to do. This is the first day of your triumph. Borden is probably suffering already. There's just one thing: Do you think they will suspect you?"

"Yes. Certainly they will. Lois, as a matter of fact, knows I did it. But that doesn't frighten me. The bonds are securely hidden. And no one can prove anything."

"And you feel better?"

"Yes," he said, knowing that he lied.

"THAT'S fine. I'm not saying, Bob, that I would have advised this. I'm glad you didn't consult me in advance. I'm a woman, you know—and perhaps I'm too inclined to be cautious. It is just as well that it is done. And now that it is done—I'm delighted that you have no regrets."

He selected a cigarette with unsteady fingers. He was too surprised to talk, and was relieved when she spoke again:

"Lois knows?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"She accused me—and I admitted it."

"What did she say?"

"You love him, Lois. He'll be happy with you." She smiled bravely—"You two. . . You're meant for one another. And please, be happy."

"She surprised me. She wasn't bitter. She said she understood. She was only sorry."

Kathleen felt herself applauding. "She thought you had made a mistake, but not a moral error?"

"Something like that."

"She's a fine girl, Bob. You didn't expect that sort of a reaction from her, did you?"

"No. I was amazed."

"And are you amazed at me?"

It was a direct challenge. To his own surprise, he answered truthfully.

"Yes—I am."

"You really expected me to say I was sorry?"

"Yes."

There was a suggestion of tears in her voice—

"Poor Bob!" she said, unconsciously repeating Lois's words—"You never will understand a woman who loves you, will you, dear?"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV

PETER BORDEN did not spare himself. He told his story to the directors in his precise, close-clipped voice, indulging in no flights of rhetoric or oratory.

All through his recital Jonas Merriwether had sat huddled in his chair at the head of the table. And when Borden finished speaking—finished abruptly and clearly—Merriwether's harsh voice rasped through the room.

"Where are the bonds, Borden?"

Peter Borden felt the hostility. His figure stiffened, but he answered softly.

"I don't know."

"You are quite sure?"

The question was an overt sneer, and MacLain, one of the other directors, turned frowningly upon Merriwether.

"I say, Merriwether—you're not accusing Borden of—"

"I'm not accusing him of anything."

"The way you spoke—"

"I'm entitled to speak any way I wish. One hundred thousand dollars of that money is mine. I reserve for myself the privilege of questioning as I please the man who admits his criminal carelessness."

THE directors fidgeted. MacLain shook his head.

"We all know damned well that Borden is honest."

"That doesn't return our money. And I for one don't propose to lose it without at least learning something of the circumstances. Furthermore, I wish to say here that Borden has grossly mismanaged the plant for the past two years. This expansion was his idea, the selection of the contractor was his—and now this thing. I ask you again, Borden—where are the bonds?"

"And I can only answer again that I don't know."

"You have no suspicions?"

Borden's voice was metallic. "I'll tell you anything I know, Merriwether—but I won't voice suspicions."

"Exactly what I thought. Well, I have no such scruples. I'll tell you where the bonds are. That fine young ex-convict of yours has them."

No one spoke. There wasn't a man at the table but agreed with Merriwether, much as they resented his harshness.

"We don't know that he has."

(Continued on page 50)



From a  
woodblock  
engraved  
by Robert  
Robinson

## The Light on the Hilltops

*We Scan Some Books that Speak in Kindling Words of Our  
Struggles to Higher Purposes and Aspirations*

*"Science gives us knowledge, but only philosophy  
can give us wisdom."*

—Will Durant.

IT IS the most absolute nonsense to assert, as so many of us have a foolish habit of doing, that the average reader is interested only in the most transient sort of literature, if indeed, being so transient, it may be called that. Here in this magazine we do not believe that any of us has taken the considerable trouble—not to say years—to learn to read in order to practice that art solely upon popular periodicals, Pollyanna fiction, sensational trash and comic supplements.

In most of us the hunger to share what the best writers and thinkers of the world are producing is still sufficiently gnawing to send us frequently to the hilltops—to keep us there, enthralled, until we may descend again into the little, busy towns of our every-day lives, fed with food that we know in our hearts is the sort of thing that is necessary if we mean to grow and go ahead.

How else find an answer to the success of such a book as Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy* (Simon & Schuster, New York), the very title of which, in the opinion of many, would almost damn it?

Here we have the history of the lives and opinions of the greatest philosophers of all times, from Socrates to Santayana. There is not a trace of pedantry in Professor Durant's book, no crushing profundity. Yet its human, almost popular mold, holds no lack of scholarliness. The author proves indeed that philosophy (to quote William James) is "only thinking about things in the most comprehensive possible way."

It is a magic sort of book, building up for us the days and thoughts of heroic people, making a romance out of their battles against the mists of superstition. Instead of being a collection of

By Claire Wallace Flynn

quotations amid the cold facts of biography, Dr. Durant's book is an arousing narrative of bristling, human life.

It took Dr. Durant eleven years to prepare this work and three more to write it. It is worth listening to. Another thing—you are not left to find your own way amongst these great fellows without a guiding hand. Durant offers you his own to hold on to. His clear observations and interpretations are among the chiefest pleasures while reading, and there seems no nook or crevice of our common lives into which something of all this wisdom does not fit.

Aristotle, founder of the aristocratic school of thought, appears as a thrilling person, striking at the heart of society. We see him in his famous school, the Lyceum, in Athens, walking, eating, talking with his students. A friendly human being whose sayings, uttered under the bright Greek skies three hundred years before Christ, are still glibly repeated by us as some of the best maxims known. It was Aristotle who told us, for instance, that a man is his own best friend; that he who has never learned to obey can never be a good commander; that we choose happiness for itself and never with a view to anything further.

Old Sir Francis Bacon brings us a picture of Elizabethan England. Bacon's mother, a lady who could talk Greek with bishops, was in a large measure responsible for the studious bent of her boy. He went to Cambridge and came out, at an absurdly early age, a full-fledged young philosopher determined to change the contemplative ethics of Aristotle into something more active: "men ought to know that in the theatre of human life it is only for Gods and angels to be spectators," he declares.

In recounting the story of so robust a religion, there naturally follows a tale that clangs and resounds with battles after justice and much lively fighting for the rights of man. Indeed, because he lived in "parlous times" the background of Bacon's life takes on much the color of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

We wish we had a full page in which to give you an idea of Dr. Durant's rich and moving portrayal of Spinoza—that sad and gentle Jew who was excommunicated from the synagogue on account of his "heresies," and who has contributed so greatly to the dynamic thought of succeeding generations. Durant's tracing of the influence of Spinoza—"to be a philosopher one must first be a 'Spinozist'"—is the weaving of a very brilliant thread through the world of letters and science.

Then we come to Voltaire! A man with a thousand faults and horrors, and a thousand virtues and beauties. A man whose name is forever associated with the dawn of the French Revolution and whose spirit, it is said, transmuted anger into fun and fire into light. Durant questions whether he was not, perhaps, the greatest intellectual energy in all history. At any rate, he seems to have worked harder and accomplished more than any other man on earth. "All people are good," he averred, "except those who are idle." He was never idle. He turned out the most monumental amount of literature. He wrote the first philosophy of history—"the history of the human mind, and not a mere detail of petty fact"—and he offended the civilized world by what he put in it. Exile, imprisonment, suppression of almost every one of his books by Church and State crowded into his life; and still he said what he pleased and thought what he pleased. And still, in spite of all his scepticism and his rejection of the accepted idea of God, he was not without religion.

His broadness of mind and his kindness seemed to have no limitations, and to his Swiss refuge, "Ferney," came the hungry spirits of the times to steal some flame for their own souls from Voltaire's blazing lamp. The monarchs of Europe wrote to him there—Catherine of Russia, Gustavus of Sweden, Frederick of Prussia—and they were proud if he deigned to answer their letters. He died at a very old age and was refused Christian burial in Paris. A dozen years afterward, however, the National Assembly of the Revolution forced Louis XVI to recall the remains to the Panthéon, and they were escorted through the streets of Paris by a procession of 100,000 men and women, while 600,000 more lined the way. What a story! And how Durant tells it!

And philosophers of our own day are not neglected. James, Santayana, Dewey, Bergson—all are here, a group of burning minds that, no matter how deeply we may hate and disagree with some of their reasoning, offer us much to wake us to a fuller meaning of life.

If there were more writers like Durant what little need there would be for Universities! Our prize economic suggestion to the smaller, more struggling colleges is that they dispense with the Chair of Philosophy altogether and just build some generous bookshelves to hold numerous copies of this book—and then let the boys and girls loose in the room.

**This Believing World**—by Lewis Browne. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Dr. Browne is a noted addition to that new school of serious writers who project their facts in a dramatic, popular way. In *This Believing World* he gives us a survey of comparative religion, tearing down the aged walls of suspicion and ignorance and placing before us a wide and noble picture of man's eternal search for God.

Dr. Browne stands absolutely outside his subject—he makes no attempt to form judgments or to lead his readers in any direction. It is straight history, and while we may feel our simple minds dismayed and somewhat shattered at certain points, we should, if our faith in our own particular image of God is firm enough, come out at the end of the book all the stronger for having read it.

The riddle of existence and the search for spiritual solace have resulted in the founding of religions so analogous in many details; as Dr. Browne shows us, so interwoven in their growth, that distinct lines of demarcation often disappear leaving us with strange kinship to stranger beliefs.

*This Believing World* is a work of the greatest importance, and deserves the widest sort of reading.

**Horace Greeley**—by Don C. Seitz. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.)

If, by some strange juggling of the years, you happened to be walking along Lower Broadway or Ann Street in New York in the early '50's, and you saw coming toward you a tall, badly set-up man with a bulging forehead, huge spectacles, a broad brimmed hat, a linen "duster" and a fat, wobbly umbrella, you would know that here came Horace Greeley, editor, brains, emotions, principles and battling spirit of the *New York Tribune*.

In those days, in fact anywhere from the '40's to the '70's, there was no more quickly recognized figure in the United States than this famous journalist who, outwardly mild-mannered and white of face, was to "break shackles, wreck parties and do as much as any one person to bring on Civil War."

His era saw the birth of some of the great modern dailies—the *Herald*, started by Bennett, the *World* by Pulitzer, and so on. Each had its own peculiar method of presenting the news of the day, and Greeley, according to Mr. Seitz's vastly enthralling biography, "proclaimed, pursued and punished like an avenging angel."

His world gave him much to proclaim, indeed, for an important portion of his work was done during the burning days before the Civil War when the nation was torn with the questions of secession and free soil.

As a "Civil War Editor" (a most important position for "far and wide men and women followed his guidance") he carried on an amazing and decidedly disturbing correspondence with President Lincoln. After the horrifying assas-

ination of the Great Emancipator, Greeley still adhered to his former opinion and statements:

"I hold him most inept for the leadership of a people involved in a desperate and agonizing war; while I deem few men better fitted to guide a nation in times of peace."

Would he have spoken thus, we wonder, if, as Lincoln promised to do shortly before he was killed, he had received the appointment of Postmaster-General?

As we view Mr. Seitz's book, it is stuff out of the very soil of America—purpose, event, gesture. It is a new, teeming cross-section of the days of the Rebellion and the spirited romance of a resounding old newspaper man who filled to overflowing a resounding old job.

In his private life, Greeley was more or less frustrated. His great hours lay outside his home. And his end, like that of so many famous men, was the culmination of sorrows.

In 1872 he was nominated for the Presidency but lost the election to Grant. His editorship had become undermined and untenable on his beloved *Tribune*, his wife died and, in the same year, Greeley himself passed away.

These sad chapters do not, however, dampen the general glow and glamour of the book. Mr. Seitz has done good work, and has added a bold, fighting picture to the American gallery.

**The Arcturus Adventure**—by William Beebe. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

When we first acquired this amazing tale of the New York Zoological Society's expedition to the Sargasso Sea, we read it to get some idea of the wonders of life in that misty world that lies miles below the surface of the water. Now, reading it again, we take infinite pleasure in throwing science overboard, and glorying in the book as a record of an intense and luminous enthusiasm.

Written by any one else, here would lie a dry (though *could* it be that, considering its subject?) account of zoological research. As it stands, it is a wildly exciting adventure. Take, for instance, the opening paragraph. Where, in all fiction or romance, is there one to equal it?

"Most amazingly I am floating in mid-space beneath a dense grape arbor with the

gassum weed—a thousand miles from land. Nothing is in sight except the sliding hillside of an appallingly deep, smooth swell, bearing down upon me, until I shake the water from my eyes, brush aside the dangling strands and, twisting about behold the huge bulk of the *Arcturus* silently lifting and settling a dozen yards away. This is my first fish-eye-view of the Sargasso Sea, on the only day for weeks which is calm enough for a swim."

The *Arcturus* expedition, the ninth expedition of the Zoological Society, sailed from Brooklyn, February, 1925, and returned in July of the same year from strange wanderings in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. In those six months Mr. Beebe and his associates performed actual wonders. They brought back 11,000 feet of splendid motion-picture film, sketches, models, colored plates, valuable specimens, and so on; established one hundred and thirteen stations, and—but, after all, such statistics are not for this column. We simply wish to urge you, if unluckily the book has slipped past you unread, to recapture it immediately.

It is the delightful, the "prismatic," as one reviewer has said, manner of recounting his voyage of discovery that makes Beebe's book such rare reading.

"Like figures in a demented Swiss weather indicator, the port cabins simultaneously opened and decanted a row of bathrobed observers—"

Thus he gives us a picture of the earnest folk aboard the *Arcturus*, roused at a dreary dawn-hour to look at a tropic bird.

The descriptions of his diving and his sojourns under the sea, wearing his miraculous helmet and politely receiving the inquisitive nibbles of numerous fish, carry us into an aqueous, eerie world.

The scientific value of the book is beyond question or criticism. The vision of teeming animal life in the ocean, of that strange, almost mystical Sargasso Sea so dreaded of ships, of treasure islands and of new volcanoes *might*, perhaps, have become part of our ultimate knowledge through the efforts of some other questing scientist, but never, never anywhere else could it have been given to us in so sparkling a cup.

**American Labor and American Democracy**—by William English Walling. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The American Labor movement can, says Mr. Walling, "be understood only as a part of the American economic structure—perhaps the most amazing and stupendous of all the products of the genius and energy of man."

Viewed as such a product of our theory of democracy, the Labor Movement must, Mr. Walling believes, be of interest to all right-minded citizens. Indeed, we can hardly see how this clear, just exposition of the organized wage-earner's position and activities in our social scheme can fail to be of enlightenment and value to every man who employs another, although the book should obviously reach a more defined audience—"big business"—huge industry—gigantic corporations—the so-called capitalistic system.

Mr. Walling has given us no sad story of labor's plight. Rather, he presents a proud record of labor's fight for justice and a controlling status in the industries in which it works.

Politically, the Labor Movement is linked with some dramatic chapters of our national history. These are worth following, as Mr. Walling recounts them, from the famous Clayton Anti-Trust Law to Governor Smith's progressive views on taxation and "waste of government."

Socially and psychologically, labor's position is made startlingly clear and human in these pages. "The very essence of good production," says Herbert Hoover, "is high wages and low prices." And, continues Mr. Walling, the wage-earner must "think and feel he is being justly treated. If he believes he is being wronged his morale will be lowered and his efficiency damaged."

Altogether, this book moved us to mark so many points for quotation as to suggest that there was no such thing as lack of space in this world. However, seek these good things out for yourselves in this broadening study of a great

(Continued on page 79)

### The Reader's Scratch-Pad

"Wherever there is a man, there there seems to be also a spirit or a god; wherever there is human life, there there is also faith. . . ."—Lewis Browne, in "This Believing World."

"Our present problems can not be understood by just looking them in the face. We have to ask how they arose—in trenchant slang, 'How did we get that way?'—James Harvey Robinson, in "The Ordeal of Civilization."

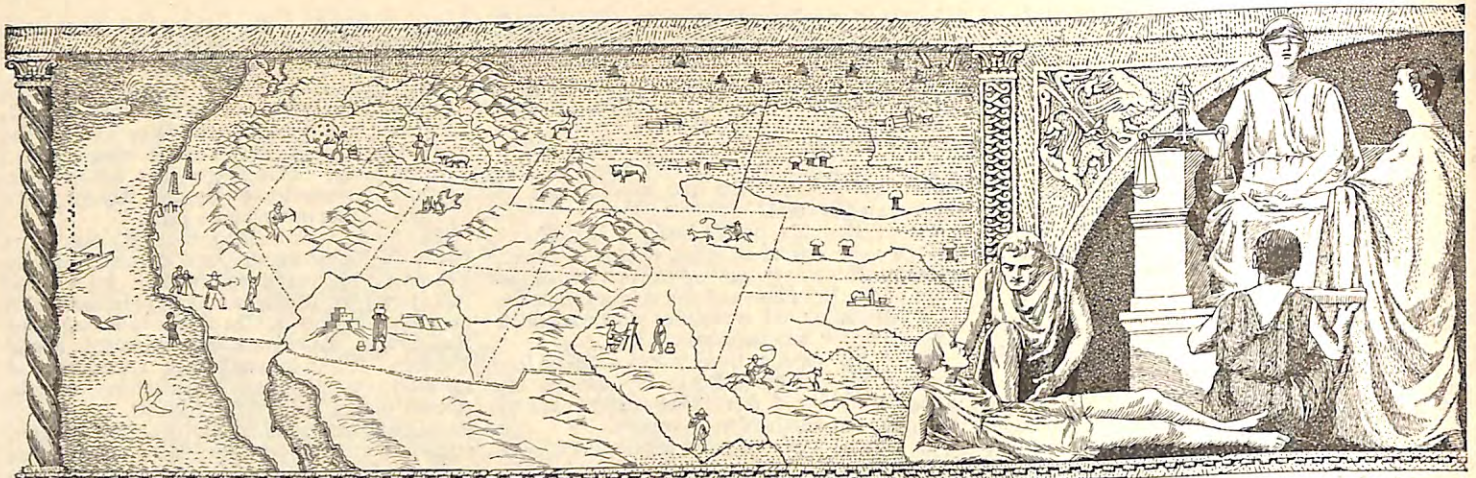
"When a very beautiful thing comes into our lives for the first and perhaps the last time, we betray our very birthright if we do not meet it with all the feeling and emotion and intellectual appreciation which is our human prerogative."—William Beebe, in "The Arcturus Adventure."

"An American, who is very critical of the British in some ways, has said that he would rather have an Englishman at hand in an emergency than a native of any other country."—Dean Inge, in "England."

"Our labor movement is not an importation or the result of a theory: it is a typical and representative product of American history."—William English Walling, in "American Labor and American Democracy."

"Truth will not make us rich, but it will make us free."—Will Durant, in "The Story of Philosophy."

sun shining through a mat of yellow-green leaves and the unripe fruit glowing like myriads of jade beads. Then the air becomes chokingly oppressive—I gasp—kick out violently with my foot and shoot up through the tangled mass of olive growth. Dripping like Neptune, wreathed like Bacchus, my head breaks water in mid-ocean in a mass of sar-



## EDITORIAL

### THREE SIGNIFICANT BIRTHDAYS

THE month of February brings three days of peculiar interest to members of our Order. Two of them appeal to all good Americans, but particularly to Elks because of the Order's distinctively patriotic character. The third has special significance for us as a fraternal anniversary.

One is, of course, Washington's Birthday, which very properly has become an occasion of quite general observance. "The Father Of His Country," is no mere empty and meaningless title. It is an affectionate pseudonym that was conferred upon our first President by a grateful people who recognized his unexampled devotion, loyalty, ability and consecrated service during the infancy of the Republic. It indicates how definitely he is set apart from all others in our hearts, as a character to be revered and honored for all time.

Elks, who are specifically pledged to every patriotic service, may well count the celebration of the Twenty-second as a fraternal duty, because it so assuredly refreshes and quickens the loftiest sentiments of true Americanism.

Lincoln's Birthday is another occasion which has a deep significance. Second only to Washington in the exalted character and value of his public service, Lincoln's memory is a national heritage, in which every true patriot feels pride. Grateful homage paid to his memory, with a realization of his great heart and of his unflinching courage and tenacity of purpose, at a time when a less devoted spirit might have led to irretrievable national disaster, can but be inspiring to every patriotic American and, therefore, to every true Elk.

The third occasion is the Anniversary of the organization of our Order as "a highly purposed fraternity," as President Harding so aptly phrased it.

The growth of the Order, its achievements among its own members, its record as a great instrumentality for patriotic service, and its ever-broadening and increasingly valuable service to humanity, are matters which every member should contemplate with satisfaction and pride, and which every subordinate Lodge should annually celebrate as a never failing stimulus to fraternal enthusiasm.

The custom of New York Lodge to make such a celebration the outstanding event on its calendar each year, and to have present the Grand Exalted Ruler and other officials of the Grand Lodge, is a splendid example of fraternal devotion. And THE ELKS MAGAZINE tenders to the Mother Lodge its earnest good wishes for a most successful celebration on the Sixteenth of this month. May it prove unusually inspiring, not only to her own members and distinguished guests, but to the whole Order as well.

### GRAND LODGE MEMBERSHIP

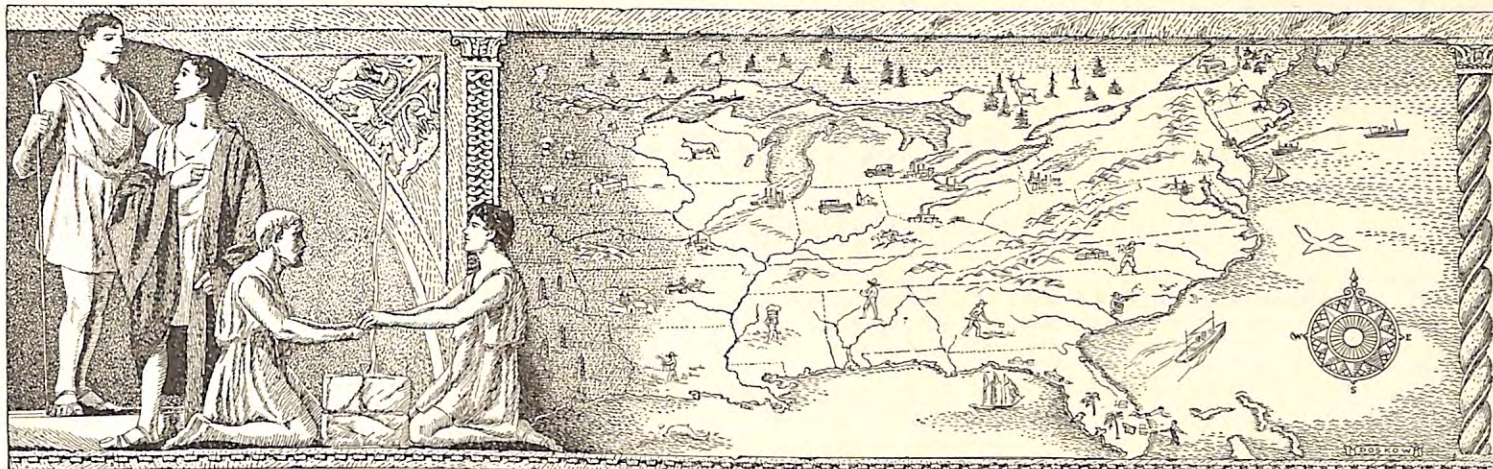
PAST Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan, in his address to the District Deputy Conference at Philadelphia, presented an interesting suggestion for their consideration and study, and for the thought of the whole Order. It was that the newly elected Exalted Rulers of the subordinate Lodges should be sent as representatives to the Grand Lodge, instead of the retiring officials; and that in any event, some formal ceremonial should attend the induction of new members into that body.

The first part of the suggestion has been the subject of some discussion throughout the Order in recent years, but has never been formally presented to the Grand Lodge. The proposition involves an important change in our constitution and a decided innovation in the organization of the Grand Lodge itself. Arguments of cogency and force may be readily advanced both for and against the change; and it is a matter that should be carefully considered before any definite action is taken.

The latter part of the suggestion, however, more readily commends itself to favorable consideration. Indeed, it would seem to be a wholly commendable proposal. A brief, dignified ceremonial, marking the entrance of new members into the Grand Lodge, would make a pleasing addition to the formalities of its opening sessions; and would serve to accentuate the importance of the new official relationship thereupon assumed.

It is only frank, and not unduly critical, to say that the opening ceremonies of the Grand Lodge, which are beautiful and impressive when well exemplified, have rarely been made as effective as





they should be. An additional initiatory ceremony, made a part of the opening ritual, might well prove a stimulus to better preparations for a properly impressive inauguration of the annual sessions of the Order's governing body.

It is to be hoped that Chairman Sullivan and his Committee may be able to present a well considered report on this subject to the next Grand Lodge, embodying recommendations that may prove acceptable to its members.

#### STATE ASSOCIATION OPPORTUNITIES

A FINE example of patriotic and public-spirited service is presented by the record of the California State Association during last year. It involved the active support and coöperation of that Association accorded the forest conservation activities of the Nation and State in that jurisdiction. And so effective was the service of the Elks, and so enthusiastically rendered, that it received the public acknowledgment of the officials in charge of that important work.

It is pleasing to note, but not surprising to learn of, this fine accomplishment for the public welfare by the California Association. It is but another achievement added to the notable list already to the credit of the Elks of that State.

But the particular purpose of this comment is to cite this example as directing attention to a field in which all the State Associations may find opportunities for patriotic service of outstanding value and importance. The National State Governments, in all sections of the country, are engaged upon varied activities for the public welfare, in many of which the assistance of such bodies as the Elks State Associations would be most gratefully accepted and would prove markedly effective.

To those Associations which are not already committed to definite programs, this field of governmental activities, particularly those of an educational and informative character, is commended for consideration. It is quite probable that appealing opportunities will be disclosed for active coöperation in promoting causes in which the Associations have a very real interest. It is certain that the undertaking of such coöperation will insure a renewed inspiration and enthusiasm among their own members.

Nothing is more helpful to the esprit of an organization than the consciousness of its members that they are sustaining worth-while en-

deavors directed toward a specific end. The weakness of many of the State Associations lies in the lack of that feeling among their members. The adoption of the suggestions here made might well lead to their healthier and more vigorous condition.

#### CHARACTER

A speaker who was recently discussing work among boys, a work in which all Elks are interested, urged upon his adult hearers the necessity of personal association with those whom they were seeking to help and to guide. There was nothing new in this suggestion, of course. But his strikingly worded reason for it arrested attention. Said he: "Character must be caught, not taught."

It may be that the expression is a little sententious. It might not stand a severely critical analysis. But its meaning is clear and it presents rich food for thought, none the less worthy of consideration because the novelty is in the phraseology rather than in the substance.

Without attempting an accurate definition of the word, character may be said to be the moral and spiritual make-up of any person. And while those qualities and attributes which constitute it may be described and urged for cultivation by precept, yet it is true that character is a more likely product of example presented in such a way, through association and contact, as to inspire emulation.

Young minds, young hearts, young souls if you choose, in particular are quite impressionable to all external influences, good or bad. The resultant character reflects in large measure the sum of those influences, each one leaving its imprint, slight or marked as the case may be. And we can not too constantly bear in mind the fact that our daily lives are to be counted among those influences that are shaping innumerable characters of others, however unconsciously.

Elks, by virtue of their very membership and obligation, are committed to the endeavor to help in building character aright in all those whose lives they touch, and for whom, by reason of that fact alone, they sustain that degree of responsibility. And it is well for us to be reminded, again and again, that the examples of our daily lives should be made constructive, and not destructive, of that fine thing, in our own lives and in the lives of others, which we call character. In a general way it may be said to be the whole aim of our Order.

# 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion in Cincinnati

## Bulletin No. 2

*To the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, The Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen; and the Officers and Members of all Subordinate Lodges of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:*

### Greetings!

ONCE more it is the privilege and pleasure of our 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion Committee to come before the faithful of Elksdom and present a series of word pictures of the joys that are in store for all those who come to Cincinnati July 8 to 15 next, to share in the record-breaking programs that will mark the coming annual session of the Grand Lodge.

From time to time we promise you an advance glimpse of the menu of amusement that will be offered to all the brothers and the members of their families and friends who make the pilgrimage to this City Beautiful of ours on the banks of the picturesque Ohio.

But first of all, and most important of all, we must lay special forty horse-power emphasis upon this imperative requirement: Every Elk—local or visiting member—as well as their family and friends, *must register*. The enforcement of this rule is certain. Only upon proper registration will credentials be issued for every visitor. These credentials are the necessary open sesame to the grand round of entertainment that will make the session of 1927 one of unparalleled achievement. Let us repeat these Instructions about Registration because they are superlatively important:

*Registration of Grand Lodge Officers and members of the Grand Lodge will take place at the Hotel Sinton, and General Registration at the County Court House, Court and Main, where tickets to all events and badges will be given each visitor.*

Therefore Registration is vitally important and will continue from day to day until adjournment.

### Glimpses of the Program

In addition to the exhaustive outline of the authorized program given in Bulletin No. 1, a remarkable honor will be shown the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers, and the Grand Lodge Committeemen and their families.

### To Visit the Taft Art Gallery

On Monday afternoon, July 10, this distinguished party will be escorted from Grand Lodge Headquarters at the Hotel Sinton and taken to the home of Hon. and Mrs. Charles Phelps Taft on Pike Street and welcomed to their world-famous art gallery—one of the most notable private collections of art treasures in the world.

Grand Lodge officers and delegates will begin to arrive in large numbers on Friday the 9th.

The plans for the special religious services on Sunday at St. Peter's Cathedral, the Jewish Synagogue and Christ Episcopal Church are in a formative state, but full particulars of this sacred preface to a week of activity will follow in later Bulletins.

There is no necessity at this time to repeat all the varied items which were listed in the earliest line-up of Bulletin No. 1.

And yet it is well to recall the high lights of the big program—the great open session at Music Hall on Monday night the 11th, when Governor Vic Donahey of Ohio and Mayor Murray Seasongood of Cincinnati will voice official welcomes to the delegates in behalf of the Buckeye State and the Queen City. It is at this session when Cincinnati's famed Symphony Orchestra and the May Festival Chorus will add to the musical glory of the historic occasion. There will be a score or more entertainments after the session, one for Grand Lodge officials at the "Chatterbox" at the Hotel Sinton being especially notable.

### The Tuesday Line-up

The climax of the day's doings—July 12—will be the six o'clock banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen and their families at the famed Cincinnati Zoological Garden. The feast is only a preliminary to a night at the opera and visits between acts to the Ice Skating Rink—one of the summer features in which the Zoo has been a national pacemaker.

### Business Sessions

Between and between all these stellar features of high-class entertainment the delegates will be hard at it—putting through the important Grand Lodge business which has given the B. P. O. E. a place of world prominence among the Orders that do things worth while.

In forthcoming Bulletins full particulars will be given of the Elks Competitive Band Concert at Redland Field of the Cincinnati Ball Club on Wednesday afternoon, July 13, and the Elks Day festivities at Coney Island on the same day.

As the time for the Great Grand Lodge Parade—the first ever taking place over Victory Boulevard in Cincinnati—grows nearer, that feature will be elaborately described in a future Bulletin. On the night of the parade the great balls take place at the Sinton, Gibson, Alms, and other hotels, on the Coney Island fleet and at the Elks' Temple. It will be Terpsichore's night, and the slogan is, "On with the dance!"

### The Great Trap-shoot

Rivaling in importance the Grand American Handicap, the Elks National Trapshooting Contest at Coney Island July 12 and 13 will have a great appeal to all who are devotees of the gun.

The Committee having the same in charge will arrange the program for the various Contests, which will be as follows:

- Elks National Trapshooting Championship at Single Targets.
- Elks National Trapshooting Championship at Double Targets.
- Elks National Trapshooting Handicap at Single Targets.
- Elks National All-Around Championship.
- Elks Lodge Five-Man Team Championship.
- Elks State.

Having in mind the Slogan of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5, namely:

*"We Are Going to Make Good"*

the local committee will offer a sufficient amount of cash to be allotted for this special feature in the 1927 Reunion in excess of anything that has been done before, and it will be a RECORD-BREAKER in this line insofar as ADDED MONEY and TROPHIES are concerned. It will therefore be very much appreciated if every subordinate Lodge will select one or more of their local members who are Trapshooters, to act as a Committee and organize a team in their Lodge if possible, and notify the Trapshooting Committee of Cincinnati Lodge as to the possible number of entries from their respective Lodges. This will be of the utmost importance in order that arrangements can be made to take care of all who will participate in this, the GREATEST OF ALL TRAPSHOOTING TOURNAMENTS.

### Elksdom in Pictures

*An Official Photographer Will Be on the Job All the Time*

Cincinnati will eclipse in extraordinary features all former Grand Lodge Reunions. The appointment of an Official Photographer insures a permanent pictorial record of the great gathering. Moving pictures of every important event will be incorporated in a five-reel Photo Feature film that will prove a wonderful aid in the added growth of our beloved Order. The Official Photographer and his assistants will take snapshots of leading events which will be furnished gratis to the Press and all News Bureaus. The activities of this new adjunct to Cincinnati's Reunion Service will multiply, but already these assignments are on "the book" and moving pictures will be taken of these events:

Distinctive lodges with their bands of music as they arrive in Cincinnati.

The audience at Music Hall at the opening exercises which are open to the public, and in this picture will be included the May Festival Chorus of 250 members and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

The Grand Lodge in session on the Opening Day.

The Past Grand Exalted Rulers, the Grand Lodge Officers and members of Committees and their ladies at the banquet to be tendered at the Zoological Garden on the same evening on which they attend the Opera and the Ice Skating.

Fifteen or twenty pictures of special features of the Grand Parade as it passes down through Eden Park, showing principal Lodges, floats, etc., including pictures of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers and the Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen.

The crowds going up the Ohio River on the steamer *Island Queen*, flagship of the Coney Island fleet of boats and steamers from the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, with their Elk delegations.

The crowds in attendance at Coney Island each day, and particularly on the day of the Barbecue and Burgoo, when

there will be a pictured demonstration of how the epicurean treat is prepared.

A picture showing the wonderful fireworks display in the evening at Coney Island, including pictures of some of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

Reviewing Stand in front of the Federal Building, showing the grand parade as it passes by.

Showing boats carrying lodges and visitors from up and down the Ohio River, which Lodges will be quartered on these boats during their visit in Cincinnati and boats docked at the Public Landing in Cincinnati.

And pictures of other important features of the Reunion.

**How to Get the Film!**

Last, but not least, every subordinate Lodge will be told in the next Bulletin *How to Secure This Film* in order to produce it in one or more of the picture houses of the city in which their individual Lodges are located. All of this will be *Without Cost*. Arrangements might also be made with the various subordinate Lodges, particularly those of the smaller cities, where a part of the profits derived from showing this wonderful picture may be given to charity or to any other worthy purpose, as the local subordinate Lodge may designate.

**The Prizes**

In Bulletin No. 1 the prizes to be awarded were set out in full as follows:

Elks Competitive Band Contest.....	\$2,000.00
Grand Lodge Parade (Lodge with largest number of members in line).....	1,000.00
Lodge longest distance from home (computed on number in line).....	500.00
Floats.....	2,000.00
Drill contest.....	1,500.00
Decorations (local only).....	1,100.00
	<hr/>
	\$8,100.00
Elks Trapshooting Contest (estimated).....	5,000.00
Approximately.....	\$13,100.00

In addition to the above prizes a Special Prize of \$1,000 will be given to the Band traveling the greatest distance from home to the Reunion.

There will also be a prize of \$100 given in the competitive contest of all Fife-and-Drum, Drum-and-Bugle, or Drum Corps entering same.

Subordinate Lodges should go over this feature very carefully, and entry blanks should be filled out at once and returned immediately.

*The blank pertaining to the activities of each subordinate Lodge sent out with this Bulletin insofar as the Cincinnati Reunion is concerned, should be filled out and returned at the earliest possible moment.*

**Miscellaneous**

Every subordinate Lodge is earnestly requested to make arrangements through their representatives attending the convention that their Lodge banner be displayed in the parade, and the local committee will make arrangements to have the proper number of Elks on hand to carry the same, if desired.

Subordinate Lodges and State Associations desiring to have floats in the parade, whether competing for a prize or not, can make suitable arrangements for securing same by addressing the Cincinnati General Reunion Committee.

**Touching the High Spots**

**A few of the Modern Institutions of Business and Education to be Visited**

Greater Cincinnati is one of America's great industrial centers. It is the home of scores of products that are nationally advertised. Millions of dollars are annually spent in making these standard products familiar in the economy of modern, well-kept households. Visits to many of these wonderful plants are to be another interesting and unusual feature of the Cincinnati gathering. The Procter & Gamble Company's plant at Ivorydale, the home of both "Ivory Soap" and "Crisco," made in an entirely different environment, is on the list for inspection. The United States Playing Card Company at Norwood is the largest in the world and the welcome sign will be out there for all Elks. The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, makers of the great Wurlitzer organ, offers the glad hand to visitors at their musical center. The Rookwood Pottery caught the eye of Europe before home folks awakened to the magnificence of their unique institution. Cincinnati's Water Works are the last word in municipal water equipment and a visit to that up-the-river filtration plant is a higher education in supplying pure water to a great municipality.

**The University of Cincinnati**

Cincinnati has near a score of famous institutions, but her municipal seat of learning, the University of Cincinnati, is unique. At present over 7,600 students are enrolled. The "U. C." is famed for its outstanding professional Colleges of Medicine, Engineering and Commerce, Law, Teachers. Its Colleges of Liberal Arts, School of Household Administration, School of Nursing and Health and Graduate School rank among the pre-eminent ones of America. The University occupies about forty acres of Burnet Woods and its buildings are modern and attractive. A visit thereto will be profitable to those who are interested in advanced professional education. The University is the home of the co-operative system of education.

**The American Products Company**

There are few plants, not only in the city but in the entire country, which can equal in completeness the new, up-to-date home of The American Products Company.

The company manufactures the well-known, nationally advertised line of Zanol Products—Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Preparations, Laundry Supplies, Household Necessities—products which are used daily in millions of homes throughout the country and are famous for their high quality and purity. Visitors stand spellbound when they see hundreds of bottles, cans and cartons filled, capped, labeled, sealed and wax-paper wrapped within a few minutes time and untouched by human hands.

A visit to The American Products Company plant is both an education and a pleasure which will be open to Elksdom's hosts. A souvenir for everybody.

**The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company**

There are few institutions in America, as old or with resources as extensive as those of Wurlitzer. Founded in Saxony in 1701, for several unbroken generations the House of Wurlitzer has been making musical instruments, until to-day it has grown to be the world's largest musical organization. Principal Wurlitzer factories are located at North Tonawanda, N. Y., and DeKalb, Ill., with a direct retail organization comprising over forty stores from coast to coast. The Wurlitzer organization is not alone renowned for the famous Wurlitzer organs, which have been installed in Elks' Temples in New York City, Binghamton, N. Y., New Orleans, Omaha, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Columbus, Queensboro, Sacramento, Chicago, and Boston, but for the consistently fine quality of all their musical merchandise. In addition to finest band and orchestra instruments, Wurlitzer manufactures and retails Harps, Radio, all models Wurlitzer Grand, Upright, Player and Reproducing Pianos—in fact, every known musical instrument.

During your visit to Cincinnati be sure to call at the Elks' Temple, where their organ is installed and see it and hear it in demonstration.

**A Bit of New York in Cincinnati**

Coney Island and Zoological Garden will be open to every Elk at all times during the festal week. Swiss Garden is also a place where the Elk will find a hospitable welcome. This Garden, best defined as "a bit of New York in Cincinnati," is one of the most beautiful spots imaginable, located at Reading Road and California Avenue, Bond Hill. A brilliant jewel in an Old World setting, Swiss Garden is well named. A fortune was spent to make it compare in sheer beauty of design and elegance of entertainment with the finest pleasure palaces in all America. The architecture gives the first impression of one of those hostleries in the shadow of the Alps. There is room to seat more than 1,200 persons comfortably. Patrons may partake of the dinners and then dance and enjoy the floor shows supplied by artists direct from Broadway's leading revues and night clubs. Three of Swiss Garden's attractions this year were Karyl Norman, "The Creole Fashion Plate," Sissle and Blake, stars of "Shuffle Along" and other revues, and Gertrude Ederle, first woman to swim the English Channel. The concert programs are broadcast two nights weekly by Station WKRC, the Kodel Radio Co. Special afternoon entertainments will be arranged for the Elks next July.

Souvenirs of the industrial centers will be presented to all visitors.

Come to Cincinnati! We are prepared to give you the greatest time of your life! From the time you arrive until you leave you will be the guests of the Grand Lodge Reunion Committee.

But remember—the first thing to do after you arrive in Cincinnati is—

**Register**

Fraternally,

1927 GRAND LODGE REUNION COMMITTEE

AUG. HERRMANN, *Chairman*,  
 CHAS. E. BUNING,  
 CHAS. E. DORNETTE,  
 MAX FRIEDMAN, *Ex-Officio*,  
 And all of the Chairmen of the various Sub-Committees already appointed.





## Mayor James J. Walker of New York City Becomes an Elk

Mayor of the  
City of New  
York (left)  
and Grand  
Exalted Ruler  
Charles  
H. Grakelow

Mayor James  
J. Walker's  
letter to the  
Hon. Murray  
Hulbert, Jus-  
tice of the  
Grand Forum

THE session of December 19, 1926, at the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, will stand out as one of the very important nights in the history of the Mother Lodge. It will be distinguished by the fact that the Mayor of the City of New York, Hon. James J. Walker, and as representative a class of candidates as ever stood before the Lodge's altar, were initiated into the Order of Elks.

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow and the following Grand Lodge officials were present: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and J. Edgar Masters; Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron; James T. Hallinan, F. J. Schrader, John E. Hurley—all members of the Grand

Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum; Edwin K. McPeck of the Grand Lodge Special Activities Committee; Louis N. Goldsmith, Secretary of this Committee; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. Leo Fallon. There were also present President John T. Gorman, and the following Past Presidents of the New York State Elks Association: William E. Drislane, Joseph Brand, James A. Farley, Philip Clancy. Men of prominence in all walks of life were also present, including Senator Robert F. Wagner; Judge Edward J. McGoldrick; Eddie Dowling, the actor; and Albert T. Brophy of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. In addition there were Exalted Rulers from many surrounding Lodges and the greatest assemblage

CITY OF NEW YORK  
Office of the Mayor

December 27, 1926

Dear Murray:

It affords me much happiness to realize that I was the first Mayor of the City of New York to become a member of the Order of the Elks in New York No. 1 the Mother Lodge of the Order. I consider this to be a great distinction in view of the fact that the Order had its birth in this city and has grown and flourished here for fifty-eight years.

Since I stood before the Altar and witnessed the exemplification of the magnificent ritual of the Order, beautiful in its simplicity and striking in its meaning, the mottoes over the respective stations—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity—representing the cardinal principles of the Order, were impressed anew and more deeply emphasized in my mind. I know that they will always be an inspiration to me in both my private and official life.

I thank you personally for having proposed me for membership; and the welfare of the Order and my brother Elks will always be a paramount consideration with me.

Fraternally yours

Hon. Murray Hulbert  
Justice of the Grand Forum  
N. P. O. Elks  
185 Broadway, New York

of Elks that ever gathered in the spacious Lodge room of No. 1.

Addresses were delivered by R. Arthur Bittong, Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2; Mr. Hulbert and Mr. Grakelow, whose stirring words brought out wave after wave of enthusiastic approval.

The class of candidates had as spokesmen James G. Wallace; Leon Errol, the famous comedian; and his Honor, Mayor Walker. The address of the Mayor was one of the most complete and beautiful expositions of the ideals and purposes of the Order that has ever been made by an initiate in New York Lodge.

The whole evening, from start to finish, was indeed an impressive and a notable one in every respect.

## The Grand Exalted Ruler at Lincoln's Tomb

AMONG the activities of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow on his recent mid-Western trip was a visit to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill. Accompanied by a group of distinguished Elks, which included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Judge W. H. Crum, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, Eugene W. Welch, President of the Illinois State Elks Association, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Lew Gallant, Exalted Ruler J. H. Hodde, Secretary W. E. Lindgren, and a number of past officers and members of Springfield Lodge, No. 158, Mr. Grakelow placed a wreath upon the last resting-place of the martyred President.

From the brief yet heartfelt address made by the Grand Exalted Ruler, we quote: "Running through my head at this time are the words of the prophet Isaiah when he said 'for this is holy ground.'

"This magnificent monument erected by a grateful people houses the sarcophagus containing the remains of the beloved and much lamented President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. . . . This great domain knows no sectional lines in the studying of his life as an example of what can be accomplished despite a humble beginning in this wonderful country of ours.

"It is, therefore, fitting and appropriate, as Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, that I place upon his final resting-place this wreath. . . ."

Following the ceremonies at the tomb Mr. Grakelow visited Lincoln's home, and was later guest of honor at a dinner in the splendid new building which houses Springfield Lodge. The

Grand Exalted Ruler again made a magnificent address, and won the hearts of his audience with his personality, his ready wit and his pungency of speech. His message, picturing the high responsibilities of the Order and of its members, was not alone lofty in concept but of practical value to Springfield Lodge in the administration of its affairs and the management of its million-dollar Home.

Present at the dinner with Mr. Grakelow were Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, President Eugene W. Welch of the Illinois State Elks Association, Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Mr. Campbell presided at the evening session, while Justice Thompson, on behalf of Springfield

Lodge and the Elks of Illinois, made an impressive response to Mr. Grakelow's address.

Mr. Grakelow said, in part, "I want to thank you first of all for erecting this magnificent building in this city. I want to assure you that its beauty of construction makes it an architectural contribution to Springfield, and that it will, without a question of doubt, Exalted Ruler, become the civic center of the city of Springfield, and, when that has been accomplished, you will have realized the true interpretation of an illustrious Home.

"You have erected a Home here which slightly anticipates the needs of the community, therefore I would say to you that the best way for you to make possible the filling of this building is by a concentrated movement along the line of continued activities within it.

"You realize the purpose of your Order, progress in the city of Springfield. You have in the city of Springfield in the last ten or fifteen years, Exalted Ruler, various organizations that have come up, luncheon clubs and many other groups. Do they meet in the Home of the Order of Elks? If they don't, they should. This should be the center of all activities. This should be the building whence all the things that are launched for the advancement of Springfield should come. This should be so interwoven with Springfield activities that when any worth-while citizen thinks of something for the benefit of the community he should, at the same time, think of the Order of Elks and the Home of the Springfield Lodge."

The meeting in the Home was largely attended by representatives from many Illinois Lodges.



The Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and other distinguished members, lays a wreath on the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, where he delivered a moving address

*The beautiful new Home of Woodland, Calif., Lodge, No. 1299, which was dedicated a short time ago*



## Under the Spreading Antlers

### News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

#### **Agana, Guam, Lodge Presents Flag and Flag Pole to School**

AGANA, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, recently held appropriate ceremonies when it presented the Anigua School with a large flag pole which the Lodge had erected, and raised the Stars and Stripes upon it while the band played the National Anthem.

Through the kindness of Marine Gunner E. T. Ozabal, U. S. M. C., Inspector-Instructor of the Guam Militia, two companies of his command, with the National and Regimental Colors, marched to the schoolhouse led by the Navy Band. Governor L. S. Shapley, with his Aide, Lieutenant J. C. Heck, U. S. Navy, and Commander W. R. Hall, Head of the Department of Education, and their ladies were among those present. The presentation address was made by Past Exalted Ruler James H. Underwood of Agana Lodge, and Miss Maria T. Gatierez, Principal of the school, accepted the gift on behalf of the teachers and pupils.

#### **Joint Initiation to be Held in Honor of Grand Exalted Ruler**

In honor of the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow to Pittsburgh on February 15, the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association has arranged for a joint initiation of candidates from more than twenty Lodges. The ceremony, which will be witnessed by Mr. Grakelow, will take place in the afternoon, preceding the annual banquet of the Association to the Grand Exalted Ruler, which will be held that evening in the William Penn Hotel.

#### **Galveston, Texas, Lodge Entertains District Deputy Wipprecht**

An outstanding social event on the calendar of Galveston, Texas, Lodge, No. 126, was a mammoth oyster roast which it conducted recently in honor of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Carl Wipprecht. Some three hundred members, augmented by seventy-five visiting members from Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151, headed by their officers, enjoyed the repast and the excellent program arranged in honor of Mr. Wipprecht. The complete success of the affair prompted the decision to stage similar social events in the future, en-

couraging thereby a better understanding among the Lodges of this district and stimulating larger activities on the part of the individual organizations.

#### **Public Organ Recitals in Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge**

The Sunday afternoon organ recitals in the Lodge room of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, open to the public, are well appreciated by music lovers of the city. An attendance of from 400 to 600 each Sunday is the regular thing, and that the concerts are enjoyed is shown by the large numbers of letters received by the Lodge from grateful members of the audience. Los Angeles Lodge is one of only six organizations in the United States regularly offering to the public the opportunity to listen to organ music of this kind without charge.

#### **Greensburg, Pa., Lodge Host To District Deputy Weaver**

Greensburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 511, was recently host to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. K. F. Weaver on the occasion of his official visit. Many prominent members of the Order were present, including F. J. Schrader, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Nugent, and Past Exalted Rulers of many Pennsylvania Lodges. It was one of the largest meetings held in the Home of Greensburg Lodge. After the session the visitors were guests of the Lodge at a delightful supper and smoker.

#### **Quarterly Meeting Held by New Jersey State Association**

The second quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held recently at the Home of Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, with forty-seven Lodges represented by 130 delegates, there being a total attendance of more than 250 Elks from all parts of the State. Previous to the meeting, which was called for two o'clock in the afternoon, a tribute was paid to Governor A. Harry Moore, Past President of the State Association, who was greeted and cheered by all of the members of the Association assembled in front of the Home of Hoboken Lodge as he

headed a Dedication Parade which passed that point.

It was decided to hold the next annual reunion at Long Branch, N. J., the latter part of June, 1927. The dates will be fixed by the Board of Trustees of the State Association. The next quarterly meeting of the State Association will be held at the Home of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, on the afternoon of Sunday, March 13, 1927.

#### **Father and Son Night Held At Des Moines, Ia., Lodge**

The recent Father and Son Night held at Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, was among the most successful parties ever given by the members. Following a ritualistic service in which the sons occupied the officers' chairs and stations, the Kampus Knights Orchestra of Des Moines University furnished a fine musical program, after which refreshments were served in the dining hall of the Lodge Home.

#### **Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Holds Brilliant Charity Ball**

The third annual Charity Ball of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, held at the Shrewsbury River Country Club, was a brilliantly successful affair. A record number of members and their friends gathered in the beautifully decorated rooms, and the financial returns to the charity fund of the Lodge were large.

#### **Sacramento, Calif., Lodge in Membership Campaign**

With a goal of 2,500 names on its roll by April first, Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, is engaged in a membership campaign. The plan is for a selective rather than a general drive, in that every member is requested to secure the application of a personal friend. An active committee is in charge, and the first of April should see No. 6 with its membership at the desired figure.

#### **Grand Exalted Ruler to Initiate Class at Erie, Pa., Lodge**

On February 14 Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow will initiate a special class in the Home of Erie, Pa., Lodge, No. 67. Invitations



The Home of New Iberia, La., Lodge, No. 554, is a very attractive old mansion

have been sent to neighboring Lodges to bring candidates on their lists, and the exemplification of the ritual by the Grand Exalted Ruler is expected to attract a record throng.

#### Charity Ball of Athens, O., Lodge Nets Good Sum

The recent annual Charity Ball of Athens, O., Lodge, No. 973, was a splendid success, financially and socially. Some 1,000 persons enjoyed the evening in the gymnasium of Ohio University while the charity fund of the Lodge was enriched by a considerable sum. The members of the committee in charge of the affair had spared no efforts in their preparations, and the ball's success was a measure of the enthusiasm with which they had worked.

#### San Pedro, Calif., Lodge Holds Old Timers' Night

A delightful occasion in San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, was the recent Old Timers' Night, held in honor of the members of more than twenty years' standing and of all Past Exalted Rulers. A dinner at the California Yacht Club was followed by an entertainment and social gathering in the Home of the Lodge, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the veterans and those who came to celebrate with them.

#### San Joaquin Valley Lodges Hold Meeting

Officers of the Lodges in the San Joaquin Valley of California were the guests of Porterville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1342, on the occasion of a recent meeting. Among the interesting decisions made was one to organize and promote an indoor baseball league among the Lodges in the Valley. The thirty-odd visiting officers were entertained by Porterville Lodge at a delicious luncheon.

#### Boys' Club is Formed in Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge

In furtherance of the plan of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, to come into closer contact with the young sons of its members and their friends, a meeting was held in the Home a short time ago for the purpose of organizing a boys' club to be connected with No. 44. The instilling of worth-while social, educational and moral ideals will be the guiding spirit of the club, a program in which the boys themselves will be given a large share of responsibility.

#### Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Some 500 members and visitors gathered in the Home of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, to celebrate its 25th anniversary. A regular

Lodge meeting, at which a class of candidates was initiated, was attended by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Leo Fallon, Vice-President Joseph Johnson and Secretary Philip Clancy of the New York State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Henry Kohl and Fred Hughes, and Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1, William T. Phillips.

Following the meeting there were refreshments and speeches by a number of the prominent members and guests. Haverstraw Lodge, No. 877, instituted under the auspices of Peekskill Lodge, presented No. 744 with a beautiful silver vase in honor of the occasion. Other gifts of a silver gavel from Port Chester Lodge, No. 863, and a fine silk American flag and staff from Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275, were also presented. A splendid entertainment by professionals from New York wound up the interesting evening.

#### Freeland, Pa., Lodge Honors Retiring Secretary

The members of Freeland, Pa., Lodge, No. 1145, recently gathered in their Home to pay honor and tribute to T. L. Edmunds, retiring Secretary of the Lodge. A testimonial banquet, at which nearly a hundred members were seated, opened the evening in honor of Mr. Edmunds, who has served the Lodge as Secretary for the past fifteen years. Prominent members of the Order and leading citizens joined in praising Mr. Edmunds for his loyalty and

service to his Lodge and to his community. Following the dinner there was a vaudeville entertainment which eclipsed anything heretofore presented by the Lodge.

#### Ada, Okla., Lodge Increases Its Activities

The members of Ada, Okla., Lodge, No. 1275, have greatly increased their activities during the past year, and plan to play an even larger part in the life of their community during the coming months. The Lodge now has new quarters in a handsome building which has been remodeled throughout to meet its requirements. Its charities at Thanksgiving and Christmas were unusually generous and widespread, and its other forms of welfare work compare favorably with those being done by many larger Lodges in the State.

#### Reading, Pa. Lodge Assists Many Crippled Children

A recent report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, shows much good work accomplished among the crippled children of the vicinity. During the fiscal year sixteen youngsters were operated on, ten had braces fitted, and five special shoes. In addition, a clinic of ten patients was operated on in January. Two more clinics are planned during the term of the present administration, which will make a total of fifty-eight children cared for in one year's time.

#### Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Holds "Friendship Night"

"Friendship Night" was a recent innovation in Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174. To come to the affair each member had to bring with him a friend—a non-Elk, but one eligible to join the Order. The guests were shown over the fine Home owned by Tacoma Lodge, after which they enjoyed a splendid program of entertainment, followed by supper.

#### Gulfport, Miss., Lodge's Charity Frolic a Great Success

The annual Charity Frolic held by Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978, was again a great success. The attractive booths and the splendid entertainment offered drew large crowds to the Elks' lawn, and the returns to the Lodge's charity fund were substantial.

#### Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge to Give Minstrel Show

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22's big annual minstrel show is scheduled for production at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of this month. This has always been one of the most ambitious undertakings of its



Wisconsin has many charming Homes. This is owned by Green Bay Lodge, No. 259

kind in the Order, and the coming performances promise to excel even Brooklyn Lodge's own record in the past.

**Bellefontaine, O., Lodge, Conducts Interesting Ceremony**

An interesting ceremony was recently conducted by Bellefontaine, O., Lodge, No. 132, when J. E. Cochran and his five sons were initiated into the Order. The rareness of the occasion brought out a large attendance, many being present from several neighboring Lodges. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles T. Lawton gave a splendid address and other talks were made by F. A. Hitchcock, Past Exalted Ruler and present Secretary of Lima, O., Lodge, No. 54. Mr. Cochran's response, in which he spoke as a father and an Elk, was one of the most impressive addresses heard by the members in some time. Following the meeting, which was held because of its size in the Chamber of Commerce rooms, the members adjourned to the Home of the Lodge where dinner was served and a delightful evening of music was provided by the Elks orchestra.

**Baltimore, Md., Lodge, Entertains Exalted Rulers**

Called into conference by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John B. Berger, the Exalted Rulers of Lodges in Delaware, Maryland and Washington, D. C., met in the Home of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, a short time ago. In addition to Mr. Berger, John J. Powel, President of the State Association into which these Lodges are grouped, addressed the gathering. Preparations are already under way for the meeting next September, in Wilmington, Del., and Mr. Powel urged all Lodges participating to be represented by at least one float. District Deputy Berger's talk had to do with the conduct of Lodges according to Grand Lodge statutes.

**William L. Applegate Appointed District Deputy**

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow recently appointed William L. Applegate of Manila Lodge, No. 761, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Philippine Islands.

**Whittier, Calif., Lodge, Initiates Large Classes**

Whittier, Calif., Lodge, No. 1258, has been initiating large classes of candidates every month. At a recent meeting it took in forty new members and the occasion was a gala affair all around. The ceremony was conducted by the officers of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, who were assisted by their wonderful seventy-nine piece band, and their drill team of twenty-three men, all in uniform. Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328, also was a guest of the



The handsome new Home occupied by members of Sheraden, Pa., Lodge, No. 949

Lodge at this meeting and helped in the exercises. After the session there was an excellent entertainment, and the visitors were served with a sumptuous dinner.

**Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, Gets Ready for Annual Assembly**

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, has perfected plans for its twenty-second annual assembly to be held on February 28. Indications are that the event will bring together a larger number of members and their families than ever before in the history of these annual meetings. The event will take place in Maher's Auditorium and special music, dancing and supper will be among the interesting features of the program.

**Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge Building Handsome New Home**

Work is going ahead rapidly on the new Home which Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, is erecting at the corner of Exchange and Montgomery Streets in the heart of the city's business section. The structure will be a beautiful one, costing when completed close to \$200,000. The basement will have bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms, lounge, showers, kitchens, store rooms and the heating plant. On the first floor there will be five stores. The second floor will contain the Lodge room, 48 x 78 feet. This room

will be provided with a stage 18 feet deep and 24 feet long equipped with dressing rooms. There will also be a motion-picture projection booth in this room. The second floor will also have a reception room and ladies' parlor. Adjoining these will be special rooms for use of committees and for the officers of the Lodge. A large library will also be a feature of this floor. The third floor will have a colonnade running on the Exchange and Montgomery Street sides 18 feet wide which may be used for small private parties. Of Italian Renaissance design, the building will be a most distinctive addition to the architecture of the city.

The cornerstone for the new Home was laid on December 19 with an elaborate and impressive program of exercises in which many prominent members of the Order took part.

**California Medal Awarded "Old Ironsides" Essay Winner**

Her essay on "Old Ironsides" adjudged the best in the State, Miss Genevieve Claverie, of Benicia, Calif., was recently awarded the Grand Lodge medal at a public reception sponsored by the Board of Education and Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559. J. R. Thornton, Past Exalted Ruler of Vallejo Lodge, in whose jurisdiction Miss Claverie lives, made the presentation on behalf of the Order and of his Lodge. A beautiful bouquet of flowers was also presented by Mr. Thornton to Miss Claverie, who read her essay as part of a diversified program.

**Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Its First Birthday**

Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, recently celebrated its first birthday with an impressive program of events. Many distinguished members of the Order were present to congratulate the Lodge on its fine record. Addresses were made by John T. Gorman and Philip Clancy, Presidents and Secretary and Past President respectively, of the New York State Elks Association, and Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of many of the New York Southeast Lodges helped to make it a night long to be remembered.

**Long Beach, Calif., Elks Visit U. S. S. Colorado**

At the invitation of the ship's Chaplain, a group of members from Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, visited the U. S. S. Colorado a short time ago. The visitors, taken out by launches from the battleship, put on a Sunday morning entertainment for the bluejackets, the various numbers of which were heartily applauded by the audience.



One of the many friendly spots in the new Home of Du Bois, Pa., Lodge, No. 349



*This large and handsomely furnished Home is owned by the members of Litchfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 654*

In its one year of existence, Lynbrook Lodge has accomplished much laudable work in its community. Among its recent activities was the presentation of an American flag to the new public school at East Rockaway, N. Y., at the time of its dedication; a visit to the Nassau County Alms House where the band and glee club gave a concert for the old folks; providing surgical treatment and care for two crippled children in the Port Jefferson hospital.

The Lodge has also launched a membership campaign which is adding many names to its present list of 1,200 members.

#### **Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Dedicates Orphanage Gymnasium**

The officers of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, recently conducted the dedication of the Oswald D. and Mary Celia Bell Memorial Recreation Hall at the Glenn Home. The ritualistic service conducted by Exalted Ruler Byrch Bayh was interspersed with patriotic and religious music.

The gymnasium, provided by the generosity of Mrs. Bell, is fully equipped, will seat 800 persons, and is one of the finest in the neighborhood. The youngsters in the Glenn Home have for many years been the special charges of Terre Haute Lodge, which each season provides a grand Christmas party for them.

#### **Military Night Held by Seattle, Wash., Lodge**

Military Night, celebrated after a regular Lodge session by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, was one of the most interesting and inspiring events of the year in the Lodge Home. Scores of officers from Camp Lewis and Fort Lawton, many of them members of the Order, were the guests of the Lodge. Their uniforms and those of the members of No. 92 who served in the World War, together with the Honor Guards', lent unusual color to the occasion, while the Lodge band and buglers from Fort Lawton played martial music. Major-General Alexander, the guest of honor, was the principal speaker, giving an extremely interesting talk on the Lost Battalion, which formed part of the division which he commanded in France. Other guests and members also made a number of excellent addresses.

#### **Fresno, Calif., Lodge to Have Handsome New Home**

Fresno, Calif., Lodge, No. 439, is going ahead with its plans for erecting the first \$200,000 unit of a new \$350,000 Home. This first unit of a six-story structure will be three stories in height and will have a frontage of 75 feet on Tulare Street and will extend back 125 feet, adjoining the present two-story building occupied by the Lodge. The present building will be completely

rebuilt and will be utilized as a dining room and billiard room, while the second and third floors of the new building will provide a Lodge room and stage. The ground floor will be divided into three storerooms, for which the street level of the present building will be used. The building will be a Class A structure of reinforced concrete, with face brick, terra cotta and marble trimming.

#### **Clearfield, Pa., Lodge Honors Its Oldest Member**

Clearfield, Pa., Lodge, No. 540, recently tendered a banquet in honor of Captain Thomas E. Clark, the oldest member of the Lodge, on the occasion of his reaching his eighty-fifth birthday. J. F. Pletcher, Secretary of the Lodge, acted as toastmaster, introducing several leading citizens and members who congratulated Captain Clark on his fine record of achievement in his Lodge and in his community.

#### **Butte and Anaconda, Mont., Lodges Exchange Visits**

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Archie McTaggart paid his official visit to

Anaconda, Mont., Lodge, No. 239, a large delegation from his own Lodge, Butte, No. 240, was present. Accompanied by their drum and bugle corps they serenaded their hosts, after which the Butte officers initiated a class for No. 239. The meeting was followed by a most successful social session which was thoroughly enjoyed by hosts and visitors alike. The next week, when District Deputy McTaggart inspected Butte Lodge, Anaconda officers and members returned the visit.

#### **Orange, N. J., Lodge to Hold Charity Ball on Washington's Birthday**

Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, will hold its annual Charity Ball this month, on Washington's Birthday. It will be a brilliant and elaborate affair and the sponsors are counting on its being the means of adding a large sum to the Lodge's Crippled Kiddies Fund. In earlier announcements of the event the eve of Washington's Birthday was given as the date of the ball, but this was incorrect.

#### **Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge Conducts Initiation in Death Valley**

By special dispensation, Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge, No. 1468, recently initiated a large class of candidates in Death Valley, California. The trip necessitated traveling by autos for a distance of 120 miles each way through the most picturesque desert country imaginable. The ceremony was followed by a large banquet and ball. The next day there was a ball game between Elks' teams, which was followed by a sight-seeing trip through the Valley. Among the prominent members who took part in the outing were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Gordon M. Bettles and Judge Emmett Walsh, President of the Nevada State Elks Association.

#### **Muncie, Ind., Lodge Will Continue Its "Good Cheer Club"**

Muncie, Ind., Lodge, No. 245, will continue its novel plan for raising funds for its Christmas Charities. Last year the plan was so successful that when the holiday season came around the members found they had over \$800 in the treasury for this purpose. All this was accomplished by the formation of a "Good Cheer Club" among the members on January 1, 1926, the annual dues being \$3.65 a year or one cent a day. The money was placed in the bank drawing interest, and when Christmas-time came it was drawn out for the purchase of candy, toys, clothing, etc., for the children of the community.



*The Anigua School, which Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, has helped in many ways*



### New Jersey Lodges Plan Banquet To Grand Exalted Ruler

At the recent quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association held at the Home of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, it was decided to tender a reception and banquet to Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow at the Home of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, on Saturday, February 12, 1927. This function will be participated in by the members of all Lodges in the Central District and by the officers of all the other Lodges in the State.

### Braddock, Pa., Lodge Honors District Deputy John F. Nugent

Members of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, to the number of some 300, and more than 100 visitors from neighboring Lodges gathered to do honor to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Nugent on the occasion of his official visit to his own Lodge. It was one of the finest and most enthusiastic gatherings in the history of Braddock Lodge. Following the regular meeting and initiation of a large class, a banquet was served during which the famous Children's Dancing Class of the Lodge entertained the diners with a series of splendidly performed numbers.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters was among the many distinguished guests who attended this fine testimonial to Mr. Nugent, while among the others who came to do honor to their District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler were nine Past District Deputies, twelve Exalted Rulers from neighboring Lodges and officers and members from 17 of the 21 Lodges in the district.

### Kearny, N. J., Lodge Opens Doors to Children Made Homeless by Fire

When one of the four buildings occupied by St. Anthony's Orphanage Asylum, of Arlington, N. J., was totally destroyed by fire just a few days before Christmas, Kearny, N. J., Lodge, No. 1030, threw open its doors to the children and took care of them until permanent arrangements for housing them could be made. In addition, the members saw to it that the children's Christmas presents, also destroyed by the fire, were replaced by others, and that the homeless youngsters lost none of the anticipated holiday festivities.

### Full House Greets Pomona, Calif., Lodge Minstrels

Playing before a packed audience in the local High School auditorium, the annual Elks Minstrel Show given recently under the auspices of Pomona, Calif., Lodge, No. 780, was a huge success both from an artistic and financial standpoint. Seventy-five performers, including the orchestra and chorus, gave one of the best shows that local talent has produced for some time, while the specialty acts gave an added variety to the spectacle. Funds received from the show were used by Pomona Lodge for its many Christmas charities.

### Prominent Out-of-Town Members Visit Bristol, Pa., Lodge

Bristol, Pa., Lodge, No. 970, has adopted the interesting plan of having, once a month, some prominent out-of-town member of the Order address the regular Lodge session. The first occasion of this kind was recently when Stony McLinn, sports editor of the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, visited the Home. His talk was well received by the members who were present in large numbers. Equally prominent members in various fields of activity are scheduled to appear during the coming months.

### Allentown, Pa., Lodge Enjoys Varied Events

Among the recent enjoyable and interesting events in Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, was the production of a musical comedy by the Antlers Guard, an organization of the younger members of the Lodge. The show was open to the public and attracted a great deal of favorable comment. Another pleasant occasion was



Elaborate Memorial Day services conducted by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672

a stag party attended by about 125 members. Refreshments were served and part of the evening was devoted to the singing of old and new songs.

Distinguished members who recently visited the Lodge, included District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William T. Ramsey, and President Pemberton Minster of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. They attended a regular meeting of the Lodge and delivered forceful and interesting addresses.

### Trenton, N. J., Lodge is Host to Many Crippled Youngsters

No place in the city was brighter than the Knights of Columbus Auditorium when Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, recently gave its annual holiday party to more than 750 crippled children. Boys and girls on crutches and little folks in wheel chairs laughed and cheered as they had probably not done for months. Not only was there a big show, with funny movies, Punch and Judy, fine music, etc., but there was plenty of ice cream for every one of the 750 mouths.

### Approvals Given to Purchase of Property and Building Plans

The Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler have approved purchase of property and building plans as follows:

Taunton, Mass., Lodge, No. 150. Purchase of a large private residence containing 16 rooms, located close to the business center of the city. The purchase price was \$18,000 and the estimated cost of furnishings \$5,000.

### District Deputy J. K. F. Weaver Visits His Home Lodge

A large class of candidates was initiated and many distinguished members of the Order were present when Tarentum, Pa., Lodge, No. 644, recently greeted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. K. F. Weaver on the occasion of his official visit to his Home Lodge. F. J. Schrader, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Nugent; officers of the district Associations and many others were guests of the evening. Following the meeting and initiation all members and guests were served an elaborate dinner. After the festivities at the Home of the Lodge Mr. Weaver gave a reception to the out-of-town guests at his home. It was without a doubt one of the largest meetings ever conducted by Tarentum Lodge, and a most hearty vote of thanks was extended the

District Deputy for the splendid manner in which he conducted the initiation. The evening also launched the Lodge on a membership campaign which is expected to add many names to its roll.

### Coraopolis, Pa., Lodge Entertains Two Football Teams

The members of the Coraopolis and Sewickley High Schools football teams, with their coaches and faculty representations were end-of-the-season guests of Coraopolis, Pa., Lodge, No. 1090, at a testimonial dinner. The two teams, whose schools have been rivals for many years, and some 100 guests and members listened to a number of very interesting talks by prominent players and coaches, and enjoyed a musical program arranged for the occasion.

### Oroville, Calif., Lodge to Have New Home

Oroville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1484, is planning to erect a new Home on property already owned by the Lodge. The plans under consideration call for the sale of a section of this property on which will be built a modern five-story hotel, the Lodge retaining the balance of the plot and constructing its own quarters, both hotel and Lodge Home to be under one roof.

### Bertrand Mattler Active in Many Fields of Order's Work

THE ELKS MAGAZINE recently had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Bertrand Mattler, an honorary life member of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, who for the past sixteen years has been an energetic and tireless worker in the cause of his Lodge and other Lodges in various parts of the country. His activities have endeared him to many throughout the Order. One of his most successful achievements was made a few years ago in behalf of the Selfridge Field gymnasium, situated at Mt. Clemens. He brought the Detroit Elk Minstrels to Mt. Clemens, and by the aid of well-organized press publicity, raised a large sum for the building of a handsome new gymnasium on this government aviation field.

Mr. Mattler has also been one of the leading spirits of his Lodge in the various membership campaigns which it has conducted during recent years. It was he who organized the "General Pershing" class which was addressed by General Pershing himself on the night of its initiation. Port Huron, Mich., Lodge, No. 343, and St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, have each

had the benefits of Mr. Mattler's experience in the conduct of membership campaigns and have added many names to their rolls as a result of his generous interest in their progress.

Truly, Mr. Mattler has been an untiring and devoted worker in behalf of his Order.

### **Grand Exalted Ruler's Itinerary For February and March**

At the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press the Grand Exalted Ruler's itinerary for visitations to Elk Lodges during February and March was as follows:

In February: Cheyenne, Wyo., and Greeley, Colo., 1st; Pueblo, Colo., 2nd; Colorado Springs, Colo., and Denver, Colo., 3rd; Lincoln, Neb., 4th; Minneapolis, Minn., and Stillwater, Minn., 5th; Watertown, Wis., 6th; Grand Rapids, Mich., 7th; Flint, Mich., 8th; Detroit, Mich., 9th; Elizabeth, N. J., 11th; Erie, Pa., 14th; Pittsburgh, Pa., 15th; New York, N. Y., 16th; Boston, Mass., 17th; New England Lodges, 18th to 21st; Washington, D. C., 23rd; Baltimore, Md., 24th; Atlantic City, N. J., 25th; Paterson, N. J., 26th.

In March: Trenton, N. J., 1st; Louisville, Ky., 5th; Memphis, Tenn., and Little Rock, Ark., 6th; Oklahoma City, Okla., 7th; Amarillo, Texas, 8th; El Paso, Texas, 9th; San Antonio, Texas, 10th; Houston, Texas, 11th; Dallas, Texas, 12th; Shreveport, La., 13th; New Orleans, La., 14th; Mobile, Ala., and Biloxi, Miss., 15th; Quincy, Fla., and Tallahassee, Fla., 16th; Jacksonville, Fla., 17th; Sarasota, Fla., and Bradenton, Fla., 18th; Tampa, Fla., 19th; St. Petersburg, Fla., 20th; Miami, Fla., and Fort Lauderdale, Fla., 21st; West Palm Beach, Fla., 22nd; Daytona Beach, Fla., 23rd; St. Augustine, Fla., 24th; Birmingham, Ala., 25th; Savannah, Ga., 26th; Charleston, S. C., 27th; Columbia, S. C., and Charlotte, N. C., 28th; Winston, N. C., and Greensboro, N. C., 29th; Roanoke, Va., and Lynchburg, Va., 30th; Richmond, Va., 31st.

April 1st: Grafton, W. Va., and Fairmont, W. Va., joint meeting.

### **Crippled Youngster Presents Gift To Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge**

Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323, was the recipient a short time ago of a gift which moved deeply the feelings of every member. Henrietta Bristol is a little colored orphan, twelve years old. Some years ago her feet were so badly frozen that one leg had to be amputated at the knee and the other was permanently crippled. She soon outgrew the crutches and braces which were provided, and lately had barely been able to drag herself to school, and that only in good weather. Patchogue Elks heard of her plight, and two of the Social and Community Welfare Committee members called for her with an automobile and took her to St. Charles Hospital for Crippled Children at Port Jefferson, where she was examined by Dr. F. S. Child, Jr., who does much of this kind of work for Patchogue Lodge. He specified the necessary artificial limbs, which have since been provided by the Elks, and Henrietta was driven home. Thinking of some way to repay the kindness shown her, she hit upon the idea of making a rag rug for the Home of the Lodge. This she did, and forwarded the gift, which does not, however, decorate a floor. Instead, it has been framed, and the three-foot circular rug, so laboriously yet so gratefully pieced together by the little cripple, now hangs in a prominent place on a wall of the Home.

### **Some Recent Activities in Junction City, Kans., Lodge**

A fine attendance of members was present when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. E. Morgan paid his official visit to Junction City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1037. A class of candidates was initiated by the officers, who gave an excellent rendition of the ritual.

The Home of No. 1037 is one of the most attractive buildings in Junction City and its hospitable doors are wide open to traveling Elks. The Lodge recently held a three-day carnival which proved an extremely popular event, and netted a considerable sum for the building fund.

### **Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge To Build New Home**

Members of Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge, No. 306, will soon occupy a magnificent new \$130,000 Home. The building, to be erected on property in the business district, which the Lodge has owned for a number of years, will be of brick and stone construction, 150 x 40 feet in area, and three stories high. The street floor will be used for offices and salesrooms, while the grill, kitchen and club rooms will occupy the second. The third floor will be devoted to the Lodge room and auditorium and to quarters for the ladies of members' families. Fort Dodge Lodge is one of the oldest and largest in the State and is active in all the affairs of its community.

### **Illinois Officers Meet With District Deputy Greer**

A meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges comprising the Western Central District of Illinois was called to order by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry W. Greer in the Home of Canton Lodge, No. 626. Reports from the participating Lodges were read and among those who addressed the delegates on the work of the Order in the State were Mr. Greer, Grand Inner Guard Louie Forman, President Eugene W. Welch, of the Illinois State Elks Association, and Trustee William Fritz, of the State Association.

### **Hon. Baxter B. McClain Spoke At Kansas Convention**

At the recent meeting of the Kansas State Elks Association in Iola, Kans., Baxter B. McClain, a life member of Iola Lodge, No. 569, delivered two addresses which were among the outstanding features of the meeting. Mr. McClain, who is now a resident of Kansas City as chief counsel for the Kansas Portland Cement Co., accepted at the last moment the invitation of the officers to substitute for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who was unable to be present, and address the class of candidates at the initiation and, later, the public, at one of the open gatherings. Mr. McClain's fine spirit was deeply appreciated, and the talks he gave were impressive and inspiring in the extreme.

### **New York Lodge to Celebrate 59th Anniversary of Birth of the Order**

The banquet celebrating the fifty-ninth anniversary of the birth of the Order will be given by New York Lodge, No. 1, on February 16, at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. In addition to many Grand Lodge officers, many prominent members of the community are expected to be present for the occasion. The Committee in charge of the arrangements promises one of the most interesting banquets ever given in celebration of this important birthday.

### **Hagerstown, Md., Lodge Making Plans for Grand Lodge Reunion**

Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378, is already making plans to have a large representation at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Cincinnati next July. The committee in charge is hoping to be able to provide a special train and is inviting members from half a dozen near-by Lodges to join its own delegation.

Hagerstown Lodge takes a prominent part in community affairs, and a short time ago won the first prize for floats in a Mummers Parade. A recent meeting was attended by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. J. Callan, at which time the Lodge presented Mr. Callan with a beautiful mahogany cathedral chimes clock.

### **Dunellen, N. J., Lodge Lays Cornerstone of New Home**

The cornerstone of the handsome new Home of Dunellen, N. J., Lodge, No. 1488, was laid a short time ago in the presence of many distinguished members of the Order. State Senator Morgan Larson was scheduled to be the orator of the occasion while others who were to take active part in the ceremonies were Grand

Trustee Richard P. Rooney, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jess H. Rubert, Mayor Willard N. Appgar, and Exalted Ruler Charles G. Wrage, Secretary Robert W. Wright and Chaplain Robert B. Partain, of Dunellen Lodge.

A street parade of more than 1,000 Elks, including delegations from eleven other New Jersey Lodges, preceded the ceremonies. The marchers formed in front of the present Home of the Lodge and wound their way to the new building. After the cornerstone laying was completed the visiting delegations were entertained in the quarters of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, which immediately adjoins the new Home.

### **Daughter of Grand Treasurer Morris An Accomplished Pianist**

Miss Willie Morris, the daughter of Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris and Mrs. Morris, was accorded an unusual honor recently when she was invited to play before Rudolph Ganz, leader of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Miss Morris has studied abroad as well as in this country, and although only nineteen years old, is an accomplished pianist. Mr. Ganz, who seldom grants hearings of this kind, was delighted with Miss Morris' two-hour recital.

### **San Juan, P. R., Lodge Holds Session at St. Thomas, V. I.**

At the second inter-island session, held at Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, by San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge, No. 972, under special dispensation from the Grand Exalted Ruler, a large class of candidates was initiated by the San Juan officers.

A two-day outing was made of the occasion and many of the San Juan delegation were accompanied by the ladies of their families. Arriving at St. Thomas they were greeted by the resident Elks and entertained with sightseeing trips, bathing parties and dancing. The second day was spent at East Point Beach where an elaborate barbecue was held. There is now quite a large colony of Elks living in St. Thomas, for a number of members from Lodges all over the United States, as well as those owing allegiance to San Juan, are engaged in business there.

### **Sterling, Colo., Lodge Has Very Active Year**

A year full of fraternal and community activity was enjoyed by the membership of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, during 1926. Among the events on the calendar was a three-day celebration of the Lodge's tenth anniversary, which included the initiation of a large class, a big stag party and a Grand Ball. There were also a Fair and Carnival which netted the charity fund some \$3,000, and the annual matches in golf, tennis and trap-shooting between teams from Sterling Lodge and Fort Morgan Lodge, No. 1143. The loving cup competed for was won by the Sterling teams. In addition there were many dinners, dances and benefits, and a theatre party on Christmas Day for 900 children. On a number of occasions the Home was loaned to other community groups, and of course there were the regular charity and social welfare efforts.

The officers and members of Sterling Lodge are indeed to be congratulated upon their fine fraternal spirit and on the esteem in which their Lodge is held in the surrounding country.

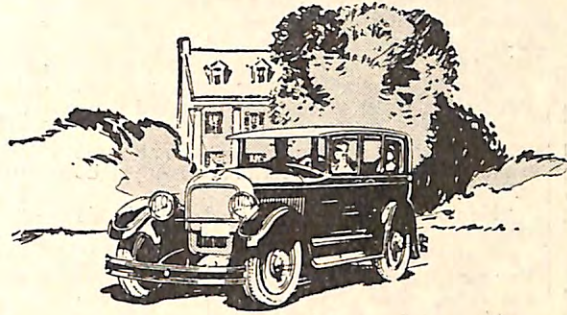
### **Grand Exalted Ruler's December Visitations**

An inspiring series of fraternal meetings marked the December tour of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, who covered many States in a trip which began on December 3rd from Philadelphia, and ended Friday morning December 17th, in the same city.

On the day after Christmas he began a tour of more than six weeks. He left Philadelphia December 26th, with an itinerary which called for twelve days in California, and stops in Missouri, New Mexico, Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Immediately on his

(Continued on page 67)

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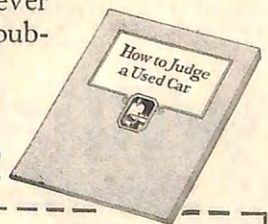
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S T U D E B A K E R

## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 35)

"We do. Let us admit that you are an honest man. There was only one person who could steal them—and that was this man Terry."

"I wouldn't say a thing like that unless I was sure."

"Bah! You make me sick. You're more sure than we are. Now get this straight, Borden; I don't care a rap about your relations with this young man. You can do all the philanthropy you wish—so long as you don't do it with my money. That young man went to prison in the first place because you sent him there. But whether he went in innocent or not—he came out a criminal. Don't interrupt! You know that what I am saying is true. You took him into your own home—a very fine gesture: sociologically quite commendable, perhaps. But foolish. Then you take two hundred thousand dollars of our money and put it within his reach. In a cheap, parlor safe of antiquated manufacture. He might even have seen you do it."

"He was in the next room at the time," said Borden coldly.

"Better and better. Terry steals the bonds. You are not the loser. Not a cent of your money was there. You admit that every penny you own is tied up in the plant. You have no way of returning this money to us. And I don't propose to sit back with my hands folded because you have made an ass of yourself."

The others were frowning their disapproval of Merriwether's manner; but they nodded their heads in agreement.

"Jonas is right," said Horace Lambert. "After all, Peter, half of that money was his. The other half belonged to us. We are justified in going to any lengths to recover it."

"What will you do?" asked Borden.

"Arrest Terry!" snapped Merriwether. "We know he did it—and by God! I think we can prove it. He's been to prison once, and I don't fancy he'll want to go again. I understand that it isn't so pleasant down there. And after we arrest him we'll offer immunity if he returns the bonds. If he fails—"

"Aren't you taking a good deal for granted, Jonas? Suppose this firm is doing Bob Terry a second injustice? God knows we ruined him once."

"We're not this time. I know he took them—"

"You don't know anything."

"Either he did—or you did. You, I believe, are honest. Terry isn't. He spent three years in prison where his only friends were criminals. Since coming out he has lived like a leech on you. His only real friend has been this man Shannon, who shared his cell. A convicted, guilty robber. He took employment with John Carmody. Carmody hated you—and has hated you ever since that disbarment matter. Of course Carmody engineered this thing. That means that we'll never get those bonds back unless Terry chooses to give them to us, and he'll never choose to do that unless we scare him into it." The wizened man faced his co-directors. "Am I right, gentlemen?"

They nodded. They were sorry for Borden. They admired him and understood his position. But Merriwether was right.

Borden spoke gently.

"And your idea is?"

"May I ask that you retire from the room a moment, Borden?"

"Certainly." He walked from the room; slim and erect. Only his eyes reflected the agony which he suffered.

In less than ten minutes they recalled him. The faces of the directors were flushed; but their jaws were square. They permitted Merriwether to speak, and the man's rasping, unpleasant voice cut through the smoke-laden air of the directors' room.

"We've talked this thing over, Borden. We know that you didn't steal those bonds—and we know that Terry did. We sympathize with your feelings regarding this young man. But there is a practical limit to that sympathy. This, then, is what we have determined to do—in protection of our own interests: We will give you precisely seventy-two hours to return those bonds to us. Three days."

Borden's eyes closed—then opened again.

"And if I can not?"

"In that case," snapped Merriwether, "we will swear out a warrant for Terry's arrest. And we'll damned well see that he is convicted."

### CHAPTER XXXV

MY DEAR BOB:

Will you be kind enough to see me for a few minutes to-night? I shall expect you at eight o'clock.

Sincerely—

PETER BORDEN.

BOB TERRY reread the letter for the dozenth time. It was disturbing in its calm assurance—and by the same token, it irritated. Why should Borden make a request and take for granted that he would accede? He walked into Kathleen's office and placed the paper before her.

She read it, and looked up casually.

"Of course you'll go, won't you?"

"Why should I?"

She smiled. "The question is: Why not?" Bob frowned. "I—I don't understand you, Kathleen."

"Why?"

"For several reasons. In the first place, I thought you'd be angry with what I did—"

"I knew you expected that. But I merely played fair—or tried to. I never discouraged you in your ambition to square accounts with Mr. Borden, and it certainly isn't my right to criticize you now. But as to the appointment he asks—I don't see that any harm can be done."

"It might. . . ."

"Listen to me, Bob—you owe him a hearing. After all, he is going to bear the brunt of this. You say that you are safe—that they couldn't find the bonds or prove that you took them. Mr. Borden is facing financial ruin—and that means a great deal to a man of his age who has built up carefully and slowly over a period of many years. I'd go."

He hesitated. Then: "I thought you'd say that!" he blurted.

"Why?"

"Because ever since this thing started, you've said just what I didn't expect."

She threw her head back and laughed, and Bob was not sufficiently perceptive to see that there was no humor in the laugh. She took his hand and pressed it, then returned to her typewriter.

He understood her gesture of dismissal. He had asked her advice and received it. He sulked from the room like a small boy. And as he moved to his own little cubbyhole of an office he met John Carmody. Carmody smiled bleakly.

"You should be feeling very well to-day, Terry."

"Yes sir."

"I understand that there was a considerable commotion at the directors' meeting this morning. They gave Borden three days to produce the bonds."

Bob's eyes lighted. "Did they think he stole them?"

"Certainly not. But that doesn't matter to Jonas Merriwether. He would part with both eyes with better grace than with a hundred thousand dollars."

"What will they do—to Mr. Borden?"

"I don't know. Make it hot for him, of course. Ruin him socially and in a business way."

"And I?"

Again Carmody's thin lips twisted into a smile. It suited his purpose to conceal the truth from this gullible young man.

"They don't figure you in the matter at all. You are absolutely safe."

Bob breathed deeply. "I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Carmody. I was frightened. . . ."

He moved out of the office, and Carmody stared after him. Then the thin, dynamic man walked into the private office of Whispering Willie Weaver. The giant, bald-headed man rose to greet his chief. His voice came in a hoarse croak.

"Merriwether's raising hell, John."

"Against Borden?"

"Uh-huh."

"Going to send Borden up?"

"Hell, no. He's going to light on the kid, Terry. They all know he stole the stuff."

(Continued on page 52)



## How this Lather's Moisture softens the Beard

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# Twinplex

## Stroppers



## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 50)

"Will they convict him?"  
"Don't know . . . They'll come awful close. If they could lay their hands on the bonds. . ."  
"Good!" Carmody leaned forward tensely. "Keep Mulcahy on 'the job, Willie. Find out where Terry has those bonds. Some bank vault, I suppose—and under an assumed name. Ought to be easy to get the lowdown on it. Tip me off. I'll see that Merriwether finds out."  
Willie grinned. "Sure hate that kid, don't you, John?"  
"Draw your own conclusions, Willie. But don't draw them out loud."

All during that afternoon Bob Terry was torn by indecision. He prayed for sufficient strength to refuse Borden's request for an interview—yet all the time he knew that he would go. And five minutes after eight o'clock he passed through the front door of the big house.

Lois was standing on the stairway as Bob entered. She looked exquisitely dainty in her dress of clinging white, and her eyes seemed unusually large and bright. Bob stood motionless, staring at her; reading the plea in her wide-open blue eyes. Then she turned, without a word or gesture of greeting, and moved upstairs. Bob tossed his hat on the console and proceeded to the library.

PETER BORDEN rose to greet him. At first sight of the man, Bob was shocked. Borden was visibly older. There were lines in his face which had never before been there. The habitual sureness was gone. He seemed queerly courageous at that moment—and Bob did not experience any of the triumphant thrill that he had anticipated.

After all, this was the moment for which Bob had prayed ever since the drab day when Borden's clear-spoken testimony had consigned him to the State penitentiary in punishment for a crime of which he was innocent. He had counted the hours against this hour: dreamed of the time when Borden would cringe before him.

He had broken the man. At least he had come near to felling him with a single blow. But Borden was not cringing. He met Bob's eyes squarely and in kindly fashion. He motioned the young man to a chair and seated himself opposite. Then a long silence prevailed: Borden's eyes focused approvingly on Bob's face.

Bob fidgeted. His nerves were tight-strung: he finally broke the silence—

"Well?" he snapped—"What is it?"

Borden's voice was softer than Bob had ever heard it.

"That's what I'd like to know, Bob. I would—really. There are some details you needn't go into. Lois has talked with me, and told me that you admit taking the bonds. I just want to know whether you intend to see the thing through."

"I do!" Just as in the interview with Lois, Bob was attempting to lash himself into a righteous fury. "And why not? Can't you see that this is what I've been waiting for? I didn't accept a home here because I was fond of you, or because I swallowed your lovely story about wanting to atone for what you did. I came here because it put me in closer contact, gave me a better opportunity to know what you were doing and how I could hurt you worst. Well—it has worked. I found out—and I've done it!"

Borden inclined his head.

"Yes—you've done it, Bob. And you have hurt me very deeply. More deeply than you know."

"I am not sorry."

"I don't suppose you are. Perhaps I'd feel as you do if the positions were reversed. It is all so foreign to anything I've ever been through. . . ." Borden was speaking gently, as a father who is struggling futilely to understand a wayward son. "I only wonder if you, yourself, understand. May I talk for a moment?"

"Talking won't do any good."

"But you'll listen, won't you?"

"Yes."

Borden's voice was no longer brittle. It flowed evenly, softly—

"I should have expected this, Bob. The reason I didn't was that I was too honest in what I was trying to do for you. I didn't think you'd be so very grateful for the little material

things I was doing—but I did delude myself into believing that you would sense the spirit behind them. Never in my life have I wanted anything so much as to see you come back. I give you my word of honor on that.

"I thought I was succeeding. At any rate . . . whoever advised you about this, and I judge that it was Carmody—planned with diabolical cleverness. Let me make it quite clear, Bob, that this ruins me materially. I make no plea for myself. I'm still getting off more lightly than you did. I must, however, plead for Lois. She forbade me doing it—but just the same, I must. Remember that when I go down—so does she. After all, Bob, she has not been responsible for any of this."

"And I wasn't responsible when I went to prison."

"That's true." Borden hesitated. He sat motionless, hands clasped in his lap. And when he spoke again, it was not in continuation of what he had been saying.

"I suppose you're wondering what I'm going to do, Bob?"

"Yes."

"I've thought a good deal. You will remember when our trouble occurred four years ago I made a great talk about duty and conscientiousness. You hated both words—still do, I fancy. But I am forced to use them again.

"When you came to us, I tried not to talk too much. It was my hope to show what I felt by actions rather than words. But I did make it clear to you that I assumed full responsibility for your future.

"I realize as keenly as you do, that you were an honest man when you went to prison—and that you would always have been an honest man. When I learned that you were innocent—and free—I had an idea of what prison must have done for you. I told myself, and I told you, that no matter what you did in the future, it was my fault. Your acts were mine. If you came from prison a hardened criminal—then it was my fault, and any criminal acts you committed were my acts. Because they wouldn't have been committed if I hadn't been unfair to you at first.

"IT may amaze you, Bob, to know that now—when I am confronted with a rather ghastly working out of my theory—I remain honest and conscientious. Let us not mince words: You have stolen two hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds. I have no blame for you. I am sorry—and hurt—but I not only don't blame you: I take full responsibility on my shoulders. You never would have done this had not the original fault occurred. If you steal again and again—it will always be my fault.

"What I want to-night is to make this clear to you. I also want to reassure you about something else. You will possibly be arrested by my board of directors and charged with the theft of these bonds."

Bob looked up, a startled question in his eyes. "Yes, Bob—that is inevitable—or nearly so. They are not fools: they know you took them. I merely want you to understand that when they do have you arrested you are not to become frightened. You see, Bob—this offense is not yours—it is mine."

Bob gaped for words—"I don't see what you're driving at, Mr. Borden."

"I am trying to tell you that you are safe. If you persist in ruining me—I shall try to smile through it. You are entitled to safety. You are entitled to your revenge.

"I have determined definitely on a course of action. My directors have given me three days to produce those bonds. I shall wait the full three days. Then I shall go to them and say that I have failed. The bonds are gone and I have nothing to offer them in exchange.

"There isn't a man there but knows I am honest. No one of them thinks I would steal. They have already told me that they are going to have you arrested and tried for this robbery. But I can forestall them—and I will."

His voice stopped suddenly. Bob asked a single question—

"How?"

(Continued on page 54)

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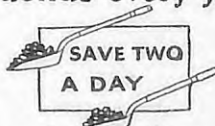
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## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 52)

"Simply enough, Bob. Since I am conscientious in my belief that whatever you do is my responsibility—I shall notify my friends that the moment they swear out a warrant for your arrest, I shall seek the district attorney and confess that I stole those bonds. That will leave you quite safe, Bob. They could never convict one man of a crime which another man has confessed, could they?"

Borden rose and stood looking down at Bob Terry. He seemed old—but somehow, not broken. Never before had he appeared to possess the strength that was his at this moment.

"You've succeeded marvelously well, Bob—haven't you?" His tone became wistful—"And perhaps when all this needless suffering is ended—you may understand me a little better, don't you think?"

Bob did not move. He sat hunched forward, staring at the floor.

He was experiencing a sensation of utter futility. He did not speak. He knew that he dared not trust himself. He rose suddenly and strode from the room and out of the house.

### CHAPTER XXXVI

BOB TERRY spent a sleepless, miserable night. Things had not panned as he expected. There was no bitterness where bitterness should have been; no feeling of triumph over having attained his goal. He gave a grudging admiration to Peter Borden—and he didn't want to admire Borden.

He avoided the office and his friends. He tried walking, hoping that the crisp fall air would help clear the cobwebs from his brain and enable him to understand many things which were foggy. Nothing seemed to help. His mind was a blank, so far as logical, connected thinking was concerned.

He was not afraid. He had faith in Carmody and now Peter Borden had offered unexpected protection. Borden's attitude robbed Bob's position of all its glory. If the man had cringed Bob could have been cruel—and gloried in his cruelty. But Borden merely accepted the edict of an adverse fate.

Lois, too, was a surprise. He had seen her once during the day. She was driving through the park with Bruce Richardson. Richardson's gentle, kindly face radiated a queer happiness; Lois was tense. Neither saw Bob—and he was glad. He knew Lois less well than he imagined. But, for that matter, he knew nobody in this crisis.

Even Kathleen. He was disappointed in Kathleen. He had expected her to be horrified. Instead, she sympathized with him and did not scold. Of course she was the niece of a convict and private secretary to a man who controlled the political machinery of a state by the power of his unethical code, but she was supposed to be in love with him . . . and a man looks upon the woman he expects to marry as a bulwark of honesty. He hated to think that perhaps the colossal sum had been the deciding factor with Kathleen. Two hundred thousand dollars . . .

Then he told himself he was unreasonable. He tried to make himself believe that Kathleen's acceptance of his transgression argued well for their future. They would be together . . . he experienced a qualm at the thought that his act had definitely put Lois out of his life.

He visited the office once—at three in the afternoon. There was a note on his desk in Kathleen's firm, fine handwriting:

DEAR BOB:

Meet me at home about six-thirty. I wish to have dinner with you.

At six-thirty he was there. Kathleen greeted him as casually as though nothing had happened to alter the even trend of their lives. On the way to the cozy little restaurant which both liked, she chatted of inconsequentialities; spoke lightly of affairs in the office, and never once hinted of the problem which so disturbed him.

It was not until the dinner was finished and Bob had lighted a cigarette that she broached the subject. They were seated in a corner, partly screened by potted palms—unobserved by the other diners. A modest orchestra of piano, violin and flute dispensed music of a sort.

"Naturally, Bob, you understand that what I have to say is important."

"Yes." He didn't know why he should understand that—but he did.

Her eyes were unusually bright as she leaned closer—

"Bob," she whispered—"You are in danger."

"I?" Then he forced a smile. "No, I'm not."

"You are."

"No, Kathleen. Borden himself told me that before he'd allow me to go to prison for this thing—he would confess that he did it."

Her eyes widened. "He told you that?"

"Yes." Bob opened his fingers which had been clenched—"He surprised me. I hadn't expected . . . anyway, that's what he said, and I believe he meant it. So you see, I'm not in danger."

She shook her head. "That does change things. I was afraid—"

"What caused you to become frightened?"

"I learned something to-day. . . ." She screened her eyes that he might not read more than she cared to tell. "John Carmody has no idea of protecting you in case of trouble."

"No idea of. . . . You're crazy, Kathleen."

"I'm not crazy. I know what I'm talking about. I've been blind to a good many things. Something happened in the office to-day. . . . Don't ask me what, or how. It is enough for me to tell you what I know: Carmody advised this thing because he wished to get even with Borden—but also because it suited his interest to have you in prison again. You're on pretty thin ice—or, at least I thought you were."

He shook his head in bewilderment. "What possible interest can Carmody have in whether I'm in prison or not? It doesn't sound reasonable—"

"You must take my word for it!" Her tone was almost harsh, forbidding further questions. "What you tell me about Borden is more relieving than you know. So long as he sticks to that determination—and I fancy he will—you are safe. But if he ever gets within sight of the State penitentiary and becomes inclined to change his mind. . . . What I'm driving at is this, Bob: you mustn't let any more grass grow under your feet."

"What do you mean?"

"Those bonds are securely hidden, aren't they?"

"Yes. In a bank vault—under an assumed name."

"Fine. But they mustn't stay there. Carmody has ways of finding out pretty nearly everything he wishes to know in this city. He'll discover that hiding place . . . and then God knows what will happen. If they fasten enough evidence on you, it may be that even Borden's confession will not be strong enough to keep you out of the penitentiary."

Bob was impressed. Kathleen was speaking swiftly, compellingly. He felt the strength of her personality sweeping over him. And she frightened him.

"What am I to do, Kathleen?"

She did not answer immediately. Her voice came in a whisper—

"Bob—do you wish to marry me?"

He frowned. "I don't know what you mean—"

"Do you love me? Do you still wish to marry me?"

"Of course. Aren't we engaged?"

A sad, tired little smile flitted briefly across her lips—"It's the way you say that, Bob. Of course, we're engaged. But we don't have to remain that way. I just wanted to know the truth. I think it's my right."

"You know perfectly well I love you, Kathleen." He was tremendously disturbed. Kathleen seemed always to be saying so much more than her words. "And we'll get married whenever you say. But I can't see what that has to do with this situation."

"I do. Let me explain. I don't want to marry you, dear—unless you really love. It wouldn't be fair to either of us. You see—"

wistfully—"right at this moment you aren't exactly ardent. You are annoyed with me. You resent the intrusion of our love into a conversation which deals with the intense practicality of this situation. But, perhaps, I'm not fair. . . ."



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"Perhaps. You are sure, though, that you wish to marry me?"

"Certainly."

"Then that solves a problem for us. Now listen carefully. Just at this moment, you are safe. You can do pretty much anything you like—despite Carmody—so long as you are certain of Peter Borden's attitude. Isn't that so?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Good. Now to another thing: Perhaps you were surprised that I didn't upbraid you when you told me that you had stolen this money."

"Frankly, I was."

"That's because you don't understand me. You see, Bob, I would have been bitterly disappointed if you had done anything else which was not honest. But I look at this thing much as you do. You have a right to do anything to Borden you wish. And his attitude is proof that you and I are right. I should hate to think that you would ever again steal from any one, but I don't blame you for what you have done."

He looked at her through narrow eyes. "You really mean that?"

"Certainly. Now let's get down to the practical side of things: You have two hundred thousand dollars in bonds which are readily convertible into cash provided you are careful. You must get them away from this city at once. With that amount of money you can go somewhere—perhaps to the Pacific coast—and live in safety and comfort for the rest of your life. Borden has virtually made you a present of the money. No one will ever touch you. And it is my idea—" She hesitated a moment and a warm flush suffused her cheeks—"It is my idea that we might go West together, take the bonds with us—and get married immediately."

She ceased speaking and somehow, although her eyes looked into his, he fancied that she did not see him. He was frowning—trying to think, and succeeding not at all.

"You propose that I take these bonds, go West with you, marry—and live for the rest of our lives on this money?" He was incredulous—and showed it.

"Yes. We can use that money to establish a decent, honest business. It is your money. You've earned it. You have taken what even Borden admits you had a right to take. The only thing to be considered is—do you care to marry me now?"

Fierce doubt assailed him. He was torn between amazement and a desire to settle his problem once and for all. Anything was better than this maddening uncertainty.

"I'll do it, Kathleen. Of course . . ."

"Good."

"When?"

Her response was ready: she was almost too ready. Bob was annoyed—and disappointed.

"You haven't much time. Just two days. Borden will then report to the directors that he can not recover the bonds. If you are still in the city, you will be arrested."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"BUT if they are watching me that close—and if what you say about Carmody is true—won't they stop me if I try to get away?"

"I've thought of that, too. My idea is this: To-morrow morning you are to get the bonds from wherever you have hidden them. Wrap them plainly in brown paper and bring them to me—"

"Where?"

"Anywhere. Not the office, of course. I'll meet you for lunch. Right here. Meanwhile, I will have packed my grips, and I'll leave on the four o'clock afternoon train for Chicago. You can join me there and we can discuss plans for going West. Perhaps we'll be married in Chicago and make the trip together. Perhaps we'll wait until we get to the Coast." She seemed so unnecessarily cold-blooded. "At any rate, they won't suspect that I have the bonds—and if they should stop you at the station, you'll have nothing there to incriminate you. As soon as we reach whatever city we decide on, we'll put the bonds away—just as you have them here—and convert them into cash a little at a time. It is really quite simple, don't you think?"

He hesitated. "Very—the way you tell it."

"The only important point is whether you are  
(Continued on page 56)

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## The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 55)

sure you care to marry me." She seemed very insistent. "If you do, I think we had better go right ahead."

A single irrelevant thought came to the young man, and hammered on his brain:

Kathleen Shannon was Todd Shannon's niece! Todd was admittedly a criminal.

He had thought Kathleen was different. Yet he might have known. . . . He was drifting with the tide: Ever since that four years previously when stronger minds than his had buffeted him into a conviction and thence into the state penitentiary . . . ever since then, and particularly since another quirk of chance had freed him and proclaimed his innocence—he had been given no chance to hew his own way. Borden had furnished him with a home and money—robbed him of the necessity for earning a livelihood; Kathleen had given sympathy and understanding and companionship; Todd Shannon had hovered in the background to advise in his heavy, lumbering way; and John Carmody had used him as a tool. . . .

Others had thought for him until he was too dazed and bewildered to think for himself. His victory had come, and it was hollow. He was to marry Kathleen—and he felt no surge of pleasure at the idea. She agreed that he was justified in what he had done . . . and he was disappointed.

He told himself bitterly that he was a fool and an ingrate. This magnificent girl was offering herself to him on his own terms. After all, she was a tower of strength—it was reassuring to feel that she would be with him always.

He experienced a sudden burst of love for her. He leaned across the table and took her hand.

"To-morrow, dear—we'll leave here. And in Chicago we'll be married."

She tried to control her voice. "You'll meet me here—at this table—at noon? And you'll have the bonds?"

"Yes." His voice trembled. "And we'll be married in Chicago, Kathleen. I'm so happy."

She turned her face from him. She didn't want him to see the tears in her eyes.

And she didn't want him to know that she knew he was lying.

### CHAPTER XXXVII

AT ELEVEN o'clock Bob Terry left the bank vaults and moved into the street. In his left hand he carried a folded newspaper, and in that newspaper was a parcel containing two hundred thousand dollars in negotiable bonds.

He hurried along, head bent, eyes restless. Kathleen had succeeded in frightening him, and the bonds which burned through the newspaper to the damp palm of his hand seemed to threaten him with those tortures of the spirit which he had endured through three age-long years.

Just at the moment he was not worried about the right and wrong of his act. He had speculated upon that until he could think no longer. His only emotion now was one of terror. Suppose some one should touch him on the shoulder—and discover the bonds in his possession? Small benefit Borden's confession would be then. And if what Kathleen said were true, all of Carmody's terrible power would be employed to make his sentence heavy. He shuddered.

For the first time since leaving prison, he placed a true value on his freedom. At first he had accepted it as a fact—scarcely understanding the miracle. But now that he was in danger he saw for the first time that there was no price too great to pay for that freedom. He remembered the daily breakfasts, the dank steel-and-concrete cell blocks, the march to the mills, the eternal clackety-clack of shuttles . . . the drab, hopeless, monotonous prison routine; the squinty eyes and twisted faces of his daily acquaintances . . . his whole body cringed.

He wanted to throw the bonds away; to rid himself once and for all of their menace. Yet, after all, it was two hundred thousand dollars—and one does not throw such an amount into the gutter. He clung to the package and counted the creeping minutes. . . .

At ten minutes before the appointed hour he was in the restaurant. It was virtually empty: a customer here and there, but the noon rush



had not yet started. He selected the same table he and Kathleen had occupied the day before and sat pressing the heel of one foot on the toe of the other, left hand clenched tightly over the package of bonds. His eyes moved restlessly about the modest place . . . he feared to see Carmody or Peter Borden or Whispering Willie Weaver. Or Eddie Mulcahy, Carmody's gumshoe man.

Kathleen Shannon was at the table before he knew she was in the place, and he flashed her a startled glance. She smiled reassuringly.

"Have you the bonds, Bob?"

He shoved them toward her. "They're in that newspaper." Then— "For God's sake be careful, Kathleen."

"I won't lose them."

"I don't mean that. I mean I'm afraid to have the things around. I've suffered this morning—"

"Regrets?"

"I don't know. Really I don't. Maybe it is regret and maybe it's fear. You scared me. I don't want you to become involved in this mess."

"Don't worry, Bob." Her voice was cheerful, her eyes unnaturally bright. "Everything will work out right."

"You have packed?"

"Yes."

"We marry in Chicago?"

"You're sure that is what you want, Bob?"

"Of course."

"Whatever you wish. . . ." He noticed that her cheeks were colorless.

The waiter appeared and they ordered. And because they were both under terrific strain, they chatted with assumed lightness. The place was filling now with customers; there was a steady scraping of chairs, the sound of feet, the clatter of crockery and silverware. He saw Kathleen reach across the table, transfer the parcel of bonds from the newspaper to the bag she carried—then fold the newspaper carefully and replace it ostentatiously on the table. She seemed to radiate strength and courage and Bob felt some of his fright vanish. But he was not happy. Bewilderment still cloaked him, and he felt a sense of impending tragedy.

Kathleen was toying with her fork. Suddenly she rose and started forward. Her face was pallid, but there was a smile on her lips and her hand was outstretched. Bob's amazed eyes followed her.

"Lois!"

She smiled upon him; a wan, tired little smile that was strangely without animation, and, as from a distance, he heard Kathleen's cool, quiet voice—

"Please have a seat, Miss Borden. Sit down, Bob."

And then they were seated at the table—Kathleen Shannon, niece of a convict; Lois Borden, daughter of the man whom Bob Terry sought to ruin—and Terry himself. Bob's jaw was square; he looked from one to the other, dumb query in his glance. He realized that neither of the girls was at ease. Outwardly—yes: actually, there was no mistaking their emotional unrest.

Lois Borden here. Certainly not accidentally. Bob's teeth caught his lower lip and pressed until he experienced an actual twang of pain. That seemed to help. Once again he was struggling against forces stronger than himself. He kept silent, and focused his eyes upon his plate—waiting for the others to speak.

It was Kathleen who first broke the silence. He saw her open the handbag and take from it the brown paper parcel which contained two hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds. Quite calmly, she handed these to Lois Borden.

"There, Miss Borden," she said quietly, "are the bonds!"

Lois's eyes opened wide. She caught the package to her and sat staring. Bob blinked. Kathleen did not surprise him to the extent that Lois did. He would have thought—but no, Lois was unquestionably startled.

"You will find them all there, Miss Borden. You will give them to your father at once."

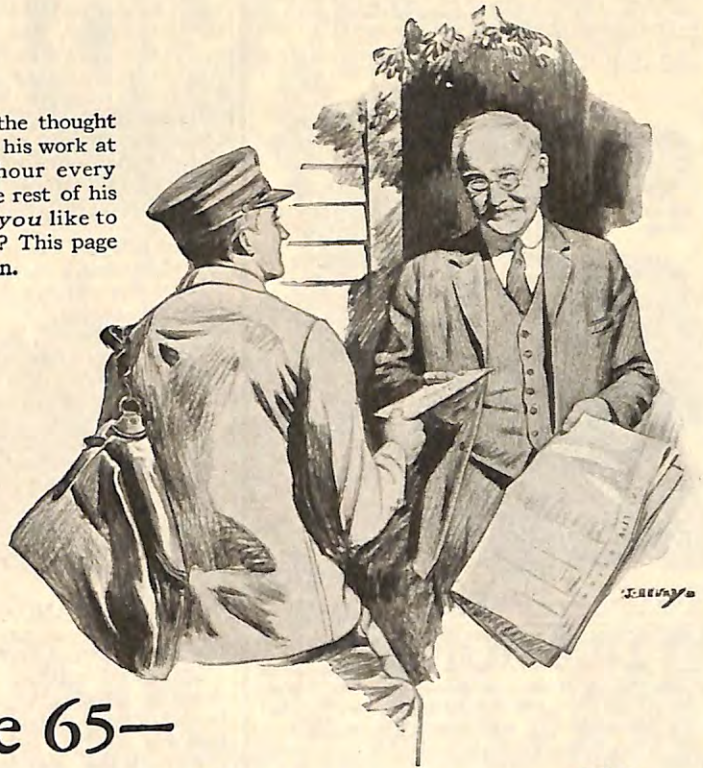
Lois found difficulty in speaking. Her eyes clung gratefully to Kathleen's face.

"You did this?"

"I? No indeed." Kathleen was speaking softly but every word beat on Bob Terry's eardrums. "Bob did. I was certain he would. You see, Miss Borden, Bob isn't a thief. He

(Continued on page 58)

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# The Outer Gate

(Continued from page 57)

hasn't it in him to be one. He hated your father—or thought he did. He built his whole life on the single thought of squaring accounts. And when he was told of this chance . . . it rather swept him away. Do you understand?"

"Yes." The golden head was inclined slightly. "But he has been miserable ever since. Not frightened, mind you, but—"

"I was frightened," interrupted Bob. "Scared to death. And let me make one more thing clear, Lois: this was not my idea. It was Kathleen's. I never would have done it."

He stared belligerently. Kathleen questioned him.

"Are you glad I have done this, Bob?" He hesitated, then nodded. "I believe I am. I'm not sure—it isn't all quite clear to me. But I think I am glad."

Kathleen turned back to Lois. "It clears things up for him. He's had his chance at your father—and he's finished with it. That feud is ended, isn't it, Bob?"

"Yes." "You see, Miss Borden, he was unhappy because he is naturally decent, naturally straight. This is going to give him a pretty firm basis on which to build. He didn't have that before. He would have gone through life with an unfinished chapter always to worry him. I'm sure you'll see—"

"I UNDERSTAND, Miss Shannon. I understand that you have been wonderful. I'm too choked up to talk."

Bob could not look at either. He felt the dynamic force of their personalities . . . but his own brain was not idle, and his instinct was at work. He felt that Kathleen was right. He had been piloted through treacherous shoal waters and brought once again to a deep and placid stream. His bitterness against Peter Borden had been vanquished by this brief taste of power over the older man. He had been snatched from the fire through no volition of his own, but he felt that his feet were on firmer ground for the experience. He knew instinctively that his future would be builded solidly—that the falseness of the past few years, and particularly of the months since he had been freed, was gone.

He wanted to put it all into words—and knew that he couldn't. The new sense of freedom made him inarticulate. He heard Kathleen speaking—

"I think that just about completes things, Miss Borden—so far as the bonds are concerned. "Yes. . . . I won't try to thank you—"

"Don't. Please. I knew that Bob would be grateful. . . ." She hesitated for a moment, then went on nervously: "I have one thing more to say before I go. It is delicate—and personal—and I deliberately selected this public place to say it. You see, we are cleaning the slate, and I feel it had better be done well."

"You know, Miss Borden, that Bob and I were engaged."

"Were?" Bob voiced the query. "Yes, Bob—were."

He felt his muscles grow tense. "What do you mean, Kathleen?"

She paid no heed to him. Instead her attention was directed toward Lois.

"There is very little I can say, Miss Borden. Words are pretty cheap at times." She did not evade. "I love Bob. I think I always will. But I love him too well to make him unhappy." She paused. The restaurant noises seemed very far away. Just these three in a little world of their own. . . . "I—I'm trying to be sensible—not dramatic. I don't want to interfere. . . . Please don't interrupt. Hear me through."

"Bob has it in him to be a big man. He's been through fire. It scorched him, perhaps . . . but I know what he can and will do. And he isn't the man for me, Miss Borden. You see—"

softly, "he doesn't love me."

The eyes of the two women met and held. Kathleen spoke in a whisper.

"You love him, Lois. He'll be happy with you." She rose swiftly, and smiled bravely—

"You two. . . . You're meant for one another. And please . . . please . . . be happy. Please . . ."

Bob saw her pass out of the door. He closed his eyes. He was beginning to understand.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE restaurant was crowded. Humdrum. Everyday. Identical with fifty other restaurants within a radius of half a mile. But to the young couple seated in the corner behind the screen of potted palms it was different. Tragic drama had flamed in their lives and been played through within the half hour across this very table. A woman—steady of eye and of spirit—had guided the destiny of a man. Then, her task fulfilled, she had made a supreme sacrifice—and vanished.

Bob was dazed. He looked at Lois, but he did not see her. Her face swam before his eyes, and his mind was on Kathleen. It was as though Kathleen had never left. Her personality hovered vividly between them. She had cast a magic spell over the table—a spell which each feared to break. And it was only a simple gesture on the part of Lois which broke the silence.

Lois touched a handkerchief to her eyes. "Bob," she said softly—"Oh, Bob . . ."

He nodded slowly. "Yes, Lois," he said, as though in answer to a question, "I think she is wonderful."

"You don't know how wonderful. You have no idea . . ."

"I'm beginning to know."

"And you'll always be learning. These—" She touched the package of bonds—"are relatively unimportant. They are merely the signposts of an epoch." She leaned forward eagerly, blue eyes ablaze. "Do you realize what Kathleen has done for you, Bob?"

"Yes, Lois."

"She has saved you from a mistake which you did not want to commit. She was right when she said that you are not a thief and never could be. She has—"

"She has taught me a very great deal about myself." His face was flushed and he spoke with difficulty. "I seem to have been going around in circles since I got out of prison, Lois. I've been reaching out—and never touching. Now I feel that I have my hands on something."

"What?"

"The future. I have gripped it. I'm not afraid any more—and I'm no longer unsure of myself. I've learned to evaluate." He drew a deep breath. "For the first time in nearly four years, Lois, I am a free man."

They looked at one another. For a moment convention was forgotten. They spoke their thoughts without equivocation:

"What do you think, Bob?"

"About what Kathleen said?"

"Yes." His teeth were clenched. "I don't know—"

"Oh, Bob!" Her hand closed over his. "Don't say that. You do know. And so do I. You love Kathleen Shannon. You are going to marry her."

He inclined his head, and she continued—speaking swiftly, as though afraid of her own words. "I can not be as big as Kathleen, Bob. But I can be honest. A moment ago she renounced you. But before doing so, she said that she loved you. What she could say—I, too, can say."

She balled her handkerchief into a tiny knot. "I love you, Bob. You are entitled to know that. When Kathleen said—that she did—I experienced a moment of exultation. But, Bob, I'm not the girl for you. I don't know you. Kathleen does. She knows you better than you will ever know yourself. She will be more than a wife to you; she will be a bulwark against danger. A shield for you against the world. She can give you happiness because she can give you understanding. Bob, tell me—"

She ceased abruptly.

"Tell you what, Lois?"

"Isn't it Kathleen that you love?"

There was pain in his eyes—pain and happiness. But his words carried no suggestion of uncertainty.

She turned and was gone. As through a mist,

"Yes. I love her."  
 "Then go to her, Bob. Go to her now. And—and—God bless you both!"  
 He rose. The blood coursed hotly through his veins. There was new strength in his sinews. He spoke no word. He made no gesture of farewell. He moved quietly from the restaurant. And as he vanished through the door Lois noticed that his shoulders were square and that the ghastly rhythmic prison tread had disappeared forever.

Bob found Kathleen in her room at the boarding house. She rose from an old wicker chair and faced him. Her cheeks were pale, but her eyes flamed.  
 He crossed to her—hands outstretched.  
 "Kathleen," he said gently, "I have come for you."  
 She read in his eyes the prophecy of a radiant future.  
 Her words of surrender were simple.  
 "I am ready, Bob."  
 (The End)

### The Bayonet in the Wall (Continued from page 31)

hurt nobody if they don't know, so I kept quiet. I was there that night, I guess, but I didn't have nuthin' to do with the murder, I told you I wasn't there 'cause I didn't want to get in trouble with the old man. He's a devil for discipline, the captain of my battery, Colonel. If he knew I busted orders, he'd put me on bread and water for a week. It was this way you see. He got sore at the whole battery last Saturday 'cause one of the boys got to arguing with an M. P. in town and so to stop any more of that he gave an order that nobody could go on pass for three days, no exceptions. Well, it was just my luck. I had a party scheduled that night. A little French girl I made friends with. I ain't a spring chicken any more, but I still like a good time. So I decided to go anyway, and I got cleaned up in the evening and got a lift on a truck and went. Well, it was a good party. She was there and her mamma and papa and some of her pals, and she give me a lot to eat and something to drink and her papa and mamma give me more to eat and a lot more to drink and pretty soon we got to feeling pretty happy."

He wiped his head with a khaki bandana.  
 "Well, of course, I had to begin monkeying and showing off and first thing I knew I fell down some stone steps in front of the house and cut my head. Then I looked at my watch and knew I'd better be getting back to my billet quick if I was going to keep the old man from knowing I had skipped. So I told 'em good-by and started. It was about six miles to my battery and nothing was coming up the road so I begun to walk it. But I must have done something pretty bad to my head when I fell 'cause it began to ache something terrible. The more I walked, the worse my head began to ache, and pretty soon I began feeling just terrible all over. Two or three times I laid down in the road I felt so rotten. A lot more things happened, but I can't remember 'em. It's all like a dream, sort of. I don't remember that sentry picking me up at all. But I do remember waking up under a tree and seeing it was almost morning. Then I hurried as fast as I could to my billet. I was late for report, but I got my clothes washed up and didn't look so bad when the old man seen me. He's promised me a corporalship, Colonel. And if he seen me the way I come in, I'd be done for any promotion. And I want to get promotion. I been in the Spanish war and I'm entitled to it. You believe me now, don't you, Colonel? And you won't say nothing about it to the old man, will you?"

Flood did not answer for a moment, but gazed penetratingly at his prisoner's round, pouchy face. The story was logical, plausible, convincing. Yet was it not perhaps too plausible, too convincing? True, the man talked with a frankness which seemed to conceal nothing, and bore no signs of murderous degeneracy in his heavy visage; yet Flood was too experienced in the vagaries of humanity to decide by appearances. The prisoner might be a consummate actor. But one fact seemed to touch his narrative with reality; the officer had contrived to see his

(Continued on page 60)



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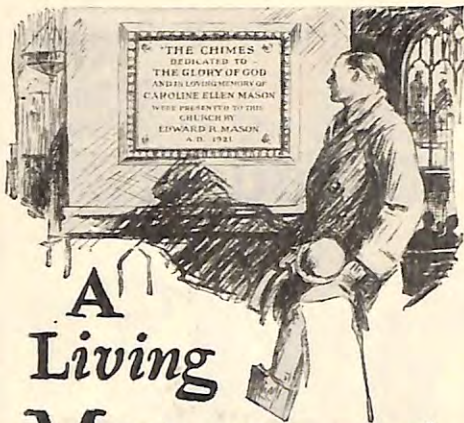
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## The Bayonet in the Wall

(Continued from page 59)



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cigarettes—they were a popular American brand, not French.

The officer thoughtfully tapped his own cigarette against his palm. "I'll believe you for the moment, Davis," he declared at length, "though you realize of course that circumstances point very strongly to you. It would be extremely difficult to prove you innocent before a court, and if you are guiltless you'll help me all you can to find the real criminal. That shed in which the sentry placed you is just a few feet from the entrance to this stable and looks directly upon the loft here. You were put in the shed just a short time before the rifle was stolen, and if your story is true, were there at the time of the theft. Did you see any one go up or down the ladder?"

The artilleryman shook his head. "I don't remember nothing about it, Colonel. I told you it was like a dream. All mixed up. I guess that bump on the head must have made me kind of nutty for a little while. But I've got a feeling somehow that if some little thing'd just happen to kind of remind me of it, maybe it'd all come back to me."

"Perhaps we can spur your memory," Flood answered. "I'll put you in the tool-shed and see what effect that has on you."

Together they descended to the courtyard. Davis crawled into the mouldering structure. It was small, cramped, much too short to contain his long body; his head and arms lay upon the hard earth outside.

THE colonel took up a stand near his head. "Think hard, Davis," he urged. "Look up at that ladder. You're so close to it any one coming this way must have almost walked on you. Even if you had been drinking you couldn't have been asleep. You had been here only a few minutes and your head was aching too badly to let you doze off. You were only dazed. And the sight, of a man coming down that ladder carrying a gun and bayonet must have made some impression on you, even though you aren't conscious of it now. Your mind is a storehouse of impressions, a sort of collection of phonograph records, one record for each impression, and the whole thing will come back to you if you can just locate that record and play it. You know how after you've been to six or seven places during an afternoon and suddenly discover you've lost something, your fountain pen let's say, you can sometimes remember where you mislaid it by thinking back over every single move you made in the afternoon. That's what I mean by locating the record. Try it. Look at that ladder and think of everything that happened to you that night."

"Yes, sir." For ten minutes Davis stared blankly upward, now gazing at the cloud-flecked sky, now staring at the brown, decaying rungs of the ladder. Suddenly the lines in his frowning forehead smoothed, his eyes flashed, he scrambled to his feet.

"I've got it, Colonel," he exclaimed. "It come back to me now when I kept thinking about the ladder. It's all plain as day. Still seems like a dream, sort of, but I guess it ain't. I didn't see no man going up that ladder, but I did see one coming down. He had a gun and a bayonet all right. It was kind of dark right here and he almost tripped over me before he seen me. My, he was surprised.

"What you doin' here? What you doin'?" he grunts to me.

"I got scared then. I thought he was another one of the sentries, a bad boy this time, and that I'd better beat it. So with my head pounding like a engine I get up.

"Get on to yer billet," he says to me. Hard he was, hardboiled.

"All right, brother," I says. "All right. I'm going. Quick as I can. Ain't no use getting sore about it, is there?" I goes down the road a little ways and he follows me. I tries to talk to him, but he won't talk. And then I ask him for a cigarette, thinking maybe it'd help my head. He gives one to me, but it's no good. I don't like it. I throw it away."

"What kind of a cigarette was it?"

"One of them French ones. With that God-awful tobacco."

"That's our man," Flood broke in swiftly. "I know you're not lying now. Go on."

The other's round face beamed. "That's good news to me, Colonel. Mighty good news. . . . Well, after he gives me the cigarette he points his bayonet at me. 'Get down the road, you fool,' he says. And I get. Pretty soon I passes a fellow must have been that poor Alsatian was murdered. He says good evening to me, but I don't answer nothing, my head's aching so bad again, and I'm too scared of that fellow coming with the bayonet. In a couple of minutes I reaches the house where that old lady lived, finds one of my own cigarettes and begins smoking it to make my head better like I told you. Then I walks on and hears a rifle go off. And then everything's black again till I wake up under the tree."

"What did the man you thought was a sentry look like?" The colonel's voice was eager.

"I ain't much good at descriptions. All I seen he was dark, real dark. And there was a little scar on his head. It was a hot night and I saw it when he took off his hat to wipe his hair with his handkerchief. I can't describe him much, Colonel, but I'd know him again if I saw him."

"You're positive of that?"

"Absolutely, Colonel. I'd know him again in a million."

And thus came about one of the most unique episodes in the history of the A. E. F., an organization never lacking the unusual and the picturesque. Flood decided to hold what he afterwards termed a "Brunette Review," a military inspection which would embrace every dark-haired soldier among the myriad thousands of troops who occupied the area. The reviewing officers would be himself, chief of the far-reaching D. C. I., to whom no gates were locked nor doors were barred and an apple-faced private of artillery, second class.

AN hour after he had so decided, his plan was in execution. It was a labor truly appalling, a labor whose enormity can be fully realized only by those who know the complex chaos of war fronts, shifting and changing in tumultuous kaleidoscopic procession, for men weary and men die and new men must take their places. From ammunition dump to naval gun, from trench to artillery emplacement, from regimental headquarters to field hospital he and his companion wandered, scanning only the faces of the brunettes, passing swiftly by the blondes. Here to conceal his real purpose and give the maneuver the color of reality, the colonel would sternly ask to see a dirty rifle, there he would reprimand the owner of a defective gas mask. While both blonde and brunette, whose right and tradition it was to regard inspections with deep and abiding hatred, consigned to eternal damnation this mad colonel who held a West Point inspection on the battle line.

Nineteen thousand troops passed before him—without result. He had thoroughly rehearsed Davis in the part he was to play if he thought he recognized the man of the French tobacco, but he began to fear that the rôle would never be enacted. Then one afternoon his car halted before a battalion of infantry billeted in some gloomy-plastered cottages along the dusty road. The colonel spoke a few words to the battalion commander; soon six hundred bronzed figures stood at attention in a field near by. Down the long line Flood and his companion passed. Suddenly Davis coughed and brought his handkerchief to his lips. It was a signal. The colonel turned. Davis had halted in front of a stocky soldier with jet black hair, high cheek bones, and brilliant black eyes, eyes touched with cruelty.

The colonel faced him grimly. "Step two paces to the front," he barked.

The other wonderingly walked forward.

"Take off your hat."

The soldier obeyed slowly. A tiny white scar showed faintly on his glistening head.

Davis's finger shot toward him. "That's the man!" he shouted. "That's the man who murdered Henri Lutrelle!"

For an instant the trooper stared at his accuser spellbound, paralyzed into inaction. Then his glance darted to the dense wood fringing the field; he leaped headlong toward it. But the colonel was too quick; this was the confessio:

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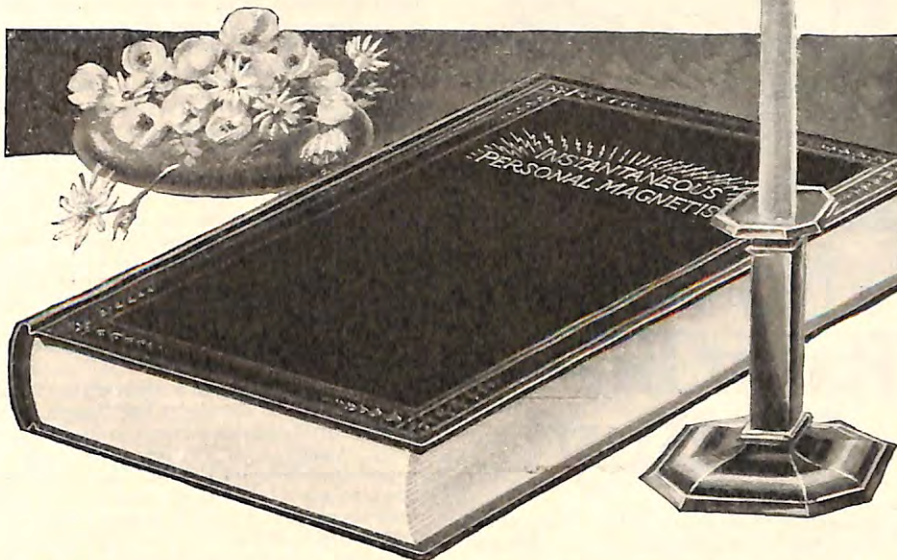
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## The Bayonet in the Wall

(Continued from page 60)

for which he had hoped. His arm shot out: the other was his prisoner.

TAKEN to battalion headquarters he stolidly denied all knowledge of the murder. His belongings were searched; in his blanket roll was found a ring which had belonged to the daughter of the café-owner and a watch which had belonged to the dead Lutrelle. Confronted by this inescapable evidence, he admitted his guilt.

He was not a spy. He did not have that honor. He was a native of one of the Central American countries who had served many years in the prisons there as a professional thief and desperado. A short time before the outbreak of the war, while practicing his profession he had picked the pocket of an American sailor on leave in a seaport town. The sailor, detecting him in the act, had promptly thrashed him and turned him over to the police who quickly returned him to the prison from which he had just been released. Naturally bitter and revengeful, as he lay brooding in prison his hatred of the one American responsible for his plight became a hatred of all Americans. A hatred which increased when he came to the United States in search of new spoils, but instead of loot found prison bars. Then the United States declared war and joined the Allies; talk of espionage was everywhere, and he thought how excellent an opportunity he would have of reaping large gains and at the same time avenging himself on the country he hated, by enlisting in its armies and then offering his services to the Germans as a spy. Carrying out his design, he enlisted in a regiment sailing for France. But overseas it was not as easy to come in contact with German agents as he had hoped; he saw no one he dared approach, and in a few weeks found himself at the front, fighting in the ranks of the men he regarded as his bitterest enemies. Thus balked, but an individual of consummate craft and cunning, he had evolved the plan for the series of assaults and robberies in the hope that the natives would be inflamed against the country whose uniform he wore, while the crimes themselves satisfied his own savage lusts. And few but the colonel knew how close his plan had come to success.

Tried for murder by a court martial, he was sentenced to execution. But the sentence was commuted to servitude for life; he died in Leavenworth prison two years after the war. The news of his arrest was broadcast throughout the province; once more the red-lipped waitresses smiled brightly upon the doughboys sipping wine and nibbling cheese in the tiny cafés on the roads to the Lion of Belfort. For Alsace was appeased.

## New Furs for Old

(Continued from page 26)

This era of dyed furs can be traced to the changes since the World War. Instead of an industry with an annual turn-over of a hundred millions, it is to-day one of a half-billion dollars. It was the easy money of the war that started furs on the upgrade in price and quantity, if not quality. Wives of profiteers by 1917 were paying huge prices for furs, and no matter how many hundreds of thousands of refugee women from Russia sold their old furs, no matter how the impoverished rich of Belgium, France, England, Germany, might strip to sell the furs from their backs, there were never enough. Then the war itself took men out of the trapping grounds, halted the industry's production in every land.

By 1920, with the fur craze well under way, and all the trapping grounds of Russia and other parts of Asia in a demoralized condition, due to political upheavals, the industry turned to the use of cheaper skins and to dyeing them into imitations of fine furs.

These new furs have brought prosperity to the industry, restored its importance in a national, economic sense, revived interest in its trade romance. With the gradual passing of the larger fur-bearing animals which once roamed the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, given way to settlers, to rail-



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roads, the cities, the fur trade had almost ceased to be American.

It may astonish many people to know that old fur houses have held their own through all these changes in national life. The oldest furdryers and dressers in America are the Williams family, known as the J. D. Williams Company, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Founded in 1817 by Denison Williams, at Albany, N. Y., it is still in the hands of his direct descendants. Originally a trader with the Indians, he was one of the first men to realize the value of the fur seal, and was its pioneer dyer. He was the first to use a nutgall dye, giving the seal a rich brown color, instead of the usual black. Many of the modern improvements in the dressing of furs can be traced to this house.

In the handling of muskrats, a half century ago a heavy man would take a hundred skins, place them in a tub, dump in some butter, and then tramp them for ten hours until the sun-dried skin was saturated, made soft, pliable. To-day, by use of a machine known as the kicker, 1,500 muskrats may be dressed in two hours. Then, there was the cleaning drum, which used to be turned by hand. Instead of a few dozens cleaned in a day, now the same work by the use of electric power and larger or more drums is done on an immense quantity scale.

Furs used to be trimmed, have the shaggy effect removed by hand use of shears. The un-hairing machine has done wonders for quantity production, as well as improving the beauty of furs.

THE first one was devised by dressers and dyers who had been much annoyed by the difficulty in holding down the body of the fur seal while the long water hairs were sheared off. A simple metal comb was found to bring rapidity in the work. Next, the sewing of pieces of furs together, so long a clumsy hand process, was replaced by a modification of a French glove sewing-machine brought to this country by Lucas Thompson. This machine, in turn, was replaced by an over-stitching machine which brought style to furs and further rapidity in quantity production. These various improvements opened the way for better dyeing, and fast dyes were found which are applied successively in four or five coats, and in any desired color.

These dyeing processes, once and for centuries prohibited by law in Europe, have made it possible to build the industry on a scale to meet popular demands.

Mole skins are virtually new as a fur, as opposed to the classic or standard furs. Edgar Lehman, a New York manufacturer and dealer in furs, a number of years ago had an offer of several million of these skins. The offer came from London, then the center of world auction sales, since succeeded by New York and St. Louis. Inquiries in the trade showed a negative interest in moles. He bought the lot, however, held an exhibition in his New York show-rooms, with garments made up of mole skins, and persuaded the trade to introduce the mole as a fur.

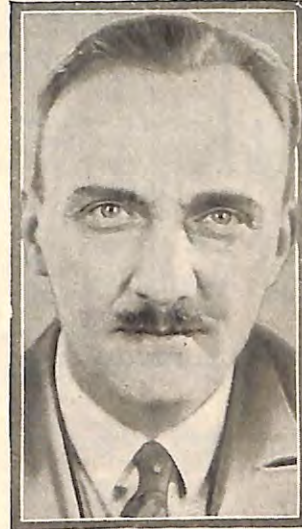
Chicago, long since outgrown its old rôle as a fur-trading post, is again a very active fur center. Each summer, for five years, it has held a million-dollar fur fashion show directed by Mr. Don L. Omo, vice-president of a firm headed by Mr. A. B. Shubert who, around 1880, bought in Montana 20,000 buffalo skins, the last large consignment of this animal. Mr. Omo trades in raw furs to-day all over the United States and Canada. This fur fashion show is an exhibit of the modern fur where the public may learn how furs are trapped, assembled, dyed and made.

The past generation associated furs with adventure, snow and ice, Indians, trading posts, trappers trailing rifles. Furs were exhibited in dingy shops and were worn only during the coldest winter months. People who owned furs brought them out on rare occasions, at least in cities, and handed them down from mother to daughter. To-day furs are worn the year around, and the finer ones are sold in fashionable shops with old-world palace interiors. The cheaper ones are handled by every department store in the country, and often sold on the instalment plan.

This fresh development of the American fur  
(Continued on page 64)

# To The Man In a Little Business who sees no chance ahead

A FEW WEEKS ago, J. Don Alexander was in New York, holding a convention of his salesmen. He visited us at the Institute and we went up to the top floor and sat on Hamilton's sofa, and stretched our legs in front of the fireplace that used to be in Hamilton's home, and had an old-fashioned talk. He told us again the story of his enrolment in the Institute.



He wanted more than just "a living"

He was living in Spokane at the time, the owner of a little electrical business—a good enough little business, but with no promise that it would ever provide anything more than just a decent living. Mr. Alexander wanted more than a living. He wanted comfort for his family, and education for the children, and a chance to travel, and financial security.

He turned to the Alexander Hamilton Institute with a good deal of hesitation and doubt. He expected to receive some formal textbooks and lectures, which, while valuable in content, would be hard reading and not very applicable to his personal situation. What he discovered, to his great surprise, was that he had not merely enrolled for "a course." He had allied himself with a powerful group of friends who began immediately to work with him for his business success.

The Institute training is a good deal like a wonderful two years' trip at full pay. It carries you into the office of a great sales manager; you watch him work. He tells you the methods by which he gets results, and gives you full permission to use those methods as your own. You visit a great accountant and he tells you, in the most interesting and informal way, the important things that have taken him so long to learn.

You sit beside a banker and learn the principles of corporation finance. Your instruction in factory and office management comes from men who have made an outstanding success in these fields, who talk to you in terms of tested practical results. And every day thruout the whole two years' journey you feel yourself growing, you are aware of opportunities that you had previously overlooked.

It was so with Mr. Alexander. He sold out the electrical business and organized the Alexander Film Company, with the purpose of producing motion picture films for advertising purposes. A short time later he became its president and today, after only a few years, it is a nation-wide organization, one of the largest and most successful of its kind.

"At the time of my enrolment I had only the most rudimentary conception of business," he said, "and the Institute was a life saver to me." But what impressed him most was the friendliness of the Institute, the way in which it takes a personal interest in its men, its determination to leave nothing undone that will make for their success. It was that spirit which drew Mr. Alexander down to Astor Place to visit us again and which brings so many Institute men to Alexander Hamilton Hall when they are visiting New York.

You who read this may be many miles from New York, as many miles away as Mr. Alexander was at the time when he read such an advertisement as this and sent for "Forging Ahead in Business." May we say to you, thru this page, what we should like so much to say in person, "We want to be genuinely and personally helpful." When you read the copy of "Forging Ahead in Business," which the coupon will bring you, forget that we are a big educational institution. Think of us as just a group of friendly men, who would like to be your companions and guides on the wonderful two years' journey which Mr. Alexander and so many others have made, pointing out the principles and the methods by which the most successful men have won their success, opening your eyes to opportunities that lie at your own front door.

You will find us good traveling companions, and your personal problem will be of just as much importance to us as if you were the only man enrolled.

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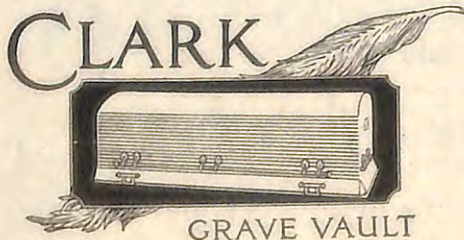
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## New Furs for Old

(Continued from page 63)

industry has many economic and social ramifications. It is associated with the effort to protect the wild life once so abundant and so brilliantly portrayed by Audubon in his wanderings with pen and pencil. Hunters want larger forest preserves set aside by the nation. So do people of sentiment. So do the intelligent members of the fur industry. No one wishes the tragedy of the fur seal and the buffalo repeated, when indiscriminate slaughter by ignorant men, bent on the gain of a day, robbed future generations of sport and means of livelihood.

There has been much discussion of the various phases of protecting fur-bearing animals. While this is going on, an invaluable one, like the muskrat, is the victim of its vogue of the past few years, and is diminishing in numbers.

One of the immediate solutions offered is fur-farming, of which the fox in particular seems susceptible. The U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey, operating under the Department of Agriculture, has an experiment station at Saratoga, New York, for the purpose of endeavoring to ascertain which fur-bearing animals are most adapted to this relative domestication. A general survey of the whole subject is being made, also by the fur industry whose prosperity depends on adequate sources of supply.

Canada, which found its fur treasures being ruthlessly destroyed, has set aside an area of 241,800 square miles, or about five times that of New York State, as game preserves. It has also started to educate trappers and the Eskimo in the reasons why game should not be destroyed, such as caribou, the reindeer, the musk-ox, and has placed a bounty on wolves and other predatory animals.

## The Perfect Scorecard

(Continued from page 23)

McMahon nudged Lafferty, pointing out in the line ahead of them a very excited young boy, hatless and in his shirt-sleeves. He was trying to explain that he worked for the telegraph company and had a message for Pat Elkins.

"Where's the telegram?" the gatekeeper was demanding.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," the boy sputtered. "I was just leanin' over to tie up my shoe and had my coat under my arm when this old fellow came up and made a grab. He took my hat and coat, with the delivery book in it, and ran like the devil."

"And I suppose he came right in through this gate," said the doorman derisively, "and if I was to leave you in, you'd pick him and the blue coat out of a million people."

"Sure nuff," said the boy.

"Get out of here. Don't come back till you learn a new one."

It was a ball-game that day—no drab drama of air-tight pitching, but a vivid, flashing battle, colored with long, crackling drives and fielding that sent the crowd into deliriums, even though Elkins in the early innings elected to play a waiting game. When the Eagles' pitcher became less effective he would unleash his attack. Meanwhile his orders to batters were: "Wait him out, foul him out, tire him out."

Lafferty thought Elkins' judgment was bad. He was sure of it in the fifth when the Eagles, with two men out, suddenly launched a vicious offensive and crashed in three runs. "Pat's going to play his foxy, waiting game too long, Mac," he complained. "He's giving 'em too much of a start."

"Three runs is a good lead these days," McMahon admitted gloomily.

Two more runs scored by the Eagles in their half of the seventh were evened up, however, when the Sox, infuriated by the enemy's five-run lead, so far forgot Elkins' orders as to poke out three hits in succession. The score then stood at 5 to 2 in favor of the visitors. In the last of the eighth, Elkins turned his team loose. "Hit at the first one," were his orders. "Hit it so it won't come back."

Then came the deluge—a roaring, devastating, tempestuous flood of hitting that swept all before it. Dave Gilly, boss of the Eagles, struggled



## How Silly!

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desperately to stem the tide. Twice he changed pitchers; he sent up a second-string catcher; the spiking of his second baseman resulted in his re-vamping the infield; he sent his fastest utility fielder into right in hope of cutting down a batter who was known to nurse a nasty habit of poling long hard drives into that particular sector of the outfield.

"Bring on your ballplayers," Lafferty yelled as the Sox drove in the third and tying run, "bring on a whole new team."

"Bring on two teams," shouted McMahan.

The stands were up and calling wildly for a dozen runs, imploring the Sox to sew up the ball game then and there, but Gilly's strategy proved partially effective and only one more Sox runner crossed the plate. Elkins now had a one-run lead and only one inning left to play.

"Old Mel would have liked this one," Lafferty cried into McMahan's ear as the Eagles came to bat in the ninth. "He'd have gone crazy."

"He has gone crazy," McMahan shouted in reply. "He's in here somewhere."

The aisles were packed now; everybody was up, calling on Halverson, the Sox hurler, to take it slow and easy and hold the lead. Down in the press-box the newspapermen were frantically checking up on the Eagles' batting order and trying to straighten out the line-up of Gilly's patchwork team. Most of the fans had thrown away their scorecards.

**HALVERSON** out on the pitching mound showed no signs of panic; from all appearances there might have been only he and the squatty little catcher there in the park. He tossed six straight balls across the plate leisurely, then prepared to face the first batter. Gilly elected to use a pinch-hitter at the very start; the situation was desperate and he always was a good gambler. Now he pinned his faith on a youngster freshly brought from the minors. The lad came through with a sizzling single over second. Halverson rubbed a huge paw in the dirt, pulled his cap down over his eyes and went to work on the second batter, playing warily for three called strikes which he hoped to smoke across the corners. His control was bad and the hitter walked, advancing the runner already on base to second. But Halverson quickly regained his control and struck out the next man. The last of Gilly's stock of pinch-hitters popped up a weak foul behind the plate and two were out.

"Looks like a new peanant out there in center field," cried Lafferty, slamming McMahan between the shoulder-blades. "One more out and your old ball game's shot."

"Who's up?" countered McMahan, vainly studying what once had been a scorecard. "I'm damned if I can tell."

A sudden stillness answered his question. The towering figure of Larry Maple was moving to the plate. The Eagles couldn't have summoned a more dangerous hitter. He swung three bats viciously. Two of these he hurled back to the dugout as he neared the plate. With the third he continued to slash the atmosphere to ribbons. Every step he took nearer the plate brought madder shouting from the Eagle coaches. Eagle runners charlestoned on first and second. A long single would bring one of them home and tie the score. The kind of a drive for which Maple was especially famed in the pinches—he was at his best as a "money player"—would score two and put victory well within reach.

Maple spat on his hands, rubbed them in the dirt, wiped them off on his trousers and then took his stand some four feet from the plate, his long, gorilla arms enabling him to reach with his bat far beyond the outer edge of the rubber. Halverson, taking plenty of time, gave him a low, sweeping curve. Maple smiled grimly. The scoreboard registered a ball.

"He's going to walk him," Lafferty cried, wringing his felt hat with both hands. "Sure as hell he's going to walk him." Halverson again toed the rubber. Forty thousand people listened to their own hearts. A shriek split the air. It came from the rear of the third base stands—hideous, soul-stirring shriek that broke upon the breathless stillness of the ball park and shattered its death-like calm into myriad fragments. Higher and higher in pitch it grew. It was a cry both of rage and pain—the primeval wrath of a mother defending her young. Lafferty turned quickly and peered across the stand. There he saw emerging from the crowd packed closely

(Continued on page 67)

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## “That Man Corey is Certainly Interesting—”

They say that of him now wherever he goes—this Corey who never used to have a thing to say. Almost overnight he became one of the best-informed men of his group.

“I NEVER knew that Corey was so well educated.”  
“He isn’t. He left school when he was a kid. Mighty interesting though—isn’t he?”

“Yes; he seems to know about everything. See how he’s holding those people fascinated by what he’s saying! He’s quoting from Shelley, I believe.”

“You ought to hear him at a business conference. He has all sorts of information at his command. I remember when he always used to be at a loss for something to say; now he can talk better than any of us.”

“What amazes me is the way he can talk on almost any subject at all. And he seems to be familiar with all the great writers and philosophers. He must do a lot of reading.”

“I don’t see how he can. He’s very busy, and I’m sure he hasn’t any more time to read than we have. But I wonder how he became so well-informed—almost overnight, it seems to me. It has certainly made an interesting man of him.”

Later they had occasion to speak to Corey; and they asked him about it. They weren’t prepared for what he told them.

“Read?” he said. “Why, I scarcely ever get time to read at all.”

“But in this one evening you quoted from Dante, from Browning, from Kipling, from Poe! How do you do it?”

Corey laughed. “Elbert Hubbard did all my reading for me—years ago. I simply use his Scrap Book.”

“You use Hubbard’s Scrap Book? What do you mean?”

“Well, you know that Elbert Hubbard began a scrap book when he was quite young. He put into it all the bits of writing that inspired and helped him most. He read everything—searched the literature of every age and every country—to find the ideas which would help him in his own work. He kept this scrap book all through life, adding whatever he thought great and inspiring. As the scrap book grew, it became Hubbard’s greatest source of ideas. He turned to it constantly; it helped him win fame as a writer and orator. At the time of his death on the sinking of the Lusitania, it had become a priceless collection of great thoughts—the fruit of a whole lifetime of discriminating reading.”

“But what can this private scrap book possibly mean to you? How can you—use it—as you say?”

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## The Perfect Scorecard

(Continued from page 65)

together at the top of an aisle a gray-haired, elderly, whirling dervish in blue; he was shrieking, kicking, biting, squirming, fighting his way down the concrete steps. Once he stumbled and almost fell. Recovering his balance, he plunged on toward the bottom of the stadium; his feet and his fists cleared a path; his yelling never ceased. Then McMahan's eyes pierced the afternoon haze. His arms and hat were flung high in the air. "It's Old Mel," he shouted. "Look at him go!"

Old Mel! it was, the blue coat of a messenger boy now almost torn off his back, his gray mustache bristling fearfully, his eyes darting fire. He bowled over a peanut man, slipped from the grasp of a policeman and climbed like a cat straight up the back of the shed that covers the Sox dugout. Another cop tried to hold him by the leg but Old Mel kicked himself free. Still shrieking, he gained the roof, plunged forward and fell in a scrawly heap in the dugout at Pat Elkins' feet.

"He's out, the batter's out," he shouted at Elkins. "He's hitting out of turn. Mahady should have batted. They tried to fool you. The batter's out! It's in the rules! The side's out! The game's over! You've won!"

That is the story of how an elderly gentleman—his hair is quite white now—comes to be sitting in a field box next to the Sox dugout every afternoon when it is fair and Elkins' club is playing at home. The Sox, even to the youngest rookie, never fail to give him a pleasant nod. He isn't given to talking much about the day he kept a perfect scorecard and, perhaps, saved a pennant, but he will go on for hours about the Sox victory in the post-season series that had to be played to convince the Eagles they could be beaten without the rules and a ninth-inning rally by an old man.

It shouldn't need the telling that *The Record* nearly broke its neck putting Old Mel back on the payroll. The boss thought "lobster" hours were too much of a strain for a man of Mel's years, so he comes in for just an hour around noon and writes a few paragraphs of baseball gossip. Lafferty never misses a chance to remind him of the trick he played on the messenger boy. "Pretty good scorecard you kept that day," he says.

"Pretty good?" repeats Old Mel with some asperity. "It was perfect."

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 48)

return, scheduled for February 10th, he will begin an Eastern tour which will end in March, and then, almost without rest, he will begin a Southern tour. His complete itinerary for February and March is given elsewhere in this department.

On December 4th the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Atlanta, Ga., where he was greeted by a large committee of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, members, newspapermen and others. In a crowded Lodge room a big initiation was staged that night which was followed by a banquet.

The next morning he left Atlanta for Knoxville, Tenn., where a pleasant surprise awaited him on his arrival. Only a stop for changing engines had been scheduled, but a committee of Knoxville Lodge, No. 160, with a band, welcomed the travelers. A large banquet and a very enthusiastic meeting was held at Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, that night, and the next day, after leaving Nashville early, a short stop was made at Hopkinsville, Ky., Lodge, No. 545. A well-attended luncheon was tendered him at Princeton, Ky., Lodge, No. 1115, included among the party being members of Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217, who came with an orchestra in a private car to carry the Grand Exalted Ruler to their city. Here a street parade and a wonderful gathering and banquet in the evening celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Lodge.

Cairo, Ill., was reached late that night by motor, and a train was boarded for St. Louis, bringing the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Missouri metropolis on the morning of December 7th.

The day of his arrival in St. Louis the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Belleville, Ill., to visit the home of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell. He also attended a dinner at Belleville Lodge, No. 481, and found the membership a wonderful group of young men who have made the Lodge one of the many prosperous organizations in the region.

Every civic, fraternal and business organization of East St. Louis was represented at a luncheon at East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664, on December 8th. Unusual interest was displayed both at the luncheon and at a conference of Exalted Rulers, Secretaries, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers which followed.

On the night of December 8th a large banquet was held in St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, and Mr. Grakelov left the next day, arriving at Springfield, Ill., at 2:30 P.M. At Springfield the head of the Order placed a wreath on the tomb of Abraham Lincoln with appropriate exercises, described in detail elsewhere in this issue.

On December 9th, having touched at Chicago, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Rockford, Ill., where he found a very active Lodge to

greet him at a luncheon of 300 covers. Rockford Lodge, No. 64, actuated by progressive ideals, plays a great part in community activities. Several hundred prominent professional and business men were awaiting the arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler at Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, where a large meeting was held that afternoon.

A banquet that night, followed by an initiation, crowded the home of Sterling, Ill., Lodge, No. 1218. Through the kindness of the Exalted Ruler of Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, the Grand Exalted Ruler went to Aurora by motor in time for a noon luncheon with an enthusiastic group of Elks whose new Home, the head of the Order declared, was one of the finest he had ever seen. During the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler paid a visit to Mooseheart, the children's village conducted by the Loyol Order of Moose, whose Director-General, the Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, is also a member of our Order.

When the train arrived at Mendota, Ill., members of the Lodge there presented flowers to Mr. Grakelov and had a Legion band at the station to welcome him. "One of the most impressive incidents on the trip," said Mr. Grakelov, "came on our arrival at Carrollton, Mo., at 4 o'clock in the morning. Here the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of the Lodge had waited at the station to greet us and to do their best to entertain us for the hour and a half we were compelled to remain there. It was a courtesy which I will never forget."

A wonderful day was spent at Maryville, Mo., Lodge, No. 760, with exercises in the Lodge room following a luncheon at the country club. A banquet was held, also, that night.

Returning to Philadelphia, Pa., the Grand Exalted Ruler left at once for Binghamton, N. Y. At Binghamton, Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, and a committee of members of Binghamton Lodge, No. 852, which included the Mayor of the city, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler. Here Mr. Grakelov made an address to the members, and then motored to Owego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1039, for luncheon. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the honor guest at Cortland, N. Y., Lodge, No. 748, which was celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary.

### Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge to Have "Old Timers" Night

"Old Timers" night will be observed by Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, on the evening of February 5. All Elks who have been members of the Lodge for 25 years or more will be the honor guests of the evening and, as there are more than 254 who come under this classification,

(Continued on page 68)



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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

the occasion is expected to be one of the most interesting held in the Home for some time. A banquet at six o'clock, followed by an excellent program of addresses and music, will entertain the members. Many distinguished Elks from Lodges in Ohio and elsewhere have been invited to attend this gala function. The principal guest of the evening will be William C. Ziegler who celebrates his fiftieth anniversary as a member of Cincinnati Lodge that night.

### Tucson, Ariz., Lodge Active In Welfare Work

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, wound up the year 1926 with a record list of Christmas charities. A report made recently to the members by this committee reveals how active it has been during the past six months and shows the wide field it has covered and plans to cover. One of its most laudable activities has been the help it has rendered school children of weak eyesight. The Lodge has defrayed the expense of examination and furnished glasses in many cases. In the case of one poor blind boy it provided funds so that he could attend a school for the blind. Two members of the Lodge are on the Boy Scout Catalina Council No. 1, and the Lodge itself has sponsored a Boy Scout troop which ranks highest in performance and activity among the troops of this Central Council.

The Committee has under consideration the building of a swimming pool for the Arizona Children's Home. It also plans to furnish these children with some means of enjoying the music and activities of the outside world by installing a radio set in the Home.

### Elk Lodge to be Instituted At Lake Worth, Fla.

The Grand Exalted Ruler has granted dispensation for the institution of a new Lodge at Lake Worth, Fla., to be known as Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530.

### Less Than a Year Old, But Active in All Departments

Since its institution less than a year ago, Arcadia, Fla., Lodge, No. 1524, has shown a fine, healthy growth. It has entered wholeheartedly into the life of its community and has played a generous part in its charitable and welfare work. The Lodge has under consideration the purchase of one of the most desirable corner lots in the city on which it plans to erect a handsome Home to meet the demands of its growing membership.

### Grand Lodge Officers Dedicate Woodland, Calif., Lodge Home

The handsome new Home of Woodland, Calif., Lodge, No. 1299, was dedicated recently by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, assisted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James C. Tyrrell and a group of Past Exalted Rulers of Sacramento Lodge, No. 6, while the oration was delivered by Exalted Ruler Charles L. Snyder, of San José Lodge, No. 522. P. T. Laugenour of Woodland Lodge was the chairman of the building committee.

Three high curved arches form the front face of the new building. Upon entering the heavy oak doors a wide lobby, ending in the rear in an ascending stairway of broad proportions, gives a gracious reception to the visitor. On the right is a tastefully furnished ladies' room and the banquet-room, which extends along the entire west side of the building, and will seat 150 comfortably, and many more when necessary. Light comes through large windows of artistic design, which are draped with brown velvet hangings, while the walls are delicately mottled in light shades. The kitchen is fitted with a steam table, large gas stove, sink, drainboard and many cupboards, all placed in compact form.

At the left of the front entrance is the Secretary's office. The clubroom is also on the east side of the first floor, with French doors which open onto a balcony, extending the entire length of this side of the structure. The room

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is fitted with a billiard table, snooker pool table and chess table. A colonial clock and brocaded rose and brown hangings complete the furnishings of this inviting room. In addition to the large Lodge room on the second floor, there are several smaller rooms for preparation work and storing of equipment and regalia.

The Lodge room proper is the largest room in the building. At one end is a small balcony, to be used as an organ loft, behind which a sound reflector will be installed. On the two long sides of the rectangular room are raised platforms, on which are placed leather opera chairs of blue finish. On the opening night 300 members attended Lodge there.

Heat is supplied by a steam furnace located in a small room in the basement. The building has been so constructed that at any time added room is needed the Lodge may build on the rear and east side on the large area of ground which it owns in these directions, without spoiling the present proportions and architectural beauty of the Home.

### Trenton, N. J., Lodge to Give Banquet In Honor of Grand Exalted Ruler

On March 1 a testimonial banquet will be tendered Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow by Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, to which all the officers of every Lodge in the South Jersey District will be invited as well as all the officers and Past Presidents of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and Grand Lodge officers, committeemen and Past Grand Exalted Rulers. A feature of the occasion will be the initiation of a large class of candidates by the officers of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2.

### A Fine Record of Cures in the Betty Bacharach Home

One hundred and twenty-five crippled youngsters completely cured and discharged is the fine record established in the Betty Bacharach Home maintained by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, and by members of the Bacharach family. It costs the Lodge \$400 a week to run this admirable charity, in which thirty unfortunate youngsters are cared for at a time, and as mentioned in these columns before, the plans for the future are even more extensive and the interest of the membership is unflagging. All of the proceeds from the recent minstrel show given by the Lodge were turned over to the fund for the maintenance of the Home.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

Winchester, Mass., Lodge held its annual charity ball, the entire proceeds being turned over to the Lodge's charity fund.

Scranton, Pa., Lodge conducted a large bazaar which netted a substantial sum for its charity work.

Members of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge and their families were recently guests of Stephen J. Carhart, Trustee of the Lodge, at his home in the Adirondack Mountains, where they enjoyed a day of winter sports.

Hazleton, Pa., Lodge is already making plans to attend the Easton meeting of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association next August. The Lodge is counting on having at least three hundred members present.

The officers of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, recently visited Redondo Beach Lodge where they initiated a class for their hosts, and were entertained at dinner and a splendid show.

Information is wanted concerning Charles Hileman, a member of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, age 57, who disappeared from his home last September. Communications should be sent to Frank S. Moran, Secretary of New Kensington Lodge.

On the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. G. Pyle's visit to Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, he complimented the officers on their excellent ritualistic work, the outside activities, and the financial conduct of the Lodge.

Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of Dr. Harry Allen Lindley. E. M. Berg makes this inquiry on behalf of Dr. Lindley's stepdaughter who is in ill-health. All communica-

(Continued on page 70)



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popular entertainer  
"There's one sport of which I never tire, and that's billiards. It is a wonderful diversion and helps to keep me in good physical condition."

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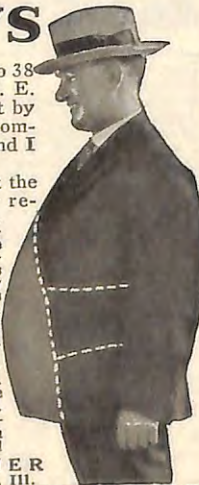
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

tion should be sent to Mr. Berg, Secretary of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No 335.

"The Elks Sparks," the charity revue put on by Breckenridge, Texas, Lodge, was its third annual show and a great success.

"Hello Hawaii," a three-act musical comedy written and staged by Tommy Getz, was produced for its Christmas Charity Fund by San Diego, Calif., Lodge.

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Nugent made his official visit to Sheraden, Pa., Lodge, a large delegation from his own Lodge, Braddock, were among those who greeted him.

The Elks Frolique produced by Boonton, N. J., Lodge was one of the best and most successful amateur shows that section of the State has seen.

Sioux City, Ia., Lodge sponsored three concerts by the United States Navy Band.

Members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge and their families will hold a winter excursion to Lake Tahoe from the 5th to the 8th of this month.

Juneau, Alaska, Elks were guests of the local Lodge of Moose at an excellent entertainment in their honor.

Newark, N. J., Lodge entertained more than 500 children and adults at its annual party for the blind of the city.

Officers of Oakland, Calif., Lodge invited by the Board of Supervisors of Alameda County, conducted the dedication ceremonies of the new Highland Hospital.

Plattsouth, Neb., Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary a short while ago.

In the audience at the Kiddies' Night held by Alameda, Calif., Lodge, were some seventy orphans from various Homes, as well as the children of members and their friends.

## Let's Take a Bus

(Continued from page 19)

Point football game, then rolled them home sometimes that night. A still larger movement of that character was carried through by a Boston company which transported a large part of Brown University from Providence to Cambridge, Mass., and back again, all on one football day.

And these bus drivers save the day for more than one small town. Yalesville, Conn., population about 2,000, lies on the New Haven Railroad system twenty miles north of New Haven and midway between Meriden and Wallingford, which are medium-sized manufacturing towns. Up to January, 1926, residents of Yalesville, if they wanted to go to New Haven or New York, could take just two trains, one at 5:32 A. M., and the other at 6:05 p. m. At any other time of day they had to go to Meriden or Wallingford if they wished to take a train. Since the New Haven Railroad system inaugurated its motor-coach service, which now covers 800 miles of auxiliary routes, the Yalesville folks are able to leave home every sixty minutes from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. and connect with New York trains at New Haven.

There are many reasons for the bus, here and abroad.

### Buses Go 'Round the World

By the same token the transatlantic traveler expects to find 5,000 motor-buses meandering old London's streets and conveying rubber-necks throughout the British Isles. He takes his French bus casually and is only mildly shocked to learn that the best way to see old romantic Spain, to reach the towns the red-tape tourists seldom see, is by bouncing along in one of those box-car model buses that we used in Illinois when horses still shied at motor-cars.

But when the globe-trotter finds in Germany 18,000 miles of postal lines served by motor-bus, he wonders where the world's bus boundary is. The Finns are busing—fifteen hundred buses strong—but they have nothing on the Soviets. The government which disposed of all the czars is establishing fifty new bus lines, near Moscow and in the Ukraine, Crimea, Caucasus, Central Asia and Siberia. If the trotter back-tracks to old Egypt where tombs are valued according to their years, he'll find that the camel caravans are being supplanted by motor-buses, especially around Cairo and Alexandria. And the South African Railway—part of that line of steel which Cecil Rhodes labored so hard to lay from Cape-town to Khartoum—"continues to expand its road motor services" until its nine new lines vary in length from eleven to 135 miles. I wonder what old Cecil Rhodes, who never saw a motor-car, would think of that. The lions and other veldt and forest beasts will probably take it stoically since they are being hunted now in Fords.

The addict of the motor-bus need not pine and waste away just because his globe-trotting takes him to the Antipodes, because New Zealand trams are being bused as are many in Australia. And, I regret to state, in far Ceylon,

whence come the serpents for our circuses, bus parties are fairly vaulting into vogue. And in India, whose jungles have yielded huge tomes of literature, there run important bus lines even into Dehra, Rawalpindi and Peshawar. Time flies. When next I see those foreign parts, some Yankee will be running a bus line on the Road to Mandalay.

For example, Bogotá, capital of Colombia—you will remember that Colombia is the country that once owned the place where they put the Panama Canal—is eight hot days by water up the Magdalena River from the Caribbean Sea. About the only other handy way of getting there is by airplane or muleback. But you'll find high-hatted gentlemen and ladies in the best French gowns airing their pure Spanish and themselves in motor-buses—if you happen down that way.

### Lord Chesterfield on the Motor-Bus

Of course, to those of us who merely drive our motor-cars, the bus sometimes intrudes itself upon the road. It also gets upon one's nerves. I'll not forget the day my wife was subbing at the wheel of our Ancient Eight. It was her introduction to the King's Highway. The air was vibrant with the tautness of her nerves. We rounded a cliff and at a pretty gait. Before us loomed a huge, gray motor-bus—coming head on. It was, she thought, twenty feet wide and twice as high, which showed her vision was not clear. At any rate the Ancient Eight departed from that place by climbing a fence and a cowbarn at the right of the Highway while the driver of the great gray bus leaned out of his window, scoffed at us and thundered past us up the road. But that was several months ago.

Bus-drivers of the current school are chosen for their courtesy. Some knowledge of mechanics is vaguely talked about, but he must know how to sell himself to the world at large who would hold a job upon a de luxe bus. Since they became common carriers, buses have held the road by sufferance. Not long ago it looked as though a combination of railroads, trolleys, State's rights, town folks and common motorists might put the buses in the ditch and keep them there.

Old busmen still talk about that epic case where one man owned two high-class hotels, some ninety miles apart. The motor-bus was just getting into swing. The hotel man ordered a pair of them and started them round-tripping between his hotels. The fares were not quite as much as railroad and Pullman fares including the surcharges. The hotel man's idea was that when he sped a parting guest, that guest would be sped toward the other hotel and mayhap stop there a night or so. The percentage was all in the hotel man's favor. The bus lines paid and the hotels paid. Soon customers and common people clamored for bus seats so heartily that the railroad paralleling the new bus route enjoined it through the courts. That started something which has not yet stopped,

(Continued on page 72)





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## Let's Take a Bus

(Continued from page 70)

although the hotel bus lines continue their merry way. But bus lines still run on uncertain ground, hence the courtesy.

For this reason does a New England company, owning many tourist buses, give each driver a bonus of twenty dollars at the end of any month when said driver has *not* driven faster than the legally authorized thirty-five miles per hour; driven at an unreasonable rate of speed in traffic or through a thickly settled community; become convicted in court for a traffic violation; become involved in an accident for which he is in any way to blame; abused his bus by sudden starts, stops, grinding gears, shifting speeds at improper places, racing the motor or allowing the oil to get below the proper level, driving with a flat tire or running out of gasoline on the road; fail to make proper return of fares collected; fail to be a gentleman in or about his bus at all times; use intoxicating liquors while on duty; smoke in or about the bus while passengers are on board; leave any terminal behind schedule.

Any bus driver who can earn this twenty-dollar bonus would have to be a pretty good boy, it seems to me. But some of them do grab the twenty dollars, and on top of that, at the end of each four months the driver who has made the best record gets a fifty-dollar prize, while the second best gathers in twenty-five dollars on the side.

All of this a bus driver is expected to deliver for fifty dollars a week, plus a possible twenty dollars a month bonus, plus a possible fifty-dollar prize. Angels could do no more. Yet some bus drivers do approach this motorized millennium. After which some of them are seized by what used to be known as malefactors of great wealth and become high-salaried private chauffeurs and maybe marry an heiress and live in marble halls and have vassals and serfs at their call, or something like that. Others, by way of serving humanity and justifying an otherwise uncommendable existence, become drivers of school buses. And in many ways driving a school bus is one of the finest jobs of all. The school-bus driver inherited his job from the little red schoolhouse.

### Abolishing the Little Red Schoolhouse

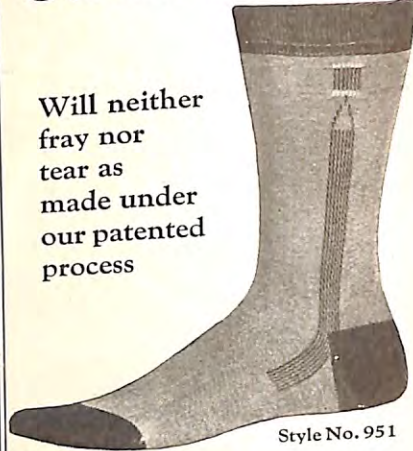
The little red schoolhouse on the hill, about which our politicians used to rave when Fourth of July oratory was at its hectic best, passed with the coming of this century, except in the more remote regions of our commonwealth. Rare is the child who paddles barefoot through the summer's dust of the country road to the wee frame building in which one teacher tries to guide the budding mind through all eight grades. Winter seldom sees our future Presidents bucking deep snowdrifts in red-topped boots to a single room where chilblains compete with dog-eared textbooks designed to improve the less than adolescent mind. Consolidated rural schools have abolished most of that.

The consolidated rural schools are teaching the young idea how to shoot along efficient lines. In these schools a million of our boys and girls from six to sixteen years of age are receiving the rudiments of an education not confined to the elemental "R's." Instead of assembling in dozen lots on bare wooden benches in a shabby room where one lone pedagogue battles with ignorance, and young hopefuls struggle to study amid a babble of stuttering fellows "called to class," our modern children go to school with hundreds of their kind.

There are nearly sixteen thousand of these great consolidated schools in these United States. You can not take a motor-ride through the countryside without encountering two or three of them rising grandly from hill or plain, monuments to educational efficiency. But they wouldn't be rising as they do, bulwarks against our cityward trend, if the motor-bus had not risen to meet a pressing need.

When the consolidated schools began to supplant little red schoolhouses and to collect the youngsters from many miles around, the school boards and principals were almost baffled by the transportation problem. Few parents had time to take their kids so far to school even if they owned motor-cars. For many kids the distance was too great to cover on foot. So

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horse-drawn vehicles were brought into play. But these proved slow and cumbersome. For a while it looked as though the consolidated schools were too unwieldy. They were handicapped by their very size. The movement for more consolidated rural schools received a check. Then came the motor-buses, covering the collection routes twice as fast as any horse-drawn vehicle could. They turned the trick, and turned it comfortably for all concerned.

To-day a million children are transported to these consolidated schools, and more than half of them ride in motor-buses. These buses range from make-shift affairs, weighing less than a ton and carrying only ten children, to large parlor-car affairs in which fifty pupils can ride easily. In proportion to the cost per pupil per mile they are cheaper than the horse-drawn affairs, considering time, safety and regularity of the service given.

It costs eight mills per pupil per mile to transport by motor-bus the children to sixteen consolidated schools in western Kansas. In Utah, where one-third of the school children go to and come from the consolidated schools in motor-buses, the cost is one and eight-tenths cents per pupil per mile as compared to one and six-tenths per pupil per mile in wagons, but here as elsewhere the time element enters actively. As one corn-belt farmer, living four miles from his nearest consolidated school, puts it, "Since my children have been riding in the school bus they reach home at night in time for the chores."

Nearly all of the 800 motor-buses which convey Massachusetts children to and from consolidated schools are operated under contract. They carry about 20,000 children each school day. The average daily cost per pupil is twenty cents and the average cost per pupil per mile about a tenth of a cent. A Pennsylvania consolidated school district began to use buses in 1914. It now owns six thirty-five-passenger cars which transport nearly 2,000 daily at a cost of less than fifty cents per bus mile.

Safety and discipline are two objects which school boards depending on motor-buses rarely overlook. In nearly all cases the man who drives the bus has full power to refuse or reject an unruly pupil, although the superintendent of the school is the court of last resort. Seldom must discipline be enforced. Drivers and pupils are frequently pals. Most of the pupils contend for the honor of riding with the driver. Particular care is exercised in the selection of the driver. He must be a man of sound character and a conservative though skilled mechanic. Accidents to school buses do sometimes occur, and this applies to motor-buses at large.

The amalgamation of "independents" and little lines into big lines, and the absorption of these big lines by great railroad or other systems which are dominated by veterans in the transportation game have increased the solidity and safety of motor-bus operations. Accidents and fatalities do occur. The skid and the grade crossing do take their toll. But as state after state puts motor-bus lines under the control of state public utility commissions or similar bodies and these bodies compel bus operators to stop at all railroad crossings and observe other sensible rules of the road, accidents become more rare. And as the corporations which own the big bus lines invest in better equipment, busing becomes more of a pleasant pastime and less of a perilous adventure.

Of course the status of the motor-bus has not become firmly fixed. The March, 1925, decision of the United States Supreme Court that states can not prevent the use of motor-buses in interstate commerce was a great boon to common carrying on the public highways. But there are many kinks still to be ironed out. As with motor-cars, each state has regulatory ideas of its own. But as this is written the Motor-Bus Division of the American Automobile Association and the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce are endeavoring, in cooperation with other organizations, to standardize motor-bus regulations at a series of hearings in different parts of the country held by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

If these hearings result in a general agreement as to jurisdiction we may then expect a uniformity of rules and regulations which, when they are enforced, will more than ever justify the argonaut who, meeting a fellow being also on travel bent, says, "Let's take a bus."

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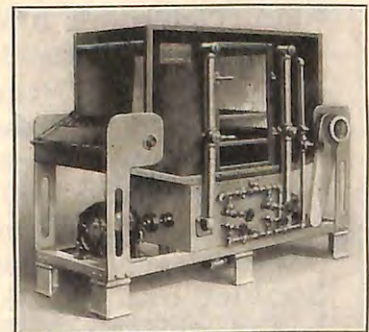
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## Why There Are Investments

By Paul Tomlinson

**S**TOCKS AND BONDS were not devised for the purpose of making huge profits for investors; nor as a matter of fact do they exist for such a purpose. It is safe to say, however, that most people who put their money into securities consider only how they themselves are going to benefit by the transaction and give little or no thought to what is done for others as a result of their purchases. After all there are two sides to the picture and both are worthy of attention and thought.

To begin at the beginning: it is fundamental that in order to do business nowadays it is necessary to have capital. A successful merchant made the remark not long ago that ninety per cent. of his problems had to do with the proper financing of the enterprise of which he is the head. Give a well-planned business adequate capital and provided, of course, that the management is reasonably intelligent, the chances are in favor of its being prosperous. Without capital this same company is practically doomed to failure. The problem confronting business executives, therefore, is to provide themselves with sufficient capital to take care of the everyday requirements of their companies, and also they must keep in mind the securing of capital to enable them to expand and grow.

Now there are two ways of raising money in business; one is to borrow it; the other is to give people an interest in the enterprise in exchange for money they invest in the business itself. In other words, a corporation in need of capital either borrows money by issuing bonds or, by offering shares of stock for sale, presents the people who buy with an opportunity to become sharers in their success or failure. That is to say, the primary reason for the existence of bonds and stocks is because the issuing corporations need money.

What do corporations need money for? The answer is that they need it for a thousand different reasons, they always have, and they always will. How could our great railroad systems have been built up without capital? How could they continue to extend and expand their service to the public without capital? Could there have been such marvelous expansion in the public utility field in the past few years without capital? Without capital our great industrial enterprises would never have existed. This is also true of our municipal improvements, our highways, the steamship lines which ply to all corners of the globe, our office buildings, tunnels, bridges,—any of the things which make modern civilization what it is; without capital none of them would have been possible. These undertakings have been financed through the sale of bonds and stocks, and as a result of the funds provided by means of such sale the dreams of far-sighted men have become realities.

When a corporation wants to raise money it naturally wants to obtain it on the most favorable terms. It is also the fact that the offers made by corporations to the public from whom it plans to get these funds must be sufficiently attractive to induce the public to supply the funds. Few people ever stop to think what a nice problem such a situation creates for bankers. Practically every big financing program nowadays is made up by some banking house, or group of banking houses, because they know how such things are done and they have the machinery to carry them through to a successful consummation. The banker knows what the public will buy, and also he must be entirely familiar with the position of the corporation whose securities are to be offered to the public. He must make an arrangement which will be advantageous and profitable to both parties, not always an easy thing to do. He must not make the interest rate on a bond issue so high, for instance, that while it might be welcomed with open arms by the investing public the burden on the borrowing corporation would be too onerous to bear. On the other hand, there is no use in his offering securities for sale which are not going to attract buyers. He must work out some method of adjusting one set of conditions to the other, and it is a task that sometimes requires months of study, conference, and hard work to fulfill. And it should never be forgotten that the best

investment banking houses realize that they have this twofold obligation, and it is not too much to say that the most successful of these houses are the ones which have discharged their duties to both parties most conscientiously.

First of all,—and we repeat at the risk of being tiresome,—the reason for the existence of investments is to meet the capital requirements of business enterprises. If these businesses can get the capital they require they can go ahead with the service they render to the public generally,—and this service may range from providing transportation, or water power, or electricity, to the production of furniture and household fixtures—and the standard of living of the people depends upon the efficiency of this service.

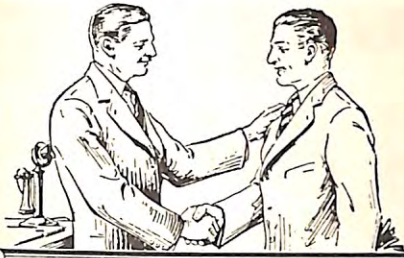
Next we come to the side of investing with which most individuals principally concern themselves. What will the purchase of stocks and bonds do for you, or for me? Is it to our advantage to save our money, to deny ourselves perhaps, in order that we may join the ranks of security owners? The answer, of course, is most decidedly in the affirmative.

In the first place the owner of securities is the possessor of capital, and what capital will do for a corporation it will also do for an individual. Money makes money is an old saying that has never been proven false, and just as money enables a business enterprise to make more money, so does it afford the individual an opportunity to increase his fortune. In one of the fiction magazines not long ago there was a story which emphasized this point most effectively, only the tale dealt rather with the tragedy of the man who had no capital. According to this yarn there was a young man, happy-go-lucky, care-free, who spent all he earned with never a thought for the future. The time came when he wanted to marry, but his salary was insufficient for two and he had not taken his work with sufficient seriousness to warrant an increase. An opportunity came to him to go into business with another man, the only condition being that he put up two thousand dollars. He did not have two thousand dollars, he had practically no dollars at all, and he lost his chance. The man with capital is in a position to seize the opportunities which come his way, nor does this necessarily mean that large amounts of capital are required.

**T**HE individual's point of view in investing is to help himself, an attitude of mind which is entirely justified. Buying securities does contribute something to the world in general which is so much the better for everybody, but the individual who accumulates and invests capital in order to obtain an income for himself, and to safeguard his family and his old age, is not only a philanthropist, but a very wise man. Bonds or shares of stock are good insurance. Statistics show that most men's earning power begins to decline when they reach the age of fifty. It is also true that as people advance in years they must depend more and more upon the things that money will buy, not only for their amusements but for their comforts and the necessities of life.

Most people have children they want to educate. Education is an expensive thing nowadays and not everybody can supply the necessary funds without planning for its accumulation in advance. Is there any better way of doing this than by means of sound bonds and stocks? There are people who take out building and loan shares with the purpose of using the principal when it falls due for the education of their boys and girls. Life insurance policies are assumed with the same idea in mind. Both of these methods of saving provide for regular, steady saving, and once started it is surprising how fast the money piles up. Nine times out of ten the money a man accumulates in this manner would have been frittered away if he were not obliged to make regular payments. And of course one of the best ways for the man with a small income to become the owner of stocks and bonds is to contract for them in accordance with the terms of some partial payment plan.

Fundamentally, investments exist because business needs capital. The business must offer the investor inducements to buy, but has a man



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a right to expect more than a fair return for his investment? There are many ramifications of this point, and opinions vary as to what a fair return may be. The truth of the matter is that such things are pretty definitely regulated by the law of supply and demand. If money, for instance, commands an interest rate of five per cent, the chances are that the yield on good bonds will be at about the same level, and the man who buys bonds yielding seven per cent. is possibly assuming risks that may result disastrously. Stocks, of course, are expected to yield more than bonds, for the position of a partner differs from the relationship of creditor and debtor, there are more risks present, and there must be compensation for these dangers. One of the most interesting things about investing is that the man who pays the least attention to the possibility of profit usually makes the biggest profits in the long run. The best investments generally fluctuate the least in price; the speculations go up and they also go down, and it always seems as if most people sold theirs when they are down. On the other hand low price is no dependable sign of a bargain, and frequently the highest priced investments prove themselves the cheapest. Which seems like a paradox but isn't.

To sum up, there are investments because they are the best vehicles for raising money that the world has yet discovered, and because money is essential to the comfort and material prosperity of the world. Investments also exist for the benefit of the individuals who go to make up the world, and the man who saves, who seeks the advice of a competent investment banker, and puts his money into sound investments is going to find the world a pleasanter place to live in.

### 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.

"Fifty-four Years of Proven Safety—Describes the time-tested safeguards that protect investors in 6½% Smith Bonds, secured by first mortgages on modern, income-producing city property." For copies address: The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Invest by the Income Map," the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida.

"The Great American Movement." A copy of this booklet will be sent without charge by the Filer-Cleveland Company, 129 Northeast First Street, Miami, Fla.

In writing for information, please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

## Tin Eye

(Continued from page 10)

Steam enshrouded her. Steam, and smoke, and dust. The sea was littered with floating débris; every floating thing held somebody, living or dead. At the water's edge, in front of the burning town, a steamer lay beached, her plates glowing dull red. The roar and crackle of the fire were drowned in the hissing and boiling of a molten river pouring into the sea. Sea and shore rang with the cries of birds. The sea was littered with them. The Chief, satisfied at last that Tin Eye would carry out whatever he chose to do, and having seen with his own eyes Chandler's total eclipse, went to his duty like a man and played his part.

The warship was circling, all her boats scattered over the lurid bay. Tin Eye swung the steamer, for the heat scorched his eyes. He saw the warship's men droop under the terrific blast. One by one they had to withdraw, on fire or about to be; but every one took rescued beings to the security of their ship. Soon only the motor launches remained. Rowers could no longer face the ordeal.

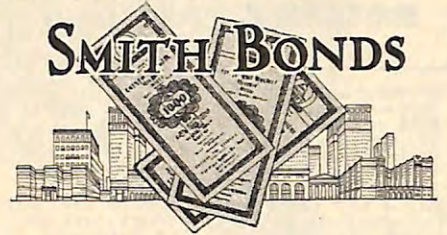
"Next time we come around, bosun, lower the boats," Tin Eye said. He had seen the coxwains of the motor launches flinch. If those

(Continued on page 76)

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## Tin Eye

(Continued from page 75)

boats gave up there were a pitiful lot of people still floating on the dreadful sea. The bosun and his men sweat. But they had made their grumble. They obeyed orders. A fiery wind blew off shore, bearing blazing debris. When at last the boats were in the water, the naval boats were backing out of the circle of heat. But people still shrilled helpless cries. Tin Eye briefly bade young Pitt keep the steamer slowly circling, and he led the two boats himself, at the tiller of the port boat. And as soon as the boats were cast off, he knew how hopeless it all was. Men dared not raise their heads. They could not row. Human nature refused to stand it.

"Take the bailer and bucket, lads, and drench yourselves," he cried. He faced the blaze until his eyelashes shriveled. He glanced at the circling steamer, and was ready to give up. Then a log drifted by, with two children lashed to it, and he hauled them in.

"Try, lads. Try once!" he gasped. "There are many more."

"We can't face it. We would if we could," they muttered, and he knew they spoke only truth. The other boat, in charge of the bosun, had given up. It was crawling to meet the steamer. When Pitt brought her to a stop, the men swarmed up the falls, leaving the boat to take care of herself. When Tin Eye's boat came alongside, his crew did the same. Only the old mate thought of the children. He sent them up on a line.

"Send down the mast and sail for this boat, Pitt," he cried, throwing water over himself with the bailer. "And a couple of buckets. Get a move on!"

THE two children were being lifted over the rail. Tin Eye looked up to urge Pitt to hurry; and there stood Chandler, haggard and ghastly in the glare, his hair wild, and his eyes puffed. He was handling the children dumbly, as if they had come to him out of a nightmare. Then he looked over the rail, down at Tin Eye, there alone in the boat shouting for sails and things.

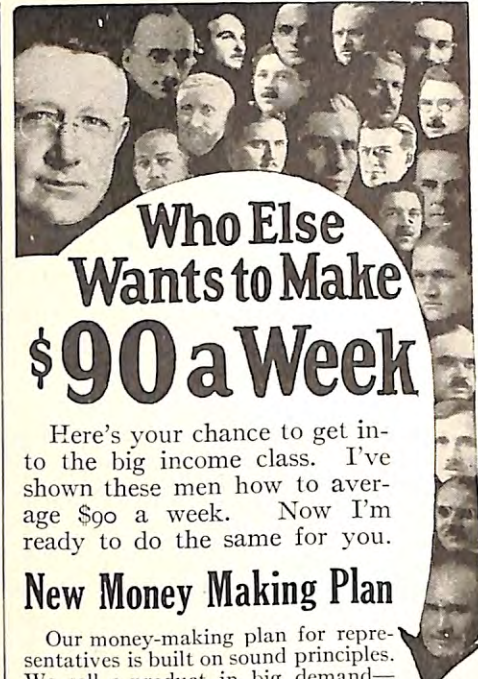
"The man's mad!" he muttered. "How long do you think your sail will stand fire?" But there was no sneer in the tone. It was a rather wondering tone. And the sail and mast and buckets were sent down. A strange glitter came and went in Chandler's eyes as he tried to face the town. Then Tin Eye was too busy stepping his sail and keeping it wet to notice much. Besides, sweat blinded him. But he did know that young Pitt suddenly dropped into the boat and picked up a bucket.

"I don't know how you expect to do anything, Mr. Murray, but I'd like to lend a hand," he said respectfully. "The Old Man's taken charge," he added.

"Throw water over everything!" Tin Eye gritted, and set his sail. Pitt obeyed. It was youth trying to justify itself before age now, instead of flaunting itself. The steamer started circling again, her sides flaked and blistered, and Tin Eye tacked shoreward into the teeth of the blasting wind. Whenever he could, he took the other bucket and hurled water over himself and Pitt. The boat gradually filled with water. They bailed her out and threw more water over all.

They picked up a door, bearing two praying men. They made them bail and throw water. So near the shore did Tin Eye force his boat the water evaporated on them as it fell. The sails were steaming sheets. The boat was too hot to touch. Tin Eye's face was boiled, for he faced the blaze. But a cheer pealed out from the warship; her boats came sailing in, following his canny example. His boat was loaded to the gunwales with cowed humanity, babbling prayers. Once the terrified folks were dragged into the boat, none gave a thought to old Tin Eye as their rescuer, but offered thankful prayers to their own particular gods who had not been in evidence very much until then.

Tin Eye turned his back to the shore and sailed out to the steamer. The warship's boats were returning to their ship. The sea held no more to be saved. What was ashore was beyond power of man to help. Tin Eye brought the boat alongside. The steamer's plates were too hot to touch.



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"Hold on to the line. I'll tow you out where it's cooler, Murray," Chandler sang out, and Tin Eye looked up quickly at the still new note. Young Pitt glanced up, too, and then he looked thoughtfully, perhaps understandingly, at the grim old man, all burned and scarred, gripping the tiller of the towing boat.

In the bright light Chandler looked ghostly. His face had a deathly pallor. His eyes, though puffy, were dark and awfully sober. And Tin Eye noticed, as he dropped his boat astern, that Chandler's clothing was charred and scorched. No other man was visible on deck. Chandler had thrown the boat a line. His voice was the voice of young Chandler, who had served as second mate under Tin Eye Murray. All this was apparent as Tin Eye sluiced water over cowering refugees who protested against the indignity now they were safe. Pitt bailed; and as he bent and lifted, groaning with the pain of cracking skin, he wondered what sort of material had gone into the making of men like old Tin Eye. The wonder of it made him chatter. In sentences that were chopped short by his exertions at the bailer he told of Chandler coming on deck while he was in charge of the steamer and the boats were first out.

"Seemed crazed. Heat woke him up, he said. Looked like hell. Saw where the ship was, and was going to leave the boats. Then he fell down. Got up as you pulled alongside with the kiddies. Never saw a man change like he did in my life. Like ashes, his face was."

Young Pitt stopped bailing and moaned. His skin was cooling as the steamer sped out of the heat. It cracked as it cooled. He wanted to cry out. A glance at old Tin Eye sitting sourly there stopped him.

Then the boat was taken on board, out where it was cool, and until every human being was safely on deck Chandler kept the bridge. When Tin Eye reported to him, Chandler stood stiffly erect until the report was made, then collapsed on the deck as if all the vitality had poured out of him, or had evaporated. Tin Eye saw what had not been clear before, that Chandler's face and hands were terribly dry and scared. The wrinkles were full of gray dust. The reason was not far to seek. Lying in his room under the open port hole, the unconscious man had been covered and half smothered with hot ash. It was a wonder he had not died there. Instead, he awoke.

"Take him below," said Tin Eye, taking charge again. "Tell the steward to make him sniff ammonia and put grease on his skin."

"HE WOULDN'T take any grog, sir. That's why he slumped down. I brought it up for him. Will you have it, sir?" The steward was at his elbow. That flunkey had never before called Tin Eye sir. Tin Eye swallowed the grog and was thankful for it. His tough skin was tight and cold in the cooling air of early morning. He blew his whistle and men crept out in answer now that the ship was seaward bound. The war-ship foamed past, bound around to the other port of the island with her rescued; and the commander bellowed through a megaphone:

"Well done, Sir! Do you want any help?" Old Tin Eye waved a curt acknowledgment, and a negative answer, giving the course to a sailor who took the wheel. One man, he who had overheard so much of Chandler's abuse of the mate, muttered something about Tin Eye getting left if he expected to reap reward for what had been done.

"Gettin' all hands roasted," he grumbled so that Tin Eye must hear him. It was young Pitt who shoved the fellow from the bridge and bade him hold his tongue.

Tin Eye went to see Chandler. It was a wreck of a man he saw. Reaction from high alcoholic stimulus to cold sobriety in such circumstances had left Chandler empty of apparent life. The steward potted about helplessly, a bottle of ammonia in one hand and a swab dripping olive oil in the other.

"He's dyin', ain't he sir? He never refused brandy before," the man whined.

Tin Eye thought so. He had little hope. It would be no reproach upon any man if that poor collapsed thing never opened eye again. If he did not, well, many and many a thing old Tin Eye could think of that would be squared up. If the ship steamed direct for home, instead of making the nearest port to land the

(Continued on page 79)



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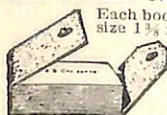


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## Tin Eye

(Continued from page 77)

people, Chandler would undoubtedly die. Tin Eye would carry the ship home. They could not refuse him a command then. If he got Chandler into hands able to save his life, he had little to hope for. There was a change, certainly, in Chandler just before he collapsed. But that no doubt was simply approaching weakness. Well again, he would assuredly carry on his riding of Tin Eye until he hounded him out of the employ.

Tin Eye did not dwell upon the theme. There was but one thing to do in his code, the code of the clean deep waters. He drove the steamer as he once drove the barque. Landed the rescued. On the way he administered what aid he knew to stem the ebbing tide of Chandler's life.

Across the sea to home Chandler, having been treated in port by a navy surgeon, lay in a little canvas hospital rigged on the bridge deck. Toward the end of the passage he could talk. Later, walk a bit. He walked like a ghost. He talked faintly and haltingly. He never talked to Tin Eye. The old mate watched him narrowly, sometimes as if hoping for a word; wondering what might be the true significance of the strange look in Chandler's eyes.

When the pilot came on board, Chandler got up to look hungrily at the home coast. Tin Eye made his report, and formally delivered the ship over to her legal master. Chandler grinned faintly, and hesitated; then nodded without a word, and Tin Eye resumed his duties as mate, quiet and grim. What the end might be he neither knew or cared much now. His bowed old back was injured to a burden.

Chandler entered his ship. He came on board next morning with the owner. Still he had nothing to say to his chief mate. But the owner remained for a moment when he left.

"Captain Chandler has given me a splendid report of you, Mr. Murray," he said. "I have forwarded his recommendation to the right people, and you'll hear about that piece of work you did out in the islands. Meanwhile, Chandler needs a rest. When he's well, he'll take our new ship. You'll take this ship out next voyage, Captain Murray, and Captain Chandler suggests that we put a few lads on board to get experience with you. He tells me he has discovered that age may teach youth many things."

"I'm obliged to Captain Chandler, sir, and thank you," said old Tin Eye simply. "I think perhaps age doesn't give youth all the credit it deserves. Give and take's the thing, sir. I've learned that very recently."

Chandler awaited the owner on the wharf. And old Tin Eye, watching the owner leave, with something of honest pride in his stout old heart, surprised Chandler gazing straight at him. It was but a flash of vision, for Chandler turned hastily away. Brief it was, but in that instant old Tin Eye Murray detected again that strange look which he had seen in Chandler's eyes so frequently of late. And he knew what it was, now. It was plain, honest shame.

## The Light on the Hilltops

(Continued from page 37)

and growing national force. Mr. Walling knows what he is talking about. A close companion to President Samuel Gompers, he learned his lessons at the fountain head. Highly recommended.

England—by The Very Rev. Dean Inge. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The position of Dean Inge as an eminent English churchman and a uniquely frank writer has accorded his book an enthusiastic reception.

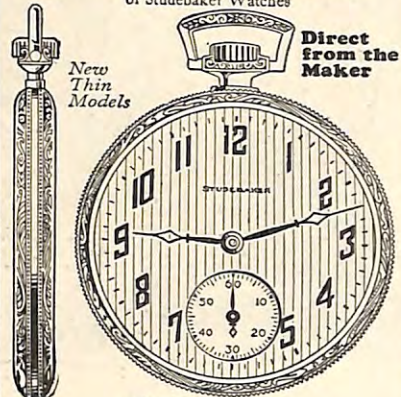
When he was in America a year or so ago, he did not always spare our feelings just because we were his hosts, neither does he here spare England's because he is her son.

In this volume he traces in masterly style the interplay of those ancient and modern forces, incidents and conditions which are responsible for the social, moral and political England of today. Considering the scope of his subject, he has

(Continued on page 80)

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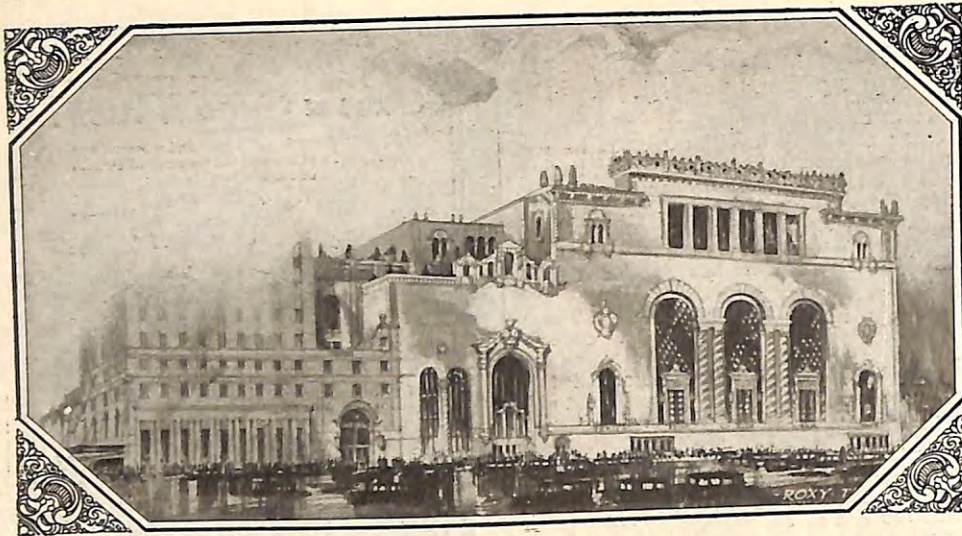


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## The Light on the Hilltops

(Continued from page 79)



# New ROXY THEATRE

## The Seven Wonders

**I. THE THEATRE ITSELF:** The size is larger and the design superior. It seats over 6,000 patrons and provides every facility known for their convenience and safety. Its architectural beauty and elegance of appointments are unsurpassed. The rotunda opening from the entrance lobby is capable of accommodating 3,000 persons in comfort and with musical entertainment, assuring a steady flow of patrons for the theatre proper as vacancies occur. The marquee, 400 feet long, affords protection from the weather to patrons awaiting their turn to pass the ticket booths in the entrance lobby.

**II. THE PIPE ORGAN:** It has three separate consoles and is operated by three organists, allowing a range of music production never before attempted.

**III. THE ORCHESTRA PIT AND THE STAGE:** The orchestra pit will seat 110 musicians, and may be raised and lowered at will. The stage is divided into sections, so that one act may fade in and another out simultaneously. It has different levels, so that chorus, ballet and screen may all be shown at the same time.

**IV. TECHNICAL FACILITIES:** The special lighting equipment and the "screening" machinery are revolutionary, under a plan invented and perfected by Roxy.

**V. BROADCASTING STUDIO:** Under the stage a complete broadcasting room is built, equipped with organ, piano and special percussion instruments; and Roxy and his Gang will be on the air again with more favorable "hook-ups" than ever for radio entertainment.

**VI. PUBLIC OWNERSHIP:** Some 5,000 stockholders directly own the theatre. No other theatre in New York is so completely owned by the public. There is, accordingly, popular financial interest in the success of the theatre.

**VII. ROXY:** Mr. S. L. Rothafel is an institution. He is the acknowledged leading Moving Picture showman of the country. He is popularly known to millions of radio enthusiasts.

## The 7 Reasons for Investment

**I. GOOD SECURITY:** Tangible property back of Class "A" stock exceeds by 20% the cost of the shares. Estimated yearly net earnings amount to \$2,100,000, or over 4½ times Class "A" preferred dividend requirements. Strong provisions safeguard against issues prior to or on a parity with "A" stock.

**II. HIGH YIELD:** Class "A" shares are entitled to cumulative preferred cash dividends of \$3.50 per share yearly and participating dividends with common stock of an additional \$1 per share. Dividends of over \$3.90 per share have already accumulated. **Class "A" shares yield at cost price 10% yearly in preferred cash dividends, and participating dividends may increase this yield substantially.** Dividends on common stock given as bonus may further increase this yield. Estimated earnings indicate about \$4 per share available yearly for dividends on common.

**III. EARLY APPRECIATION:** The theatre reaches its full earning power immediately upon its opening, scheduled for February. *Increase of market value of Roxy stock should be great at this time.* Moreover, 15% of net earnings after preferred dividends must be used to retire Class "A" stock, which is not callable for less than \$50 per share. Bonus common shares of the Balaban & Katz theatre enterprise in Chicago returned \$480 a share to investors after retirement of the preferred shares at a handsome premium.

**IV. READY MARKETABILITY:** Roxy Theatre stocks are widely distributed among permanent investors. The corporation has agreed to make application in due course to list the shares on the New York Curb Market. The shares have already a real market value.

**V. ABLE MANAGEMENT:** Roxy's financial and artistic successes while directing the Strand, Rivoli, Rialto and Capitol are a matter of record. At his own theatre he has fullest scope for his genius. Associated with him are experienced and resourceful men.

**VI. STABILITY OF THE INDUSTRY:** The motion picture business is a billion dollar industry. The flow of cash into the box office of a "first run" house is steady, regardless of trade cycles.

**VII. LOCATION AND UNUSUAL FEATURES:** *Together with the strategic location of the theatre in the heart of the Times Square theatrical district, the improvements and innovations, make it the premier institution among the "first run" motion picture theatres.*

handled it succinctly; considering the belief of Dean Inge that England "is in great danger," not so much from aggressions of foreign nations "as from anti-social and unpatriotic sectionalism" at home, we still see our cousins across the Atlantic as forming a pretty powerful empire.

It is the Dean's pleasure, while he builds up his thesis on current civilization, to tear down and blast away many of our preconceived ideas of Englishmen and English behavior.

The pages dealing with the Great War are splendidly new and thoughtful. By the results of that war, Dean Inge is discouraged. He sees little hope for British industry, does not believe in the trade-union policy and is convinced that the burdens of civilization and civilized life grow heavier in each generation and that the backs that are to bear them are likely to grow weaker.

However—he admits that the remedy lies in seeking a higher and truer standard of values!

Our own philosophers and writers have cried aloud for some new standard. Perhaps with this fine, additional voice in the wilderness, a step forward will be taken.

*East of the Sun and West of the Moon*—by Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

True sons of their father, the present generation of Roosevelts feel, every once in so often, the urge for travel, exploration and scientific research. In this lively and sportsmanlike book they give an account of the James Simpson-Roosevelt Field Museum Expedition into Central Asia. The route led through India into the far mountains of Turkestan—a path fraught with dangers and difficulties and rough going.

The days were spent between hunting for sport and hunting for scientific gain. The brothers recount their experiences by alternate chapters, and the great mystery of the thing is that any two people can write so much alike. The record is straight narrative of events, thrilling enough to all interested in natural history, and rarely is it interrupted by personal observations of a literary character by either author.

*The Human Adventure. 2 vols. The Conquest of Civilization*—by James H. Breasted; *The Ordeal of Civilization*—by James Harvey Robinson. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

These two books, taken together like—may we suggest?—a good brandy and soda, make a complete draught for the historically bent and thirsty mind.

Dr. Breasted is not only a scientist and a historian, but also a gifted writer. This version of the very beginnings of human history, the emergence of civilization from nothing at all, is a revelation of richness and simplicity, of facts and charm. It covers a tremendous panorama—from the Glacial Period to the Triumph of the Barbarians and the end of the Ancient World.

Here, practically, Mr. Robinson—James the II—takes up the thread of our story, and, heavens! what a fine thing he makes of it! History, of the old pedagogic mold will never again raise its dull head in our midst. Mr. Robinson firmly plants his foot upon it, while holding aloft this priceless volume in one hand, and—the thing perishes.

In the "Ordeal" we behold man, progressing through eras, the rise and fall of nations and governments and religions, through wars and so on, but bent on a definite mission—to get civilization and modern life, culture and faith somehow started and going strong. Not that man knew he was actually doing that—but there it is in Mr. Robinson's book. History with a plot, if you like; with a head and a heart. If there are dates and dull facts involved, we seem to have evaded them somehow. To us the thing was sheer romance.

Combined, these two books form a library in themselves. Likewise they present to us a basis, as no other study could—for much that we have talked of here this month—Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*, for instance; Browne's *This Believing World*. Even Beebe and the Roosevelts touch with their finger-tips during their research work some of the furthestmost links in the chain.

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