The Elks Magazine

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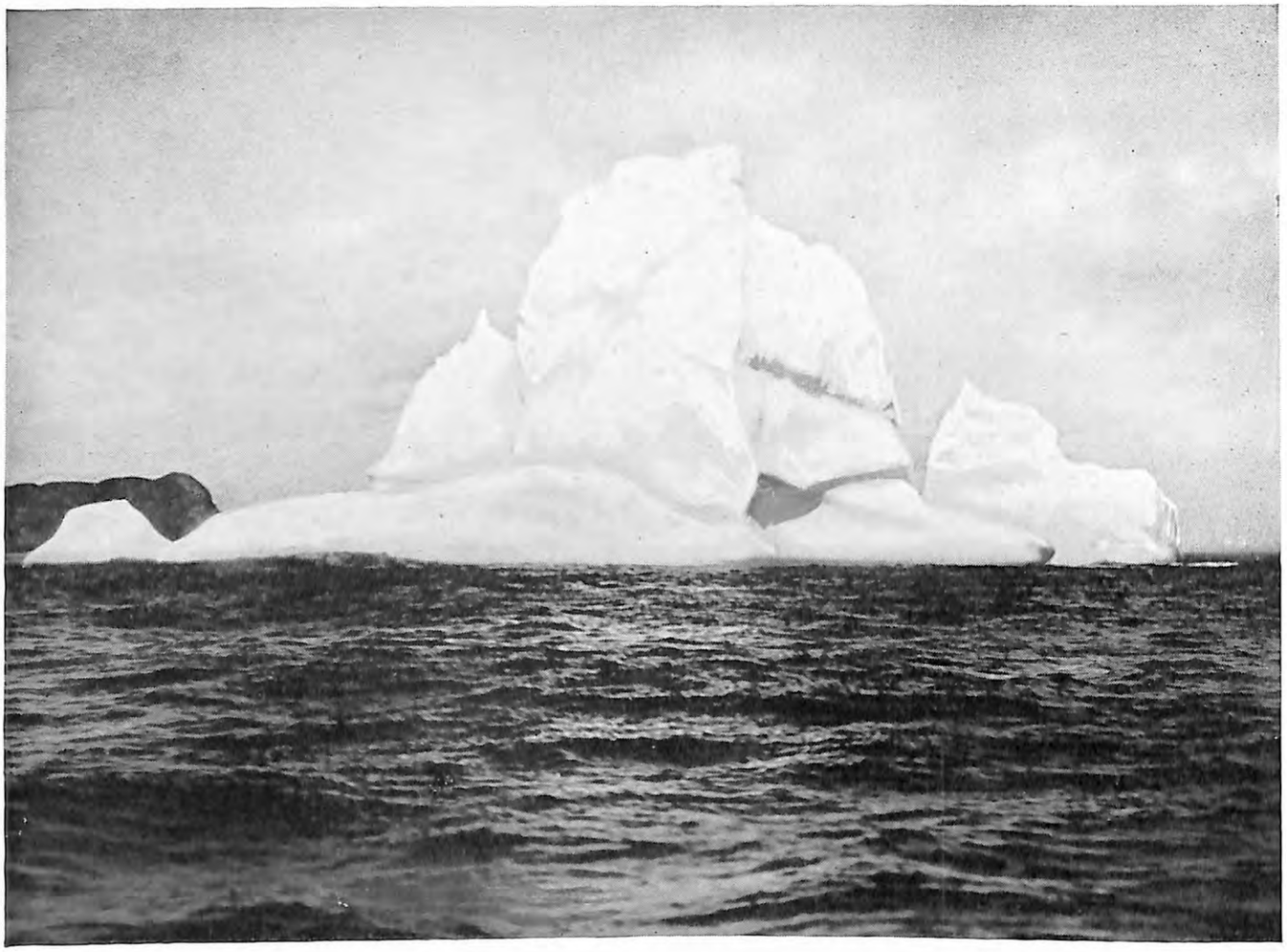
OCTOBER, 1927
20 CENTS A COPY

This Month: The Adventure of the Reappearing Numbers, by Ben Lucien Burman; Woods Guides, by W. O. McGeehan, and Articles and Stories by other well-known Writers

AFTER SHAVING



HERE IS A GOOD BET

Have you ever tried Listerine after shaving? You will like it.

We are so certain of this that we are willing to risk the cost of this page to tell you about it.

After your next shave, just douse Listerine on full strength and note results. Immediately, your skin will tingle with new life and vigor. Then, over your face will steal a lingering and delightful sense of coolness such as you have never known before.

And as it cools, Listerine also heals—takes the smart and burn out of tiny wounds left by the razor and lessens the danger of infection. Go ahead and try Listerine this way. We dare you. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Everybody's talking about the marvelous whiteness ofteethafter using Listerine Tooth Paste a short time. You will be delighted. Large tube 25c.

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He Mailed This Coupon

Tired Serving Soda

Mailed This Coupon

Success in Real Estate

And Made $8,000 in 3 Months

Learn the secret of his success. Be a Real Estate Specialist. Start at home—in your spare time. No capital or experience needed. Be your own boss. Make more money than you ever made before. Free book tells how. Mail coupon today.

After running a candy store for more than fifteen years, A. W. Fosgreen of Woodhaven, New York, grew tired of serving soda.

He says: "I was getting on in years. Keeping a candy-and-soda store open Sundays, holidays and evenings was too hard work for a man of my age. And all I got out of it was a living. So I was anxious to find a business where I would have shorter hours—easier work—more money.

"One day I saw your ad in a magazine and sent for your free book. To shorten my story, that book resulted in my getting into the Real Estate business. In the first three months I made over $8,000—bigger, quicker money than I ever made before in my whole life.

"To the man or woman who contemplates learning your methods I would say but one thing, and that is: Do it now and profit the sooner.

"My sincere thanks to you whose co-operation has always been so complete and courteous."

Make Money My Way

If you want to get into the biggest money-making field of all—if you want to build up a high-grade permanent, profitable business of your own—if you want to make money my way—as hundreds of other wide-awake men and women are doing—do what they did—*mail the coupon now* and get my free book "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Mrs. Evalynn M. Balster, a widowed school-teacher, with three children to support, mailed the coupon—got my book—and she made $5,500 on her very first real estate deal—more money than she had made in several years of school teaching. H. G. Stewart of Baltimore, Maryland, made $14,400 in less than six months with my successful Real Estate System. John Bischoff, a waiter, of Kingston, New York, got my free book, started to use my System and made $1,287.50 in three months *just in his spare time.* Morris Horwitz, a printer, was earning $44 a week, when he sent for my book. And he made $9,000 his first nine months in real estate. Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? But get the free book and you will find out that it is true.

Mail Coupon Today

Many men and women will read this ad who will not mail the coupon. They are "doubting Thomases"—people of little faith—without gumption enough even to investigate the opportunities that knock at their doors. There are others, however, like Fosgreen, Mrs. Balster, Stewart, Bischoff, and Horwitz, who will lose no time in clipping the coupon, getting the book, and finding out what there is in this golden business opportunity for them. In which class do you belong? Are you a *doubter* or a *doer?* My book is free. It has brought big business success to others. What can it do for you? Mail the coupon and you will soon find out. Address President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33-KK., 18 East 18 St., New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

President,
American Business Builders, Inc.,
(Authorized Capital $500,000.00)
Dept. 33KK., 18 East 18 Street, New York.

Please send me a free copy of your book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

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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 Six
Number Five

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for October, 1927

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

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

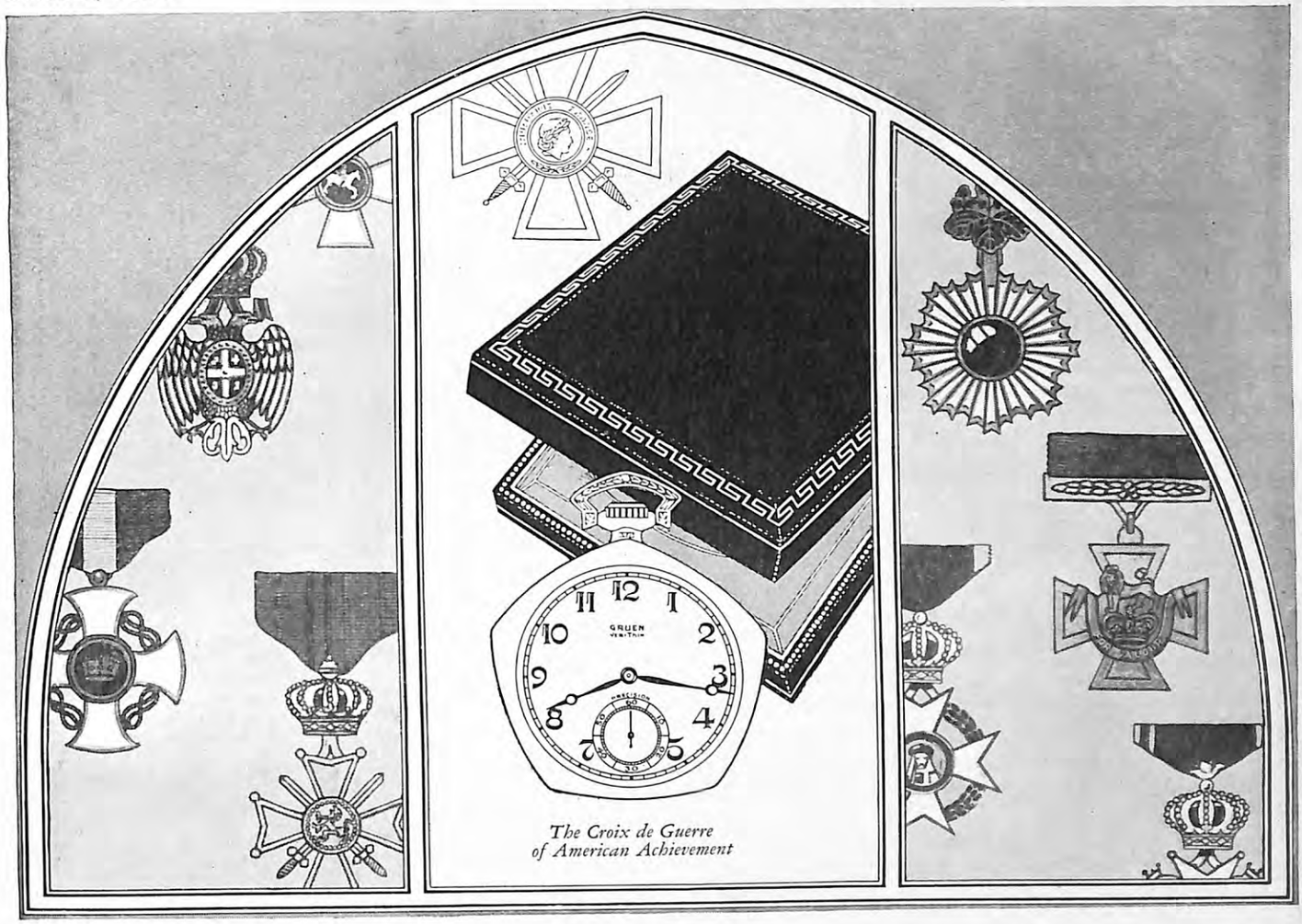
Joseph T. Fanning,
Editor and Executive Director

John Chapman Hilder,
Managing Editor

Charles S. Hart,
Business Manager

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, $2.00 a year; for Elks, $1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add $1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your Lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to the Circulation Department.



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No king created it. No parliament commissioned its design. No government committee has accorded it official designation.

It simply happens in the course of everyday American activity that individuals desire to honor one of their number, and that in seeking a tribute worthy of distinguished merit, they select the Gruen Pentagon.

Certainly, nothing could be more democratic than this unofficial adoption of America's accepted presentation watch.

For the Gruen Pentagon has become that as authentically as if it were solemnly appointed for the purpose. Hundreds of organizations in commerce, industry and politics have recognized it.

By sheer frequency of individual selection, the Gruen Pentagon has won the title so aptly applied to it—the Croix de Guerre of American Achievement.

Who first called it that we, its makers, have never known. The only explanation we can offer of how the Pentagon has won its present standing lies in the particular qualities of the watch itself.

Its unique, patented shape identifies it wherever it is worn.

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Will find splendid accommodations, hospitality, friendliness and reasonable rates in the Elks Clubs listed here.

MAKE THEM YOUR HEADQUARTERS WHEN TRAVELING

San Francisco, Calif., No. 3

Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99

Omaha, Neb., No. 39

Boston, Mass., No. 10

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.

STEERING CLEAR OF THE OBSTACLES IN MODERN RETAILING

MODERN RETAILING is so full of the promise of rich reward that thousands of men enter the retail business each year.

But it is so beset with obstacles and pitfalls that many of those who enter retailing fail. Estimates of the number of failures vary but one reliable source places it as high as 85%.

There is the problem of collecting past due accounts, of moving slow stock, of stock-turnover, and advertising and window displays—how to know when to buy and how much to buy and what to buy, how to meet cut price and mail order competition—and on and on and on.

The man who can overcome these obstacles, who can solve these problems, is on the road to great reward.

Now, how about yourself? Are you tackling these difficulties single-handed and alone—are you feeling your way in the dark?

Up until three months ago, that was the only way. Experience is an expensive teacher, but it was the only teacher. But now there is available a carefully directed course of reading that *gives you the facts that you need.* It is called

The Modern Merchandising Course and Service

With the cooperation of the leading authorities in every field of Retailing, the Alexander Hamilton Institute has assembled the fundamental facts and principles of Modern Merchandising in this new Course and Service. Every man ambitious for success in retailing—every owner, every general executive, every buyer, every controller, every merchandise manager—all men who must think and decide, will find sound guidance here.

A new book called "Progress and Profits" tells how this remarkable step forward in business training came about, how you can avail yourself of it, and what it will mean to you in terms of increasing your profits. We will be glad to send you a copy; just mail the coupon.

AMONG the authors of the New Modern Merchandising Course are the following men:

FREDERICK D. CORLEY, Vice-President, Marshall Field & Company

DR. PAUL H. NYSTROM, for six years Director of the Associated Merchandising Corporation

DR. LEE GALLOWAY, First Director of the School of Retailing, New York University; a well known authority on Store Management

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AMOS PARRISH, Director, Amos Parrish & Company, Store Counselors

WILLIAM N. TAFT, Editor, Retail Ledger

SHELDON R. COONS, Executive Vice-President, Gimbel Bros., New York

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Office of the

Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Two

Boston, Mass.
September 9, 1927

To the Officers and Members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

My Brothers:

It is most encouraging and gratifying to know that there are so many members of the Order who are willing to give their time and abilities to the cause of Elkdom, and I regret that I can reward by appointments comparatively few of those whose services are available. After careful consideration of the information and advice which I have sought and received from all parts of the country, I have made the appointments which are announced in this circular. Let all join with the Official Family as now constituted and carry on the work of the Order with greater zeal and enthusiasm.

Brother Fred C. Robinson resigned the office of Grand Secretary by written resignation dated September 3, 1927. By virtue of the power to fill vacancies in office vested in the Grand Exalted Ruler by the laws of the Order, I have appointed to the office of Grand Secretary Brother J. E. Masters, P. G. E. R., Charleroi, Pa., No. 494, and he has qualified and entered upon the performance of his official duties.

I announce the following resignations from the National Memorial Headquarters Commission: James R. Nicholson, Springfield No. 61, Edward Rightor, New Orleans No. 30, and J. E. Masters, Charleroi No. 494.

Since the work of this Commission is nearing completion, I consider it unnecessary to fill the vacancies caused by these resignations.

The Grand Lodge authorized the appointment of a committee of five, to be known as the Elks National Foundation Committee, to study and report upon the advisability of establishing a national Elks endowment fund under the supervision of a Grand Lodge Commission, the income of this fund to be used to assist in the financing of welfare activities carried on by the subordinate Lodges. This committee will be given an assignment of greatest importance to the future of Elkdom. It will be asked to do work which demands the very best of experience, of judgment, of vision and of constructive ability. I have given very careful consideration to the selection of the members of this committee, and have appointed the following Past Grand Exalted Rulers:

James R. Nicholson, *Chairman*,
Charles E. Pickett
Raymond Benjamin
Edward Rightor
James G. McFarland

I again urge all Elks to join with me in giving this committee the benefit of our suggestions and advice, in order that all the thought and enthusiasm of the Order may be at work to formulate a great plan for the future.

The annual conference of officers, district deputies and committee chairmen will be held in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel, Chicago, Illinois, at noon Saturday, September 24, 1927.

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1927-1928

Grand Exalted Ruler—
John F. Malley (Springfield, No. 61), 15 State St., Boston, Mass.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight—
Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, Va., No. 758.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—
David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Fla., No. 1141.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—
Harry Lowenthal, Evansville, Ind., No. 116.

Grand Secretary—
J. E. Masters (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Elks National Memorial Headquarters Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Grand Treasurer—
Fred A. Morris, Mexico, Mo., 919.

Grand Tiler—
Curtis P. Brown, Fargo, N. D., No. 260.

Grand Inner Guard—
Edward J. McCrossin, Birmingham, Ala., No. 79.

Grand Chaplain—
Rev. Dr. John Dysart (Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263), Flint, Mich.

Grand Esquire—
Lloyd R. Maxwell (Marshalltown, Ia., No. 312), 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler—
Andrew J. Casey (Newburyport, Mass., No. 909), 15 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Pardon Commissioner—
Jefferson B. Browne, Key West, Fla., No. 551.

Board of Grand Trustees—
Edward W. Cotter, Chairman, Hartford, Conn., No. 19, Pilgard Building.
Ralph A. Hagan, Vice-Chairman, Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99.
Louis Boismenue, Secretary, E. St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, 21 N. Main Street.

Richard P. Rooney, Approving Member, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 1048 Broad St.
Clyde Jennings, Home Member, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.

Grand Forum—
William J. Conway, Chief Justice (Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., No. 693), State House, Madison, Wis.
Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78.
Murray Hulbert, New York, N. Y., No. 1, 551 Fifth Avenue.
Walter F. Meier, Seattle, Wash., No. 92.
Floyd E. Thompson, Moline, Ill., No. 556.

Committee on Judiciary—
Lawrence H. Rupp, Chairman, Allentown, Pa., No. 130.
I. K. Lewis, Duluth, Minn., No. 133.
E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, Mass., No. 10.
George F. Corcoran, York, Neb., No. 1024.
Dwight E. Campbell, Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046.

Good of the Order Committee—
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Thomas M. Hunter, Denver, Colo., No. 17.
Mifflin G. Potts, Pasadena, Calif., No. 672.

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J. B. Blackshaw, Pittsburg, Calif., No. 1474.
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John K. Tener, Chairman (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, Murphy Building.
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Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203.
William W. Mountain (Flint, Mich., No. 222), Tremainsville and Upton Ave., West Toledo, Ohio.
John F. Malley, Grand Exalted Ruler (ex-officio), (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), 15 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Elks National Foundation Committee—
James R. Nicholson, Chairman (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), 19 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
Charles E. Pickett, Waterloo, Iowa, No. 290.
Raymond Benjamin (Napa, Cal., No. 832), 512 DeYoung Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.
Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La., No. 30, 1010 Canal Commercial Bldg.
James G. McFarland, Watertown, So. Dakota, No. 838.

Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English—
Joseph T. Fanning, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Chairman (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
J. Harry O'Brien, Past Grand Trustee, Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13.
Thomas L. Hughes, Exalted Ruler, Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13.

District Deputies

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Florida, North—J. B. Stewart, Fernandina, No. 795.
Georgia, North—William H. Beck, Griffin, No. 1207.
Georgia, South—Louis Ludwig, Brunswick, No. 691.
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Indiana, North Central—Louis F. Crosby, Fort Wayne, No. 155.
Indiana, South Central—George L. Masters, Connersville, No. 379.
Indiana, South—Frank T. Himler, Vincennes, No. 291.
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Iowa, West, C. H. Reynolds, Fort Dodge, No. 306.
Kansas, North—C. M. Voelker, Atchison, No. 647.
Kansas, Southeast—J. F. Klaner, Pittsburg, No. 412.
Kansas, Southwest—W. H. Hower, Hutchinson, No. 453.
Kentucky, East—Richard T. Von Hoene, Covington, No. 314.
Kentucky, West—Charles J. Howes, Frankford, No. 530.
Louisiana, North—W. H. Anders, Monroe, No. 454.
Louisiana, South—Abraham Abrahamsen, New Orleans, No. 30.
Maine, East—Alexander J. Latno, Old Town, No. 1287.
Maine, West—L. Eugene Thebeau, Bath, No. 934.
Massachusetts, Central—Thomas J. Brady, Brookline, No. 886.
Massachusetts, Northeast—James E. Donnelly, Lowell, No. 87.
Massachusetts, Southeast—Thomas E. McCaffrey, Attleboro, No. 1014.
Massachusetts, West—Isidore W. Smith, Leominster, No. 1237.
Michigan, East—Fred S. Howard, Iona, No. 548.
Michigan, West—John Olsen, Muskegon, No. 274.
Michigan, North—Norman D. Sterrett, Hancock, No. 381.
Minnesota, North—A. K. Cohen, Brainerd, No. 615.
Minnesota, South—John E. Regan, Mankato, No. 225.
Mississippi, South—C. A. Carrier, Pascagoula, No. 1120.
Mississippi, North—Gustav Hansen, Canton, No. 458.
Missouri, East—Marion F. Thurston, Columbia, No. 594.
Missouri, North—Harry G. Owens, Moberly, No. 936.
Missouri, West—F. W. Wiek, Rich Hill, No. 1026.
Montana, East—D. C. Warren, Glendive, No. 1324.
Montana, West—J. M. Montgomery, Kalispell, No. 725.
Nebraska, North—Walter C. Nelson, Omaha, No. 39.
Nebraska, South—John H. Bond, Fairbury, No. 1203.
Nevada—Alfred J. Proctor, Ely, No. 1469.
New Hampshire—Carl A. Savage, Nashua, No. 720.
New Jersey, Northwest—William H. Kelly, East Orange, No. 630.
New Jersey, South—Garfield Pancoast, Camden, No. 293.
New Jersey, Northeast—Raymond J. Newman, Paterson, No. 60.
New Jersey, Central—Peter Eichele, Red Bank, No. 233.
New Mexico—Joseph P. Gribbin, Gallup, No. 1440.
New York, North Central—James H. Mackin, Oswego, No. 271.
New York, Northeast—Peter A. Buchheim, Albany, No. 49.
New York, South Central—Harry G. Tolan, Hornell, No. 364.
New York, Southeast—Clayton J. Heermance, New York, No. 1.
New York, West—Emory B. Pratt, Olean, No. 491.
North Carolina, East—J. O. Reilly, Wilmington, No. 532.
North Carolina, West—Norman A. Boren, Greensboro, No. 602.
North Dakota—David S. Ritchie, Valley City, No. 1110.
Ohio, North Central—J. R. Perrin, Norwalk, No. 730.
Ohio, Northeast—William E. Cunningham, Akron, No. 363.
Ohio, Northwest—Fred L. Hay, Defiance, No. 147.
Ohio, South Central—James Hannan, Chillicothe, No. 52.
Ohio, Southeast—A. C. Andreas, New Philadelphia, No. 510.
Ohio, Southwest—R. W. Gilchrist, Lebanon, No. 422.
Oklahoma, Northwest—R. E. Helper, Mangum, No. 1169.
Oklahoma, Southeast—H. I. Aston, McAlester, No. 533.
Oklahoma, Northeast—P. B. Bostic, Muskogee, No. 517.
Oregon, North—C. J. Crabb, Baker, No. 338.
Oregon, South—E. M. Page, Salem, No. 336.
Pennsylvania, Northeast—M. Connor Bryan, Lehighton, No. 1284.
Pennsylvania, South Central—George L. Geisler, Reynoldsville, No. 519.
Pennsylvania, Northwest—Otto Herbst, Erie, No. 67.
Pennsylvania, Southeast—William T. Ramsey, Chester, No. 488.
Pennsylvania, North Central—Grover C. Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, No. 436.
Pennsylvania, Central—Thomas Earl McCullough, Apollo, No. 386.
Pennsylvania, Southwest—Anthony J. Gerard, Knoxville, No. 1196.
Porto Rico—Walter J. Cox, San Juan, No. 972.
Rhode Island—James F. Clark, Pawtucket, No. 920.
South Carolina—R. E. Cochran, Anderson, No. 1206.
South Dakota—Gerald D. Crary, Deadwood, No. 508.
Tennessee, East—S. C. McChesney, Bristol, No. 232.
Tennessee, West—Clarence Friedman, Memphis, No. 27.
Texas, North Central—H. G. Brickhouse, Fort Worth, No. 124.
Texas, Northwest—C. K. Johnson, Wichita Falls, No. 1105.
Texas, Central—P. L. Downs, Temple, No. 138.
Texas, North—W. R. Dudley, Jr., Dallas, No. 71.
Texas, South—A. L. David, Beaumont, No. 311.
Texas, Southwest—L. T. Hoyt, Mercedes, No. 1467.
Texas, West—W. D. Girrand, Abilene, No. 562.
Utah—W. F. Jensen, Logan, No. 1453.
Vermont—Harry W. Witters, St. Johnsbury, No. 1343.
Virginia, East—Cecil M. Robertson, Norfolk, No. 38.
Virginia, West—R. Chess McGhee, Lynchburg, No. 321.
Washington, East—Nave G. Lein, Spokane, No. 228.
Washington, Northwest—H. E. Gorman, Bremerton, No. 1181.
Washington, Southwest—Lewis Shattuck, Vancouver, No. 823.
West Virginia, North—James F. Shipman, Moundsville, No. 282.
West Virginia, South—Frank M. Peters, Bluefield, No. 269.
Wisconsin, East—E. W. Mackey, Manitowoc, No. 687.
Wisconsin, West—T. J. Reinert, Antigo, No. 662.
Wyoming—L. J. Nelson, Rawlins, No. 609.

Fraternally,

Attest:

BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS · GRAND LODGE

J. E. Masters

Grand Secretary

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Fred C. Robinson Resigns as Grand Secretary and is Succeeded by J. Edgar Masters

ON SEPTEMBER 3 last, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, of Dubuque, Iowa, Lodge, No. 297, who was serving his twenty-fourth term in office, tendered his resignation to the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees, effective immediately. Following the acceptance of the resignation, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley appointed Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, to fill the vacancy thus created for the balance of the Grand Lodge year.

Personalities and Appreciations

Ocean Flights and Aviation

SINCE the tragic loss, during the summer, of more than half a dozen airplanes with their intrepid pilots and passengers, in the course of attempts to span either the Pacific or the Atlantic, the whole world has become aroused to the extent of demanding that such flights in future be prohibited.

The gallant, well-planned and perfectly executed feat of Colonel Lindbergh, and the flights of those who followed him without serious mishap, aroused the world to a fever of enthusiasm for undertakings such as are now being condemned.

We have no business, on this page, to voice an opinion in large matters which may be construed as expressing the sentiments of the Order of Elks. Yet we cannot resist a few words of comment on the situation—let the chips fall where they may.

There is a wide gulf between public hysteria and public opinion. The wild acclaim for Colonel Lindbergh and the other successful fliers was a manifestation of public hysteria. The sudden universal revulsion against trans-oceanic flights following the recent disasters was also a manifestation of public hysteria. Public opinion, under the surface, beneath the emotional froth which blows first one way and then the other, demands that the air be conquered. People the world over want the oceans to be bridged by flying ships. To speak of prohibiting further oceanic flights is futile, as futile as King Canute's command that the tide itself keep back.

It will be argued that the governments of the various nations should, if they cannot prohibit flights, at least adopt measures enabling them to regulate such undertakings. That argument, however, seems to us to be valueless. Beyond ascertaining, through careful inspection, that an airplane is in good condition and that its fliers are competent, which should be insisted on as a matter of course, what can a government do? It can and should make certain that the project is serious of purpose and not a mere publicity scheme. But certainly it cannot guarantee success; and it probably would not even if it could. We believe that trans-oceanic flights cannot be stopped by regulation, but that they cannot be very much helped by it either. The conquest of the air so far has been achieved by men willing, nay, eager, to stake their lives on its accomplishment. Future triumphs will be won by men of that same breed.

There will be accidents, there will be airplanes lost, and there will be martyrs. The advancement of every science has created martyrs from time immemorial. At the advent of each the world pauses for an instant to mourn and honor him; then goes on, able, perhaps, because of him to mount a little higher in the scale of civilization.

So long as men are born who would as soon meet their death in high adventure as in bed, ocean flights will go on. One of these days, thanks to such men, ocean flights will be a commonplace.

A Writer Worth Watching

IT IS always a pleasure to introduce to our readers new writers who show promise of going far. Such a one, we believe, is Owen Atkinson, whose first story for THE ELKS MAGAZINE appears in this issue. It is entitled "When Do We Eat?" Mr. Atkinson is a young American, a former newspaper man, who now devotes all his time to writing fiction. He has spent many years in Hawaii and threatens—or perhaps we should say promises—soon to introduce to the world a brand new fiction character: the Hawaiian cowboy. We hope that when Mr. Atkinson finishes a Hawaiian cowboy story to his liking it will be our privilege to help with the introduction. A great deal of the fiction Mr. Atkinson has been writing of late has dealt with the war. Some of it has been serious and some humorous. The war story in this issue is not very serious.

Ben Burman's True Mysteries

WE HAVE already published three true stories of the Secret Service of the A. E. F. written from authentic documents and records by Ben Lucien Burman, and have heard a great deal of interest expressed in them on the part of readers. Now, with this number, we begin the publication of some more true stories by the same author. On a trip to Europe a few months ago, Mr. Burman visited the chiefs of the detective bureaus of Berlin, Paris, and Vienna, and secured from each the details of their most interesting and baffling cases.

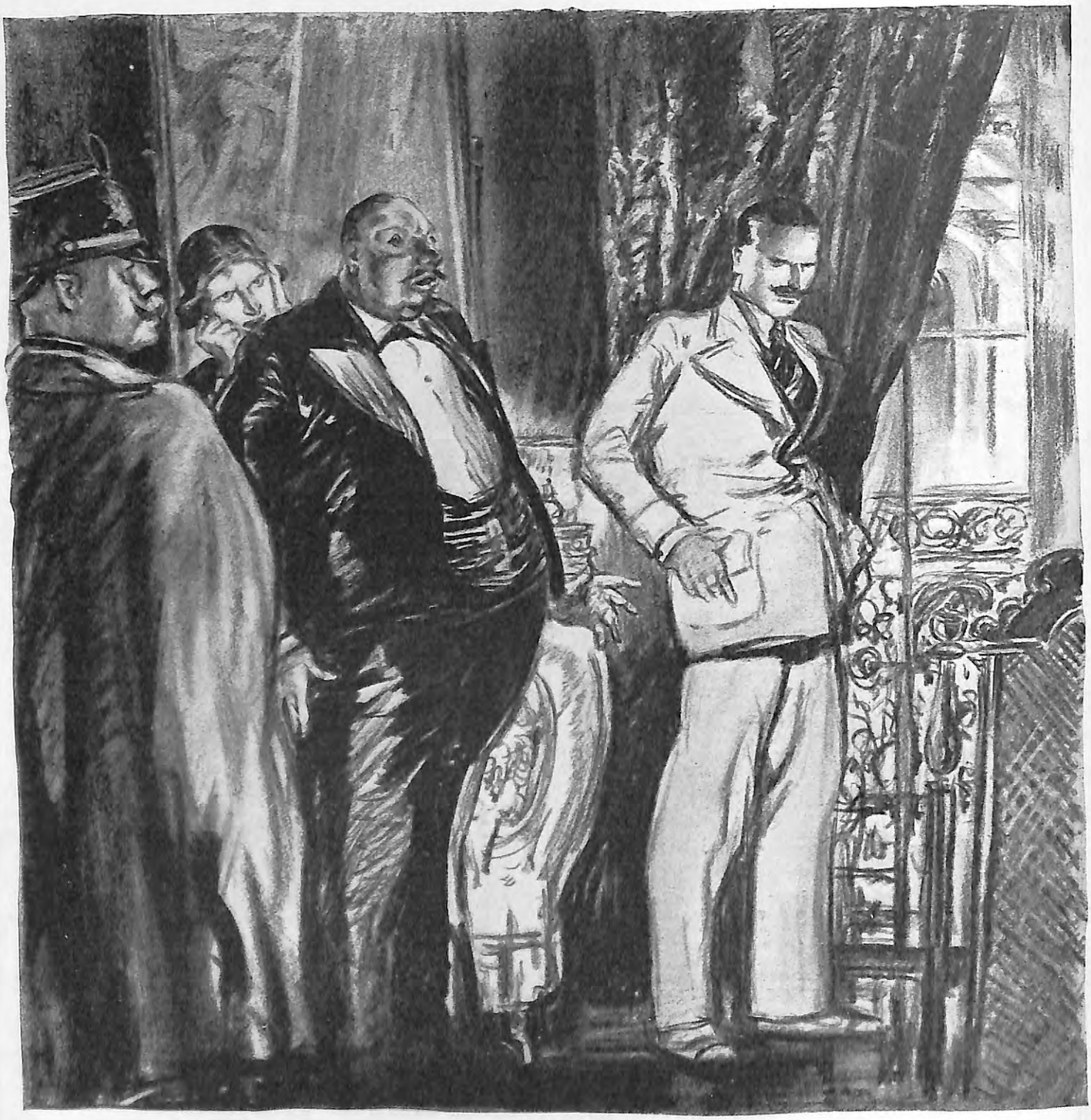
"The Adventure of the Reappearing Numbers," which is the opening feature of this month's Magazine, is the first of these actual cases, as retold by Mr. Burman. As an example of painstaking investigation on the part of a detective, and as an example, also, of brilliant deduction, this case equals, if it does not excel, any purely fictitious detective work ever invented by a writer.

Ben Lucien Burman is a Harvard man, a Kentuckian, a former newspaper writer and editor, and a person from whom much will be heard in the next few years. He is just getting into his stride, and we are very glad to be one of the first of the big magazines to recognize his potentialities and to secure his work.

We Are Keeping It Up

POSTAL cards and letters continue to come in attesting that the Pictorial Questionnaire, "How Well Do You Know Your Country?" is one of the most popular features we have ever published. We have had communications from readers all over the country, by actual count from every State, commending the Questionnaire and asking us to keep it up.

You will find it, this month, on pages 34 and 35.



MR. BURMAN has just returned from an extensive European trip in which he visited all the important capitals. In each of these cities he interviewed the leading detective officials and gained from them the most remarkable cases in their careers. The present story, which records deduction equal in brilliancy to the exploits of the most astute criminologists of fiction, is an experience of Herr Johannes Muller, Kommissar of the Mord Kommission, Berlin, an organization which is the German equivalent of the New York Homicide Bureau.

Other stories of actual cases, and their solution by methods as daring and meticulous as any credited to Sherlock Holmes, are now being written by Mr. Burman and will appear in early numbers of The Elks Magazine.

The Adventure *of the* Reappearing Numbers

By Ben Lucien Burman

Illustrated by George Wright

THE raw-boned heavy-footed Miss Muhlen trudged into the luxuriously furnished chamber which served as Herr Von Rottmann's office. She glanced at her watch nervously; she was five minutes late. She bit her lip.

Removing the cover from her typewriter, she took a stenographic pad from out a drawer of the table, wrote a few quick practice sentences, then to announce her presence as was her custom each morning knocked timidly upon the massive door which led to her employer's bedroom. She appeared surprised when there was no response. She waited a moment, then knocked again, a trifle louder. Again there was no answer. This seemed to strike her as extraordinary, for she looked at her watch again, hesitated, then put her hand on the door-knob and began to turn it, slowly, timorously, as though she feared to brave the wrath of an awakened sleeper. The great door grunted sonorously as it opened.

At first appearance the body seemed merely that of a man stretched out for a nap. Only on the white forehead there was a singular blue mark, while several smaller similarly colored imprints showed on the fleshy throat

She took a single step inside, then retreated, her bony, unattractive face now drawn with terror. Her call for help resounded through the tapestried hallway; a servant, flabby of head and fat of paunch, came running. He too stepped inside the room, he too precipitately retreated, a shudder rocking his beefy body. He drew a deep breath, then waddled to the ivory-trimmed telephone standing on a desk.

"Polizei Praesidium," he panted.

A few minutes later an automobile drew up before the mansion. A tall, trimly built individual descended. The fat servant met him and began telling an excited, disconnected story. The newcomer, Kommissar Muller of the Mord Kommission, listened gravely.

"Take me there," he said quietly.

The servant shuffled forward. They reached the bedroom. The Kommissar looked about. It was a room such as might be found in any of the other aristocratic houses near the dignified, tree-shaded Kurfurstendamm; walls richly papered and hidden here and there by a great gold-framed painting; carpets of deep red, thick, costly; chairs, dressing table, and bed of ponderous carven mahogany.

But it was neither the paintings nor the grotesque decorations sculptured on the furniture which caught the Kommissar's roving eye: his attention was riveted to the figure of a man lying stonily atop the white sheets. It was a rather corpulent figure with chubby arms and plump rounded head, but any of that genial laxity usually associated with fatness seemed contradicted by a firm vigorous chin and unexpectedly

The Kommissar pushed his way hurriedly toward the exit. The man of the carnation swaggered down behind him

hard lips. The official recognized it at once as the body of Albrecht Von Rottmann, financier to his friends, plunger to his enemies, one of those masters of a frenzied economics at whose mere shake of a finger figures bound explosively upward or topple to the depths.

The Kommissar walked to the bed that he might closer examine the silent occupant. At first appearance the body seemed merely that of a man who had stretched out for a nap. There was no contortion, no stains of crimson on the smooth skin. Only on the white forehead was a circular blue mark, while several smaller similarly colored imprints showed on the fleshy throat. One of the Kommissar's assistants, a swarthy, electric South German, raised a curtain. Sunlight streamed through the window, girdling the bed with a dancing frame of whiteness. A thin thread of gold gleamed at the end of one of the financier's fingers. The Kommissar bent over. It was a blond hair. Von Rottmann's hair was black.

The officer turned to the great-paunched servant, who bore the name of Rudolf Behler. "Did the Herr keep money or jewelry in the house?" he demanded.

The fat one's eyes were still red with fright. "Yes, Herr Kommissar." His manner of speech was jerky, asthmatic, yet nevertheless seemed to possess an oiliness which in his calmer moments might be its dominant quality. "Yes, Herr. . . . He kept his diamonds here. . . . And sometimes money, too."

"Where?"

"In a drawer . . . there." With shaking hand he pointed to the dressing table. "I told him it wasn't safe to do it. . . . Told him fifty times . . . Herr Kommissar. Fifty . . . a hundred. . . . But he wouldn't listen to me. . . . He wouldn't listen to anybody."

"Get me the box, please."

BEHLER waddled to the table, opened a drawer, and withdrew a fantastically worked jewel case beautiful enough to be in the collection of a museum. He raised the lid and looked inside. A look of surprise swept over his face. "They're gone," he stammered.

The Kommissar peered into the folds of the white-satin lining. He looked up into the other's ashen countenance. "Do you know what they were like, these diamonds, Behler? Their shapes, how many there were?"

With a visible contraction of his heavy lips the servant forced himself to speak. The effort aggravated the unevenness of his sentences. "Twelve, Herr. . . . There were twelve of them. . . . I know. . . . I know for certain. . . . Each night he would take them out and look at them. . . . He loved his diamonds. . . . Loved them . . . like children. . . . Four were in a pin shaped like a bird's wing. . . . A wonderful pin. . . . Worth ten thousand marks. . . . Twenty thousand maybe. . . . Yes, twenty. Two were in rings. . . . One a silver ring like a horse's head, the other a gold ring like a wedding ring . . . The rest were not mounted."

"Good." The officer spoke a word to his assistant; the ungainly Miss Muhlen who had been watching and listening as if in a terrorized trance was led from the room. The detective took a seat opposite Behler and recommenced his interrogation. "Doors and windows all locked last night?" he demanded.

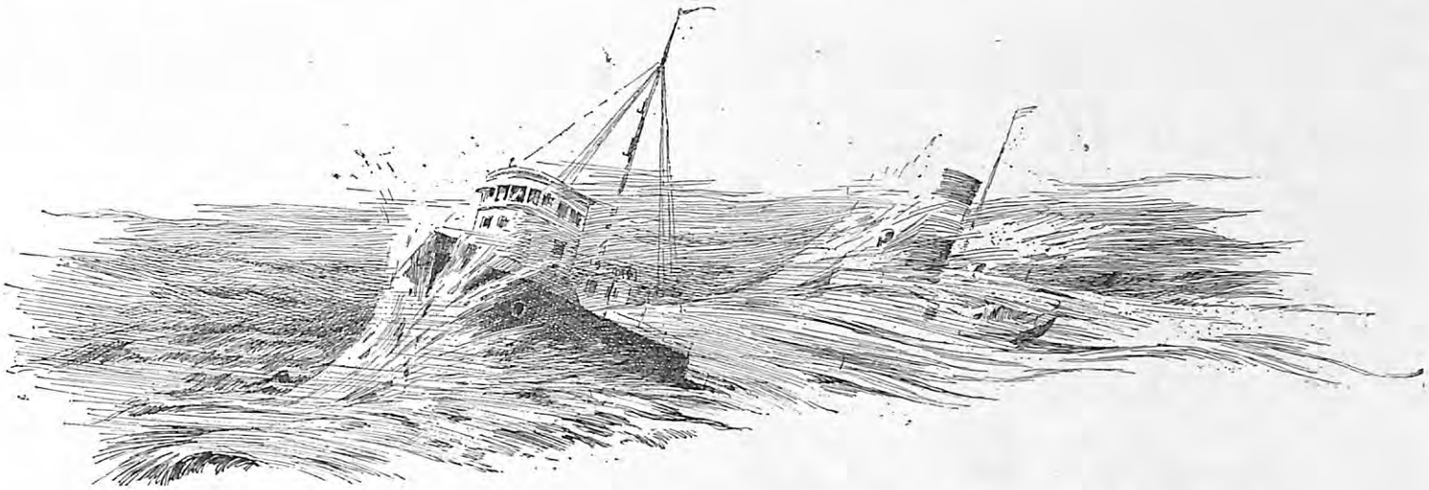
"Yes, Herr. . . . I locked them myself."

"What time did your master go to bed?"

"I don't know, Herr."

"Why?"

(*Continued on page 65*)



A Story of Heroism on the Great Lakes Fishing Grounds

Front Page Stuff

By Karl W. Detzer

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

JIMMIE EATON'S untidy desk faced north in the center of a large, disordered room. The week's exchanges were scattered on the floor all about it, among discarded clippings, samples of stock, all the customary litter of the country newspaper office. Five racks of dusty type cases were propped along the west wall under the window. At either side of the street door, directly behind the desk, were grouped an old chipped stone slab, a small paper cutter, an inky hand-proof press, and a disused stitcher.

There were two windows in Eaton's front office. Through the east one as he sat idly at his desk, he could see the back door of the post-office, with its ash barrel at the right-hand side. Through the glass in the front door, when he swung about in his chair, which he did often, he made out the dingy fish shanties, each with its stubby gasoline boat swinging comfortably at the cedar piles. From the west window the office looked out upon Lake Michigan, just over the dunes, toward the broad, distant horizons, soiled occasionally by steamer smoke.

Across the north wall, which separated the office from the press room, hung a large, thumbed map of the world. Under it, surrounded by scuttles of old ashes, stood the stove. The whole building exhaled that rich, potent breath which is the combined odor of printing ink, paper, gasoline and dust. A dilapidated Washington hand-press stood upon a concrete foundation in the back room, with a smoked kerosene lamp thrust under the disk to keep the ink at the proper consistency on cold days.

It was in this disorderly pair of rooms in the town of Alexandria, Michigan, that Jimmie Eaton each Thursday afternoon published the *Alexandria Argos*, and five other days dreamed his splendid and improbable dreams.

He was a thin, stoop-shouldered fellow, a trifle pale, with long fingers, unexcited eyes, and an air of perpetual boredom. His age was hardly guessable, somewhere between thirty-five and fifty. He did not talk much with his neighbors. People thought him a "queer 'un" in Alexandria and let the matter go at that.

For one thing he rarely smiled; only now and again laughed heartily at some strange joke that no one else comprehended. He borrowed books by mail from the Lawson City library forty miles away, subscribed to a New York daily paper, wrote editorials on the French debt, which no one understood, and enjoyed the cigarette habit.

His newspaper, having the exclusive field in a large, scantily settled county, admitted a paid circulation of five hundred and twenty-one. County printing, notices of election, wills for probate, suits to quiet title, advertisements for road bids and proceedings of the township boards, made up for the lack of other advertising, and to the editor's own surprise, paid each year a miserly profit.

Jimmie Eaton had come to Alexandria from Ohio, by way of New York, San Francisco and Chicago. Had the town been imaginative, it would have fabricated for him a past. But it was not imaginative. It accepted him without question, and Eaton, who was by nature uncommunicative, in spite of his profession or because of it, lived ten years in the village without telling anyone why he had come.

The reason no longer troubled him. He had been working on a night city desk in Chicago when a doctor mentioned his right lower lung.

"Not serious yet," he had said, "but best take precautions."

Eaton resented the implication that day. But next morning, in a soberer mind, he cashed two savings certificates, and with them and a three-line advertisement from a printers' trade paper, he journeyed to northern Michigan, bought the *Alexandria Argos*, partly because its extravagant name appealed to his imagination, and there remained.

Ten years it had been. In that time Eaton had grown intimate with only three men on the coast. One, the Scandinavian Lutheran minister, whose name was Adolphe Svensen, was a humorless man who argued Schopenhauer stubbornly across the print shop stove many winter evenings. The second friend, a Southerner, wrote occasional verses for the *Argos*. He was called Lee and he was superintendent of schools.

Both Lee and Svensen did well enough. They made good daily conversational fare. But when the boat from Blue Flats island lighthouse thrummed into harbor and old Captain Ostrum, keeper of the light, stamped up the pier, Eaton put away whatever work was engaging him at that moment, or whatever pleasant idleness, for an understanding hour with the keeper.

OSTRUM was probably fifteen years older than Jimmie Eaton. He had sailed salt water and fresh. In the great gale of 1901 he had swum away from his last command, on the north spit of Poverty Island, at the mouth of Georgian Bay. To no one except Jimmie Eaton did he ever admit that he was ashamed of his present job. It was too easy. It seemed unworthy that he, who had mastered so many charts, should now be anchored safely on a miserable pile of rocks, tending a light.

Ostrum knew as well as Eaton the satisfaction of precarious labor for high stakes. And the captain came to understand, nodding his head slowly as comprehension unfolded within his mind, what Eaton meant when he talked of news, big news, news to be fought for, to be sweat over, to be bullied and beaten into something tangible, to be reduced by splendid effort into the inelastic confines of type.

"Aye," he would agree a bit ruefully, "news like that is like a great storm. You can not stop it. You must make yourself boss of it. I was boss once."

Twice each month Captain Ostrum came to town for mail and provisions, leaving his assistant in charge of the light. Invariably, as soon as he had made fast his boat, he

hurried to find Jimmie Eaton. And invariably as he pushed open the print shop door, he asked the question. "Well, what's the news?"

Jimmie Eaton never failed with the answer.

"The news," he always reported after thought, "consists of the astounding fact that there are several important new legal ads in this week's issue."

OSTRUM chuckled then, though he knew well enough the remark was not meant to be humorous. He found a chair, while Eaton propped his feet on the waste basket. The editor usually reached absent-mindedly after a match before he spoke again, lighted a fresh cigarette and puffed a thin blue mist across the desk. The next remark was always the same.

"Man, if any news, real news, ever broke in this town. . . ."

Eaton never finished the sentence, only laughed shortly.

"I'm Associated Press correspondent for this whole county, Ostrum." He laughed again. "Ten years and not a story on the wire. I, Jimmie Eaton! Merciful gods, man, I was with Grimes on the *Tribune* when he turned the world upside down with his story on the Iroquois disaster! Whole front page a list of dead. Didn't sleep for fifty hours."

Ostrum nodded. There had been times when he had not slept for fifty hours.

"I know, mister," he said.

"I was doing rewrite on a sheet out in San Francisco time of the earthquake. We threw two extras before the fire hit our plant. Could watch it coming from the office. No glass left in the windows and the smell sweeping in."

Ostrum understood. Nothing Eaton might say or do could surprise him. He did not even think it peculiar when the other would stop in the middle of a sentence, toss his cigarette to the floor and tramp on it, and stepping over a mass of papers walk across to the map and hunt up some obscure spot in China or the South Pacific.

"I'd be satisfied," Eaton confided, "if I could handle one more real front-page story. I don't care what. Heroism, or a clean murder mystery. Something ought to break here some time. The kind of yarn that melts the wires. Something to plaster over my own front page. Send it out in short takes, a running story for the copy desks to tear their hair about. Know what I mean, Ostrum?"

He ended his confidence with a grunt and rose to set type.

There could be little news in Alexandria. The town was built in the wrong place. Eaton often speculated bitterly how the press might have profited if the rock formation of the shore had been different. Rocks walled in the town from the world. The coast swung outward north of the fishermen's harbor in a clearly defined arc toward the northwest. Two miles away this arc ended in a stony promontory called Boulder Head.

A reef of jagged stone ran out from Boulder Head in a southwesterly direction, covered by water scarcely six feet in depth. In time of storm this reef, that was better than a mile long, made a frothy white swath across the lake, where boiling rollers rushing in from deeper sea broke to pieces in rage.

All shipping of decent size rode six miles out in the channel, safely away from Boulder Head reef. What kind of story could evolve around the tugs and insignificant little lumber barges that dared come in near Alexandria?

In his tenth year Eaton admitted without reproach to his three friends that he was lazy. His paper was slipping. He put less effort into its make-up. He neglected to solicit advertising from the small stores. He railroaded whole galleys without reading proof.

Once when he pied a case of type he allowed it to gather dust all summer before he went reluctantly at the job of redistributing it. His pride was going. He confessed it. But he still had one ambition. If he could get one big news story, could scoop the world with the *Alexandria Argos*, could have the Associated Press howling on the wire for more, he'd be squared with himself, for a time at least.

Spring came late in his eleventh year. The fogs of winter clung tenaciously along the coast and April was cold. Shore ice still rumbled up and down the gravel. The sun retired behind cloudbanks for days on end. The wind from the lake was biting. Gulls cried together mournfully.

There was little news for the paper the second Thursday in the month. All Wednesday afternoon Eaton had labored at legal notices, pecking the agate type till his fingers were numb. He had a column of local matter already set for front page and the proofs were corrected. Pages two and four were locked in the forms.

THURSDAY morning he awakened at eight. He shivered as he slid out of bed, and looking through the west window, he perceived that a sharp snow was falling. The street was deserted as he walked to his office, save for old Hawkins, the grocer, who was carrying an armload of wood across the public square. The river mouth was empty of boats. In spite of the snow, the Alexandria fishermen had gone out to lift nets.

Eaton built a fire of split kindling and chucked in two chunks of hemlock. Then he set about determinedly to straighten his desk. It would be cold to-day out on the uneasy lake. He congratulated himself

fervently that he was not a fisherman. But having done so, he halted again in his slow preparations for the day's work. Why should he be so tremendously satisfied with himself? A poor stick of a country editor? Why had he not progressed?

He was a professional failure. He, Jimmie Eaton, reporter on the *Chronicle* and the old *Tribune*, desk man on the *Evening World*, rewrite man out in San Francisco, was a failure after a brilliant start. He owned a weekly paper with a circulation of five hundred and twenty-one and was Associated Press representative in a town where for ten years he had not uncovered one story fit to put on the wire.

EATON lighted a cigarette nervously. Give him one more chance at big stuff and he would get the facts, come fire or flood to oppose him, and write them accurately to his own permanent distinction. He took three puffs at the cigarette and crushed it on the floor under his heel.

He must call the court-house for the list of real estate transfers. He could get page three out of the way before noon and set most of the front page. An hour he worked automatically, sticking type.

When next he peered out, the snow that had been spitting from the sky half the morning hung like a thick white drapery about the lake. The horizon ran shoreward. The sky buckled down to the earth.

The west window of the print shop began to rattle at eleven o'clock. Eaton glanced up from the form, a stick of type in his hand. The wind was shifting to the north, that rattling of the window indicated. Twenty minutes later the door swung open and a chill, gusty air piled into the office.

"Hello!" Hans Ostrum shouted.

Eaton welcomed him eagerly. He was in a mood for discoursing of great events this morning and Ostrum would listen. He rubbed the ink from his fingers with a bit of waste and shook hands heartily.

"How are you?" he exclaimed. "Come over from the island in this blow?"

"It was right choppy," the lightkeeper admitted. "I had to steer by compass. I'm wet. Want to dry a few minutes. Fish boats all out? Hope they yank ashore under Anchor Point till this blows over. Bad weather for lifting nets."

The keeper unbuttoned his disreputable old slicker, showing a neat blue uniform underneath it.

"Going to Manistee on ten days' leave," he explained. "Want my boat while I'm gone? She's tied up there in the last berth."

"Don't think I'll go out for a pleasure ride," Eaton answered. "I'll keep an eye on her though."

The keeper stayed only ten minutes. Then he wrapped himself again in his oilskins and stepped back into the snow. Eaton was reluctant to see him go.

Another hour he set type. Page three was finished. Half of page one stood ready in the form.

"Better go eat now," he told himself. "All afternoon and not much to do."

He washed his hands with gritty soap in a tin basin, dried them on discarded newspapers, put on his overcoat, that was still presentable though he had worn it five winters, and stood a moment while he lighted a cigarette, looking through the glass at the village street. He observed that the town wore a peculiarly desolate face when all the able-bodied men, with a few soft-handed exceptions, were out lifting nets. He congratulated himself again, and again bitterly, that he did not fish for a living. By this time, no doubt, the men of the fleet, in iced oilskins and limp sou'westers were rolling their boats up the sand beyond Anchor Point, seven miles south near the fishing grounds. They would walk home in mid-afternoon, stolid and indifferent, as if danger and immense labor were merely parts of a dull existence.

He dined alone. When he returned to the print shop, forty-five minutes later, Hawkins the grocer and a pair of old men stood near the door peering northward across the vehement lake. Stinging snow pelted into their eyes. Breakers smashed against shore with recurrent savage bellows, ran up the sand in ravishing platoons, retreated triumphantly with their loot of gravel and shells and battered driftwood. Spray slashed inland. Turbulent winds yanked at bent cedar trees.

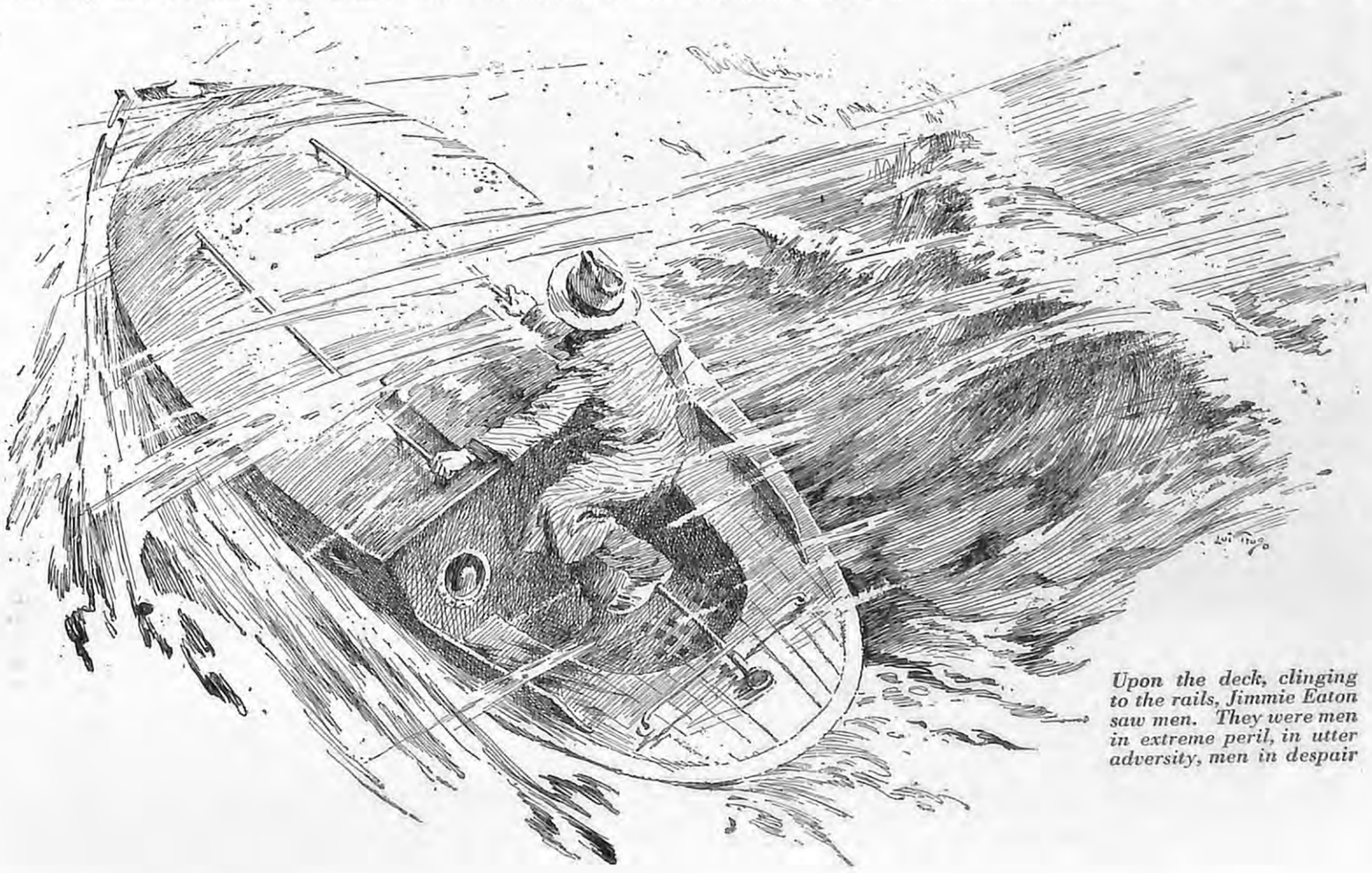
Eaton's ear was less skillfully trained than his eye. But he caught at length the sound that the others had heard. Through the whanging discords of the storm, faint but grimly insistent, emerged a foreign note, a steamy halloo, blast after blast, a steamer's voice, sounding the established call of distress.

"She's off her course!" old Hawkins shouted. "Can't be in channel, too near in shore."

Eaton jammed his hat tighter about his cold ears and strode down to the fish shanties. The other men followed him. The whistle changed with the wind in volume. As the gale veered, north, northwest, north again, the call became fainter, now louder.

"SEEMS right near in," Hawkins shouted again.

Jimmie Eaton stared into the northwest. The snow hung in two billowing curtains at either side of an immense watery stage. The wind pushed tears out of his smarting eyes. He saw indistinctly the vast wet distance, like a mammoth back-drop in theatres he had known. He saw frenzied, white-capped rollers scampering shoreward in a mad ballet. He heard the roar of outraged elements like a preposterous chorus, the shrill scream of wind through cedars, the bluster of its freedom overhead,



Upon the deck, clinging to the rails, Jimmie Eaton saw men. They were men in extreme peril, in utter adversity, men in despair

the fantastic pound of giant drums where the waves flung ashore.

The source of the cry revealed itself. A mile and a quarter lakeward, out on the rocks of Boulder Head, on the reef that walled Alexandria from the world, a black freighter pitched helplessly aground. Her long, low, unlovely lines, her pitchy sides, her high careening texas and flat cabin aft of the single stack, told eyes with no more sea sense than Jimmie Eaton's that she was a Great Lakes tramp.

She lay broadside on the reef near the outer extremity, rolling mightily, grinding her hull into the rocky teeth. Even through the snow clouds that blurred her ugly silhouette, Eaton saw plainly her utter helplessness. She had gone blind in the snow and gotten out of the channel.

SHE carried pulpwood or coal or cement, probably; no valuable cargo. But a crew of ten or a dozen or fourteen seamen manned her. Seamen in danger of drowning.

Here was a story!

Jimmie Eaton leaned his spare body forward against the elements, his cold hands beating the air, his mouth wide in an exultant shout. A wreck. On Alexandria beach. A front-page story to be put on the wires.

Front page? Memories flooded his mind, quick recollections of the *Tribune* and *Enquirer*, the dozen sheets for which he had worked. He had written stories just such as this would be in those mettlesome days, crisp paragraphs banged out one at a time, with the telegraph instruments beating discordantly in his ears and an animated city editor speeding him on. Once, when he was a cub in Cleveland, he had ridden like mad in an old one-horse cab with two reporters now dead, out the lake shore road toward Ashtabula harbor where an ore carrier had piled up.

He had worked only two months in Cleveland. It was a long time ago, but now, on the wharf in Alexandria, with spray biting at his face, he could see that extra edition, its type two columns wide, fresh from the presses, smelling of ink.

The snow dropped its curtain. Sight of the vessel had passed in a breath, so rapidly that Eaton's eyes could take in only its outline. It was a tragic outline, a silhouette of impotence, of great strength smashed, of lives in roaring peril. A story!

Front page? Of course it was front page. Of such stuff headlines were made.

He laughed immoderately, and running up the wharf, crossed the street to the print shop and burst in, leaving the door wide behind him. Proofs and papers blew into the street. Eaton pressed the thumb button on the box of the telephone, twisted its crank.

"Operator!" he called eagerly. "I say, operator! Get coast-guard! Anywhere, Sleeping Bear, Charlevoix, the Manitous, anywhere; Wreck on Boulder Head reef! Freighter!"

He jammed the receiver back upon its hook and ran once more into the street. The storm had put on more vehemence in his absence. It belted him with fresh exuberance. Other villagers were hurrying toward the shore, the one-legged postmaster, the liveryman, who had paralyzed knees, a trio of bundled women. The whistle of the steamer was silent.

"Water in her boiler rooms," Hawkins the grocer cried.

He was a fat, dropsical man. Eaton glanced grimly at him, at the other men, every one of them incapable, at the women.

"Well," he demanded savagely, "who's going to do something?"

They looked at him blankly. He plunged back to his shop. A moment later he emerged, stuffing a bundle of coarse gray copy paper into his overcoat pocket. He rummaged for a pencil, tested its point with a bare finger, found another, tested it, put them both back carefully.

Again the snow lifted exposing through a flimsy veil the vessel wallowing on the reef. She had shifted her position. She now lay broadside on, while rollers climbed her tilted rail. The smokeless stack canted shoreward, enraged water raked across her bow. She was beaten.

"FOLLOW THROUGH," a short story by Elmer Davis, author of those sprightly and diverting novels, "I'll Show You the Town" and "Friends of Mr. Sweeney," and one of the most sought-after magazine writers in America, has just been secured by THE ELKS MAGAZINE and will be published in an early issue.

This will be the first story by Mr. Davis to appear in our pages and in presenting him to our readers we are confident of performing an introduction that will bring them much pleasure. Watch for "Follow Through."

It was two hour's run from Sleeping Bear coast-guard station, with the swiftest lifeboat in a fair sea. The vessel lay too far offshore to use the gun and buoy. Two hours meant eternity for that crew.

Jimmie Eaton ran down to the wash across the dunes and ran back impotent. His story! His great story! The one for which he had lived all these fruitless, exiled years! The story of which he had dreamed a thousand winter nights! His own story, to send breathlessly across the wires, to be printed in black type in hundreds of morning papers, to be read and talked about miles away by strange men and women at their breakfasts, to be filed in the news service office, credited to him, Jimmie Eaton, a country editor.

"Coast-guard never'll make it," the postmaster predicted. "No vessel can last long out there; might try the small boats was the fishermen in. Look, she's canted further over!"

Eaton scowled. This waste of time was ruinous. He was ready, ready to write great plain facts without any furbelows. But how to get those facts. Names. He'd need names. Names of every man aboard that wreck. He ran impetuously down the dock.

Hans Ostrum's boat was pitching at the last berth in the river. Eaton remembered it for the first time. Decision was swift.

"Come along," he bade Hawkins.

The grocer followed a few steps, uncomprehending. Eaton yanked at the trap in the stern of the boat.

"Get in!" he commanded.

Hawkins drew back.

"You can't make it! You'd drowned us both!"

"Get in!"

"Don't be a fool! Eaton, you're no sailor! I won't go!"

"Then you'll fry in hell," Eaton answered coolly.

He laughed as he popped into the cabin, that nervous laugh which no one in Alexandria understood. There was a rattle of machinery and a succession of small explosions in the exhaust. He leaped up the scant deck at the stern.

"Going?"

Hawkins shrank back.

"Then cast me off, you damned coward!"

Where river and lake met, the current joined the breakers in an eccentric dance of ground swell. Waves towered in thick green ranges above the end of the breakwater curled over the outermost cedar poles, flounced down with a slap of spray on the floor of the dock, retreated, ran in again. The light-house boat nosed away from her moorings. She danced skittishly on the first ground-swell.

Jimmie Eaton spread out his thin legs. He snatched a coil of stout line from the deck, made it fast to a ringbolt, and wound it securely about his thin waist. He gripped the handrail atop the cabin, caught the tiller, fisherman fashion, about his feet, thanked the merciful gods he had learned to run a boat, and felt the lift of the first great opposing wave at the river mouth.

A roller rushed at him passionately from the right. It glanced off the end of the breakwater and disintegrated in a biting spray. Eaton winced. A second wave missed the breakwater and thrust its mighty shoulder under the bow of the boat, prodding it upward. The harbor lay behind when he had his breath, ahead lay the turmoil of the open lake.

THREE minutes, five, ten, the flimsy boat beat against overwhelming seas. Jimmie Eaton hung grimly to the handrail. His eyes twitched blindly against the snow. To turn back never occurred to him.

A quarter-mile he plowed forward. Wave upon thundering wave hove under him, strove with ghastly single-mindedness, as persistent as his own, to fling the whole fragile craft into the screaming air. Wave upon charging wave roared straight at the pudgy bow, lifted above it with mad ferocity, weltered across cabin and hull, pressed its chest against creaking planks.

Eaton became aware of pain where the tiller buffeted his ankles. Snow plastered against his cheeks. He eased the tiller to port.

The boat made painful progress. Eaton saw the freighter at last, looming through magnifying swirls of snow. She lay upon her side, her rusty bottom exposed to the shrieking air. Vigorous seas charged up her sloping plates. They spilled in white cataracts across her decks, or made fantastic geysers that spurted skyward from her broken upper-workings.

Upon the deck, clinging to the rails, Jimmie Eaton saw men. They were huddled on the texas, huddled about the pilot house, incompetent figures appearing small, unimportant. They were men in extreme peril, in utter adversity, men in wet jackets through which the cold gnawed fiendishly, men in despair, whose eyes bored appealingly, all in the same direction, toward land. Plain, inarticulate, unimportant men, playing their unchosen parts in the colossal drama of the storm.

Of such men, Jimmie Eaton knew, newspaper stories are made. To write of such men, of their fears, their hopes, their ambitions, each one striving with a dull single-mindedness to keep his commonplace soul in his shabby body, a faithful reporter should attempt any odds.

Those strivings, those fears, those sufferings, those insignificant personalities, they are front-page stuff. If above the danger

(*Continued on page 82*)

WHITE STUDIOS

Phyllis Povah and Thomas Mitchell

ONE of the first of the season's mystery plays to reach Broadway was "Blood Money" in which the extremely attractive Phyllis Povah shares the honors with Thomas Mitchell and an excellent cast. The two principals are pictured above in one of the quieter scenes of a melodrama which has very few quiet moments. The author, George Middleton, being an old hand at playwriting, has drawn on every stage device for his thrilling effects and has added a few new ones just to make the solution of the mystery more difficult. Miss Povah seems to have found in "Blood Money" an opportunity for her unusual ability.

MISHKIN PHOTO

Back in 1908 Ellen Terry appeared in a realistic Dutch play called "The Good Hope," by one Ernest Heyermans. About October 17 this same play will be the opening number in Eva Le Gallienne's second season of repertory. There is no really stellar rôle in this modern story of simple fisher folk, Miss Le Gallienne (above) contenting herself with a small part and relying on the ensemble work for the effects

WHITE STUDIO

Ray Dooley, pictured above in a characteristic pose, has a thoroughly appealing new musical comedy for this season. It's called "The Sidewalks of New York." In keeping with the title, many old-time stars are in the cast, including Jim Thornton, Barney Fagen, Sam Martin and Josephine Sabel. Eddie Dowling and James Hanley are the authors of this amusing offering

Captions by
Esther R. Bien

DE MEJIAN STUDIOS

Sigmund Romberg can usually be relied on for a tuneful score, but in "My Maryland," made from Clyde Fitch's play "Barbara Frietchie," he has quite outdone himself. There is a genuine background of beauty for this stirring story of love and patriotism in which Evelyn Herbert, as the famous heroine, quite captivates all hearts by her singing, though she is a bit weak in dramatic moments. On the whole the casting is quite brilliant, with Nathaniel Wagner as the hero, and George Rosener playing the villainous old turn-coat

WIDE WORLD STUDIO

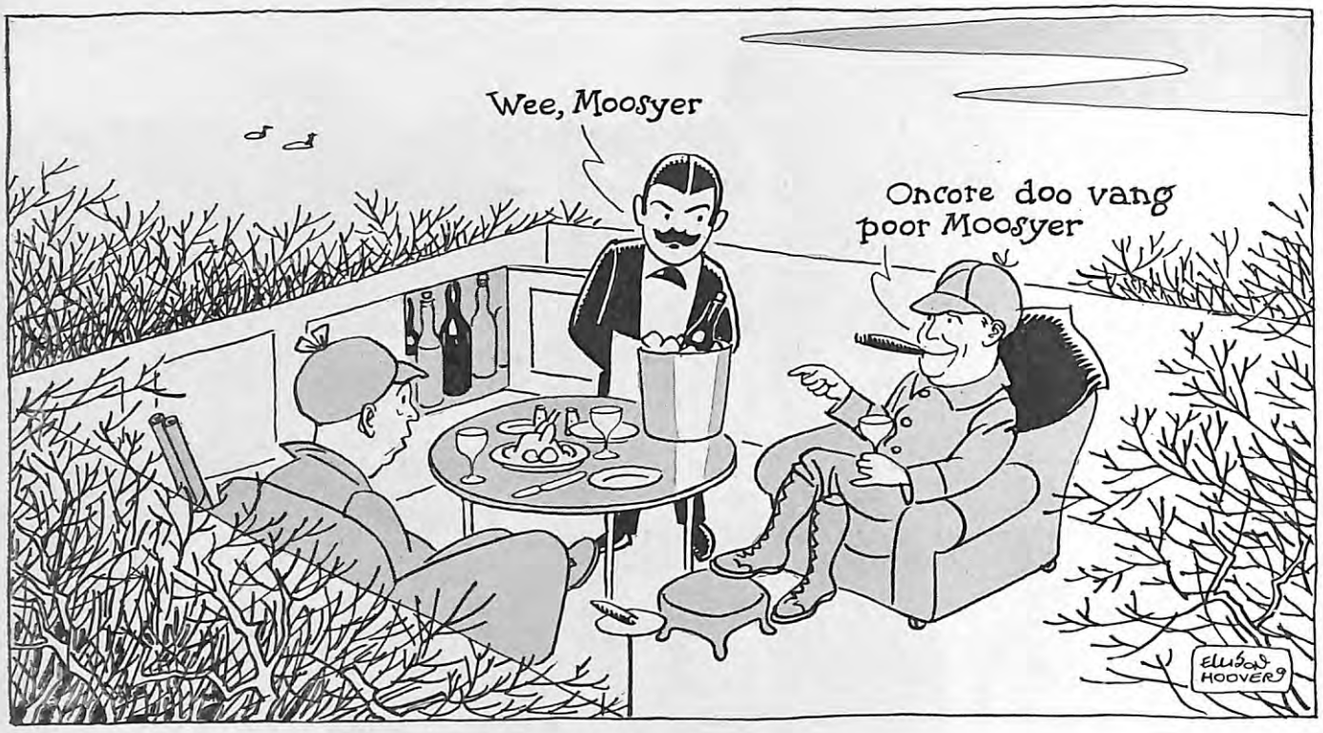
Above is John Cumberland who plays with rare sympathy and perfect humor the title role in "Pickwick." Every Dickens lover and many who have never before fallen under his spell will come away from this play filled with a great sense of pleasure and artistic achievement. Cosmo Hamilton and Mr. Reilly have selected scenes here and there from the rich storehouse of Pickwick Papers, and created a unique entertainment which is something between a pageant and a play

FLORENCE VANDAMM

The "Mikado" is here and Gilbert and Sullivan have come to stay—at least for another season. Lois Bennett (above) makes a captivating Yum Yum and most of our old friends remain with the repertory company this year: Vera Ross, John Barclay, William Williams and J. Humbird Duffey. Miss Bennett will also sing Phyllis in "Iolanthe" and Mabel in the "Pirates of Penzance" when those plays alternate with "The Mikado." "The Gondoliers" is to complete this quartette later in the season

FLORENCE VANDAMM

Not for the ultra-jaded theatregoer or the professing highbrow, "A la Carte" is something of a hodge podge along the lines of the continental revue and ranks as first-rate entertainment. Harriet Hoctor (left) is one of an unusually long list of principals of whom Charles Irwin at least deserves particular mention because of his yeoman service as a successful stop-gap filler in every emergency. The revue is modestly set and should last, one of its greatest assets being the clever sketches contributed by George Kelly and Fred and Fanny Hatton



Woods Guides

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by Ellison Hoover

THE backwoodsman in the city furnishes considerable innocent merriment to the dwellers in the crowded places. I often wonder what the dwellers in the more or less open spaces think of the city men in the woods, particularly the guides in the various places where I have camped from the spruce country to the palmetto lands in the south.

On the other side of our northern border, anybody who invades the woods with a rod or gun automatically becomes a "sport," which is the diminutive for sportsman. The matter as to whether the invader is a good sport or a poor sport remains with himself. It is easy enough for one to pass as a fair to middling sport, for the Canadian guides are a liberal lot and do not expect too much from their charges. There could be no appeal from a verdict that a hunter or fisherman was a poor sport if it happened to be returned by a Canadian guide, British Canadian, French Canadian or Indian.

Experience in other parts of the world has convinced me of the fact that the best friends of Americans are their neighbors to the north. The guides of Canada have found a surprisingly few poor sports among the Americans they have taken to their woods. Harry Allen, who is president of the New Brunswick Guides Association, has his theory on this. It is that only the good sports take to the bush and the natural sequence is that all sports must be good.

I first came upon Harry Allen when he undertook to take a party of writers down the Cains River and then into the Miramichi, ostensibly to fish for salmon, the Province of New Brunswick being one of the greatest salmon fishing places in the world. It so happened that there was only one experienced fly fisherman in the party and he was merely tolerated by the rest. As one of the non-fishers put it, "There always has to be a fisherman in the party." This was spoken in tones of resignation.

Of all of the men of the outdoors Harry Allen is the most competent I ever met. It is said of him that he can pick his site in the woods and with no tool but an axe, which he always has with him, build a presentable bungalow with hot and cold water in a few hours, and have dinner with hot biscuits ready while the last bunk is being laid with spruce boughs. But even our mixed party did not ask that much. Tents so placed that one fire heated all more evenly than the radiators do a New York apartment sufficed.

I explained that I had work to do even in the woods. When the fleet of canoes that waited in the upper reaches of the Cains shoved off I found myself in the bow of one with my own duffle bag for a cushion, and before me a board stretched across the gunwales with the portable typewriter ready.

"If you insist on a floating newspaper office you can have it," said Harry Allen. Everything was there but the desire to work, and even a Canadian guide cannot furnish his "sport" with that. There are so many distractions on the Cains River and on the Miramichi. There are the woods, the musical rush of the river water, the deer, the moose, and the woods murmurs that are so distinct and insistent as compared with the incoherent roar of the city.

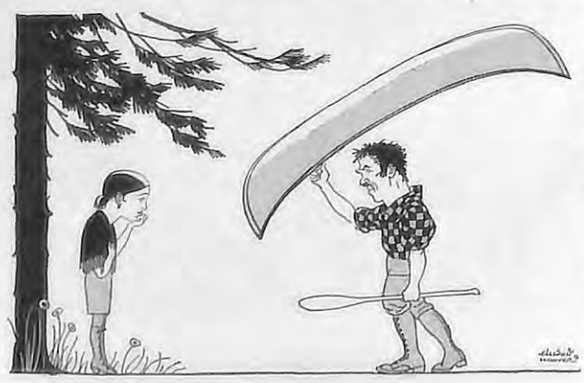
Then too that gliding downstream acts as a soporific, producing dreams that are not of work. If you try to write on a train even on a road that boasts of the smoothness of its roadbed your typewriter is jiggled. But in a canoe you glide along so smoothly that there is no tangible excuse for not working.

Late in the afternoon the canoe fleet is drawn up near a bar in the river. Harry Allen, who has the Cains and the Miramichi charted in his memory so thoroughly that he almost has a census of the salmon in it, says, "There is a good pool here. We will have salmon for supper."

THE fisherman in the party prepares his rod and reel while Harry Allen selects a fly. A fisherman in the making who has advanced to the stage where he has caught a few trout also makes the venture. There is a swishing of lines and then a shrill shout from the fisherman in the making. At the same time there is a shout from the rest, and a cracking in a little patch of young growth to the landward. A herd of deer breaks and crashes back into the woods. At the same time the two fishermen are concentrated on the waters of the Cains. Two reels are singing and two of the salmon rods are bent double.

I do not know whether it was in a spirit of generosity or with malice aforethought, but the experienced fisherman said, "Don't you want to take the rod and play him a while? It's a big one."

I was going through the first motions of salmon fishing. This is just as deadly as taking the first swing with a golf club. That was a fighting fish. The confirmed fisherman was coaching with the insistence of a prizefighter's second in the corner.



"Hold that rod tip, you. Let him have more line. Hold it up."

Once in a while a silver streak would break out of the darkening waters and my second would scream his advice. The salmon was going downstream in the middle of the river. I could not gain an inch on him. Suddenly I glanced at the reel.

"The line is giving out," I screamed. "He'll get away."

"Give me the rod," ordered the confirmed fisherman. Harry Allen was ready with a canoe. The fisherman slid in and down they went with the battling salmon. The darkness deepened. Two hundred yards down the river and on the side opposite from where he struck, Harry Allen, gaffed that particular salmon by the light of a lantern. And I was on my way to becoming a salmon fishing addict. On the next morning the portable typewriter was locked and stored in the duffle bag. I was concentrating on the matter of salmon fishing.

Some years later I wired Harry Allen that I was coming to New Brunswick to shoot a moose for the motion picture camera. This program was arranged without considering the fact that the New Brunswick moose has no ambition to go to Hollywood.

I had counted on shooting this one from the call, a notion which would not have occurred save only in the interests of the celluloid art, for the fun of moose hunting—if any—is in wandering through the woods and finding your moose—and again I must add—if any.

The procedure of calling the moose is known extensively enough. The guide, improvising a saxophone from a roll of birch bark, makes some lugubrious noises in imitation of the call of the cow moose. Having listened to these notes I always have wondered if Mr. Paul Whiteman did not borrow a lot of his stuff from the cow moose of the north woods, for the cow moose was making those noises long before we ever heard of jazz music.

Harry Allen had his misgivings. It was early for the calling season, which is limited, whereas the jazz season and saxophone time are not—more's the pity. For two days we tried hiding in points of vantage while Harry Allen played his birch bark saxophone in vain. I know that he did his best and that the notes he drew from his saxophone sounded much more melodious to me than any of those drawn by Mr. Whiteman's bands.

We had given up for the day and were filing back to our main camp in the following order, self with rifle, Harry Allen with axe, Mr. Hawkinson with motion picture camera. We came out into a burnt barren. There beside the charred stump of a tree watching us curiously was a young bull moose. Mr. Hawkinson set down his camera cautiously and proceeded to grind. I raised the rifle.

"I wouldn't shoot that one," whispered Harry Allen. "We can get a better one perhaps later on."

"Get him," whispered Mr. Hawkinson. "We might not see any more."

The moose started to sheer off and I fired. He leaped ahead and I thought that I missed. Suddenly he wavered, turned about and started to move blindly in our direction. I raised the rifle.

"What do you want to do?" protested Mr. Hawkinson. "Spoil my close-up?"

To which I replied, "You may have the moose, if you want him." The bull was hard hit though. He staggered as he came on, then caught in some of the short second growth trying to get up. He was greatly annoyed when Mr. Hawkinson moved his camera to within four feet of him and took a close-up of a mad moose's head, and he was the maddest moose I ever saw. A few minutes later he was being transformed into steaks and roasts.

TWO of the most amusing war stories we have ever read are "When Do We Eat?" by Owen Atkinson and "The Coup de Grace," by Norman Reilly Raine, both writers new to THE ELKS MAGAZINE. You will find the first of the two in this issue, on page 29. Don't fail to read it. The second, a hilarious tale of a submarine hunt, will appear in an early issue and we suggest that you watch for it. Watch, also, for announcements next month of a great new serial and other first-class fiction and articles.

It was Alphide Tremblay who guided me to the big moose near Creek des Prairies in the Province of Quebec. Alphide is a French Canadian and quite excitable. This expedition consisted of Alphide, Pierre and myself. Aphide, being the guide in chief, carried the official axe. Pierre carried a canoe on his head.

Pierre never was without his canoe. Of course when there was a lake we would ride in the canoe. But when he left the lake Pierre would wear his canoe on his head with the ease of a doughboy wearing his tin hat. He always seemed to feel that he would encounter water. Even when he went out from the main camp to gather firewood, Pierre would first don his canoe as one would don his hat or cap.

I gathered that if Pierre was caught anywhere away from the water without his canoe on his head he would feel that he was exposing himself almost indecently. As the guides slept in a separate camp I do not know whether or not he used that canoe for a nightcap when he retired. One does not like to be too inquisitive. But I am quite sure that whenever he walked about the streets of his village, La Tuque, his canoe was on his head. Of course, being a gallant young French Canadian he always would tip it gracefully when he came across a young lady of the village. I believe that this must be the etiquette of the canoe when it is used for head covering. Also he naturally would take off his canoe at the playing of "God Save the King," even at the risk of incurring a cold in the head. He was intelligent too. He must have been to require a fourteen-foot canoe for a head-covering.

In Nova Scotia I am in the hands of Sam Glode, the Micmac Indian whose habitat is the country around Pecawah Lake beyond Kedgemacooge. Sam has returned only recently from overseas where he has served as a sniper. I can imagine that he must have been quite efficient at this work for Sam can see a leaf flutter at two hundred yards, and can creep up on an otter when he is collecting furs.

"It was very nice work," said Sam concerning the sniping. "They always sent us back when they were laying down a barrage."

Sam is not loquacious. We stalk through the pouring rain for hours. At last Sam says, "Bile kettle." That means that Sam is to produce hot tea and luncheon. The woods are soaked with water and the skies are dripping as on the night of the heavyweight championship bout at Philadelphia.

Sam rips a roll of bark from a birch. With his axe he cuts into a rotten log, feeling for dry bits. He lights one match from his box, fumbles with the bark, and in a few minutes Sam has a fire and his kettle is sizzling, while the rain still drips into the waterlogged woods. We have our boiled tea.

It clears in the afternoon and we work up to a ridge where we can look across shimmering miles of russet and gold, the autumnal woods of Nova Scotia. Sam points pridefully with a sweep of his hand.

"DO YOU know," says Sam solemnly, "until I was over there I never appreciated my home before."

And as I looked at Sam's home, the russet and gold woods of Nova Scotia, I could appreciate the fervor of his voice and the affection that was in his gesture. I was grateful to Sam for showing me his home in that fashion and for taking me into it.

"Mr. Cobb is a funny man," said Sam. This indicated again that Sam was a discerning person. He was referring to Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, who was a member of the party with designs of a sanguinary nature against the moose of Nova Scotia.

"We come across a very small bull," continued Sam. "I said to Mr. Cobb, 'Don't shoot. He is too small.' But Mr. Cobb he said, 'He's meat and I want meat.' So he put down a big barrage with the automatic rifle like a Vimy Ridge and we have meat all right."

It is, as they say, a very far cry from Sam Glode's leafy home in the north to the Dover Hall Club in South Georgia, where I meet John Strickland, the "Cracker guide." John's farm is a short distance from the Dover Hall preserves, and I drive to it with Wilbert Robinson of the old Orioles, and the comparatively new Brooklyn Dodgers.

The home of Mr. Strickland is under the southern pines off the main road and not easy to locate. The hound dogs herald our approach and John Strickland is at the door to meet us, subduing the hounds with his boots.

"We want a deer drive in the morning, John," says Mr. Robinson.

"Sure enough," says Mr. Strickland. "That swamp is just cluttered up with deer. I saw one with antlers as big as a pine tree, and he was bigger than three piney

(*Continued on page 84*)

BROWN BROS.

An Empire Builder:

Edward Henry Harriman

By William Almon Wolff

Photographs from Culver Service

Part II

JACOB H. SCHIFF laughed at Harriman when that comparatively obscure, relatively unimportant man, known only, really, as Stuyvesant Fish's principal associate in the Illinois Central, told him he wanted to reorganize the Union Pacific himself.

"Make me chairman of the executive committee of the new company, and I'll consider joining with you," Harriman had said.

"That is impossible," Schiff had replied, briefly.

"Good day!" said Harriman.

Even then, probably, Schiff did not take Harriman very seriously, Schiff was the head of a great banking house, with vast connections. He was one of the great financiers of the world.

But he had to take Harriman seriously, as he soon learned. The character of the opposition to Schiff's work changed. It became open. Stuyvesant Fish, among others, attacked the scheme. Schiff took thought.

Jacob H. Schiff was more than a great banker. He was a great man; as it happened, he was a great Jew. He had the mind of his race, which is essentially a realistic mind. Schiff had much reason to dislike Harriman, to be angry with him. But dislike and anger were personal; they were, in the large issue, irrelevant. Schiff, if he felt those emotions, put them away. He considered Harriman. He made up his mind that he should work with him. He did what it is safe to say Morgan, in his place, would never have done; he went to Harriman again.

"I want you to be with us," he said, in effect. "I cannot promise to make you chairman of the executive committee. That post has been promised to Winslow Pierce. But you can be a member of the executive committee. And if it turns out, as I am beginning to think it may, that you are the strongest man on that committee, you will, in all probability, soon become its chairman."

There was a swift and keen appraisal of character in that approach. Harriman could have resisted argument, he could not resist a challenge to prove his abounding faith in himself. He accepted Schiff's proposal; he became a member with a participation involving $900,000 of his own money, in the syndicate, headed by Kuhn, Loeb and Co., that was negotiating the purchase of the bankrupt Union Pacific.

So began not only Harriman's active part in the reorganization of the Union Pacific, but the association with Schiff and Kuhn, Loeb and Co., which lasted until his death, and wrote into the history of American business some of its most brilliant pages.

The Union Pacific, at this time, had come to be little more than the old main stem of the road, the line from Omaha, Nebraska, to Ogden, Utah. It had lost its connection to the Pacific coast; it had lost the feeder lines and branches that spread out into the potentially rich, though then prostrated, agricultural States of Kansas and Nebraska.

Its equipment was poor; the road had been starved for years. Necessarily it had lived from hand to mouth during the receivership; it had spent less than a million dollars in five and a half years on maintenance and repair, including half a million dollars for rolling stock. Eighty per cent. of the main line had light rails—rails too light for safe and efficient train movement. Its operating costs, owing to excessive grades and curves, were very high.

The country it served was as badly off as the road itself. The 1893 panic had smashed a boom that had seen an orgy of highly speculative lending of money on anything even called a farm mortgage. Banks crashed everywhere; population shrank; the future looked black.

Harriman knew these things. He knew them while he planned, secretly, to reorganize the Union Pacific out of money to be raised by the unimpaired credit of the Illinois Central. That was what was in his mind when he first talked to Schiff. He could borrow money on Illinois Central 3 per cent. bonds; Schiff would have to borrow at 4½ per cent. As it turned out the shift that threw Harriman into Schiff's camp was for the best; the Illinois Central stockholders did not share Harriman's optimism, and might well have refused to take the great risk of uniting a solvent and rich property with one so badly run down.

Schiff and his firm were brought into Union Pacific affairs through a proposal made by Winslow Pierce, representing George J. Gould—whose great property was the Missouri Pacific, and who was interested in the Union Pacific as a security holder, and as an outgrowth of the ultimately disastrous unloading of Denver Pacific and Central Pacific on the Union Pacific by his father.

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James J. Hill, of the Great Northern

DURING Schiff's first moves it looked to Wall Street as if Vanderbilt interests were to be predominant in the new reorganization. It was not so, but that may have been one of Harriman's reasons for acting as he did—the Illinois Central could hardly look with equanimity upon the prospect of a true transcontinental system including the New York Central, the Chicago and Northwestern, and the Union Pacific.

However that was—and no one knows the secret workings of Harriman's mind at that time—he soon saw a new and greater opportunity than he had at first envisaged. And as he then came to see the Union Pacific, it was far too big a dog to be wagged by the Illinois Central tail.

The Schiff syndicate, including Harriman, bought the Union Pacific on November 2, 1897. Harriman joined the executive committee almost at once, and began immediately a ferocious and intensive study of the road, its conditions, and its problems.

Harriman wasn't interested in simply keeping the road's head above water; maintaining it as a barely solvent one. That promised only ordinary difficulties after the reorganization. Even if its revenues didn't climb much interest on its bonds and other funded obligations could be met. Stock dividends, most emphatically, were not in sight; no one but Harriman really thought they ever would be paid. The stock was highly speculative; it sold down to 10 and 15 in 1898, and never did, that year, climb above 25. Harriman bought all he could, up to 25, in 1898; strained his credit to buy the stock; acquired thousands of shares. They made him an enormously wealthy man; they founded his real fortune. He had never been, up to this time, a really

rich man; he must have had to dig down to participate to the extent of $900,000 in the Kuhn, Loeb syndicate, and dig down deep.

All through the first months of 1898, Harriman was studying the Union Pacific and its territory. Schiff was beginning both to like and to trust him; few others did. Otto Kahn says that most of his associates on the executive committee rather resented his being named upon it; that they felt he was not their equal.

Yet in May of 1898, within six months, they made him their chairman! Within a year he was chairman, also, of the board of directors, and practically in full control!

HARRIMAN didn't argue; he didn't persuade. There was left out of him, and it was the foundation of his extraordinary power over other men, the almost universal tendency to make a personal issue of every question in dispute. Most men treat their opinions, even unconsciously, as convictions; feel they must, as a point of honor, defend them. Harriman was not like that. You didn't think an opinion was right or think it was wrong; you found out which it was by getting the facts. Frequently, because it was necessary to have a starting point, you formed a wrong opinion. But you didn't, as Harriman saw things, have to stick to it because it was your opinion, when the facts didn't sustain it. He was always ready to change his opinions when the facts were against him, and he paid the men opposed to him the compliment of taking it for granted that their minds were, in this respect, as simple and as honest as his own.

Now, as a matter of fact, most men do not have minds so simple and so honest as Harriman's was. But it takes a quite unusual degree of obstinacy and self-will to make a man resist the logic of facts presented impersonally by one who sincerely believes everyone is, like himself, interested only in getting at the truth.

The reason Harriman became chairman of the Union Pacific's executive committee in May, 1898, was that the way he had, for five months, been dealing with facts had convinced his associates that he knew what he was talking about, and that he was probably right in thinking he could make the road into a money maker. To give him the chance was elementary good business.

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Jacob H. Schiff, Harriman's opponent first, and later his sponsor

VI

Harriman knew already, when this chairmanship came to him, more about the Union Pacific than did any man outside its operating personnel. Yet the first thing he did afterward was to start from Omaha, in a special train, with the engine behind and an observation car in front, and have himself pushed, not pulled, over every mile of the system, by daylight. He was gone for weeks, but when he got home he knew everything about the road.

He telegraphed to New York, quite early, for authority to begin work that would, he estimated, cost about $25,000,000 before it was done. A letter followed the telegram; it gave his plans in detail, and his reasons for urging their immediate adoption. The engineering reasons were sound, but do not matter now; aside from those he had two major arguments. One was that the trans-Missouri region had great prosperity before it; the other that labor and material costs were lower than they were going to be again for many years, if ever.

A frightened directorate held telegram and letter for action upon Harriman's return. The reorganization had saddled the new company with liabilities of $81,500,000; here was a proposal to spend $25,000,000 more! And the country was just creeping back to normal after the 1893 panic, and was at war!

But Harriman wasn't frightened. In fact, he had, without waiting for authority, initiated his program; had signed contracts and orders involving much expenditure. Had his action been repudiated it would have ruined him; blasted his career, only now, when he was fifty, really beginning. But about this he does not seem even to have worried. He knew, by that time, the men with whom he had to deal. And his action was sustained; his whole program was adopted.

In the end Harriman rebuilt the Union Pacific. He restored the lost lines, such of them as were needed, and rebuilt those. In the first spurt 150 miles of track between Ogden and Omaha were abandoned, and so relocated as to save forty miles of distance, and enormously to reduce grades and curves. Equipment was speedily brought up to date. Heavy rails went down. Steel bridges replaced wooden trestles.

The Union Pacific was a great railway within three years. By October, 1900, it had spent $20,000,000 for betterments, paid dividends on both common and preferred stock, and accumulated a cash surplus of nearly $5,000,000.

There had been factors of good fortune in this amazing record of accomplishment, certainly. Unusual rainfall brought bumper crops in its territory in 1899 and 1900. The annexation of the Philippines stimulated trade with those islands and the Far East, and so increased transcontinental traffic.

BUT it was not luck alone that justified Harriman's confidence in the bleak days of 1897. His confidence was based upon two things—his conviction of the future of Union Pacific territory and his precise and carefully acquired knowledge of how the road could be prepared to share in that prosperity he foresaw.

They were very fond, in the first decade of this century, of calling Harriman a specu-

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KEYSTONE VIEW

COURTESY SOUTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

Julius Kruttschnitt (left), general manager of the Southern Pacific, who, with William Hood (right), engineer, rebuilt the old Central Pacific under Harriman's direction. Below is the famous Lucin cut-off across Great Salt Lake.

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William Rockefeller, brother of John D.

lator, a gambler on a great scale. He did buy many, many thousands of shares of Union Pacific at prices ranging from $10 to $25 a share. Those shares did, then, look dear at any price. They were, eight years later, selling for $195 a share, paying a dividend of 10 per cent., and they must have given Harriman an almost incalculable profit. But it was not, in any true sense of the word, a speculative profit.

Would you feel like a gambler if you bought a wrecked automobile from its disgusted owner, who had left it in the ditch, for a hundred dollars, and, by a good deal of labor on your own part, and that of mechanics working under you, and the expenditure of, say, another hundred dollars, restored it to usefulness and then sold it for a thousand dollars? That is a fair reduction in scale and translation to every day terms of what Harriman did with the Union Pacific.

Harriman created the values that enriched him. That is, he, more than anyone else, was responsible for their creation; it is more than doubtful whether, without his intervention, they would have been created. He didn't, obviously, build the Union Pacific, nor did he create the prosperity of the territory it served. But he put it in shape to carry the traffic that territory, with returning prosperity, offered it, and that territory owed some of its growth to the excellence of its transportation system.

PACH FROM BROWN BROS.

George J. Gould as a young man

Harriman bought his Union Pacific shares in the open market. Anyone could have have bought them as he did. He had no special, inside information at the time he did most of that buying. He acquired the greater part of his holdings before he was made chairman of the executive committee. He did, probably, know more about the potential value of Union Pacific than anyone else, but it was not because he had exclusive sources of information, but because he had made more diligent use of his opportunities to acquire that information than had others to whom equal opportunities had been open. Some of the men who were ready, in 1898, to denounce him as a gambler for buying Union Pacific, and to prophesy his speedy bankruptcy, were equally ready, in 1906, to complain that he was an unscrupulous exploiter. Of necessity they were wrong one time or the other, and it is probably pretty generally conceded now that they were wrong both times.

And, in any event, no matter how great a share of the values he created, or helped to create, Harriman was able to acquire and keep for himself, his gain was only a small fraction of the total wealth added to the national store by the increase in value of the Union Pacific. In eight years a stock worth an average of $16 a share became worth $195; in eight years stock with no prospect of ever paying a dividend was paying one of 10 per cent. To-day, twenty one years after that dividend rate was established, it still stands; the stock sells, day in and day out, at about $180 a share.

Whatever else may be said of Harriman he certainly did not use his practically complete control of the Union Pacific to milk the road for his own profit. From 1898 to the time of his death, in 1909, the Union Pacific spent nearly $175,000,000 in betterments. Had Harriman's thought been for dividends first much less could have been spent without materially affecting the ability of the road to handle its traffic. But one reason that the 10 per cent. dividend rate has been maintained is that Harriman spent the money he did when he did; when money went farther than it does now, and when money cost less to borrow.

Harriman made a great deal of money. But he did, almost literally, *make* it. The money he made at the expense of other people, money that went from their pockets into his, and he got some of that, too, counted for little in the final reckoning of his fortune. Most of his wealth was new wealth. It isn't apparent, as a matter of fact, that Harriman was ever very greatly interested simply in acquiring money.

His personal tastes were very simple. He liked a certain sort of simple luxury, no doubt. He wanted—and obtained—a great and noble estate. He owned a steam yacht. He traveled in private cars. He unquestionably enjoyed, being extremely human, the ability he had to have anything money could buy. But he continued to pile up his wealth long after he had reached that point.

What his heart was set on, what, from the time his ambitions really began to take form, he did crave, was power. He never tried to hide that craving. He saw money, in great sums, as a means to his end of acquiring power. Power he wanted precisely as Napoleon, and Alexander, and all the great conquerors have wanted it, as Mussolini wants it. He had a truly imperial vision and imagination. Few speculations are more fascinating than one that deals with what Harriman would have done had he lived ten years longer.

VII

It becomes increasingly difficult, now to preserve a chronological order in dealing with Harriman. He was constantly engaged in different undertakings that ran along, parallel with one another, but never really meeting. But it will be well to deal now, and first, with his creation and consolidation of his railroad domain; with the emergence of the tremendous system of more or less connected railways known as the Harriman lines.

Regardless of technicalities, Harriman was, by the middle of 1900, the dominant figure in the Union Pacific. Whether or not he ever actually controlled a majority of its shares is unimportant; it was, in effect,

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In the circles above and on the next page are the four men who built the Southern Pacific: Charles Crocker, Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins (bust) and Leland Stanford

his railway. Its directors had, by now, complete confidence in him; he could do as he pleased.

The Union Pacific had, through its control of the Oregon Short Line, direct access to the Pacific coast. It reached San Francisco through the Central Pacific from Ogden, its own Western terminal. But it did not control the Central Pacific; that road belonged to the Southern Pacific, which Collis P. Huntington had built with Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker and Mark Hopkins, and which he still controlled.

The Central Pacific was far from being up to the Harriman standard. Trains that the Union Pacific, after Harriman's reconstruction, could haul easily, had to be broken up at Ogden because they couldn't be operated over the Central Pacific. The Central Pacific, as a fact, couldn't accommodate much more than half of the traffic the Union Pacific could move—which nullified or reduced the value of much of Harriman's work.

Its own management wanted to improve the Central Pacific; it saw what was needed, and its plans were adequate. But the road owed the government nearly sixty million dollars, and the financing of this obligation was very difficult. The Southern Pacific would not sell to Harriman. For Harriman the answer was simple; he must, none the less, buy the Southern Pacific.

Huntington's death, in August, 1900, gave him his chance. The Southern Pacific, to be sure, had stock with a market value of $100,000,000; The Union Pacific, insolvent two years before, and with a surplus of only $5,000,000, didn't look to be in a position to control the other road by an investment of more than $50,000,000. But what the Union Pacific did have was unmortgaged

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

BROWN BROS.

property worth a great deal of money. And in May, 1901, the Union Pacific, which means Harriman, offered to the public an issue of 4 per cent. bonds, to the amount of $100,000,000—the bonds, to make up for the low rate of interest, being convertible, within five years, into Union Pacific common stock.

The security was frankly not perfect. But to those who knew Harriman—and the number of these was growing fast—the speculative factor, the chance to obtain Union Pacific stock—was attractive. And, as a matter of fact, before the conversion privilege expired, ten shares of stock which could be had for one of the thousand dollar bonds, were worth $1,565.

By the end of March, 1901, Harriman had the Huntington stock—475,000 shares. Kuhn, Loeb and Co. had bought 275,000 shares in the open market. The holding represented 38 per cent. of the outstanding stock, and had cost nearly fifty-six dollars a share—a total investment of close to $42,000,000. This was not actual control, but it came close to it, and within a short time the Union Pacific acquired enough additional stock to make its holding about 45½ per cent of the total—much nearer actual control than is usually meant when it is said that an interest controls a railway.

The Southern Pacific, when it passed into control of the Union Pacific, was a much greater railway than its new owner. It ran from Portland, Oregon, to New Orleans, through San Francisco, Los Angeles and El Paso. It connected with the Union Pacific at Ogden through the Central Pacific; it controlled an extension into Mexico. It had control or actual ownership of about 9,000 miles of line and its territory was, in area, about one-third of the whole United States. From New Orleans its steamers ran to Havana and New York, and from the western ports to Shanghai, Yokohama and the Orient.

Physically the Southern Pacific fell short of the Harriman standard—though by other standards it was a good road. Julius Kruttschnitt, general manager of the system, went to New York to meet Harriman, whom, at the time, he knew very slightly, and went back, a little dazed by the speed with which Harriman had made a start in reconstruction plans. He had talked with Harriman for two hours one evening at his house; the next morning Harriman had obtained approval of expenditures of $18,000,000 in a meeting so short that it must have seemed to Kruttschnitt almost perfunctory—which it emphatically was not.

Kruttschnitt rebuilt the old Central Pacific in less than three years—and a fine, stiff job it was, too. Thanks to Harriman, he and William Hood, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific, were able to carry their line straight across the Great Salt Lake—the famous Lucin cut-off. It was an engineering feat of great difficulty, owing to the mud and quicksands at the bottom of the shallow lake. It cost $9,000,000, but it reduced grades enormously between Lucin and Ogden; eliminated a great deal of curvature, creating almost an air line, and shortened the actual distance from 147 miles to 103!

The reconstruction of the main line from New Orleans to San Francisco was a much simpler task. But he spent more than $20,000,000 on that work; $30,000,000 on the whole system; $41,000,000 more for rolling stock and steamships. Much money was spent for safety. Harriman was a pioneer in introducing block signaling. Extensions and new lines cost nearly $115,000,000; in all the money spent on inproving and enlarging the Southern Pacific, during Harriman's administration, came to almost $242,000,000.

Figures like these mean little, by themselves. Their significance here is that they show Harriman for what he always was—a man who spent money, literally like water, to create new and greater values. He made of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific, singly controlled, a railway system efficient to the last degree, superbly equipped, amply able to supply the transportation needs of the territory it served.

VIII

Harriman's merger of the two great transcontinental lines in 1901 was a tremendous challenge to a whole school of opinion. His purpose, it is easier to see now than it was then, was a simple one; it was dictated by the logic of circumstances. He wanted the property for which he was responsible to be as efficient as it could be made; it was Southern Pacific control of what was, essentially, a part of his own system, that enforced his purchase of the larger system.

But, almost from the first, there was opposition to his plan—not only on the part of other railway and financial interests,

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An early portrait of George F. Baker

but of a section of the public, of the press, and of political forces.

We are only now seeing the dawn of a really scientific and soundly economic attitude toward the railway problem. It is impossible, here and now, to go into the history of railways in America. Only the broadest and most general statements can be made, and the evidence upon which they are based can not be set forth.

Railways were, in the beginning, private enterprises. Individuals controlled them; regarded them as private property. There was, very often, reckless financing; there was gross and culpable extravagance. The consequences of such errors endure to this day. The Erie has the best and most direct line from New York to Chicago. Had it been managed with the honesty and skill that the New York Central and the Pennsylvania enjoyed it should, with its natural advantages, have been a greater property than either.

But the Erie was crushed by financial methods that, though within the law as it was then written, were ruinous to it. It was laden with responsibility for securities representing no true investment and no real capital values. It is coming back; the Erie, to-day, thanks to a long period of careful, skillful and economical management, is becoming a great property.

What happened, on a great scale, to the

(*Continued on page 73*)

BROWN BROS.

The late Senator William A. Clark

Science now builds with the same elements it created for destruction

Beating Swords

By Arthur Chapman

AN AIRPLANE flitted back and forth over a Louisiana swamp. From a metal hopper in the rear cockpit there poured a heavy smoke, forced downward and covering a strip area of not less than four hundred feet when it reached the earth.

With the regularity of a weaver's shuttle, the airplane droned on its way, its trailing smoke cloud settling in the clumps of trees and on the swamp grass. The few local residents who looked on wonderingly were witnesses of a peace-time utilizing of war material and war experience—the use of poisoned smoke to kill the larvæ of the malarial mosquito. From the first these experiments in mosquito extermination have been so successful that they are to be extended to other fields. Using war-time poisons for "crop dusting" by airplane it is believed will make it possible to wage a winning fight against the cotton boll-weevil, as well as many pests of the grain fields and orchards.

All the peace-time legacies of war have not been left to agriculture. They figure in many ways in the daily life of the average individual. When an automobile is added to the family possessions, its showy appearance in many instances is due to an improved lacquer, the basis of which is cellulose—and cellulose is a parent of guncotton, one of the deadliest of explosives. The engine in the new car would not be so light and efficient if it were not for improvements made in airplane engines during the war and since adopted by motor manufacturers. The high-power, anti-knock gasoline, which gives so much mileage and so little carbon, was evolved by war-time engineers who were seeking to increase the efficiency of the Liberty motor. The roads over which the car is taken on the family's first jaunt into the country may have been made from materials blasted from the quarry by explosives left over from the war.

When Aunt Emma comes home from Europe on a giant liner, she does not know that her speed through the shallower waters is made possible by a listening device, developed by the Navy for detecting submarines and now used for charting the bottom of the sea by the refraction of echoes. And when Uncle Henry, who is a manufacturer of ice cream, sends his daily shipments to distant customers, he encloses his cans in a wrapping of extremely light material—lighter than cork, in fact, and a non-conductor of heat—which he may or may not know was first utilized by the Navy as life preservers but which has found a growing commercial use in time of peace.

When that long-desired piece of new furniture is secured for the living-room, even the most inquiring member of the family may not figure it out that the glue which makes the wood veneer four times as durable as the pre-war product, was developed to make airplane frames capable of standing extreme strain.

When the house is fitted with new, sanitary, washable windowshades, the salesman may have neglected to explain that the basis of the product is again the deadly cellulose, which is true also of the binding of the family's new encyclopedia—a binding which looks like leather and feels like leather, but which is fabricated from material of death-dealing potentiality.

At the end of the week, when the laundry comes home, it is clean because the chief bleaching agent has been chlorine, the basis of the first poison gas used by the Germans in the war. The city drinking water which the family uses has been rendered pure by that same chlorine. And, if any member of the household has a common cold or even influenza, treatment in a chlorine chamber may be recommended by the up-to-date family physician.

When Cousin James has his big real estate development surveyed by airplane to check up the ordinary surveys—a course that is now being followed by many counties—he is calling upon an offspring of war-time airplane photography. And when Brother Edward, who is an oil scout in the southwest, writes that his company is experimenting in prospecting for oil domes by the use of dynamite and seismographs, he is paying unconscious tribute to the artillery expert who was clever enough to suggest the method of "smoking out" camouflaged gun emplacements by tracing the underground tremors caused by explosions.

Just how closely war and industry are related was indicated by a New York representative of a powder company who was approached with the jocular inquiry: "Well, how do you fellows get along, now that there isn't any war?"

"Don't make the mistake of figuring that ours is a war industry," retorted the powder man. "With us, war is calamity, because it interrupts our real business. Take our firm, for instance, which has been in the same family for five generations. Since the business was founded, in 1802, we have had five wars, and three of them were pretty small, as wars go. Up to the World War, not over 5 per cent. of our output of explosives was used for war purposes. No big concern like ours could live from war to war, and in between just furnishing ammunition for target practice and salutes and for sporting purposes.

"OUR real business is in industry. Every pound of rock that is put in the roads you travel over, either by automobile or rail, has been brought out of the quarry by an explosive. It has been figured up that every mile of improved highway means the use of one thousand pounds of explosives, and I don't think that estimate is too high. Every ton of coal and every ton of ore of any kind means the use of explosives. Take low-grade dynamite. There is a big market for it among the farmers. A lot of it that was left over at the end of the war was disposed of by the Department of Agriculture, through county agents and agricultural schools. Dynamite is being used more and more for making ditches, blowing stumps and planting trees. For tree planting it is ideal because it breaks the soil and gives the young roots the best sort of chance. It is being used

The amazing story of the place of war products in the life of to-day

Into Ploughshares

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

by health departments in mosquito and malarial countries. They dug the longest ditch in the world through a Louisiana swamp region recently, and how did they do it? With dynamite. You can plant dynamite cartridges in a row in thick underbrush and blow out a ditch where you couldn't possibly get in and use shovels.

"There's nothing in the powder line that can't be used in industry. Take a smokeless powder. We had enormous quantities of it on hand at the end of the war, and it was thought there couldn't possibly be any use for it. But the company's chemists stepped in and solved the problem. They found that smokeless powder could be torn down to its original elements. Then those elements could be fabricated into several things. It was just like taking an old suit to pieces and using the cloth here and the buttons there.

"The manifold uses of cellulose and coal-tar are what constitute the big end of the business for a firm like ours. Take the nice toilet set that looks like tortoise-shell but isn't, and the car lacquer that's so durable and so easily applied, and the material that looks like leather and which can be used for automobile upholstery and bookbindings and heaven knows what—these are the things that count. Do you know that if real leather were used for all purposes where the substitutes figure to-day, we'd have to have a cow on every acre of this broad land? It's the same with silk. There aren't mulberry trees and silk-worms enough in the world to furnish silk for every use. This misnamed artificial silk, which is being made and used all over the world now, is a cellulose product —a sort of wood fiber step-daughter of guncotton. Even that brilliantly dyed, transparent wrapping around the box of chocolates you take home occasionally—that's made largely of cellulose, too. And so is the photograph film in that movie you saw last night.

"When it comes to coal-tar products, the list is even larger. At least one hundred and twenty-five chemical substances have been developed from coal-tar, ranging from the high explosive, picric acid, to all sorts of dyestuffs. We didn't have any dye industry until the war made us get busy and give Germany some real competition in that line. When the war ended we had enormous quantities of phosgene on hand, for making poison gas. How to use this in peace-time was a problem, but it proved easy to solve. The phosgene was sold to dye manufacturers and paint makers. They made the most beautiful yellows and greens out of it. That was why there was such a run on those colors after the war, the elevated system in New York, for instance, treating itself to a bath of yellow paint. The color was plentiful and cheap. Plenty of other things which were developed for war use have been taken up in the same way. In fact it is amazing how industry, in a busy country like ours, will absorb the agencies that are supposed to belong exclusively to war."

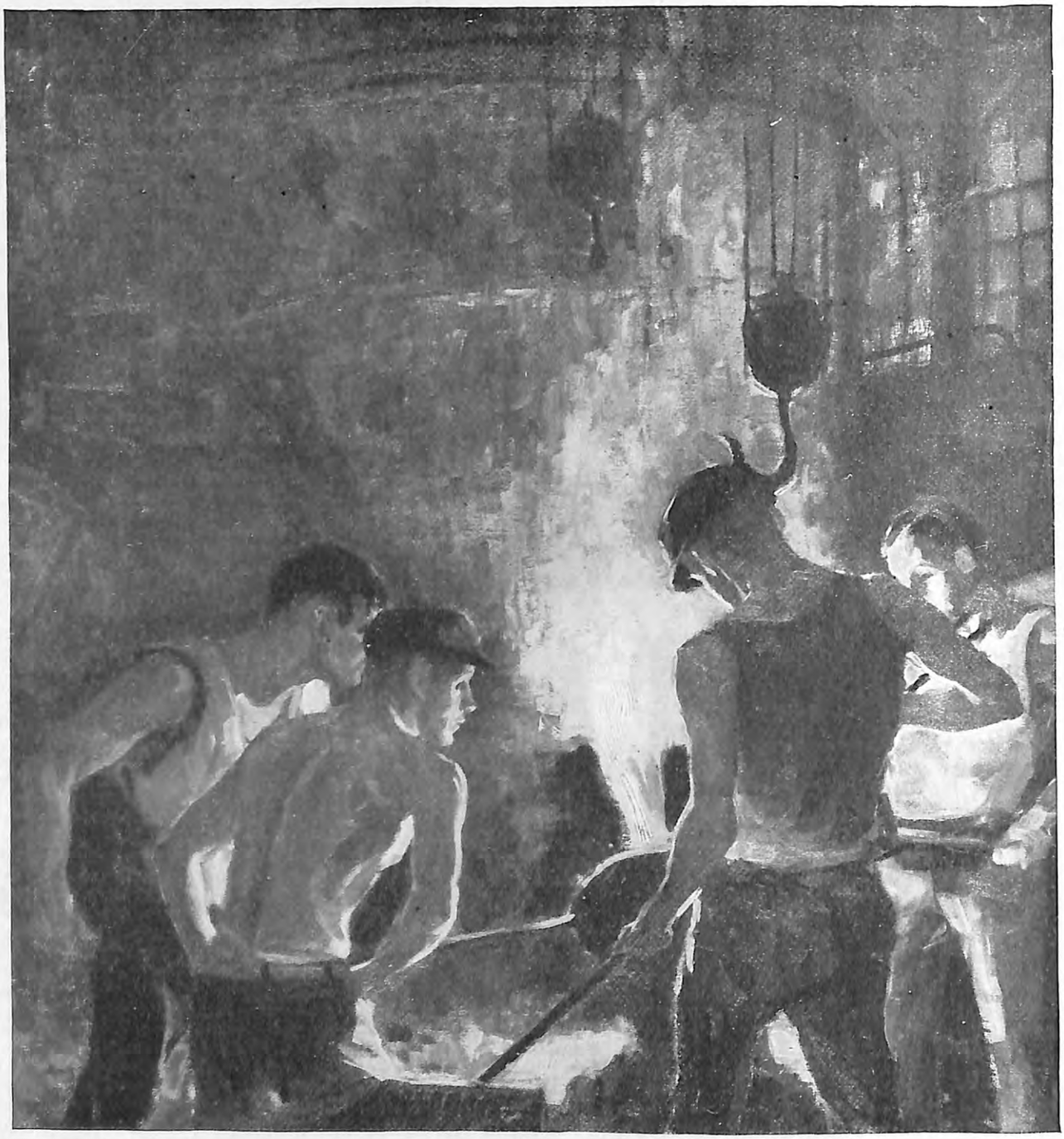
The question naturally arises: How did this peace-time adoption of war's most destructive agencies come about? Who is responsible for this beating of swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks?

The prime mover in this work of fitting the left-overs of war to the needs of peace is the chemist. Not the lone scientist, working under the handicaps of poverty and poor equipment, but the highly-paid member of a modern research staff, with a score of trained fellow-scientists bending their energies toward the same goal and with the unlimited resources of a modern laboratory at command.

Finding new uses for cellulose was one of the great problems being worked on by chemists, even before the war ended. Cellulose is made from the linters, or very short strings of cotton, adhering to the seed. These are too short to be spun. The cellulose makers receive this oily waste after the cotton seed oil makers have extracted the oil from the seed. Tons of this "waste" were coming in during the war, and, treated to a certain extent with nitric and sulphuric acids, were being turned into guncotton. Under a lesser treatment, cellulose becomes synthetic ivory, so-called artificial leather or what you will.

And here, incredible as it may seem, the maker of Russian vodka enters the picture. It is necessary to form the cotton waste into a so-called "ester," and for this purpose a solvent based on fusel oil was used. The Russian distillers were depended upon, before the war, to supply this fusel oil. So were the makers of Holland gin. Then Russia went on a Prohibition basis and vodka, officially though temporarily, was put in the discard. Anyway the war would have shut off the fusel oil supplied by the vodka makers, just as it shut off the supply from the gin-makers of Holland. But American chemistry again came to the rescue as it did in many other instances. The place of the vodka and gin derivative was taken by several substitutes, chief of which is butyl-alcohol, and the work of converting cotton waste into cellulose went on without regard to the cups that cheer Russia and Holland.

WITH an ample basic product of cellulose thus assured, the next question was finding new uses for the enormous supply of raw material. It was determined that a new paint, especially a lacquer for automobiles, which would dry readily and would prove lasting under the stress of weather conditions and rough usage, was something to be desired. Word was passed out to the chemists in the laboratory of one of the great manufacturing companies. It was like telling a company of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police to "Get your man." The quest of a new paint was started, and finally it was found. Cellulose, with an inter-mixture of coloring matter, commercial shellac and other gums, is sprayed on automobile bodies or other surfaces. The mixture dries almost as soon as it is applied. Two or three coats are all that is necessary. Furthermore, each new coat actually merges with the coating previously applied. Thus it is impossible to tell where one coat ends and another begins.



Automobile painting under previous conditions was slow and costly. Many coats of thin pigment were necessary, and drying agents had to be sparingly introduced. This meant that cars which underwent a thorough job of painting were sometimes held up in the factory for nearly three weeks. The result was costly storage, not to speak of a vast amount of labor in painting. The quick-drying properties of the cellulose product are explained by the fact that the lacquer when applied has taken in all the oxygen it can possibly absorb. Thus it is not subject to ordinary disintegrating processes which are due to absorption of oxygen from the air, and will not crack nor peel and is impervious to water, either hot or cold. It is estimated that this form of paint is adaptable to ten thousand wood and metal surfaces, besides automobile bodies. More than one hundred paint makers are said to be working on new developments of this covering which is a war heritage in every sense of the term.

These same chemists who have been so busy turning cellulose products and the smoke screens of war to industrial uses have shown humanity how it may even turn poison gas to life-saving account.

DEATH in its quickest form has always stalked along the waterfront in New York and other harbors where ships are unloaded. Grudging space has been given in the metropolitan newspapers to grim little stories concerning stevedores or members of ships' crews who have met death by entering holds which have not been properly ventilated after fumigation. The number of men killed on the waterfronts in this way would total thousands. Usually the newspaper accounts did not make it clear that the men were the victims of hydrocyanic gas, an odorless and deadly fumigant. The stevedore or member of a ship's crew, entering a part of the vessel where some of this gas still lingered, had no warning of his danger. Hydrocyanic gas kills in twenty seconds or less, and yet it is so useful as a fumigant that no acceptable substitute has been found for it, in spite of the danger in its use.

The chemists, aided by war experience, came to the rescue of the waterfront toiler who has been facing this lurking danger for years. By an admixture of tear-gas in the fumigant, warning is given. Tear-gas works instantaneously, and any one now wandering into a part of a ship that has not been cleared of its deadly fumigant begins to weep copiously and beats a retreat before he has breathed a fatal amount of the deadly hydrocyanic gas.

Nor is the use of tear-gas confined to making life safer along the waterfronts. Science is finding new ways and means of turning this super-irritant of war-time to practical, every-day account.

When a citizen steps into his favorite jewelry store to buy a gift he may not know that somewhere in the place is an aluminum container, which, at the pressure of a salesman's foot on a spring beneath a counter, will instantly fill the room with tear-gas. Let a jewel robbery be attempted, and the criminal will be blinded with tears before he can reach the door with his booty. It is true that the jeweler and everyone else in the

(*Continued on page 59*)

"Sure is terrible," Moss was saying as he handed each of the M. P.'s a freshly fried steak, between thick pieces of white bread. "To think that anybody would rob a train. What is this here A. E. F. comin' to anyway?"

"When Do We Eat?"

By Owen Atkinson

Illustrated by Hamilton Fyfe

"I BEEN wonderin'," said "Hungry" Sam Sawyer wistfully; "when do we eat?"

"What difference does it make?" replied Bill Lowman. "It'll be corn willie and dog biscuit again. My stomick does a double loop every time I see a mess-kit full o' that stuff."

"Yeh, sure gets tiresome," agreed Sawyer. "But you *can* eat it. Now I been thinkin'—how would you like a nice big juicy steak, smothered with——"

"Shut up!" snapped Lowman. "You and your damn talk about steaks gives me the gripes."

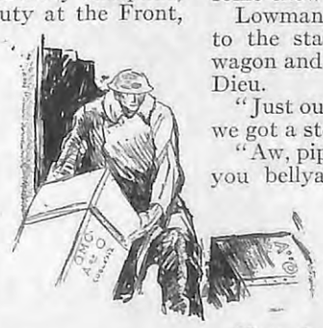
"Hungry" Sam's nickname had been well earned. His appetite was phenomenal. A short, tubby, red-faced soldier, he never seemed able to get enough food to fill his barrel-like body. Bill Lowman, on the other hand, was tall and lean and gloomy. Nothing satisfied Bill. The war, as he expressed it was: "damn dirty, damn dry and damn dangerous."

The two soldiers sat on the steps of the mess shack and gazed dejectedly out at the scene before them. They both wore the unofficial uniform of artillerymen of the A. E. F., tin hats, slickers and high rubber boots. It was raining—as usual—and the barracks and shacks, the brown orderly tents and long rows of stables stretched away in dripping lines, surrounded by a sea of gray mud.

The Armistice had been signed a week before and the regiment had moved from the comfortable dugouts at the Front to this old deserted French camp just below Verdun. After the excitement of the ending of the war had come a slump, a let-down in the spirit of the men.

The chief topic of conversation now, of course, dealt with the question of going home. The war was over, wasn't it? What was holding them in France? There were plenty of trains and boats—why didn't they go home? Day after day dragged by, rainy and depressing, and still no orders came for a movement of the regiment.

In order to counteract the growing discontent of the men, the old army discipline, neglected during active duty at the Front, was put in force again. There were daily inspections of harness and guns, of horses and men. Uniforms must be clean with all buttons sewed on; guns must be polished until they glittered and horses groomed until they glistened. And all this in the sea of gray mud which surrounded and flowed in and through the camp.



"Hey, you guys," First Sergeant McGuire sloshed his way through the mud to where the two soldiers sat on the mess shack steps. "Been lookin' for you all over camp. Got a detail I want you birds to do. You been loafin' long enough. From now on you drive the wagon down to Sommydoo for the grub. Report to the mess sergeant and get the dope from him."

The mess sergeant was a sad, disillusioned man who had once been the steward of a dining car on a crack Pennsylvania train. After two years of serving army rations to complaining soldiers his spirit was broken. He had long ago quit trying to explain why the food wasn't any better.

His instructions were brief but to the point.

"Take that damn fourgone down to the damn supply dump and draw all the damn rations that damn sergeant will let you have. And hop to it! We got to have some chow for tonight!"

Lowman and Sawyer splashed their way to the stables, harnessed the mules to a wagon and drove out on the road to Somme Dieu.

"Just our luck," groaned Sawyer. "Now we got a steady job."

"Aw, pipe down," said Lowman. "What you bellyachin' about? Ain't you got a job haulin' grub? You're always talkin' about eatin'. Maybe you'll get a chance now. Anything is liable to happen around one of these here ration dumps."

They found the supply depot in an old French warehouse on the edge of town. A red-faced sergeant stood in the open doorway and surveyed them indifferently.

"What outfit?" he demanded, ejecting a thin stream of brown from between his teeth.

"Battery D of the Hundred and——" Lowman told him.

"Hump!" grunted the sergeant. "Well, load this stuff in your little go-cart. Two cases o' corn willie and three sacks o' hardtack."

"Say, Sergeant," Sawyer lounged over and entered into hopeful conversation. "Is this all the chow we get? Where's that fresh beef we been hearin' about and the white bread we're supposed to get issued and the jam and the—"

"Yeh, funny guy, ain't you," the sergeant spat out another stream of tobacco juice. Then he pointed to a freight train made up of French box-cars just rolling through the town.

"See that train? Well, it's goin' up to the new Army of Occupation. That's all the outfits what's goin' up on the Rhine to see as Fritz don't take a notion to start the war again. Well, all the good grub is on that train.

"We got tons and tons o' corn willie and hardtack left over from the war and you combat troops is gonna stay in France until it's all et up."

On the way back to the battery Sawyer and Lowman discussed the sad news they had just received.

"Wonder how much iron rations they is in France," said Sawyer, munching a hardtack. "I reckon it'll take us more'n a year to eat it all up."

"A year of eatin' corn willie," groaned Lowman. "I think I'll go over the hill. My stomick can't stand it. I've et it fried, boiled, baked, stewed and broiled and it always tastes the same."

The road wound up a sloping hill beside the railway tracks. Just at this moment a puffing, grunting little French engine started up the grade, trailing a long string of box-cars.

Lowman stopped the mules and with envious eyes the two men watched the train roll by.

"Every one of them cars is full o' grub," mused Sawyer. "And look how slow that Frog train goes. I betcha I could walk as fast as that train is goin' now."

"When I was a kid," Lowman began, "I used to live in a railroad town. You should see how them red-ball freights used to go through. You'd play hell walkin' or even runnin' as fast as one o' them."

"Say Bill, I got a idea," Sawyer stood up in the seat and watched the train go by. "All that good grub belongs to Uncle Sam, don't it? And we belong to Uncle Sam, don't we? And we're entitled to three squares a day, ain't we? Well—"

"What you drivin' at?" Lowman asked suspiciously.

"This is a kinda deserted road," Sawyer hurried on. "Nobody ever comes along here except a few supply wagons. What's to stop us from goin' over to the railroad, hoppin' one o' them cars, openin' the door and throwin' out some o' that swell grub?"

"But that'd be stealin'," said Lowman.

"Naw, it ain't stealin' when you take things from the gov'mint," said Sawyer in disgust. "Look at the politicians. Ain't they always takin' things—and who ever heard of one o' them gettin' caught."

"Yeh, you're right," agreed Lowman sadly. "Guess we might as well investigate one o' them cars anyway." He tied the reins about the dash and leaped from the wagon.

A few running steps and Lowman swung himself aboard the train. The door to the box-car was sealed with a simple twist of wire which was soon removed. The interior of the car was filled with interesting looking boxes, all tightly bound with bands of steel and labeled: "Quartermaster Dept. Army of Occupation, Coblenz."

The train mounted the crest of the hill gathering speed as the engine went over the grade. Lowman realized that he must work in a hurry.

Seizing one of the packing cases he edged it toward the open door and gave it a push with his foot. It plunged out onto the right of way, bounced once and slid to rest beside the track. Selecting another box he sent it tumbling after the first. Then he reclosed the door, twisted the wire back into place and dropped off the train.

Far down the track Sawyer sat on a packing case, smoking a cigarette.

Lowman went for the fourgone wagon and drove it up close to where the packing cases lay. "Load her on quick," he called to Sawyer. "We got no time to open them now. Snap into it, Hungry. A M. P. is liable to come along and want to know how come three packing cases has fell outta the train."

HURRIEDLY, cheerfully, they loaded the boxes into the rear of the wagon. All the way back to the battery, Sawyer occupied himself with pleasant speculation as to what the cases might contain.

"I hope one of 'em's got jam in it," he mused, smacking his lips. "I ain't had no jam in so long I don't know how it tastes. Or lamb chops, maybe. Just suppose one o' them boxes was full o' lamb chops."

"You talk like lamb chops was made by a machine," said Lowman. "Don't you know they come outta a side o' mutton?"

"Well, say it was a box o' dressed chicken,

(*Continued on page 44*)

Lowman's long arms waved through the air and every time they landed a blow it brought a grunt of pain

The Mystery Of The Axes

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Part III

FOR a tense moment Prosper and the Scotland Yard man stared at each other.

Then the detective spoke, in a metallic voice, harsh with something that was akin to fury.

"By God, Mr. Fair, if that thing had been a foot or so more to the left or the right, it would have put paid either to Detective-Inspector Meek of Scotland Yard or to the Duke of Devizes!" he said.

He balanced the small axe across his palm.

"It came out of the dark like a shell. The man,—or ghost—or devil—that slung it at one of us was no weakling. It would pretty near have scattered your brains—or mine—over your camp-fire."

He stared into the night, his automatic hungrily ready in his right hand.

"You'd think they don't use ordinary iron hatchets in this part of the world, wouldn't you?" he went on.

Prosper shrugged.

"Hardly that, perhaps," he demurred. "You see, they're always coming across these prehistoric relics in this neighborhood. There are any amount of barrows—prehistoric burying-places—round about here. Why, Meek, they can trace history back for thousands of years by the relics they find in the South of England alone."

His eyes were curiously bright.

"Any day, you may find—if you are in luck, and interested in that sort of thing—worked arrow-heads just outside any rabbit-hole in these barrows. Arrow-heads that were chipped by some savage ancestor of ours thousands of centuries ago! . . . "

"Very likely. I've seen 'em in museums," agreed Meek, acridly. "But very few modern murderers use them for choice. I don't see why a man who wants to kill somebody hereabouts should use these stone tools. Damn it, he could always steal an axe from any wood-shed—and I'd back a good, steel-edged timber axe for effectiveness against these—these antiques! . . . It's a madman behind all this, Mr. Fair."

Prosper nodded, his eyes on the axe. He took it from the detective's hand and studied it minutely.

"Yes, a madman," continued the detective, scowling as he puzzled the thing over. "That's pretty clear. But who was the man who fired that gun—and why? He wasn't aiming at us—couldn't have missed us, if he had been. We were what the shooting swells call a very pretty 'right and left'—one barrel for me, the other for you."

"Oh, yes—he was firing at the man who threw the axe. That's perfectly clear," agreed Prosper absently.

"And who do you think he might be?" demanded Meek, violence latent, as ever, under his harsh voice.

But Prosper shook his head, smiling in the light of the camp-fire.

"Why, that's an impossible thing to guess," he said. "I suppose every man within a radius of ten miles owns, and can use, a gun. Every forest dweller finds it worth while to keep a gun—if only for the chance of a stray fallow deer at dawn, not to mention the rabbits or the pheasants. He may have been a poacher waiting for the moonlight—"

"Oh, yes—but a poacher wouldn't have shot at that invisible man with the horse—and the axe!" objected the detective.

"No. Unless he had a personal and private grudge against him!"

"Yes, that's possible. But why should he—the gun-man—disappear? I can understand that the man who murdered Molly O'Mourne might think it a good idea to kill me—a Scotland Yard man—or even you, an amateur sleuth! A madman, say. But why the man who tried to save us from a second piece of axemanship, say—should vanish into this infernal darkness instead of coming in to camp, beats me. . . . I shall have to think things out."

He stared into the blackness again, listening to the vociferations of the owls back in Wolf's Hold.

He was obviously as uneasy again as he was sullenly angry.

"What's a torch and a pistol in a pit of darkness eighty thousand acres big?" he grumbled. "Anybody who's lived this damned wild forest life from their youth could play with me like children with a blindfolded man. Eh? A swing of an axe out of the darkness—a touch of a trigger in the blackness behind a man's back—and where is he? What good are his brains—unless he's got the eyes and feet of a cat? . . . Question o' taste, I suppose—but I'd call it easier to take a crazy murderer single-handed under the gas lamp at the end of some London alley than to chase shadows through the shadows of this night land! . . . "

He shrugged.

"NOT that what *I* prefer, matters," he added. "I'm here to get one man and I'm going to get him . . . if he doesn't hand me mine from behind some tree one night! . . . Well, I'll be moving. I'll take that axe-thing, Mr. Fair."

Prosper passed it.

"And if I were you," continued the detective, "I'd sleep light—if you mean to sleep out here at all. Light as a sharp dog. For, to my mind, you're asking for trouble,

sleeping out here, Mr. Fair. Take a tip from an old hand—and get your rest o' nights under a proper roof. At any rate, till this mad murderer is nailed."

For a second he stared into the darkness. Then he said, rather abruptly, "Good night!" —laughed in his remotely snarling way, added "Happy dreams!" and stepped from the zone of the firelight. The forest night received and swallowed him up in an instant.

But he was safer than Prosper Fair. In the darkness Inspector Meek was no man's certain target—but Mr. Fair, moving about in the firelight, was an easy mark.

This he realized, and explained in his airy way to Plutus, who had long returned to his bone.

"BECAUSE our pre-historic night-rider missed his aim just now—and was very obligingly chased by the unknown with a flair for fire-arms—it does not follow that the axeman will not return. If, indeed, it *is* myself that he requires to slay, Plutus mine. One should take precautions, I think. Yes. Simple ones, to begin with. An alarm, don't you think, tykeling?"

He retreated to the caravan and busied himself with a long cord, certain forked sticks and a couple of the petrol cans he used to hold part of his water supply. . . .

When, presently, he put out his fire and retired to the caravan for the rest he had well earned, a trip-cord encircled the camp in such a way that no night prowler could approach the caravan without creating a clatter of falling petrol cans by Prosper's bunk that would almost wake a drugged man.

For some minutes he lay musing aloud—apparently to the small dog, crouched on the floor of the caravan.

"A long day, hound—and not without its thrills and mysteries," he said. "But that second axe has helped things forward quite extraordinarily. For, as you doubtless observed, oh Plutus mine, the head of that axe was otherwise than the first axe. Very much otherwise."

His cigarette end glowed red in the dark interior of the caravan.

"The first axe was a genuine Paleolithic worked flint, to-night's axe was of Neolithic polished obsidian. Now, an axe-head of polished obsidian is such a vastly different matter from an axe-head of pre-historic flamed flint that the appearance of these two implements of slaughter in this place points very definitely to one fact. . . . No man ever took from a pre-historic burial place in the New Forest or neighborhood axe-heads of worked flint and of polished, glassy obsidian. The things do not go together, Plutus—on the contrary, great gulfs of time and distance divide the man who made that flint axe from the man who made the obsidian axe—very great gulfs. We must remember that, tyke-like one. The Professor of detection, gentle Mr. Meek, failed, I suspect, immediately to notice the significance of the axes—though it is certain that it will probably soon be pointed out to him by those who know more of these matters . . . though possibly too late. Great is knowledge, Plutus, and fortunate its possessors—such as Prosper and his god. . . ."

He laughed quietly in the dark—but there was the fading note of fatigue in his quiet laughter.

But Plutus whined softly—to show Prosper that he had caught the faint tinge of satisfaction behind the laugh, and was pleased that Prosper was pleased. A man and his dog get to understand each other.

Then Plutus yawned, and settled down again to listen to the rustle and mutter of the Wolf's Hold trees all about them.

The quiet, fading voice of Prosper continued.

"Who killed Molly O'Mourne? And why? Why does that half-curbed scoundrel Dillon Mant return with money for Asana the Japanese who speaks of Molly O'Mourne in the tone of one who speaks of great good fortune? Why does Major Giles Wakeling V. C. haunt Wolf's Hold and Tufter's Wait? Why were the little black goats of Eli Lovell killed with a stone axe—who was the target of the obsidian axe . . . and who the target of to-night's shotgun? . . . All these things—all these 'Why?' Plutus."

The voice trailed away, then awoke to whisper.

"How can I hope to succeed in this wild and lonely place where even a man like that forester, Hambledon, who knows every sprig of heather, every fern, every blade of grass and every stunted bush, is baffled? . . . To-morrow we must see Berkeley Morris—the boy who writes the poetry that Molly loved to read. . . . That was what her mother said, I believe—was it not, Plutus? . . . Was there ever a sadder visit to pay than our visit to that lonely and distraught mother of Molly, this morning? . . . Or a sight more saddening than that of Molly herself—paler and lovelier than the pile of white roses that Berkeley Morris had brought to be placed with her? . . . Never mind . . . never mind. To-morrow we will think a little . . . one does not . . . think when . . . weary. . . ."

Silence—broken abruptly once again.

"Who is this night-rider, prowler, axe-thrower, killer? . . . To-morrow. Yes, Plutus—and that poor fellow Byrne . . . we must do something for him . . . if we can. Crystal's—sake . . . and Hambledon . . . lonely work . . . sad . . . sad. . . ."

And Prosper was asleep—deep down, as he deserved after a day so crammed.

It seemed only ten seconds later that the crash of falling petrol tins and the shrill barking of Plutus roused him.

Prosper sat up, awake instantly, one hand curling round the butt of the weapon under his pillow. He peered out of the small window in the side of the caravan just above his head to see that the first pearl-gray sheen of the misty dawn was paling the darkness. But it was not the dawn which interested Mr. Fair just then. The little window of the caravan faced directly the site of the camp-fire and so he was able, dimly, to distinguish the slender figure of a youth who was bending over the ashes of the dead fire. Evidently this was the person who had "thrown" Prosper's modest alarm, and, as evidently, he had heard the sound and was aware of it, for his movements were swift and remotely furtive.

Naked except for the skin of some animal thrown about him, he turned to glare at Prosper as he passed, and the dog, running like a wolf at the heels of the pony, snarled

HE WAS stooping to drive a short, slender stick into the ground. This stick must have been cleft at the top for, a moment later, Prosper saw the slim stranger affix in the cleft a white oblong that could only be an envelope.

This done, the stranger turned to the caravan, stared at it through the mist for a second, then moved quickly out of the camp.

Prosper hesitated for a moment, thinking swiftly.

Should he follow this man—pounce on him? Or would it be wiser to wait until he had read the contents of the oblong envelope?

If he had been a professional detective Prosper would certainly have flashed out and collared both the man and the envelope. But he had seen the face of the stranger quite distinctly and he had recognized that this was not an ordinary Forest dweller. He was slim, youthful, hatless, so that his thick, curly hair was noticeable, and he had a pale, delicate face, like a girl's. Under a soft collar flowed a big tie.

Because he guessed the identity of this youth almost at the instant he saw him,

Prosper decided to respect his obvious desire to go as he had come—unchallenged, unaccosted.

"Berkeley Morris—Molly's poet!" said Prosper to himself. "I can find him again if I need to."

So he decided to wait a few seconds until the poet should have got clear—as he so evidently wished.

All his life Prosper regretted that decision—for all his life after that moment he felt about Berkeley Morris as a man might feel who had neglected to warn a child that it was walking too near the crumbling edge of a dangerous cliff. . . .

He slipped on a few clothes, opened the door, went across and took the envelope from the cleft stick by the cold camp-fire. In the wan light of the slow dawn, veiled by the opal mist, Prosper read the address inscribed in minute, beautiful, craftsman-like handwriting—

To His Grace the Duke of Devizes
At Wolf's Hold.

Prosper nodded, his brows drawn a little.

"It seems hardly worth while adopting a *nom de route*, nowadays, Plutus," he murmured. "Everybody seems to penetrate it with perfect ease, don't they?"

He opened the envelope, took out the sheet enfolded within it and read as follows:

"Sir,

This from one who knows of you but of whom you have never known. They say that you seek to avenge Molly. Though she cares nothing at all for vengeance, now, yet because the ill deeds of the living must ever be the concern of the living, I name to you now the only man in all the Forest that Molly feared and tried ever to shun—Asana, the Japanese servant of Alan Byrne.

BERKELEY MORRIS."

Following this strangely expressed scrap of information were two verses—

"I wish we were dead together to-day
Lost sight of, hidden away out of sight
Clasped and clothed in the cloven clay
Out of the world's way, out of the light
Out of the ages of worldly weather
Forgotten of all men altogether
As the world's first dead, taken wholly away
Made one with death, filled full of the night.

How we should slumber, how we should sleep
Far in the dark with the dreams and the dews
And dreaming, grow to each other and weep,
Laugh low, live softly, murmur and muse,
Yea, and it may be, struck through by the dream
Feel the dust quicken and quiver and seem
Alive as of old to the lips, and leap
Spirit to spirit as lovers use."

And that was all—just the name of the man that Molly always dreaded and the two verses from Swinburne's "Triumph of Time." Two verses that Prosper knew—full of a weariness too great, a despair too profound for the wild hope that leaped in the second of the verses to lessen or to lighten either.

Prosper reflected, momentarily caught more by the name of Asana than by the passion of grief that only too obviously had inspired the poet to quote those particular verses.

"That's valuable," said Prosper staring absently at the paper. "If Molly dreaded the Japanese, she probably had a very good reason!"

He recalled that curious gesture of Asana at the holly-encircled clearing the day before.

"Asana may have been another admirer of Molly—even a suitor—though the mother said nothing of that to me," he mused.

"Yet, it might fit!"

He wished now that he had decided to confront Berkeley Morris before the youth had been able to leave the camp.

Even more he wished that he had been able to find time to call and see Morris on the previous day.

Forearmed with the item of knowledge which the poet had given him, he might have made more of Asana.

Still, there was time enough.

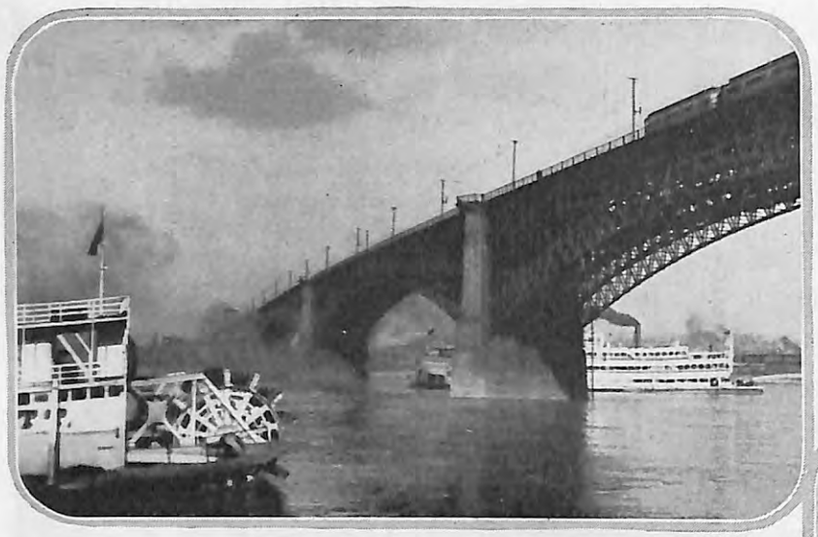
"If the boy can tell me this much, he

(*Continued on page 48*)

How Well Do You Know Your Country?

Compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing

The answers to this questionnaire will be found on page 75



GALLOWAY

1. *One of America's greatest bridges is this, with a fame antedating the opening of the Brooklyn suspension span by nine years. It has helped mightily to build up a population center which now is near the million mark. Can you tell its name?*

2. *Rightly you will guess that the picture at the right is of a cherished battlefield. We will help you further by warning that this ridge is more than 300 miles from tidewater. So it couldn't be Gettysburg. Nor any Revolutionary battlefield.*

GALLOWAY

4. *The old stone fort below is on the site of an olaer wooden fort which was built in 1565, In what very old town is it to be found?*

3. *Memorable in design and well fitted to the sunny climate is this new public library building at the right. It is located in a city where there is a new Elks Home quite similar. Can you guess where it is?*

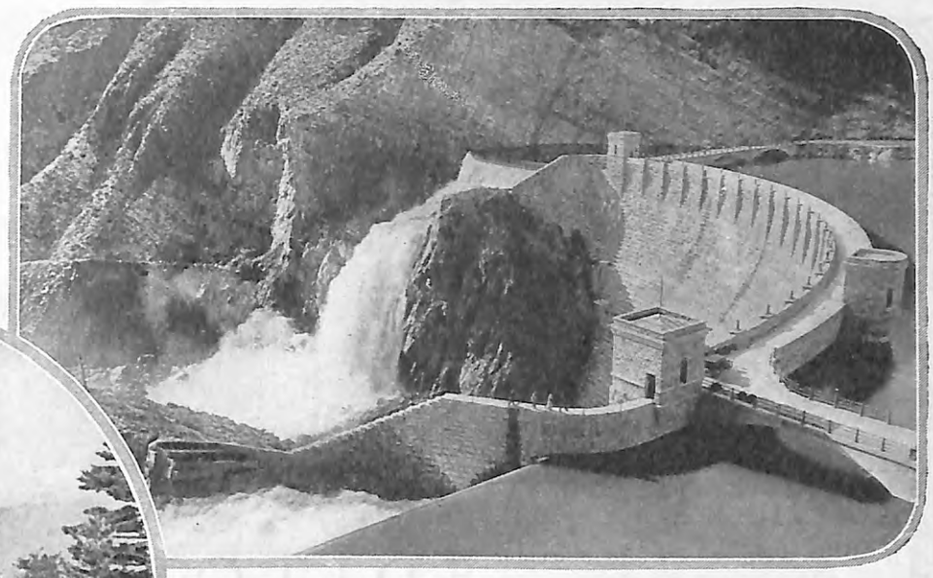
KEYSTONE

GALLOWAY

KEYSTONE

5. *Left: We dare not give a single name of any of the famous graduates of this school. For if we did you'd know instantly what and where it is.*

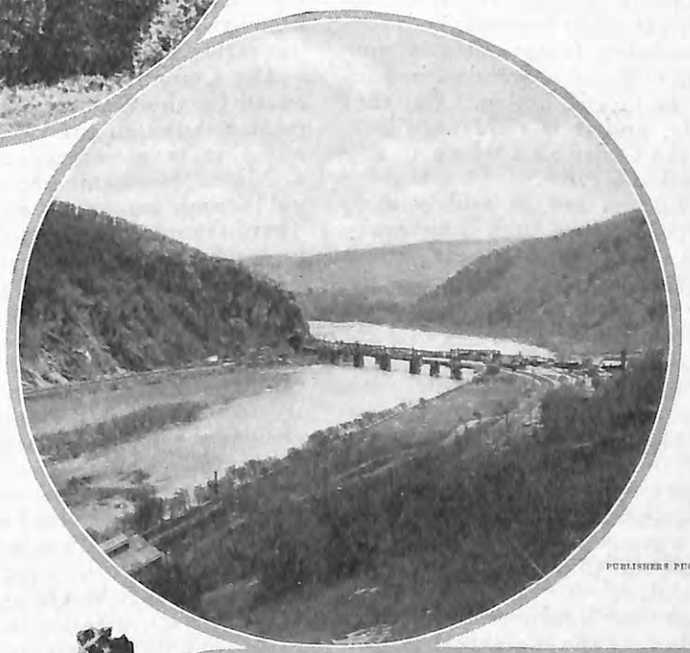
6. *They christened this dam (right) in honor of an Easterner who lived a while in the West and ever after kept the West's interests close to his heart. Surely you know its name?*



GALLOWAY

KEYSTONE

7. *In the circle at the left is a little hill village from which dispatches totaling millions of words have been sent in recent years. Many of these messages, moreover, were fraught with national importance. It isn't "Dayton, Tenn.," if that's any help to you.*



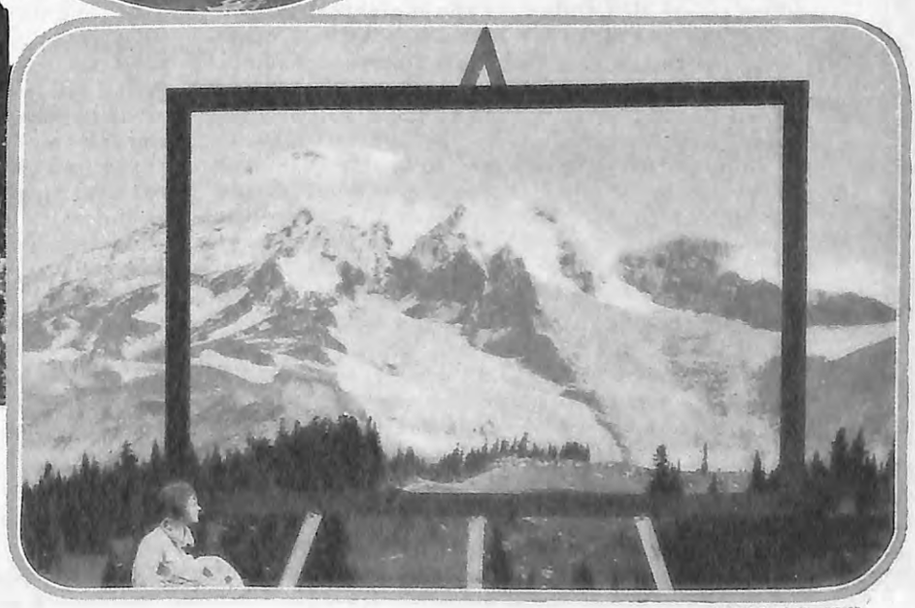
PUBLISHER'S PHOTO

8. *Another place, just as universally known, is that shown at the left. Here, sixty-eight years ago, fell the "bolt that shook a nation." Here a colonel in the Army, commanding a detachment of U. S. Marines, hastened after a famous raid. This colonel later became one of the most famous generals in history. Can you name it?*

KEPSTONE

9. *When the Indian chief of this monument started a war he found among his opponents a captain named Abraham Lincoln. The chief's name, please? And in what State?*

10. *The young lady at the right didn't try to paint this mountain in one of our national parks. She just set up the frame. Where?*



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

EDITORIAL

AN ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION

FOR many years there has been a desire in the hearts of thousands of its members to have the Order of Elks undertake some definite, nation-wide, benevolent activity with which it could specifically identify itself, and in the promotion of which it could become the recognized leader and dominant factor. From time to time this desire has found expression in concrete suggestions to the Grand Lodge. But that body has consistently, and it is thought wisely, declined to commit the Order as a whole to any one field of humanitarian service.

The subordinate Lodges are so widely scattered geographically, they face such a diversity of local conditions and community needs, their opportunities for effective service are so dependent upon their different surroundings and circumstances, that the special interests of their members are necessarily equally diverse. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to select any one activity that would win the enthusiastic approval and support of all the Lodges. And the established policy of leaving the local units to determine the objects most appealing to their own members has demonstrated its wisdom. It has resulted in an aggregate of charitable and benevolent achievements that could not have been otherwise attained.

But it is recognized that local conditions some times create demands that the individual Lodges alone can not adequately meet. And in other instances the Lodges and State Associations have embarked upon worthy endeavors that have grown beyond their powers to maintain successfully without assistance.

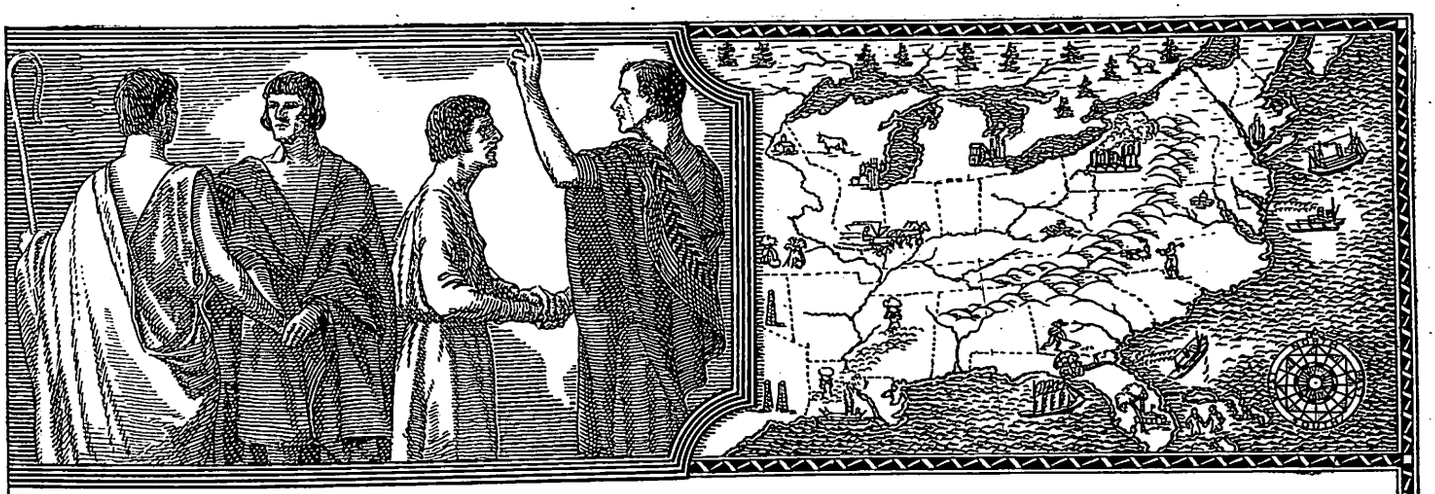
To meet this situation and to enable the Order to furnish appropriate aid in the promotion and conduct of the diversified Elk activities in the several communities and sections of the country Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, in his annual report to the Grand Lodge, and Grand Exalted Ruler-elect Malley, in his speech of acceptance, recommended the investigation of the advisability of establishing a great Elks National Foundation, the income from which could be used in rendering the needed assistance in appropriate cases. The significant feature of the proposal lies in the fact that such a Foundation would enable the Grand Lodge itself to play a splendid part in the benevolent activities of the local Lodges and Associations, while leaving them to determine for themselves what those activities should be. Thus the established policy of the Order would not be changed but rather more definitely preserved.

The Committee to which the subject was referred by the Grand Lodge, with instructions to make a thorough study of the whole question and to report its recommendations to the next session at Miami, has a rare opportunity to render a valuable and constructive service to the Order. There are many angles to the proposal that must be carefully considered. The method of establishing the Foundation and providing for accretions thereto is, perhaps, the least difficult of the problems to be solved. The administration of the fund and the distribution of the income, with due regard to the equities of the demands upon it, are questions of importance that must be wisely decided if the purpose in view is to be successfully accomplished.

It is hoped that the report of the Committee will lead to the establishment of such a Foundation; that it will in time become one of the greatest benefactions of the age; and that through its administration the Order of Elks may continue to grow even greater and more powerful as an instrumentality of service to humanity.

JUNIOR ELKS

AT ITS first regular meeting in October each subordinate Lodge will be required to vote upon an important amendment to the Constitution submitted by the Grand Lodge. It provides that Section 8 of Article IV be so amended as to authorize the Grand Exalted Ruler to grant permits to subordinate Lodges "to institute organizations of young men under twenty-one years of age in the manner provided by statute." And in anticipation of favorable action, a resolution was adopted by the Grand Lodge making the new provision immediately effective, under uniform rules and regulations, and with a prescribed ritual, to be prepared by the Committee on Social and



Community Welfare, until the Grand Lodge shall enact appropriate statutes.

A two-fold purpose is expected to be accomplished by the adoption of the amendment. First, to legally authorize the performance of a definite service among boys, in a manner not now permitted. Second, to provide an effective method of training young men for membership in the Order, under conditions that will naturally lead them to seek that membership when they become of age.

Those of us who recall the days when there was no such organization as the Boy Scouts, realize what a need in boy life that organization fills. Because of this Elks have felt a keen interest in that movement and have encouraged and aided it in every possible way. And so effective has been that assistance that the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, by formal resolution, presented to the last Grand Lodge Session, has expressed its official appreciation of the Order's service "in extending its usefulness to the boys of America."

But there is no organization of national scope that is seeking to continue the training in useful citizenship of boys who have passed the boy-scout age, although the need for such training would seem to be obvious. And the proposed amendment looks to the undertaking of that service by the Order of Elks, through such of the subordinate Lodges as may elect to engage in that particular activity.

It is not a wholly untried experiment. A number of the Lodges have, for several years, quite successfully fathered such junior organizations as independent and dissociated units, having no connection or association with the Order as such. And it is thought that the proposed sanction of their activities, bringing them under the control of the Grand Lodge, will prove a stimulus to the movement among the Lodges generally.

The proposition involves a very definite departure from our long maintained constitutional policy, prohibiting any "adjuncts or auxiliaries." But it is urged by those interested in the amendment that an opportunity is presented in this field for a real service that can not be adequately performed except under a change of that policy to the extent proposed.

The members of the subordinate Lodges should give thoughtful consideration to this matter. Its importance is obvious. The Order should not lightly alter a policy that has so long been maintained as basic. But it should not hesitate to do so if the proper field of its usefulness will be broadened thereby. That is the real question to be determined.

UNSTRING THE BOW

"The bow that's always bent will quickly break;
But if unstrung 'twill serve you at your need.
So let the mind some recreation take
To come back to its tasks with fresher heed."
—*Phaedrus.*

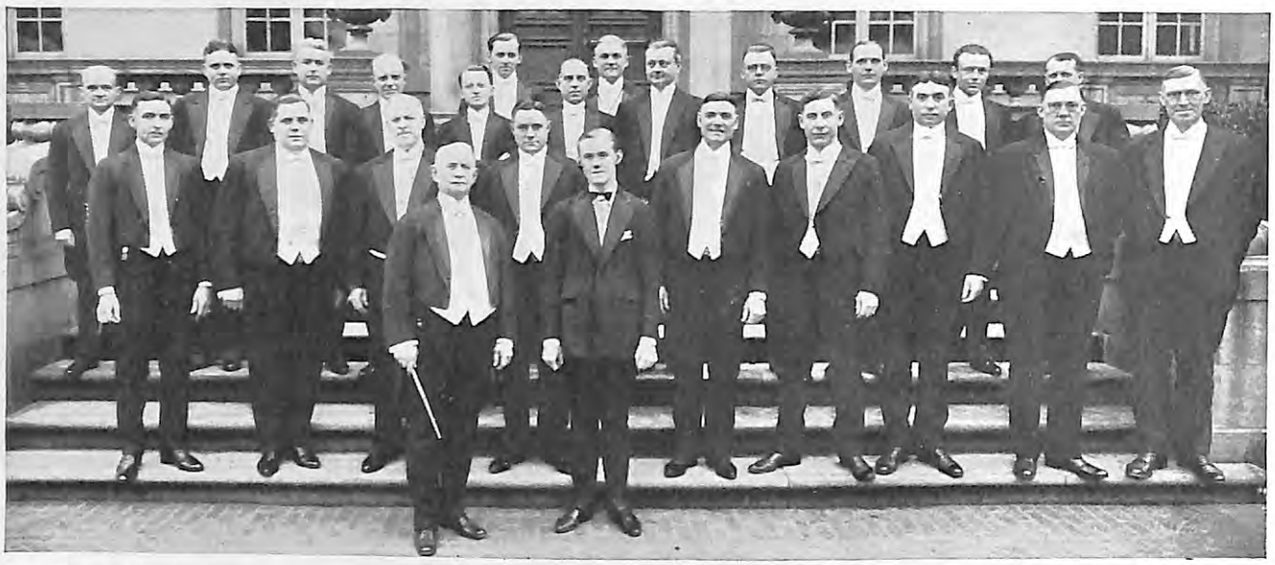
AMERICANS lead a pretty strenuous life. Nine out of every ten men you know are engaged in some form of active business; and business in this country is keenly competitive, conducted under high pressure.

Financial success is quite generally the primary goal of ambition, for it is recognized as the stepping stone to place and power. And while it may not be consciously in their thoughts, a vast number of our people adopt the philosophy of the biblical proverb: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." So that diligent attention to business is the accepted rule.

But too rigid an adherence to that philosophy defeats its own ends, for the attainment of its promise is often accompanied by a physical and mental inability to enjoy it and profit by it, as the result of too continuous diligence in business. The mental and nervous bow is kept too constantly bent. It is not unstrung frequently enough to preserve its elasticity and strength.

Elks strive to avoid this error. They believe in relaxation. They believe in recreation. They believe in joyous play. And they regard the principle involved as not only a sound one from a business standpoint but as one that contributes to the greater comfort and happiness of all concerned. And that is one of the chief purposes of the Order.

It is hoped that all our members have been able to avail themselves of opportunities for recreation during the vacation period, and that they have brought back rebuilt bodies and minds that will resume their tasks "with fresher heed."



The widely-known Elks Chorus of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, which has sung at many Grand Lodge conventions

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

New England Lodges Extend Greeting To Grand Exalted Ruler Malley

GRAND Exalted Ruler John F. Malley was recently tendered a large reception at the Home of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, where congratulations were extended to him on his election by nearly 1,000 members, including many prominent men of New England.

Mr. Malley was met at the Back Bay Station by a welcoming delegation led by James Flanagan, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, under whose direction the reception was held. The delegation which escorted him to the Home, included the Guard of Honor, the Lodge Glee Club, a corps of cadets, and a band of sixty pieces. Thomas J. Brady, President of the "John F. Malley Club" of New England, was in charge of the welcoming arrangements.

The reception, held in the large auditorium of the Home, was preceded by a concert, and interspersed through the program were several musical numbers by the Glee Club, the band, and organ and vocal selections.

The speakers of the evening included Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, who presided; Mayor Malcolm E. Nichols of Boston; Mayor Charles F. MacNeil of Everett, Mass.; Mayor Edwin O. Childs of Newton, Mass.; Mayor Edward W. Quinn of Cambridge, Mass.; Daniel J. Kane, Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge; and Chairman Charles Howard of the State Commission on Administration and Finance. Mr. Howard voiced Governor Fuller's deep regret at his inability to be present and extended to Mr. Malley, on behalf of the State's Chief executive, his warm wishes for success in his new position as head of the Order.

Two Connecticut Lodges Have "Get-together" Meeting

Stamford, Conn., Lodge, No. 899, and Derby, Conn., Lodge, No. 571, recently enjoyed a delightful get-together outing in Stamford. The feature of the day was a ball game between teams of the two Lodges which was won by the Stamford nine, 4 to 2. Mayors of both cities, Frank Conway of Derby and Alfred N. Phillips, Jr., of Stamford, took prominent parts in the day's festivities and in the banquet and entertainment which followed in the evening.

Roanoke, Va., Lodge Members Picnic at Elks National Home

Approximately 1,000 members of the Order made the trip to Bedford, Va., on the occasion of the fifth annual picnic conducted by Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, at the Elks National Home. The event, which has taken on the nature of an annual pilgrimage to the Home on the part of Elks in this region, was marked by varied entertainments and a sumptuous banquet served on the grounds for the residents. There was also plenty of good band music, singing by the Choral Club of Roanoke Lodge, boxing matches and other events, all of which were greatly enjoyed by the old timers and by all Elks who took part in this generous and thoughtful contribution of No. 197.

The festivities were halted during the afternoon while Otis M. Terry presented Charles L. Mosby, retiring superintendent, with several handsome gifts on behalf of the residents of the National Home and the employees. Mr. Terry reviewed briefly the fifteen years which Mr. Mosby has served as superintendent, telling of his kindliness and his sympathy in dealing with his fellow Elks at the Home and their affection for him. Mr. Mosby accepted the gifts with appropriate remarks, and as he talked tears were seen to trickle down the cheeks of several residents with whom Mr. Mosby has been associated so long. The band closed the exercises of the afternoon with "Auld Lang Syne."

Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge is Erecting Large New Home

Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge, No. 1030, has started work on a handsome new Home which it is erecting and furnishing at a cost of over $100,000.

The new building will be modern and up-to-date in every respect. Bowling alleys, gymnasium, pool and billiard rooms, beautifully furnished and equipped Lodge, reception and lounging rooms, and a roof garden will be among the features of this Home. Members are looking forward to its completion early next year when a large house-warming party is planned in connection with its formal dedication.

Due to the prospect of a new Home, Corpus Christi Lodge is showing a sharp increase in membership and fully expects to have over 600 names on its rolls when the new building is occupied.

Asheville, N. C., Lodge Plays Host to City Orphans

Once a year Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401, entertains all of the orphans from the several orphanages of the city with a wonderful pleasure ride and a picnic. Over 300 boys and girls are the guests of the Lodge on these occasions. Captain Jack O'Neil, Chairman of the Committee, takes great pleasure in acting as daddy to the youngsters, while all the other members play the part of big brothers.

This year the outing was as successful as ever. The city playgrounds were secured and all concessions, such as the ferris wheel, flying jenny, boats and bathing houses were turned over to the Lodge for the youngsters. In addition to these amusements, there was an abundant supply of good things to eat which were not neglected by the happy children.

Kent Lodge is One of Ohio's Progressive Lodges

Kent, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1377, is one of the most active Lodges in the State. It owns a handsome Home and is engaged in many phases of social and community welfare work, especially in behalf of the youngsters of its com-

munity. Recently the Lodge entertained over 500 children at Brady Lake Park where a delightful day's outing was provided. On this occasion, Judge Charles Justice, President of the Ohio State Elks Association, was the guest of honor and took a leading part in the conduct of the outing.

Attleboro, Mass., Lodge Planning To Construct Own Home

Architects' plans for a Home of their own are being considered by members of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1014. At one of the summer meetings drawings were shown and, following a recess for discussion, were reported upon favorably by the individual members present. A suggested site for the new building is on the land between Union and Pine Streets, facing the lawn beside the Post-Office.

Gala Initiation Marks Convention of Washington State Elks Association

Seated on bleachers that formed a great punch-bowl amphitheatre, more than 2,500 Elks witnessed the initiation of a class of 306 candidates at Aberdeen, Wash., as the opening event of the annual convention of the Washington State Elks Association there. It was the most spectacular and colorful initiation ever held in the State, with tableaux depicting Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, shown at the completion of each officer's charge to the candidates. Forty state officers and Exalted Rulers sat on the platform during the initiation, while the Tacoma Elks band, a glee club of fifty voices, and an orchestra of forty pieces furnished the music for the occasion.

Among the features of the convention were a formal banquet by Exalted Ruler Russell Mack of Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593, to state officers, Exalted Rulers and secretaries; the annual parade, a Purple Bubble Ball, and two cabaret shows.

The wives and daughters of Elks were royally entertained. A large estate, in the down-town district, was turned over to the Aberdeen Elk ladies, and made convention headquarters for the visiting women. The grounds were beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns, and with thousands of flowers in full bloom. Here the visitors were entertained at daily teas, bridge parties, band concerts and fashion shows. A luncheon at Lake Quinault, fifty miles from the city, was declared to be one of the most charming social functions ever held as part of a State Association convention.

For the men visitors there was plenty of entertainment as well as business, including a golf tournament and trap-shoot. The former was won by the four-man team from Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, while Chehalis Lodge, No. 1374, took first place in the trap-shoot. The parade was one of the largest ever seen in the Northwest; taking part were nine bands and seven drum corps, and many splendidly decorated floats which, together with the marching delegations, made a procession forty blocks long. Tacoma Lodge won both the band and the drum corps prizes, with Chehalis, and Kelso, No. 1482, close contenders for the latter. Other prize winners were Hoquiam Lodge, No. 1082, for having the most members in line; Port Angeles, No. 353, for the best float and Longview, No. 1514, for having the largest percentage of membership present at the big initiation.

The mid-winter meeting will be held at Centralia, at which time next year's convention city will be selected. Officers elected for the coming year were: President, Lee Carroll, Anacortes Lodge, No. 1204; First Vice-President, Frank Cooper, Everett Lodge, No. 479; Second Vice-President, George Duncan, Tacoma Lodge, No. 174; Third Vice-President, Russell V. Mack, Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593; Treasurer, Richard A. Anderson, Port Angeles Lodge, No. 353; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. L. Remlinger, Tacoma Lodge. Victor Zednick of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, was reappointed Secretary.

The comfortable new Home occupied by members of Marianna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1516

Troy, N. Y., Lodge Stages Kiddies Sunshine Day Picnic

Close to 1,000 children were entertained by Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, at an all-day outing at Crystal Lake Park recently. It was the Elks' first annual Kiddies Sunshine Day and nothing but sunshine existed among the hundreds of orphaned kiddies at the outing.

Practically the entire population of the Troy Orphan Asylum, Troy Catholic Male Orphan Asylum, St. Vincent's Female Orphan Asylum, St. Joseph's Infant Home and the Guardian Angel Home enjoyed the sunshine which was so freely distributed by Troy Elks throughout the day. There were also forty-five children from the Pawling Sanitarium at the outing, together with sixty Sisters and Brothers attached to the different institutions, who acted as chaperones.

Before leaving for the picnic grounds the children assembled on scheduled time and there was a street parade in which Doring's band, ten busses carrying the children and a number of private automobiles, containing members of the Elks' committee and attendants from the homes, took part.

At the park the entire establishment was turned over to the children for the remainder of the day, the grounds being given for the occasion by Frank C. Wagstaff, proprietor of the park, free of charge. All of the recreational facilities were at the children's disposal, and members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, of which Samuel R. Cooper is Chairman, supervised the play. Refreshments, games and sports and many prizes were provided for the children.

San Fernando, Calif., Lodge Is Instituted with Festivities

Close to 5,000 people were entertained by San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, on the occasion of its institution recently by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. C. Pyle. It was one of the most impressive events of its kind ever staged in Southern California and created an impression throughout the region. Practically all the Exalted Rulers of the various Lodges in the District assisted in the ceremony of institution, and the body of candidates and charter members was representative of the most distinguished citizens of the community.

Following the exercises, which were attended by about 1,500 Elks, the new Lodge held a public reception and barbecue, together with a very wonderful entertainment in which nearly every one in the valley participated.

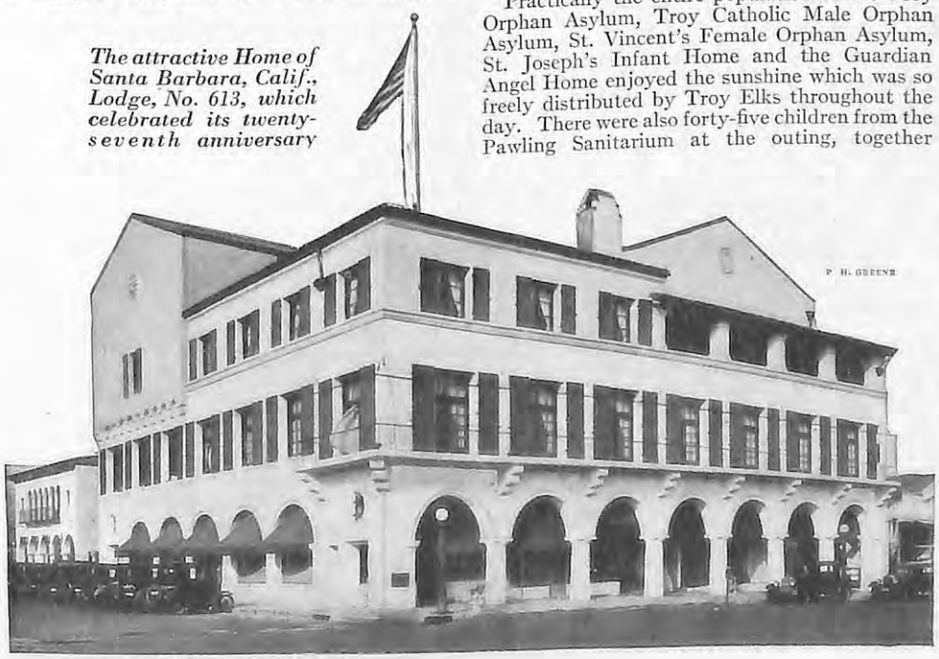
Harry R. Bevis is the first Exalted Ruler, and A. E. Eldredge Secretary, of this progessive new Lodge.

Nevada State Elks Association In Convention at Reno

The third annual convention of the Nevada State Elks Association held at Reno, Nevada, recently was the most successful and best attended convention held so far. Reno Lodge, No. 597, spared no effort in entertaining its guests, and the five Lodges in the State were fully represented. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, A. J. Proctor, Ely Lodge, No. 1469; Vice-President, H. A. Harmon, Las Vegas Lodge, No. 1468; Secretary, Frank Hart, Ely Lodge, No. 1469; Trustee, E. H. Grenig, Ely Lodge; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. C. Douglas, Reno Lodge; Chaplain, J. E. Peck, Tonopah Lodge, No. 1062.

A resolution was adopted providing for a Home for the aged, indigent and crippled Elks of the State of Nevada, and a fund was started for this purpose.

The attractive Home of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, which celebrated its twenty-seventh anniversary



A scene at the Flag Day exercises, conducted by far-off Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281

In the drill contest, in which each Lodge of the State was represented, the team from Tonopah Lodge won the handsome trophy. The convention wound up with a monster street parade, which was called the largest and finest procession ever held in the State of Nevada.

The next annual convention of the Nevada State Elks Association will be held about the middle of September, 1928, at Elko.

Official Moving Picture Films of Cincinnati Reunion Now Released

Lodges wishing to reproduce the scenes of the Grand Lodge Reunion at Cincinnati last July may now do so. Prints of the official moving picture of the event, a five-reel feature taking about an hour to run, are now available and may be secured from Clarence E. Runey, 1434 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, to whom all enquiries should be sent. Mr. Runey, a member of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, and a professional photographer, was appointed the official pictorial recorder of the event by the Convention Committee of No. 5.

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge Will Establish And Maintain Elks Pavilion

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, is establishing an Elks Pavilion in the Crouse-Irving Hospital for the underfed and undernourished children of the city. The Lodge is planning to spend about $30,000 on this laudable project, a sum which will provide for the furnishing of the rooms and the other necessary equipment. The beds in the Elks Pavilion will be maintained by the Lodge and will be free to all the poor of the city. Miles S. Hencle, President of the New York State Elks Association, is a trustee of the Crouse-Irving Hospital, and his interest inspired the membership of No. 31 to assist in the important and valuable work of the institution.

Recently the Lodge conducted a large field day at Long Branch Park at which all the children of the city were its guests. A substantial amount was realized on this occasion for the pavilion fund. The Lodge also plans a series of other benefit events by which it will acquire additional funds for this notable work.

Frederick Warde Celebrates Sixty Years on the Stage

Frederick Warde, the well-known actor and member of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage recently at his home, Wardesden, North White Lake, N. Y. Mr. Warde, who has always been an ardent and active member of the Order, is seventy-six years old. He began his career when sixteen years old at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, England, as the Second Murderer in "Macbeth."

His subsequent years in the theatre were confined largely to the portrayal of tragic roles, and he played with Charlotte Cushman, John McCullough, Edwin Booth, the Davenports, Janaushek, Modjeska, Louis James, Maurice Barrymore and all the other favorites of a past generation. He has acted in most of Shakespeare's plays.

Tulsa, Okla., Lodge Holds Annual Outing on Great Prairie

The recent annual outing of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, was held on the great prairie where, not so many years ago, Indians, cowboys, traders, tents and tepees were familiar sights. It was in a sense a revival of the old times, and the costumes of the members and the games they played recalled the picturesque and rugged life of the early settlers of this region. Practically the entire membership of the Lodge took part in the outing and the great barbecue which wound up the day. And there were also large delegations from many nearby Lodges who joined in the old games and the other pleasant features of the outing.

Greeters Committee Promotes Social Life of Lodge

Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, has a Greeters Committee consisting of twenty-five members who see to it that every out-of-town member visiting the Home is given a hearty welcome and made to feel at ease. Recently this committee gave an indoor picnic at the Home which was largely attended. From nine o'clock in the morning until late in the evening, a continuous round of entertainment was provided. It was especially gratifying to the committee to see the large number of old-time members who came to the Home on this occasion. The committee is very active and plans a number of other special events of this nature to promote the social life of the Home and to create a feeling of good fellowship among the members.

Scholarship Fund in Honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Brown

The Kentucky State Elks association at its annual convention this year passed by a unanimous vote a plan for the establishment of a Scholarship foundation, the benefits of which are open to any worthy and needy student in the State. It was named "The Robert W. Brown Scholarship Foundation" in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Brown whose home was in Kentucky and who, at the time of his death, was editor of The Elks Magazine.

Loans from the foundation will be made to any student, male or female, who resides within Kentucky and who can show proof of the need of assistance in completing his or her education. The member Lodges of the Association are not taxed for the maintenance of the Fund, though the amount left of their annual dues to the Association, after the payment of its necessary expenses, is set aside for the Foundation.

The plan is working out very satisfactorily and has the approval of prominent educators and leading citizens of the State.

Sympathy Extended to George B. Stoddard on the Loss of His Mother

The Order expresses its deep sympathy for George B. Stoddard, many years Secretary of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, on the death of his mother who recently passed away. In tribute to her memory and in appreciation of his sorrow, her body lay in state at the Lodge Home where many came to pay their respects.

Roanoke, Va., Lodge Plays Daddy To Many Orphans

Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, played the part of "daddy" recently to scores of orphan boys and girls from three institutions, the Children's Home, the Catholic Orphanage of Roanoke, and the Lutheran orphanage of Salem.

Taking these youngsters in their autos, the Elks carried them to Lakeside for a real outing and picnic. No efforts were spared to give the little orphans an honest-to-goodness holiday. From three o'clock until six the resort was alive with these children as they romped about, rode the several amusement devices to their hearts' content, or enjoyed a dip in the lake. A bountiful dinner wound up the delightful day.

Lodges Warned of Bogus Membership Card Used to Obtain Funds

Several instances have been reported to us by A. H. Soaper, Secretary of Henderson, Ky., Lodge, No. 206, where the card of Charles J. Roach, a member in good standing of that Lodge, has been used by some person to obtain money fraudulently, Lodges are warned to be on the lookout for this bogus card and to communicate with Mr. Soaper in the event of its being presented for purposes of obtaining funds.

Orange, N. J., Lodge Entertains Many Tiny Guests

Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, recently held its annual outing for the children of its community, taking hundreds of youngsters to Olympic Park for a day's fun and good things to eat. The Orange Orphan Home, the Orange Day Nursery, the Open Air School, St. John's Creche, and the Holy Trinity Mission, were all included in the outing. It was truly an Elks Kiddies Day, and was made possible and pleasant by the hearty cooperation of the many members who furnished autos and cared for the children.

Death of W. D. Nesbit Recalls Charity Work of Anderson, Ind., Lodge

The recent death in Chicago of W. D. Nesbit, the well-known writer, recalled to the minds of many old time members of Anderson, Ind., Lodge, No. 209, the terrible winter of 1893 when financial panic gripped the country and Mr. Nesbit, then a newspaper reporter, was a member of the Lodge's Charity Committee. Joseph E. Hennings, a charter member of Anderson Lodge, was chairman of the committee and had as his associates Mr. Nesbit and the late Rev. J. G. McGlone, who served as Secretary of No. 209. Anderson was at that time a town of little more than 10,000, and the closing down of practically all of its industries threw most of the population out of work. The plight of innumerable families without money or food, already dreadful enough, was made even more desperate by an unusually severe winter. The members of the committee distributing food and clothing donated, or purchased with the substantial sum raised by the Lodge, often were forced to trudge their way through from eighteen inches to two feet of snow on their errands of mercy. Anderson at that time had no organized charities and the volunteer work of members of the Lodge was all that stood between many individuals and literal starvation.

(*Continued on page 42*)

Robert S. Barrett, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight
Alexandria, Va., No. 758

Harry Lowenthal, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight
Evansville, Ind., No. 116

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

MARCEAU

Hon. John Frank Malley, Grand Exalted Ruler
Springfield, Mass., No. 61

JOHNSTON STUDIOS

P. G. E. R. J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, appointed to fill vacancy created by the resignation of Fred C. Robinson

David Sholtz (top center)
Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight
Daytona Beach, Fla., No. 1141

Grand Lodge Officers 1927-28

(*Elective*)

EDWARDS-HOSTETLER

Dr. Ralph Hagan, Grand Trustee
Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99

STEPHENSON

Edward J. McCrossin (circle)
Grand Inner Guard
Birmingham, Ala., No. 79

Curtis P. Brown, Grand Tiler
Fargo, N. D., No. 260

Glendale, Calif., Lodge Was Active In All Departments During Summer

The program of its activities for the summer months discloses the fact that Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, occupies a prominent place in the daily lives of its members no matter what the time of year. Dances, entertainments, card parties and showings of moving-picture films, were among the social occasions enjoyed. The Lodge functions included, of course, the regular meetings, a number of which were marked by initiations, Boy Scout and Antlers meetings, officers' conferences, participation in the institution of San Fernando Lodge, No. 1539, and in other activities of the Order in California, including visits to and from other Lodges on meeting nights. It was a busy and happy summer and the officers and committees of No. 1289 are to be congratulated on the interest they maintained in Lodge affairs.

Water Sport Carnival Held By Bristol, Pa., Lodge

The Athletic and Entertainment Committees of Bristol, Pa., Lodge, No. 970, presented an evening of water sports, vaudeville and dancing a short while ago, which was one of the most successful occasions of the summer program. Starting at six-thirty, the water sports, consisting of diving contests and swimming and canoe races, were held in the Delaware River. There were many handsome prizes for the different events, in which the finest swimmers and watermen of Bristol and other river towns took part. Following these came the vaudeville show and supper and, afterward, dancing in the social room of the Lodge Home. The occasion was called Out-of-Town Members' Night and provided plenty of reasons for members living at a distance to journey to the Lodge Home and these, with Elks resident in the city, and their families, made up a fine attendance.

Bands of Three New Jersey Lodges Give Concert for Blind Children

Following their annual custom the bands of Irvington, Plainfield and Belleville, N. J., Lodges, Nos. 1245, 885 and 1123, gave a joint concert on the lawn in front of the Blind Babies Home and Kindergarten in Summit. There are some eighty musicians in the three bands and an excellent program was played. Several hundred dollars are raised each year at these concerts by collections taken up among the audiences which attend, which money is devoted to the support of two babies at the Summit institution.

New York, N. Y., Lodge Planning New Social Service

At a recent meeting of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, plans were laid for the latest effort of this active group—the care of recent and prospective mothers of the poorer districts of the city, and their education in the proper care of themselves and their children. A doctor and a staff of nurses will be employed for this work, which has the endorsement of Commissioner of Health Harris and will undoubtedly result in greatly reducing the infant mortality rate in the neighborhoods affected.

Vallejo, Calif., Lodge Conducts Cornerstone Ceremony for City Hall

Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, at the request of the City Council, officiated at the cornerstone-laying for the new City Hall. A parade was held prior to the ceremonies in which the crack drill team from Oakland Lodge, No. 171, and the Glee Club from San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, joined with the Vallejo Elks. William C. Wood, State Superintendent of Banks, and a member of Vallejo Lodge, was the speaker of the day, while Exalted Ruler John Paulson closed the impressive occasion with a brief address. Vallejo members are proud of the distinction conferred upon them and of the way in which their committee conducted the ceremony.

Portland, Ore., Lodge Holds Race Meet and Air Carnival

As a means of raising money for its Christmas Tree Fund, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, held a two day automobile race meet and aviation show a short time ago at Portland's new speed bowl. The most noted cars and drivers of the Pacific Northwest took part in the motor races and, in addition, there was a special event in which five northwestern Lodges entered cars. The air program included examples of military, stunt and commercial flying by well-known aviators and was extremely interesting. Other features were an automobile fashion parade, a motorcycle race against time and daily concerts by Portland Lodge's band.

President Coolidge Present at Elks Day Celebration

President Coolidge was the honor guest of Rapid City, S. D., Lodge, No. 1187, at its recent benefit celebration staged on the local Fair Grounds. The President was an enthusiastic witness of the many interesting events on the program, which included riding and bucking contests, Indian races and airplane maneuvers. Though bad weather marred the day somewhat, close to 3,000 were present on the grounds and a considerable sum was realized by the Lodge.

Lockport and Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodges Hold Joint Children's Outing

The children of the Windham Lawn Home, the Niagara County Sanitarium, the Niagara County Preventorium, and the I. O. O. F. Orphanage were given a wonderful day's outing through the joint efforts of Lockport and Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodges, Nos. 41 and 346. The youngsters were taken in a caravan of gaily decorated automobiles from Lockport to Fort Niagara Beach, where they were supplied with generous refreshments by the Lockport committee and turned loose to enjoy all the amusement devices they cared to try. After several hours of this, a committee from No. 346 escorted the little guests to the Home of Niagara Falls Lodge where they, the committee and the nurses who accompanied the youngsters, were served a bountiful chicken dinner. At the end of their festivities the children were driven back to Lockport where they were given free admission to the carnival which was being held by the American Legion. It was a long and happy day, enjoyed as much by the grown-ups in charge as by the little guests.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Redecorates Its Fine Home

The extensive remodeling and overhauling of the Home of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, for which the Trustees authorized an expenditure of $15,000, has just been completed. Decorators, carpenters and masons were busy throughout the summer in the fine building, and when the members returned for the fall activities they found many improvements and renovations. Toledo Lodge is planning a busy year, and started last month an active campaign to add 500 new members to its lists.

Unique Program Marks Anniversary Celebration of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge

In arranging the program of entertainment which marked the celebration of the thirty-sixth anniversary of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, Exalted Ruler D. A. Hanrahan devised a unique method of satisfying the varying tastes of the hundreds of members and their friends who annually attend the affair. Four different sets of activities were arranged to take place simultaneously in various parts of the Lodge's commodious Home. In the Assembly room there was an hour of vaudeville by Broadway headliners, followed by dancing and special entertainment, while the club floor was given over to refreshments, a cabaret performance, and the reception of guests by the officers. Special entertainments for the elderly and the youngest guests were held on the roof garden, and in the basement the program, with plenty of music and refreshments, was arranged for the benefit of the frequenters of the bowling alleys and the grill. One of the largest crowds and most successful entertainments in the history of the Lodge were the results of Mr. Hanrahan's idea, and its successful execution by Chairman William A. Ditmar and the other members of the Anniversary Committee.

Orphans Are Happy Guests of Middletown, Conn., Lodge

The children enrolled in the Swedish Christian Orphanage of Cromwell, the County Temporary Home in Haddam and St. John's Home in Deep River recently enjoyed a perfect day as guests of Middletown, Conn., Lodge, No. 771, at an outing held at Hammonasset Beach Park. Escorted to the Park by the Veterans of Foreign Wars' band and various members of the State Police, the party was royally entertained with a large turkey dinner which was followed by special music and several vaudeville acts. Then there was swimming, and fun on the sand until it came time for the large autos to bring the youngsters home.

T. M. Burnett Has Eighteen Year Record as Lodge Secretary

T. M. Burnett, who has been Secretary of Wilmington, Ohio, Lodge, No. 797, for the past eighteen years, has been absent from meetings only twice during this long period. During this time he has been very prominent in all Lodge activities, being able to fill any chair at any meeting, and conduct any Lodge services by memory without the aid of the printed ritual. Mr. Burnett refused nomination as Secretary this year due to his age, but he is still very active and is a regular attendant at all meetings.

Members Pay Final Tribute To Japanese Boy

For the first time in the history of Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, No. 1082, the Lodge room was recently used for the funeral service of a non-member. For two days, the Stars and Stripes were flown at half-mast atop the Elks building; for several days, members had gone about with sad step, and on the night of the services, every light in the Home, excepting those in the auditorium, had been extinguished. There was genuine mourning, and the cause was the death of a Japanese boy—George (Jukei) Hakamada.

(*Continued on page 85*)

The Pacific Coast Elk Discontinued

THE *Pacific Coast Elk*, Los Angeles, California, published for the past fifteen years by permission of the Grand Lodge, by C. Beauregard Poland, known as "Captain Jack," a descriptive and feature writer well known in the West, has been discontinued.

"Captain Jack" announces that the *Pacific Coast Elk* quits with a clean and honored record, all financial and fraternal obligations having been paid in full. A dimit in keeping with the high regard for the Order that this well-known publisher and writer has always maintained.

It is timely to mention that the *Pacific Coast Elk* has always fostered and encouraged the work of Grand Lodge and State Association officers in all their progressive movements for the good of the Order.

Mr. Poland took the position that with the coming of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, as the national exponent and official publication of the Order, the independently edited Elk press had ceased to be a necessity, as this magazine each month carries the official messages and communications of Grand Lodge officials and the news of the Order, in addition to its articles and fiction, in such a manner as to have won the confidence of Elks and their families everywhere.

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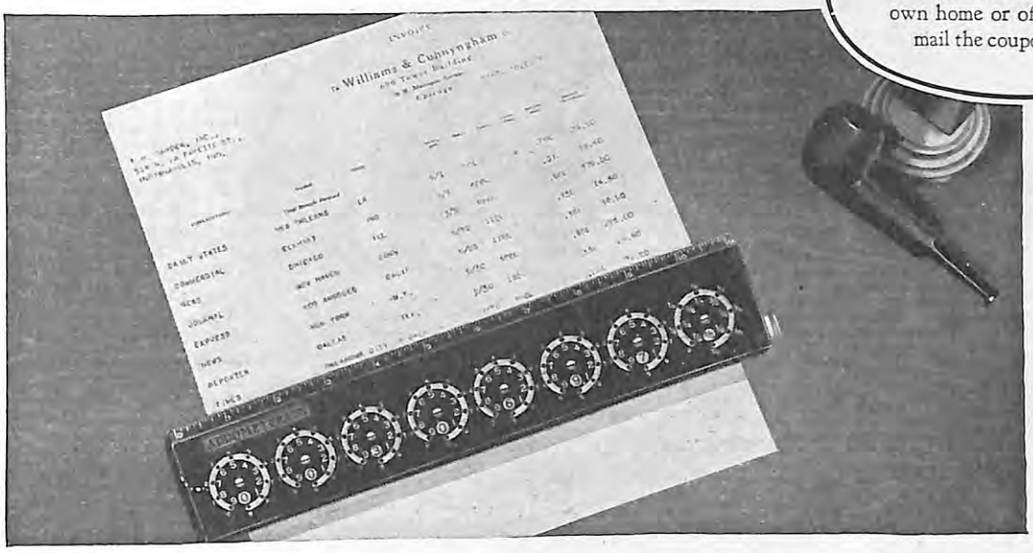

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Addometer Sales Co., *Dept. 387*, 184 W. Washington St., Chicago

"When Do We Eat?"

(Continued from page 30)

now," went on Sawyer happily. "We could have roast chicken with jam and a few lamb chops on the side. How's that suit your stomick? Tres beans, eh, Bill?"

"What's in them boxes?" demanded Mess Sergeant Moss when the wagon backed up to the kitchen. "I never seen no rations like them before."

"Well, now, Sergeant," Lowman hastened to explain. "We got real chummy with that guy at the ration dump and he give us them boxes as extras. Said for us to bring 'em along and open 'em up here. If you got a ax we'll soon see what's in them boxes."

"Somethin' funny about this," said Sergeant Moss, handing out an ax. "I never heard o' that supply sergeant bein' friendly with anybody before."

Sawyer fell to work. Splinters flew as the ax bit into the cover. Nails gave way with a shriek and the contents of the first box was exposed.

"Saddle soap!" grunted Moss. "We got plenty o' that already. See what's in the next one."

With a disappointed glance at the open box and a hopeful one toward the next packing case, Sawyer fell to again. This time the ax uncovered a lining of zinc. This looked promising. Prying off a board, he slashed at the metal and ripped it back. Inside lay box after box of—chewing gum.

"ENOUGH o' that stuff here to give a whole brigade the lockjaw," commented Lowman sadly. "What to hell is in the last box? Thumb tacks, I bet, or a nice set o' billiard balls."

This time bundles of blue packages met the eager eyes peering into the box, once the top was off. Sergeant Moss took one out and tore off the wrappings. Chocolate! Sweet, American Chocolate!

"Not bad," he broke one of the bars and inserted a piece in his mouth. "Not bad That bird at the supply depot must know me." He turned to Sawyer and Lowman and presented each of them with a thick slab of the candy. "You guys take this as a bonus. I'll serve this stuff out in mess line to-night. The boys'll sure thank me for givin' 'em somethin' besides corn willie for a change."

The next day Sawyer and Lowman transacted their business with the sour, tobacco-chewing supply sergeant as quickly as possible, loaded the usual assortment of iron rations and drove hurriedly back to the railroad grade. Lowman pulled the wagon in under some trees near the track, tied the mules, and then both men strolled back toward the right of way.

They waited an hour before a train came along, a grunting, complaining little engine struggling up the hill with a long line of loaded cars.

This time both men caught the same car, having decided it best to work together. A careful examination of the boxes showed them to be unmarked save with an address and a number. Evidently lists accompanying the shipments which gave the contents of the cases according to their numbers.

"Have to take a chance," puffed Sawyer, tugging at a heavy square box. "But I hope to Gawd we don't get no more chewin' gum. My jaws is wore out from eatin' that damn stuff."

Five boxes lay beside the track when the train had disappeared over the hill. Five mysterious boxes bound with steel bands. They might contain anything—even the lamb chops and dressed chicken of Sawyer's imagining.

When they got back to the camp with their load, Sergeant Moss greeted them with a heavy frown on his face

"Got some more o' them boxes, I see," he said meaningly. "Now I wonder what them's got in 'em. Maybe some moth balls or some clothes-pins, this time." He turned hard eyes upon the two soldiers. "Say, ain't you guys got no brains," he barked. "What the hell do you mean by leavin' the address marked right on the sides o' them boxes. I seen 'em in time, thank Gawd, and chopped the boxes up and stuck 'em in the fire. Do you want to get sent to the hoosegow? Use your heads, guys, use your heads."

"Say, where do you think we got them boxes," demanded Lowman with some show of anger.

"I don't give a damn where you got 'em," replied Moss. "And I ain't askin' any questions, see? As long as you bring in somethin' to eat I ain't sayin' a word. The poor guys in this here battery is about starved from eatin' corn willie. Any kinda grub is welcome."

Of the five boxes, one contained mutton, one rifle oils and patches, two mixed jam and the other baking powder.

"Well, this ain't so bad," Sergeant Moss became more cheerful. "If you can keep this up long enough, we're bound to have somethin' to eat yet. Get me some flour and a case o' syrup next time and we'll have hot cakes for breakfast every morning."

All through the remainder of November and well into December Lowman and Sawyer drove the ration wagon for the daily supply of food, and the men of Battery D noticed that the mess took a gratifying change for the better. Fresh mutton, beef, hot cakes with syrup and oatmeal with condensed cream made their appearance on the menu along with puzzling issues of such things as tooth paste, chewing tobacco and extra shoe laces.

One afternoon, Sawyer and Lowman, strolling into the mess shack, received a nerve racking shock. Two burly M. P.'s, their guns swinging carelessly at their hips, stood in earnest conversation with the mess sergeant

"Sure is terrible," Moss was saying as he handed each of the M. P.'s a freshly fried steak, between thick pieces of white bread. "I never heard of such a thing. To think that anybody would rob a train. What is this here A. E. F. comin' to, anyway."

"Yeh," grunted one of the policemen between bites. "And it sure will be terrible when we find out who's doin' the robbin'. Orders is out from Paris to Coblenz to find them fellers and give them the works. We think it's a bunch o' Frogs, but we got to search all the kitchens along the line fer stolen grub. Well, so long. Glad to see you fellers got enough to eat anyway."

When the M. P.'s had gone, Sawyer and Lowman hurried to Sergeant Moss.

"*Somebody*," he informed them with heavy emphasis, "has been stealin' food off the trains. Whoever it was better lay low for a while. Besides, we got plenty o' grub now. No use hurryin' things. Christmas is comin' pretty soon and we'll want a feed then. That's the time to make a big haul."

For a week, the ration wagon carried nothing but regular issue supplies on the daily trip to Somme Dieu. Sawyer and Lowman studiously avoided all M. P.'s and the mere mention of a railway train sent cold shivers down their backs.

Christmas drew near and plans were made for a celebration to be held in the mess hall. Sergeant Moss even promised the men an especially fine dinner for that day.

One morning the sergeant cornered Sawyer and Lowman in the kitchen. Assuming an air of deep mystery he began·

"About time to be thinkin' o' Christmas. Santa Claus and stocking's full o' toys. Also Christmas dinner. Now I wonder if you guys could promote some special grub—say a nice side o' mutton or a case or two o' fresh veal? If you was to do it, I'd make it my *personal* business to see that you got relieved of all extra duty. Yes, sir, after that, you birds would have a pretty soft life around here."

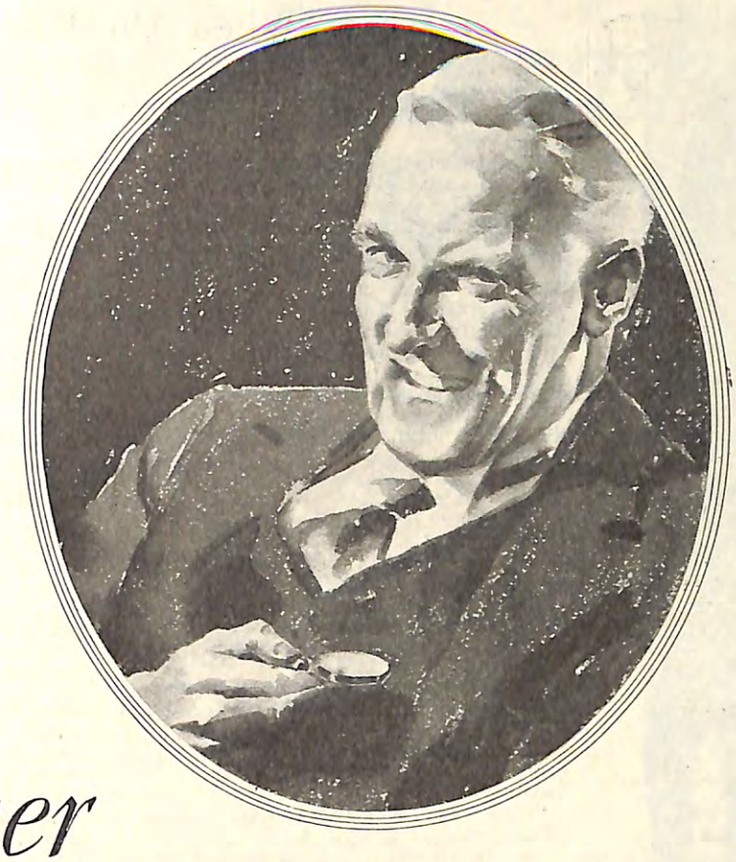
"We can try," said Lowman gloomily. "But I don't like the idea o' them M. P.'s hangin' around."

This time they did not even go to the supply depot, but drove straight to the usual hiding place near the tracks. No sooner had they tied up the mules than a train rounded the bend and started up the hill.

Sawyer took a good look up and down the tracks and reported them deserted. Nothing moved on the road, so the two men crossed over and waited for the train to come up.

By catching the train far down the hill they had time to throw out six boxes before it had started picking up speed again. Hurriedly, casting fearful glances over their shoulders from time to time, they began loading them into the

(Continued on page 46)



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One he received from his father on his twenty-first birthday. Still serviceable, if need be, after all these years. But it doesn't quite go with either his youthful spirit or with the rest of his attire. So he treasures it at home, along with his college diploma and other precious souvenirs.

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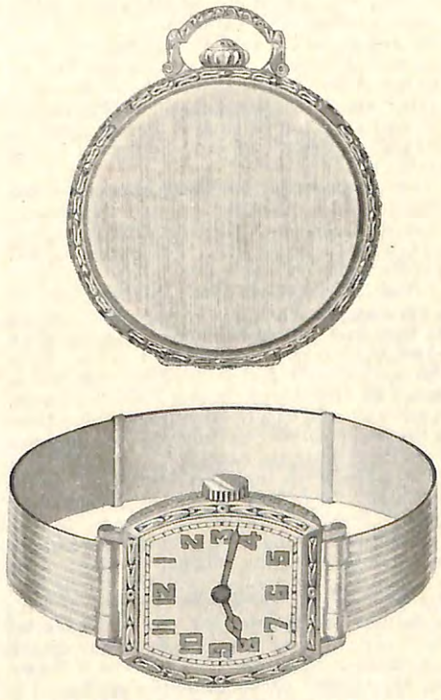

Two styles in Wadsworth Watch Cases. Strap watch fitted with Wadsworth Band (Olympian model). Prices for bands in various models and decorations—Solid Gold $18.00 to $30.00; Gold Filled $6.50 to $8.50

The third watch is a strap. That is for golf, for driving, for summer days when he wears no vest, for winter wear on the street when unbuttoning a heavy overcoat to see the time would be an uncomfortable nuisance.

And such is his discrimination that he keeps their uses at all times strictly separate. He would no more think of wearing his strap watch to the theater in the evening than of wearing his pocket watch on the links.

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THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY

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Case makers for the leading watch movements

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MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

"When Do We Eat?"

(Continued from page 44)

wagon. Suddenly Sawyer threw up his head, puzzled by a strange sound which came from behind him.

"Gawdamighty! Look at that!" he cried.

The train was backing down the hill again and on the rear car stood two American soldiers.

Together they heaved frantically at the last of the boxes, pushing it into the wagon and covering everything with a heavy tarpaulin. As Lowman tucked the canvas in place the train guards were upon them. The men had evidently been disturbed from their quarters inside the train, for both were unarmed and in their shirt sleeves. One of them still had streaks of lather on his face from an interrupted shave.

"What you got in the wagon?" the taller of the guards asked, advancing quickly upon Sawyer and Lowman. "The Frog brakeman said he seen a packing case fall outta the train as we went up the hill. We was put on this train to guard it. We'd like to see what you got in that wagon."

Lowman stepped in between the guards and the rear of the fourgone. "This here wagon is full o' rations," he said slowly. "We just come from the supply depot and we don't want no lousy train guards a pokin' around inside it either."

Sawyer went around and leaned on the canvas cover. He was breathing fast and his face was redder than usual.

"We're gonna see what's inside," insisted the guard stubbornly, reaching out to lift the 'paulin.

"Stop him, Hungry," warned Lowman. "Don't let him touch our grub."

Sam Sawyer was no fighting man but he was built solidly from the ground up—and he could hit. His fist caught the tall guard on the side of the jaw with a meaty thud and down went that very much surprised gentleman into the dust of the road.

Then things began to happen in the neighborhood of the wagon. Bill Lowman's long arms weaved through the air with slow regularity and every time they landed a blow it brought a grunt of pain. The trainmen threw themselves into the fight with half-hearted enthusiasm, but Sawyer and Lowman gave battle with the courage of desperation.

Up and down the road they struggled. Sam was having trouble with his man. Several smashing blows had landed in the most tender part of his anatomy, the stomach, and he groaned with pain as he fought back at the tall guard.

"Can't last much longer," he panted taking another in the ribs.

"Get on the wagon," gritted Lowman, landing a stiff left jab. "Get on and start the mules."

Sawyer lashed out with a final blow, turned and ran for the fourgone. As he swung himself to the seat, his enemy was upon him.

"Beat it!" said Sam grimly, planting his foot in the man's face and, at the same time, seizing the reins and lashing the mules with the whip.

Lowman swung himself aboard as the wagon with its plunging mules swept by. He threw himself breathlessly on the seat beside the driver. Curses and wild shouts came from behind them as the fourgone, rocking from side to side, sped down the road to the camp.

"Put the whip into them tortoises," urged Lowman. "Gawd, I never seen such slow mules."

They turned into the camp road on two wheels and dashed past the kitchen to the stables. Lowman hit the ground while the wheels were still turning and threw open the door of a big room used for storing hay. Sawyer, dragging the mules to a halt, leaped down to join his confederate. The packing cases were heavy, but they tossed them about like cardboard in their hurry to unload. Deep under the fragrant fodder went the boxes, each to be carefully covered with hay.

When the last box was hidden, they returned to the wagon and drove around in front of the stables. Three M. P.'s were just coming out of the kitchen with Sergeant Moss.

"You guys ain't seen nothin' of a fourgone wagon loaded with supplies, have you?" asked one of the men. "Some train guards said they come up this way."

"Sure," said Sawyer with a feeble attempt at a grin. "I seen a wagon goin' hell bent for leather up a road a minute ago. Was you lookin' for somethin'?"

The M. P. eyed Sawyer suspiciously, then turned to his companions. "We'll search this camp anyway," he said. "Whoever it was beat up two guards and run off with a lot of heavy boxes. They can't be far away."

An hour later the men left camp, grumbling and cursing at their luck in missing the culprits. Sawyer and Lowman lay on top of the hay pile and talked matters over.

"That was the last time," said Lowman. "I'm *through*. Boy, if they was to catch you robbin' one o' them trains, you'd go to the hoosegow from now *on*."

"I ain't got no likin' for rock piles, myself," said Sawyer. "But I hope we got some good grub in this last bunch o' stuff. I sorta had my mind all made up on some nice lamb chops for a change."

And when the men of Battery D lined up for mess on Christmas day they found a dinner, par excellence, waiting for them. Veal steaks, lamb chops, baked potatoes and jam and rice-pudding with condensed cream. There was also a package of cigarettes for each man.

Sawyer and Lowman, waiting until the line had been served, strolled up to the kitchen and held out their mess kits to the grinning cooks.

"Give me plenty o' them lamb chops," ordered Sawyer, "I sure do like them things."

With kits loaded to overflowing they headed for the mess-hall and found seats at the end of the table. As they were about to begin their hard-earned meal, Lowman happened to glance up toward the head of the table. Battery D was entertaining a guest. There, surrounded by the officers, sat Major Whalen, the battalion commander.

NOW the Major was noted for two things, his temper and his discipline. A double string of campaign ribbons testified to his length of service. He was a man of few words, and those he used sparingly. The men of his command believed that he was the toughest, most hard-boiled major in the entire American Army.

Bits of conversation floated down to Sawyer and Lowman.

"Been hearing about the meals your battery's been having," the Major was saying in his gruff voice. "Came over to try one. Good. How do you do it?"

The Captain, not a little proud of his organization, was inclined to boast. "Oh, I suppose our mess sergeant's made a friend down at the supply depot," he said. "That's the way these things usually happen. I try not to interfere with the men. Let them take care of their own affairs, you know."

"Exactly," said the Major dryly. "And do you happen to know the names of the two men who've been driving your ration wagon?"

Sawyer cast an agonized glance at Lowman. They squirmed uncomfortably on their seats, the meal forgotten. The voices of the officers were lowered now. They failed to hear the Captain's answer, but they could guess what he said.

Their appetites spoiled, they gathered up the remains of the dinner and crept out of the mess hall.

"Gawd, the Major suspects us sure as hell," wailed Sawyer, when they had once again retired to the privacy of the hay room. "Boy, I can see myself in a striped suit, makin' little ones outta big ones."

"Maybe he only wants to ask us some questions," said Lowman. "Moss is the only one knows we promoted that grub."

"Wonder what he's gonna do to us?" wailed Sawyer. "He's a twenty-minute egg for sure. I hate to think of him askin' us any questions."

Presently they heard their names being shouted up and down the camp by Tompkins, the battery clerk who was inclined to lisp.

"Sthawyer—Lowman, Sthawyer—Lowman," bawled the clerk.

"That's us," said Lowman sadly. "No use trying' to stay hid. They'll get us sooner or later."

(Continued on page 48)

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Throughout the Thirteen Colonies wood built the homes, the churches, the town halls, the schools. Wood built the wharves, the warehouses, the stockades, the barns, the corn cribs, the bridges.

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Uses constantly increasing

Twenty years ago there were less than 2600 commercial and industrial uses for wood. Today there are more than 4500.

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Wood endures—and the supply is enduring. It is the only one of our natural resources that *grows*. The mine becomes a gaping hole; the forest forever *renews*.

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"When Do We Eat?"

(*Continued from page 46*)

Two drooping soldiers moved out of the stable and headed toward battery headquarters. Tompkins greeted them with a grin.

"The Major wisthes to thee you guys," he informed them. "Gueth he ith gonna give you a Craw de Gear or somethin'."

"Yeh," said Lowman, "the only medal the Major'll hang on us will be a ball and chain."

They reported to battalion headquarters, three hundred yards away through the trees, and were immediately ushered into Major Whalen's presence.

Both men banged their heels and saluted. The officer gave them an indifferent answer, then slouched back in his chair. He gazed up at the men before him with cold grey eyes.

"You men drive the ration wagon to Somme Dieu each day?" It was more of an emphatic statement than a question. Neither Sawyer nor Lowman answered.

"The whole regiment, even battalion officer's mess, has been living for the last month on iron rations," the Major went on gruffly. "Battery D has been eating fresh beef, mutton and ham. Something strange about that. Where did this food come from?"

Sawyer shuffled his feet uneasily and looked at Lowman. Visions of prison bars floated before his eyes.

"I've been a soldier myself," snapped the Major. "In the old days I went through more hardships than this A. E. F. ever heard of.

"Now I could ask you men questions—embarrassing questions. Or I could turn you over to the M. P.'s for an investigation."

Lowman shuddered at the suggestion. Sawyer's knees were frankly shaking now.

The Major took up a pencil from the desk and began drumming nervously. His steel grey eyes shifted from one man to the other.

"But there is one thing I'm going to say to you. From now on—" he tapped the pencil rapidly on the desk. "From now on—I'm going to mess with the officers of Battery D. And I want to tell you men that I'm very fond of good lamb chops.

"And remember, that the only crime in the army for which there's no excuse is—*getting caught*."

The Mystery of the Axes

(*Continued from page 33*)

may be able and willing to tell me more—much more about Molly's dread of the Japanese."

He frowned, staring at the letter, and picked out one phrase, reading it aloud.

"*Though she cares nothing at all for vengeance now, yet because the ill deeds of the living must ever be the concern of the living—*" He stopped abruptly—like a man faced by some unsuspected menace, some sudden spectre—

"Must ever be the concern of the living!" read Prosper and paled, turning to stare over his shoulder in the direction which Berkeley Morris had taken. He glanced back to the verses.

"I wish we were dead together to-day
Lost sight of, hidden away out of sight"

Unconsciously, Prosper was muttering it aloud.

". . . Far in the dark with the dreams and the dews—"

Prosper crammed the sheet in his pocket, turned and ran as he had never run before—flying through the opal mists, calling the name of the handsome little poet as he ran.

The grim detective, Inspector Meek, would have thought him mad if he could have seen that wild and urgent racing.

But Prosper knew—and his feet were winged by what he had divined from that heart-broken cry of the boy.

He headed with a strange, quite instinctive confidence through the mists and it flashed into his mind that he was hastening to a spot already made tragic—that place within the circle of hunched and dark and motionless holly-bushes which he had visited the day before.

Long before the hollies loomed through the lacy mist he heard a far report, fog-muted but ominous.

He ran on.

Then, as he ran, a muffled crescendo of hooves drummed before him, and the mists seemed to project a horse, furiously ridden, moving swiftly, coming down upon him at a tremendous speed.

It was upon him, instantly, passed him at full gallop not more than ten feet to his right.

Though he did not cease to run at his greatest speed Prosper turned his head as he ran and saw that the rider was a man, naked except for the great furry skin of some animal slung about him. He flogged the big pony furiously like a man pursued. He turned his head to glare at Prosper as he passed, and a great, greyish dog, running like a wolf at the heels of the pony, turned also to snarl as they passed.

PREOCCUPIED, intent on Berkeley Morris though he was, yet born of his knowledge and experience of things, two thoughts pierced Prosper's mind like arrows as he went on. One was that the pony was too big and with too stylish an action to be one of the coarsebred Forest ponies, and the other thought was that the racing, wolf-like dog was no ordinary Forest lurcher.

But these thoughts led him, even as he ran, to another—a chilling and monstrous deduction—incredible.

He cast it out—or temporarily aside—as he raced up to the holly clump, between two great bushes, into the clearing. Even as he swung into the place he knew what he would find there.

The body of Berkeley Morris lay, quite still, on the short turf in the exact spot where, only a few hours before, Hambledon the forester, had discovered Molly O'Mourne.

Close by lay a medium-bore revolver—rusty, of a type long obsolete—a thing which once had been known as a "bull-dog" and had had its period of popularity in the days before the automatic pistol was known.

His hands clenched, bitterly railing at what he chose to call his "slowness," Prosper looked down at the pale, handsome face of the boy.

Not long before he had looked down on the still, white face of Molly O'Mourne—and it wrung his heart to realize now what a perfect little couple these two children made. Meant for each other, matched for each other, born for each other—and now dead, both dead. Too young—too lovely to have died so soon. . . .

There was a mist that was not of the morning in the eyes of Prosper Fair as the lines came back to him. . . .

"Far in the dark with the dreams and the dews
And dreaming, grow to each other and weep
Laugh low, live softly, murmur and muse.
Feel the dust quiver and quicken and seem
Alive as of old. . . ."

Prosper nodded.

"I hope that all comes true for them," he said. "For everybody—" he added.

Then he examined the boy.

He was shot through the heart.

Very carefully Prosper studied the wound, the position of the revolver, and the ground about the boy.

The turf was scored with fresh hoof prints.

For a long time Prosper tracked these hoof-prints in both directions, poring over them.

He stopped at the edge of the clearing to glance back at the motionless figure behind him.

Then he went away in the direction of the small domain of Eli Lovell.

Plutus accompanied him uneasily—twice the terrier half halted, turning to stare back at the clearing, whining uncertainly.

"That's quite all right, old man," said Prosper. "No harm can come to that boy now

(*Continued on page 50*)

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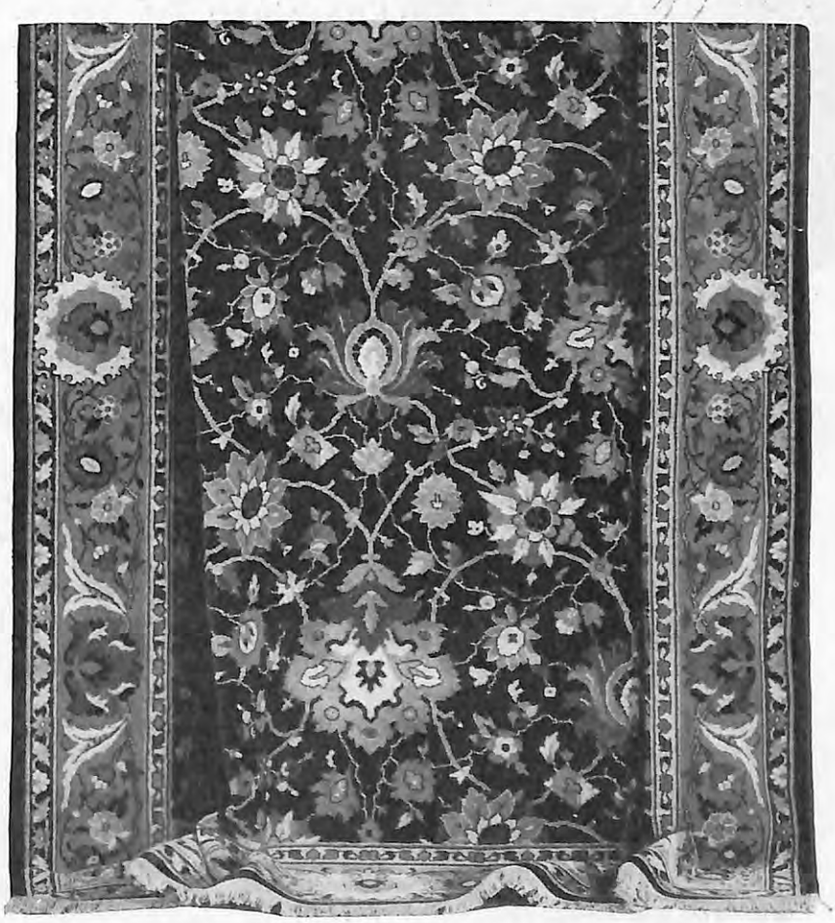

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WEAVERS SINCE 1825

The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 48)

—no harm. It suits—it fits in—to leave him so. We are living too near the edge of suspicion to invite it unnecessarily—and there are other reasons why it must not be Prosper who announces his discovery of that—reunion. . . . Leave it to Prosper. Heel, Plutus."

Reassured, though subdued, Plutus went to heel.

"There are, close at hand, those who will say that Berkeley Morris was murdered by the prehistoric-style man, for those hoof-prints are ominous—or will seem ominous to anyone who has not studied them with some care," mused Prosper, aloud. . . . But as he approached Lovell's place, he threw off his preoccupation. That was as well for everybody came out to welcome him—stolid Joe bulkily foremost, prying with a diligent trunk tip about Prosper's pocket.

"Yes, yes, old humbug, I know," said Prosper. "Take it then—take a man's last apple if you have the heart to do it."

Joseph had—and did.

There was one for Patience also. Both the elephant and the donkey were calmly confident that, on the whole, apples grew in Prosper's pocket.

Eli Lovell, beady-eyed, interested, obviously great friends with the stolid one, was very ready for prolonged conversation, but Prosper with a very convincing air of regret disengaged himself as quickly as possible, explaining that he was imperatively called to London that day and had only looked in just to see that they were all right and to deposit Plutus with Eli until called for.

Ruefully they all accepted this and, gaily promising to bring them all a present from London if they were good, Prosper left them immediately, heading back to Normansrood in hope of engaging the antiquated hire-car at the village inn to take him to Brockenhurst where he might catch the morning express to London.

SO FURIOUSLY did the village hire-car rattle him over to Brockenhurst that Prosper had time to send off a few telegrams before the train arrived.

Then, alone in a first-class carriage, he settled down to think over the many questions which were calling loudly in his mind for answer. There was, for example, that nervous V. C., Major Giles Wakeling. At first he had been in the nature of a puzzle to Prosper, hovering, in his anxious, half-embarrassed way, between Wolf's Hold, Normansrood and Tufter's Wait. Of course he had explained quite frankly on the occasion of their first meeting that he had taken apartments in Normansrood village in the hope that the Forest air and the quiet peace of the hamlet would help tauten up his unstrung nerves. But Prosper no longer believed the whole of that.

Long since, the Major by act and word had inadvertently explained himself and his presence there.

Prosper was quite sure that Major Wakeling was retained by Crystal Sheen, his duty being to act as a sort of unobtrusive guard to Alan Byrne.

The statement made in a moment of chagrin by the ferocious mannered Meek, to the effect that Major Wakeling ran a detective agency at Savoy Chambers, Prosper believed to be true. Probably the Major had lost his money (if he had ever had any) and, desiring to supplement his retired pay, had conceived the idea of achieving that by running a gentlemanly private enquiry office. It was quite the sort of thing that a retired Major might figure himself succeeding at—just as a sailor might, and frequently does, esteem himself liable to be a great success as a farmer; or a town bank clerk appraise himself as cut out by nature for a champion poultry raiser. Whatever the Major's reason, Prosper was prepared to believe Inspector Meek on a point of that sort.

And if Crystal Sheen had been so anxious and uneasy about Alan Byrne that she felt she would like to engage a secret guard for him—one who without his knowledge should always be more or less at hand to intervene between him and danger, then such a man as Major Giles Wakeling would appear—to Crystal—the ideal man for that task. He was famous, decorated for sheer courage, big, of imposing appearance, a gentleman.

Prosper nodded, staring absently out at the sliding countryside.

"She would have him at any price. She'd hardly realize the condition of his nerves—thinking mainly of Alan's."

Prosper smiled.

"Well, not such a bad choice—nerves or no nerves . . . but that leads us to another and more important point. Cousin Crystal believes Alan needs protection—and, being rich and very much in love with him, she provides it. Very wise. But that implies an enemy—a dangerous one. Who is the enemy?"

He rolled a seedy-looking cigarette before he answered.

"Dillon Mant for one—obviously. We know that she did not like him—probably with reason—and influenced his discharge from Alan's employment. Wisely, in my opinion. . . ."

He lit his seedy cigarette, scowling a little.

"Yes, Dillon Mant is the enemy Crystal fears. And it was Mant whose arrival the Major, on his belly like the serpent of the dust, was watching from the heather yesterday. Asana, the Jap, and that hawk-faced housekeeper, Crystal evidently trusts, or she would not leave Alan to them. And the old groom there.

"But *I*—yea, even little Prosper—I know that Dillon Mant gives Asana much money; and I know that Asana visited, behaving curiously, that tragic clearing among the holly clumps, and, further, I know that although, when alone, Asana regards the murder of Molly O'Mourne with bitterly mingled feelings, yet, in company with Dillon Mant the Japanese speaks of that tragedy as a man might speak of an unexpected stroke of good luck. And Dillon Mant agrees with him—and is so venomously annoyed at the thought that he has been overheard in conspiracy with Asana that, about as logically as a disturbed and striking puff-adder, he is prepared to shoot a possible listener. . . . To complete the puzzle, Alan Byrne observes in the tone of one half drugged, that Molly O'Mourne is, in a way, to be envied. And Molly and Byrne—if Molly's mother is to be believed—were unacquainted—had never met each other! . . ."

He threw away the hot, stained cigarette end.

"That is the murder as reflected—to one purblind and groping—in the mirror of Tufter's Wait at present—" he said and was silent, thinking, for a long time.

Presently, he began to soliloquize again.

"Berkeley Morris shot himself because life seemed not worth while living without Molly. That is the murder as reflected in the poet's mirror. . . . Though there are those who unaware of that boyish note to me might believe that he was killed by the night-rider! . . ."

His lean, keen, well-bred face grew dark and grave.

"The night-rider—what picture of the murder is to be seen in his dark mirror? . . .

"He is a man of blood—a killer. A creature of the darkness—a horseman who chooses to ride upon his errand in the shifting half lights of a wild moon. A skin-clad spectre that kills as he goes and throws away his weapons—weapons a hundred thousand years old. . . . From this one it would seem that nobody is safe—neither the goats of Eli Lovell, nor Detective Inspector, nor Prosper Fair. Nor Molly O'Mourne? I wonder. . . . He appeared first in the neighborhood of Wolf's Hold about two months ago, but nobody cares to pursue him—except Jack Hambledon whose duty requires him to investigate such—apparitions. The wild trample of a hurrying horse's hoofs passing through Normansrood at night starts bolts shooting home, door locks grinding. Nobody cares to go out—yet nobody has cared to make a fuss. That's because they're over-sensitive, these shy, reserved, Forest folk."

Prosper nodded.

He had gleaned a good deal in the village on the previous morning.

"Well, Molly O'Mourne would have been an easy prey to this one—if he sought easy prey. . . . If the analyst finds human bloodstains

(Continued on page 52)

Mrs. ROBERT T. VANDERBILT has these charming beds in her Park Avenue home

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The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 50)

on that first axe—then it is merely a question of time before the night-rider is taken. . . . A madman—a man possessed? Presently, we shall see."

Prosper smiled faintly—for among the telegrams he had sent off had been one to Captain Dale, his agent at Derehurst Castle and the great estate surrounding it—asking Dale to send to Brockenhurst Station by that evening a certain polo pony of Prosper's.

"If it had not been for that polished axe last night I should not have believed the night-rider to be a man-stalker," mused Prosper. "But that weapon certainly was aimed at Meek, at me, or at some unknown on the edge of the firelight—someone listening, perhaps, to Meek and myself. . . . And if he killed Molly, it must have been without warning or premeditation—for if she had dreamed of such danger she would never have walked alone across the Forest at night!"

Again he rolled a cigarette, puzzling it over and over.

"Suppose the rider were Dillon Mant—certainly the least well-balanced person I've seen or heard of in the neighborhood so far—why should he murder Molly? Except for sheer wantonness. But a man who kills for wantonness is not normally a man to count money so very nicely and precisely as Mant had counted to Asana yesterday. No. . . .

"Patience, Prosper!"

For the rest of the journey, he sat silently in his corner, with closed eyes. If he had not rolled cigarettes at intervals, dropping them half-smoked, one might have thought he slept.

But there was nothing sleepy about him when presently, at Waterloo Station, he walked with Lady Crystal Sheen, to the big Daimler in which she had come to meet him. . . .

Lady Crystal was looking tired and uneasy.

She was awaiting him at the barrier of the ticket-collector but she was questioning him before they reached her car.

"Tell me, Prosper, why did you come up today? Why did you telegraph that you wished to see me—for me to meet you? I am coming back to the Forest to-morrow—I told you. It—it doesn't mean that you have bad news?"

Prosper, wholly regardless of the railway crowd, hurrying, like ants, about them, boyishly slipped a shabby arm round her expensively clad shoulders and tightened it reassuringly. "My dear Crystal—what a notion! Bad news travels far too fast for me to endeavor to accelerate it in person. No. There's no bad news. I have business in town. I have to see my bank folk. Ludicrous, that, isn't it? But, as *you* should know, people who own estates have to find the money to keep them up. They've long ago ceased, in Merrie England, to be self-supporting. And I understand that there is a scheme—probably shark-like—afoot whereby a few selected investors may heavily enrich themselves. I am about to be inducted on to the ground floor. That's all. If you like I'll persuade them to let you and your Alan in, also. If you wish to have a flutter—and if the thing is sound."

There was a very real relief in her laugh as she answered.

"Why, is that all! Just money? Oh, Prosper—that's not like you somehow. Still—"

"No—I know. But times are hard for the idle rich . . . one may as well be sane, Crystal. I'll get you and Alan in—if my people approve the scheme. Who are your respective bankers?"

She told him.

"Perhaps you'll hear from them, if the thing's any good. There! That's that. Business first Cousin—and thank God, it's finished."

He began to wind himself up a cigarette that would have looked quite *chic* at an East End coffee stall, but was hopelessly out of place in the boudoir on balloon tyres that Crystal called her car.

There was a short silence—broken presently by Prosper.

"Alan still has some leeway to make up, don't you think?"

"Indeed, I do—"

"Still, I know men very much worse. He will be all right—with a little patience. Nerve, really. What on earth made him work so hard, Crystal? He has plenty of money—and so have you. Why *do* people work themselves into ill-health for just pride—or something?" asked Prosper.

"There's a kind of Duke—a relative of mine—who could answer that question. He—he's the type of lunatic that would work himself into a hospital for sake of a Ludgate Hill hawker with a sick wife, if he felt it called for," replied the Lady Crystal drily.

"He's that kind of an ass, is he?" said Prosper, fluently. "Dukes often are, I've noticed . . . but seriously, Crystal, I don't understand!"

"Oh, Alan was contriving a special sort of play—a big thing. Really big. He was desperately serious about it. He thought it would matter—a play with a purpose. He studied the thing—the materials—trying to do it well—to the very verge of a breakdown. And, luckily, I in league with the doctors, stopped him just in time."

"I see. That was—timely, Crystal," said Prosper, adding, as an afterthought and very casually indeed, "what was the subject of the play—the—er—theme?"

Lady Crystal did not answer at once.

But presently she turned, setting her great black eyes in an even, very steady stare at Prosper.

"It was a superstition of Alan's never to divulge the subject of the plays until his plays were finished satisfactorily. So, you see, I can't tell you that, Prosper?" she said, her voice quivering.

"Can't you? Can't you tell me that—a little thing like that? Better tell Prosper. He's not your enemy, you know. No. He hasn't got a subtle, dangerous, deadly conspiracy against your happiness. Eh? Not Prosper—that silly ass of a Duke. Why should he? . . . Better tell Prosper, Cousin. Come on—tell Prosper."

"No, no—I won't. I can't. Oh, Prosper, please don't press me—only, please, please, use all your brains and all your skill to—to—help me—"

She relapsed on Prosper's shoulder, crying bitterly.

"I'm afraid—" she sobbed.

"Why, Crys—Crys—*all* right! It will be all right!"

PROSPER slipped his arm round her, and let her cry. . . .

"I am a fool—I know very well what an utter fool I am to be upset—but Alan isn't well and I don't know what to do to help him. . . . I engaged the very bravest man, Major Wakeling, a V. C. and everything, to do his very best, but it doesn't seem any use, Prosper. And Asana is as devoted as a man could possibly be—and Juliet Grey the housekeeper would do *any*thing for him. Peter Light, the groom, is one of our *own* grooms from Eastminster, absolutely trustworthy—and yet, somehow, Alan doesn't get on. It's as if he were somehow haunted, Prosper. . . ."

She wept for half the length of the Strand, in the shelter of his arm.

"I knew—oh, I knew very well when I went away yesterday that Alan wasn't well," she said, hopelessly. "I knew quite well that you and the Major would not find it very amusing to be with Alan for tea—or whiskey and soda—or whatever it was. I am quite sure that he went into one of his rigid moods—blindish and frozen and deaf and dumb—cataleptic! I've seen him like that dozens of times—though nobody ever knew!"

"No, no—how should they? I mean about Alan. Just a temporary hitch in the old brain!" said Prosper, comfortably. "It's a common enough trouble—almost as common as catarrh," he added, blandly untruthful.

"I don't understand," said Lady Crystal, flatly. She sat up, again.

"Why it's obvious enough. People are so queer about it. Skin can go temporarily wrong, mucous membranes can go temporarily wrong, almost anything can go temporarily wrong, and people say casually. 'Send for the doctor to write a prescription—it'll be all right. But let the brain—the most delicate and perfect, the most exquisite, the milli-microscopic—good word that, Crystal, full-choke in both barrels—

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The Mystery of the Axes

(*Continued from page 52*)

organ of the whole lot, go temporarily wrong and the cry is, 'Away with him. Bats! Belfries! Mice! Cupboards! Hide him! Deepest dungeon reserved!' . . . They just don't understand, Crystal. But Cousin Prosper does—so hadn't you better tell old Prosper?"

"No. Please, Prosper. I daren't."

Prosper smiled upon her.

"All right, Crystal. I understand—and I don't suppose it will matter much. But there's another matter. I suppose you have access to Alan's house? Would you mind terribly if I asked you to let me look over it—if it's unoccupied."

"There's a butler and his wife there," said Crystal Sheen. "Yes, of course you may. But I can't come with you. I will telephone Waytes and he will show you over."

"Thank you, Crystal. It may be rather valuable to me—more so to you and Alan."

He glanced at his watch, seemed surprised at the hour, and declared that he must hurry to the city forthwith.

"You and Alan and I will ride together in the Forest in a day or two, Cousin—I'm having a pony sent down there for me," he said, reminded her that she must telephone the butler, Waytes, at Alan Byrne's house in Hanover Square, pressed her hand, stepped out of the car, and was gone.

TEN minutes later he was walking into the headoffice of the Metropolitan Bank, of which he was one of the many attractively be-titled directors, though he did painfully little in the way of "directing." Before he left that office he was aware that Alan Byrne, who banked with the Metropolitan, had drawn cheques in favor of Dillon Mant, during the past two months, to the extent of nearly three thousand pounds.

Some hours later he was to be seen at the door of Alan Byrne's house, in conversation with a cheerful-looking butler—who was holding a folded five-pound note in a plump but prehensile hand, obviously well-adapted for the holding of such treasure.

"Not at all, your Grace, pardon me—a great privilege to show your Grace over the house, thank you!" said the butler, and bowed deeply as shabby, plus-foured Prosper swung over the threshold, smoking a cigarette that would have looked well in a taxi-driver's case—that is to say, the space between his ear-tip and his skull.

Prosper had been four hours in that house. . . .

Three hours later he was riding a beautiful bay polo pony across the Forest from Brockenhurst Station to King's Halt Hall, where, after a stroll with Sir Gatsby round the big place, he dined. . . .

At ten o'clock that night he was at Eli Lovell's place, eating bread and cheese and drinking cider with Eli. . . .

It had been a full day for one of the idle rich.

And half an hour later, he was sitting in his caravan studying through a magnifying glass a minute scrap of paper about one inch long by a quarter of an inch wide that bore on it a few letters of minute writing in ink which had become so faded and rusty that it was well-nigh indecipherable.

Tethered to a wheel of the caravan was the big pony, well-rugged, but saddled and bridled, so that at a moment's notice and with only the fractional pause needed to tighten the girths, slip the rope halter, and slide in the bit, Prosper could be away pursuing whatever might seem to him to be worthy of pursuit.

For a long time Prosper studied that minute scrap of paper, picked up out of the fringe of a carpet at Byrne's house in town. Occasionally, he looked up, and brushed finger-tips across the misted window, peering out to see whether the moon was up.

Presently he put the paper scrap in an envelope and the envelope in a drawer, and sat again to study a number of slips containing a list of dates, of names, and figures. On another blank slip he made some notes, then pinned this slip to the others, and placed these with the envelope. Next he added to his board a page torn from a note-book bearing the titles of a number of books.

Then made a list of names—the names of everybody he had met since he arrived at Wolf's Hold, including that of Lady Crystal.

Some of these names he crossed out, and sat studying his list with absent eyes for some minutes—until the moon won clear of the high banks of heavy clouds which had been eclipsing her.

Then he threw the list into the drawer with the air of one who throws away something of little value, and stood up.

Plutus, who had accompanied him from Lovell's Place, rose, too, with his customary eagerness, but Prosper wiped what might be termed the smile off the semi-terrier's face with one word.

"*No*, old warrior—I fear not. Not to-night," said Prosper. "Sorry. Yours it is this night to guard the hearth and home—while Prosper and Charleston roam the shadowy plains. . . . The fact is, tyke, that I may find myself confronted with the necessity of having to put my best foot extremely foremost in order to avoid extensive alterations to the shape of my skull (such as it is, Plutus, such as it is) by a stone axe, a flint club, or some such matter—wielded by a master-wielder of such implements."

He stooped, patting the dog, talking in the half-absent, half-idle way he affected with his animals.

"We are going a-hunting after the galloping spectre with the prehistoric complex—and that is no fit pastime for small tykes."

He was buckling on a pair of spurs.

"Plus fours and spurs—truly an affrighting combination! Never let it be known, Plutus, or we should be sent to the Tower of London by order of the House of Lords, escorted by, and handcuffed between, the editors of the *Tailor and Cutter* and *Men's Wear!*" He laughed gaily at his small joke.

"No—but, seriously, hound, we may quite easily find ourselves with the choice of bolting from the night-rider or of shooting him in sheer self-protection. And as we shall naturally be bolting to bloodshed, where, in such a case, would *you* be, lion-heart. In the jaws of that great, sliding, wolf-like beast that appears to attend our axe-man on his prowlings! And nothing could save you then. So—guard the home fires, friend of my loneliness, and all will be well."

He patted the disgusted Plutus once more, for luck.

He had spoken airily, for that was his way, but his face was grave and his eyes were sad and boding as he left the caravan, locked the door behind him, and moved round to the big pony.

Like all his many animals—and Prosper maintained a considerable menagerie at Derehurst—the pony seemed to adore the quiet-spoken, gentle-mannered Mr. Fair. And, indeed, "Charleston," as Prosper had playfully called him, doubtless because of his fidgety feet (though in polo circles he was known as "Jack-in-the Box") had no reason to dislike or dread his owner for, being by far the best and most uncannily intelligent of Prosper's polo ponies, he had never known anything but kindness and, within sane reason, encouragement.

Prosper believed him to be faster than the flying pony of the night-rider and he hoped as sure-footed and quick-eyed.

If any horse could avoid the rabbit-holes that sieved the ground in the neighborhood of Wolf's Hold, Charleston could, though, as Prosper very well knew, no man could hope to gallop in half darkness about that neighborhood long without coming to grief—a broken leg for the horse, a broken neck for the rider. The chances were about equal for horse and rider—probably Prosper would not have risked throwing away one of the best and brainiest polo ponies in the country on any other terms. A fair chance for each and the devil take the shirker was about Prosper's unspoken motto in these matters.

"It will be either a rather dull or a rather ugly night's outing for us, Jack, my friend," said Prosper, as he cinched up. "What I mean to say, there will be no half and half business. No. . . . Gently, Lunatic! That's only a moon—just a common or garden moon. Did you think it was a cheese on fire? . . . Right! *All* right!"

He laughed softly, a little thrilled himself, as

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WHEN APPEARANCE COUNTS

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The Mystery of the Axes

(*Continued from page 54*)

he steadied the dancing, rather excited pony with a powerful and practised wrist; patted a pocket to make certain that he carried a seven-shot last argument, in case a desperate solution of his puzzle was forced on him; took the heavy riding crop from under his arm, and cantered quietly out into the patchy light of the cloud-harried moon.

Charleston danced happily along, too charmed with this novel nocturnal outing to fret much because he was held in so steadily—though once, within three minutes of leaving the camp, he was reined in remorselessly, and forced to be still, while Prosper, turning in his saddle, listened intently to a strange and rather puzzling sound that came downwind to him.

"If I had not had the experience of Stolid Joe that has fallen to my lot, Jack, and consequently did not know him to be obedient and placid and prone to remain close to where he had his supper and expected soon to have his breakfast, I might believe that Joseph was loose and wandering, talking to himself as he wanders."

HE LISTENED again, but the sound came no more.

"No. I think not. I'm glad of that, Jack Charleston, for it would not have answered at all. Not at all. An elderly elephant on the spree in the forest to-night decidedly would not have suited anybody's arrangements."

He moved on, cantering quietly along the edge of Wolf's Hold.

Prosper had no real expectations of meeting and, with luck, following the night-rider, but there was just a chance that he might do so. He had very little to guide him in his search—though, even so, he had rather more than Meek or, he believed, anybody else in the neighborhood.

But he was prepared to be patient and to ride out for many a night's watching and waiting and listening.

He was convinced that there was a vital connection between the prowlings of the night-rider and the murder of Molly O'Mourne—though this was an instinct rather than a serious judgment founded on solid facts. Yet, curiously enough, he was certain that the first axe bore no stain but that of the kids belonging to the old gypsy, Lovell.

It was his intention to-night, or if not to-night, then whenever he chanced to sight the prehistoric-like man, to close with him and get at least a clearer idea than the foggy dawn of Berkeley Morris's suicide had given him of what he looked like and to discover why he indulged in these rides. Even, if possible, to identify him.

It was a chancy business, for Prosper had satisfied himself during his talk with Sir Gatsby Thorburn that there were at least twenty men in the neighborhood who owned a pony of sorts and every man in the whole district owned at least one dog.

And any one of these might be the rider—finding some queer satisfaction in his moonlit ranging. One can not watch twenty men at once and, aided to his decision by a few scraps of knowledge he had already picked up, Prosper was tolerably certain that his method was the one likeliest to prove effective—even though he might ride the Forest for many nights without success. . . .

He believed that he was already much farther along the road which would lead to the discovery of the murderer, than anybody else—not excluding Inspector Meek or Major Wakeling or any of the local police. . . .

And that was true, though not quite in the sense that Prosper thought. . . .

But that he was not the only one on the watch to-night was proved to him as he passed out of the shadows of Wolf's Hold at the Normansrood end.

Charleston shied, half seriously, half playfully, as a man stepped out of a block of deep shadow at the extreme western corner of Wolf's Hold and ran a few paces forward, snatching at the bridle of the pony with his left hand, and thrusting the automatic pistol in his right hand forward at Prosper.

"*Halt*, you! Who are you? Where are you going—and where are you from?" came a truculent demand in Inspector Meek's harshest and most metallic voice. He thrust himself closer.

"Come on, now! Don't you try to play the fool with *me*, man. Get off and explain yourself. In the name of the Law, *you!*"

As, no doubt, he intended it to be, the Detective contrived to make it sound quite a little menacing. And, as Prosper instantly realized, he was well-entitled to do that for if (as Meek apparently believed) Prosper had been the real night-rider, then the Detective was seriously in danger of getting one of those ugly stone axes buried in his skull before he could press the trigger of the weapon in his very ready right hand.

Moreover, Meek was nervous and jumpy in his unaccustomed surroundings—and pistol accidents happen easily and very quickly. . . . Prosper had no ambition to figure as the casualty in a pistol accident and did not delay an answer to the savage challenge.

"I am Prosper Fair!" he said sharply, then laughed a little. "Why, Inspector! Do you introduce yourself so formidably to everybody you meet after dark in this jolly little Forest?"

A light flashed in Prosper's eyes, and the detective's armed fist dropped.

He laughed rather acidly.

"Pretty nearly everybody—these days, Mr. Fair," he said. "Wouldn't you?"

"Indeed I would," agreed Prosper.

"You think this is a fairly good place to lie in wait for our prehistoric friend?" he asked.

"I do," said Meek drily. "He's galloped this way often enough—and as it's easier than galloping over tall heather I shouldn't be surprised if he gallops this way again. You're out after him too, I suppose?"

"Well, in a way, one might put it so."

"Going to cover any particular ground, Mr. Fair?"

"Why, hardly that. I am taking a big circle round on chance— I shall try to skirt close to as many places where cattle and goats and so on are pegged out as I can. But it's quite at random. I fancy you've as good a chance of meeting him here as I have of running into him out there—" Prosper's gesture indicated a great area of the blue-black moorland.

"Well, you'll stand a good chance of riding him down if you sight him, for—as near as I can tell in this light—you're on a mighty good bit of horse flesh!"

The detective stepped clear of the fidgeting Charleston.

"Well, good hunting, Mr. Fair—" he said, just a shade grudgingly. "We ought to get the blackguard before long. We need to. You know young Berkeley Morris has been murdered—on the same spot as Molly O'Mourne. We've had the bloodhounds out again—"

The detective paused rather oddly.

"Yes—I knew about Berkeley Morris, before I went to town to-day," said Prosper quietly. "Did you have better luck with the bloodhounds to-day?"

"Well, they found a trail and ran it to a finish. It was a bit puzzling, Mr. Fair. We went back to the beginning and they ran the same trail—to the same place."

"That was rather interesting of them—" said Prosper. "Is it permitted to ask whose trail it was, and where it led?"

"Why, I don't quite know that I can answer that just at present. I'm working on it. Later on, perhaps, Mr. Fair. Maybe we'll be able to swap information."

Meek's voice was curiously bland.

"Oh, quite. As you say, Inspector. I didn't wish to pry. It was just a careless question."

"Sure it was, Mr. Fair. That's all right. We'll chat it over again later."

He stepped back into the shadows again.

Well, good hunting, Mr. Fair—good hunting!" His tone was almost effusive—extraordinarily unlike its normal harshness.

"Thanks!" said Prosper and cantered on.

He was clear now of the cliff like looming of Wolf's Hold. The strip of turf was narrower here, running along between the heather and the small stream that wandered through the shallow valley. He reined the pony in to a walk

(*Continued on page 58*)

"Here Comes Harris —*He'll Know!*"

HE CAME sauntering across the club-room, smiling, poised. It was easy to see that he was popular. Every few steps he stopped to shake someone's hand, to exchange greetings.

As he approached the little group near the lounge, the men turned to him eagerly.

"Here, Harris! Settle this question for us, will you?"

Laughing, Harris joined the group. "Well, what great problem are you solving now?"

"We want to know who said, 'Henceforth I seek not good fortune.'"

"I say it was one of the old philosophers, Seneca or Diogenes," one of the men declared.

"And I think it was Benjamin Franklin," ventured another.

Harris hesitated a moment, then began. "'Henceforth I seek not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,'" he quoted. "'Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.' That is from 'The Song of the Open Road' by our rugged old friend, Walt Whitman."

"That's it!" cried the man who had first called to Harris. "Didn't I tell you he'd know!"

As Harris went over to join another group Davis remarked, "Amazingly well-informed chap, Harris. It's really a treat to talk with him. He must do a tremendous amount of reading, and yet I don't know how he finds time for it, because I happen to know he's a very busy man."

How Harris Did It

Bill Harris *was* a busy man—also a very successful man, and like so many other successful business men, he never had had much opportunity to read. The little knowledge remembered from schooldays stood him in poor stead when he found himself in the company of cultivated and well-read people.

So much of the conversation was clear over his head. He heard names . . . Dante, Emerson, Schopenhauer, Huxley, William Morris. Names vaguely familiar. Who were they? What had they done? What had they said? Why were they famous?

He couldn't spare the time to read about them. He couldn't spare the time to study literature, history, philosophy—all the fascinating things well-read people talk about. If there were only some one volume that would give him the "high lights"—the information he ought to know, without words, words, words!

Some one told him about the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book. Told him that it was a whole library condensed into one volume. More in curiosity than anything else, he sent for a copy—*and that unique volume alone quickly made him a well-informed man*—able to talk intelligently on almost any subject!

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The Mystery of the Axes

(*Continued from page 56*)

now, for silence sake, and kept every sense taut and ready.

Five hundred yards on from the spot where Detective-Inspector Meek waited in his ambush of shadow, a man ran out swiftly from a clump of thorn-bush, and snatched at the bridle. His left arm seeming immensely swollen, he threw up as though to guard his head!

"Now, for God's sake, steady, steady—" said this apparition.

It was Maj. Giles Wakeling.

"Why, Major, that's right—don't stand on ceremony," laughed Prosper, quietly.

THE huge arm fell as though it had been touched by a red-hot iron, and the Major laughed ruefully.

"*You*, Mr. Fair,—you! I heard that you'd gone to town for a day or two!"

"I came back to-night, Major. . . . Did you mistake me for our prehistoric phantom? . . . But what's the matter with your arm?"

Prosper peered close, sparing a flash from his electric torch. Unlike Meek the Major seemed completely unarmed.

"Oh, just a precaution—a bit of rug wrapped round and round—" he explained uneasily. "Useful in case of an axe-blow—or an attacking dog!"

"Yes, indeed," agreed Prosper. "A man doing a single-handed patrol in this neighborhood can not be too careful. I met friend Meek some distance back. He, too, is out on duty to-night. I gather that he's had a hard day—with the bloodhounds."

The Major did not answer immediately. And when he spoke it was almost in a whisper.

"Yes . . . you have heard of the new murder—Berkeley Morris?"

Prosper nodded in the moonlight.

"If I were you I would not discuss it very freely with Inspector Meek," said the Major.

"Why not, Major?"

"Twice over the hounds picked up a trail and ran it to the same place."

"Whose trail, Major—"

"*Yours*—from the body of that boy to your caravan. Meek seemed very impressed—possibly it fitted with some wild theory of his own. . . . Forgive me, Fair—but—as a matter of fact—I believe Meek is secretly obsessed with the idea that you are deeply implicated and he still hopes to fasten something on you. It's absurd—but it can be awkward. You should be careful."

"Thanks, Major—it's good-natured of you to warn me. But Meek's quite hopelessly wrong. That poor lad Morris shot himself—and the trail the hounds picked up was his trail. . . . I can prove that quite easily. . . . If I had been just a shade quicker—more intelligent—I could have saved Berkeley Morris from himself. But later will do for that."

He paused a moment, thinking.

"By the way, Major, I saw Lady Crystal in town to-day. She explained everything about her arrangement with you concerning Alan Byrne. She's my cousin, you know . . . we'd better have a chat about that to-morrow. I think we understand each other. But this isn't quite the place—or time—don't you think. To-morrow—come and share a vagabond's breakfast at the camp. Will you?"

"Gladly," said the Major.

"Good. Now, I'll be moving."

"Right. Be careful, my boy—things are queer about here these days—queer—too queer—" muttered the Major, moved clear of the horse, and instantly was absorbed by the dense darkness about the thorn-bush.

"The Forest is full of eyes watching from the dark nooks and crannies of the night, oh pony—" murmured Prosper.

Ten minutes later that was confirmed yet once more.

Just as a couple of pale squares of light swung slowly into view away on Prosper's right front, the windows of Tufter's Wait—Charleston shied to the left with a bound so violent and unexpected that Prosper was all but thrown. Even as he was twisting back into the saddle yet another man rose up out of a clump of bracken.

Prosper saw a gun go up and swung his heavy riding crop at the long barrel like lightning.

That saved his life by a hair's breadth. He felt the hot blast of the charge rush past his head—if he had not been so close to the would-be killer nothing could have saved him. But the charge of shot from an ordinary sporting gun does not issue from the muzzle in a fan-shaped cloud. It remains packed in a compact mass for some feet after it leaves the muzzle, then begins to scatter.

Balanced on the rearing pony like the practised rider he was Prosper beat down the gun before his assailant could bring it to bear again, shouting as he struck.

"Hambledon! It's Fair!"

The gun fell to the ground. Prosper heard the forester's ejaculation of dismay as he pulled the pony round.

"Good God, sir—I—I thought that you were this murdering night-rider—I—I might have killed you, sir! Never dreamed for a minute it could be anybody else! He's out to-night—he's on the move! We've all got to watch out to-night, sir. He's *out!*"

Prosper slipped off the pony, and picked up the gun.

"All right, Hambledon, don't worry! You're not the first that's mistaken me for the rider, to-night. It's all right—but, my man, you are rather dangerously impulsive with this firearm of yours! Here you are—take it. But you must be a bit more—restrained. You've got no right—not a shadow of right to shoot the man at sight. Why, there's nothing proved against him at all—except possibly the death of old Lovell's kids. You can't shoot on suspicion—why, if you killed him and it was shown that he had nothing to do with the murder, you'd be lucky to get off with a long sentence for manslaughter—they might even make a murder charge of it—you must exercise better judgm——"

He broke off suddenly as some distance back, seeming to come from the dark corner of Wolf's Hold where the detective lurked, watching, a long and dreadful scream—the wild, panic cry of a horse in fearful danger or in agony—came piercingly through the night.

They stared, standing rigid.

Then came another sound that made Prosper start—the distant trumpeting of an angry elephant—

"What's that!" asked the forester, pale in the moonlight.

"It sounds as if the impossible has happened! That's the elephant—angry, furious! And he's loose!" snapped Prosper.

He sprang into the saddle and galloped for Wolf's Hold.

Half-way there a riderless horse passed him, flying at a crazy speed.

But he did not check.

Then out of the black and white shadowland before him came the sharp report of a pistol.

Prosper reined in at the corner of Wolf's Hold to see Detective-Inspector Meek, a flashlight in one hand, a pistol in the other, bending over a dark form writhing on the ground before him.

(*To be continued*)

Beating Swords into Ploughshares

(*Continued from page 28*)

room will be similarly blinded, but there will be time to capture the criminal before he can escape—and who will begrudge a few tears in the cause of justice triumphant? One big insurance company, which specializes in such risks, will not insure a jeweler whose place is not protected with tear-gas installation.

When it comes to rapidity of action, tear-gas seems closely allied to lightning. In a test for speed, two men, one armed with a revolver and the other with a tear-gas "billy," were stood side by side and told to use the weapons at a given signal. The tear-gas worked so swiftly that the man with the revolver was blinded before he could fire. A concentration of one part lachrymal gas to ten million parts of air will produce a copious flow of tears, yet there are no injurious after-effects.

Some day there is going to be a tear-drawing surprise for the bandit whose specialty is snatching money satchels which are carried from the payroll windows at banks. These satchels are

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Beating Swords into Ploughshares

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usually chained to the wrists of the employees carrying them. But if the bandit thinks to extract the money by cutting or forcing open the satchel, he will find himself blinded by tear-gas. Opening these money satchels in the wrong way will have instant effect on the lachrymal glands, and the rest is for the police. More than three hundred banks and many large commercial concerns are now using tear-gas protection in one form or another.

In pre-war days, the only means of handling riotous mobs were the club, fire-hose and rifle or machine-gun. To-day the police department in every large city has in its hands a more effective and humane means of mob control—the tear-gas "billy" or grenade. The tear-gas "billy" looks like the ordinary club sported by the peace official whose lot, according to Gilbertian philosophy, is "not a happy one." But, when he finds himself beset by a crowd, the policeman's lot may now be happier. Who could fail to be happy when he sees a score, or perhaps a hundred, opponents weeping lustily, all because the officer has released the tear-drawing ingredients which were found so effective in war?

"THE psychological effect of tear-gas is also to be reckoned with," said one of New York's prominent chemists. "A man may be defiant when threatened with a gun or rifle. He may say 'shoot,' but who can be brave when he is crying like a baby and simply can not control his tears?"

The thought of tear-gas, or some related irritant, may not occur to the average individual in reading the numerous headlines which have to do with the thousands of deaths and near-deaths which are charged each year to illuminating gas. Somebody at home fumbles with a gas-jet in a sleeping-chamber or in an adjoining room, and an entire family is overcome. Some lives are saved, if the police arrive quickly enough with pulmotors, but the deaths from illuminating gas mount into thousands every year.

The best minds in chemistry have been bent toward the removal of this menace, through the use of an irritant in illuminating gas. Several have been suggested, including tear-gas. The Chemical Warfare Service, which functions also as a peace-time service, has investigated a powerful irritating compound, capsicin, which was found unsuitable for use in war. It has been found that minute traces of this compound introduced into the gas lines is so irritating to the mucous membrane of a person breathing the gas that it will rouse a sleeping person before fatal effects have been produced by the illuminating gas. Yet it will have little or no effect when inhaled in small quantities. General adoption of some such preventive measure by the companies that manufacture illuminating gas is believed by chemists to be only a question of the near future.

When the modern chemist, engaged in research work for a great corporation, is told to "Go and get it," he is in a position similar to the motion-picture director who receives the same brief order. He has unlimited resources at his command. He can rent buildings, construct machinery, hire assistants—anything so he gets the desired results. The world is his to choose from. The motion-picture director, if successful, creates a picture which may bring millions to the coffers of his firm. The research chemist may find some new product which will bring new wealth to his backers. Or both may bear the ignominy of costly failure.

Not long ago a ship set sail from Wilmington, Delaware, under such freakish conditions that moviedom might have been suspected of having a hand in her outfitting. The ship had been reconditioned, and in her hold was a mass of strange machinery—odd-looking cylinders and valves and condensers, which had the engineer frankly puzzled. Also she carried enormous quantities of chlorine gas, which powerful agency Germany's military leaders had suddenly forced upon a warring world as a new weapon. We had built up a dye industry of our own during the war, and chlorine was on hand in super-abundance when the armistice came. It was the

skipper's natural inference that all this chlorine in the hold of his ship was to be thrown overboard, as the clearance papers mentioned no port of destination—but why all this costly and mysterious machinery in the hold?

The answer came when the mystery ship reached the Gulf Stream. The sailors were ordered to pump sea-water into the hold. Then the chemists aboard began experimenting with the chlorine and sea-water, through the medium of the new-fangled machinery. The result was the announcement of the discovery of a new source of supply of bromine, a widely useful element. Not quite so spectacular a result as filming a thrilling picture from the deck of a specially rigged ship, perhaps, but at any rate, the directing chemist of a great powder company had made good to all humanity. He had "gone and got it" and had found one more way of using chlorine, of which war had given us a great overproduction, but which is finding new industrial uses right along.

Trainloads of chlorine are shipped from Niagara Falls every day—and have been ever since the war. The commercial use of chlorine has taken up the "slack" that was looked for when its war use ended. It is used as a bleaching agent for clothes, and in the manufacture of a large number of products, such as carbon tetrachloride, chloroform, sulphur chloride and tin chloride.

While the war was in progress and chloride was being extensively used at the front, two observing doctors, Vedder and Sawyer, with the Medical Corps, noticed that the men who had been gassed with chlorine and those employed around chlorine factories did not seem to have the average susceptibility to colds and influenza. They pursued a long series of investigations, and the published results roused no little interest among their fellow professionals. Chlorine treatment for colds and influenza is now quite common. It is not so long ago that the newspapers told of President Coolidge taking treatment in a chlorine chamber for a heavy cold from which he was suffering. Figures have been marshaled to show the general success of this method of treatment. More or less controversy had developed in the medical profession, but the fact remains that chlorine, war's first lethal gas, now figures as a very possible curative agent for mankind's most common and widespread ailment—the cold.

CHEMISTS estimate that an effective chemical warfare might be staged out of the agents now used in industry. Eight out of fourteen important chemical warfare agents have industrial uses, and the others may eventually be utilized commercially in some form. It must be remembered, also, that while such war agents as mustard-gas, sneeze-gas, and certain varieties of tear-gas, have no commercial use in themselves, the raw materials which go to make them have many uses in industry. The deadliest gas may be only a step, chemically speaking, in another direction from some highly useful product.

Many of the chemical compounds used as war gases have been tested as insecticides, and one of them, chloropicrin, has been found more effective against weevils, potato beetles, grain-borers and other stored product insects than hydrocyanic acid.

Not long ago the Government was in a quandary concerning the condition of some $70,000 worth of clothing and other supplies stored in a southwestern barracks. The entire lot was threatened with destruction by insect pests and rodents. By drawing upon the newly acquired knowledge of war chemicals and the expenditure of $1,000, the stored products were saved.

The newspapers recently recorded the abandonment of a court-house in Texas, because of an unavailing fight against rodent and insect pests. Rats and roaches had moved in to an extent that interfered with the dignity of the courts, not to speak of the safety of the court records. The judges and their helpers did the only thing that seemed left open for them to do—they moved out. But war methods of pest extermination were applied, and now the building knows human occupancy once more and the wheels of justice are revolving without interference.

When a stubborn fire is being fought in a great city and the "smoke eaters" of the fire department go into action with their gas masks, the average onlooker does not connect the scene

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with the first naval engagement of the Great War. Yet they are related, for it was that naval engagement which made possible the highly perfected gas mask of to-day—a mask which even protects its wearer from the fatal consequences of the deadly carbon monoxide.

SMOKELESS powder is a great generator of carbon monoxide gas. The first sea battle of the World War showed the necessity of providing adequate protection for the men who were serving the guns. Chemists from Johns Hopkins University and the University of California, associated with the Chemical Warfare Service, developed a mixture of oxides which converted the fatal carbon monoxide into the relatively harmless carbon dioxide. This agent, which is called "Hopcalite," in honor of both universities, has made possible the special gas masks used by firemen in all large cities. To-day more gas masks are being manufactured for industrial workers and firemen than are being made by the Government for the protection of its soldiers.

When an enthusiastic rookie climbed aboard an airplane at the war front and took a lot of pictures with a pet camera which he had carried along, he was properly rebuked by his superior officer and his plates were confiscated. But they were developed, and the pictures showed so much that the game of aerial photography was started. The rookie didn't know what commercial potentialities were in the game, or no doubt he would have incorporated himself then and there. Airplane photography and airplane map-making to-day are strictly products of the war. At first oblique photographs were made, and then came the verticals, which are so accurate that they are used in conjunction with ordinary surveying. If the ground survey doesn't check up with the plane survey, it is a certainty that something is wrong. In a recent survey of a Connecticut county the unerring eye of the airplane camera ferreted out two thousand pieces of "lost" property—which at any rate had been lost to the tax assessor in all his years of going by ordinary surveys.

In river and harbor work, airplanes during the war were used for finding sunken vessels and submarines. Now they are used for tracing channels and shoals. In general surveys of real estate developments they are used for classifying lands. The airplane photographer can tell from the light and shade on his picture just the class in which any kind of land belongs. Also he can tell its altitude and general characteristics.

Sometimes, too, the airplane photographer gets more than is specified in his contract. An instance developed in a Southern town where the Mayor was interested in a series of airplane photographs that was being made for municipal purposes. The photographer was an A. E. F. veteran who had taken pictures behind the enemy's lines in the war, and he explained certain queer markings that appeared on a photograph of an empty field.

"Those marks indicate that people have been walking across that field," he said to the Mayor. "We used to watch for such marks during the war. You see, a gun emplacement might be so cleverly hidden in a clump of trees that it would not show in a photograph. But if there was a field around that clump of trees and if men walked across that field, say in the early morning when the dew was on the grass, we could see the tracks leading to the emplacement. Then the rest was up to the artillery or the bombers."

"Well, I don't need any artillery or bombers," replied the Mayor, "but I'll sure have a bunch of cops out in that field to see what's made those tracks."

The Mayor was as good as his word, and the local papers soon told the story of the dramatic and unexpected descent of the officers of the law on a bootlegging "joint" at the edge of a field in the outskirts of town.

A war-time invention has ended the old and familiar process of "heaving the lead" to ascertain ocean depths—at least so far as the modern, electrically equipped liner is concerned. The sailor-man's duties in this regard have been taken over by science through the medium of an invention which was designed primarily to detect the presence of submarines. An oscillator sends a sound downward as the ship proceeds on its course, perhaps in the shallow waters of a harbor where extreme caution was formerly necessary. The sound strikes the ocean bottom and the echoes rebound, to be recorded through a microphone in the ship's hull. The ocean's depth is thus ascertained through calculations based on the speed of sound. In this way it is possible to chart the bottom of the sea while a ship goes full speed ahead. Not so picturesque and sailor-like, perhaps, as "heaving the lead," but it saves time for thousands of ocean travelers, not to speak of adding to the safety of ships that are skirting shallows.

It would not seem that the shippers of ice-cream, chocolates and other extremely perishable luxuries are in any direct and particular debt to the Navy, outside of the general debt which we all cheerfully acknowledge—but they are. One of the Navy's developments during the war was the substitution of balsa board for cork in life-preservers. This wood is from a tropical tree and is so spongy and full of water that the men who cut it are virtually in a shower bath. But squeeze the water out of it and it is lighter than cork. Also it is a marvelous non-conductor of heat—which fact has made it of commercial value in shipping ice-cream or other substances which require heat insulation.

Even so simple a thing as the glue of commerce has been affected by research carried on during the war. Much attention was given by experts to strengthening airplane frames, through the use of laminated wood. In this work, glue was a prime necessity. Ordinary glue would not suffice. Something better was needed. Again came the order so familiar to the chemist: "Go and get it!" Several improved kinds of glue were produced, and some of these now are functioning in the wood veneer industry. Veneer woods in which these glues are used are said to be four times as strong and durable as under pre-war conditions of manufacture.

If one digs through the carefully grouped and filed clippings in a modern newspaper office, he can find numerous instances, of "caisson sickness" developed by men who work on bridge foundations or at other tasks in air-tight chambers under water. This work under air pressure in caissons is dangerous. The newspaper articles dealing with the strange malady which often affects caisson workers date back even beyond the construction work on the Brooklyn Bridge.

"CAISSON sickness" has been baffling to medical science. Its long list of fatalities explains why the caisson worker is regarded as following an extra-hazardous occupation. But investigation of the curative and preventive qualities of helium gas are now being made. Helium gas, it is claimed, has benefited men who have been stricken with the dread "caisson sickness." Also the claim is made that those who breathe a certain amount of helium gas seem to be immune to the illness which is the dread of all caisson workers. Yet when helium gas was discovered in Texas oil wells, it was thought that it would not have any use except for inflating airships, for which its lightness and non-inflammable qualities make it ideal.

Anybody who has taken a casual walk along a waterfront of commerce could hardly have failed to notice the ravages of those twin pests of the sea—the teredo, or marine borer, and the barnacle. These pests have levied heavy toll on maritime interests ever since men have gone down to the sea in ships. The teredo and other marine borers have cost many millions of dollars, in recent years, owing to their inroads on piers, wharves and marine piling. As for barnacles and other growths on ships' bottoms, they have added millions annually to the expense of operating merchant craft of all sizes and kinds.

As a result of new and effective toxic agents developed during the World War, a real battle on these expensive pests has been opened. The Chemical Warfare Service, again proving its right to be called a peace agent, has conducted a series of experiments extending over two years. Boards left for that length of time in the water, after having been impregnated with the best of these toxic agents of war-time, have not been infected with the teredo, while unprotected

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They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French

—but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply

WE had dropped into Pierrot's for dinner—Pierrot's, that quaint French restaurant where the waiters speak nothing but French. Jack Lejeune, who boasted a smattering of French, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Now tell me what you want to eat," announced Jack grandly, after we were seated, and I'll 'parley' with the waiter."

With halting French phrases and much motioning of hands, Jack translated our orders to the waiter. Finally Jack turned to me.

"What's yours, Fred?" he asked.

"Virginia ham and scrambled eggs," I replied.

Jack's face fell. He knew that my order would be difficult to translate into French. However, he made a brave effort.

"Jambon et des——et des——" but Jack couldn't think how to say "scrambled eggs." He made motions as if he were scrambling eggs in a frying pan, but the waiter couldn't get what he was driving at.

"I'm afraid you'll have to order something else, Fred," he said finally. "I can't think of the word for 'scrambled eggs.'"

Everybody smiled—everybody except me. With great ceremony I beckoned to the waiter. "I'll explain my order to the waiter," I said. A chuckle ran around the table.

"Fred can't speak French, can he?" I heard a girl whisper to Jack.

"No—he never spoke a word of French in his life," came the answer. "But watch him. This will be funny. He'll probably give an imitation of a hen laying an egg."

A Tense Moment

The waiter addressed me. "Monsieur a fait son choix?" he asked.

There was a pause. All eyes were on me. I hesitated—prolonged the suspense as long as possible. Then in perfect French I said to the waiter: "Oui. Donnez-moi du jambon aux oeufs brouillés—jambon de Virginie."

The effect on my friends was tremendous. The laughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. In order to heighten the effect, I continued for several minutes to converse in French with the waiter. I asked him all sorts of questions—what part of France he was from—how long he had been in America, and many other queries. When I finally let the waiter go, everybody started firing excited questions at me.

"Fred! Where did you learn to speak French like that?" "Why didn't you tell us you could talk French?" "Who was your teacher?"

"Well, folks," I replied, "it may sound strange, but the truth is I never had a teacher. And just a few months ago I couldn't speak a word of French."

"Quit your kidding!" laughed Jack. "You didn't develop that knowledge of French in a few months. I thought it took years to learn to talk like that."

"I have been studying French only a short while," I insisted. And then I told them the whole story.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

"Did you ever hear of the House of Hugo?" I asked.

Jack nodded. "That's that famous Language Institute over in London, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "They've been teaching languages for over a century. Thousands of Europeans have learned foreign languages in a surprisingly short time by their 'at-sight' method."

"But what's that got to do with your learning French," asked Jack. "You haven't been over there taking lessons from the House of Hugo, have you?"

"No, I couldn't go to the House of Hugo, so the House of Hugo came to me," I replied quizzically.

My Friends Look Startled

"Here's what I mean," I said. "The authorities of the House of Hugo got together recently and decided to condense their knowledge of language instruction—their experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful method into a *course of printed lessons*—a course which anyone could study at home.

"This course turned out to be the most ingenious method of learning French ever devised. It was simply marvelous. It enabled people to learn French in their own homes, in an incredibly short time.

"I can scarcely believe it myself, but just a few months ago I didn't know a word of French. Now I can speak and understand French when it is spoken to me. And I didn't study much—just a few minutes a day. There were no laborious exercises to do—no tiresome rules—no dull class-room drills. It was actually fun learning. Everything was so clear, so simple, so easy. Honestly, the Hugo 'At-Sight French Course is the most remarkable thing of its kind I have ever seen!"

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This story is typical. You, too, can now learn French at home—quickly, easily, pleasantly—just as thousands of others are doing by the celebrated Hugo "At-Sight" Method. Twenty-four fascinating lessons, carefully planned. The most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language-teaching experience in all the leading European cities are behind this French course.

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You are the judge. Simply return the course within 5 days if you are not fascinated and delighted with it. If you act promptly, a valuable French-English Dictionary, containing 45,000 words, will be included without additional cost.

We urge you to clip and mail this coupon today. Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-12210, Garden City, New York.

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Beating Swords into Ploughshares

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boards have been riddled with holes. The same service has developed in its laboratory a paint which is superior to any other in preventing the accumulation of barnacles on ships' bottoms, thus cutting down expensive periods of dry-docking.

OIL prospecting would not seem to have anything to do with war, but there has appeared a new type of prospector who works with seismographs and high explosives, plus war experience.

"We've sold several million pounds of powder for this new kind of prospecting," said an official of an explosives company. "The big idea in oil prospecting is to 'find the dome.' Unless there is a dome there won't be oil. Sometimes there isn't any oil anyway—but the dome is the first thing to be considered. Sometimes these domes are deep under the ground. Here comes this Texas prospector with a war-time method of finding dome locations. He uses seismographs just as they used to use them in the war to find the location of camouflaged gun emplacements. When the enemy 'shot the works' from its concealed guns, the tremors from the explosion ran down into the earth till they hit rock formation, and then they glanced off to the surface again, where they were recorded by seismographs. Getting the angle of the tremors, the rest was simple for artillery experts. They aimed their guns according to a few rapid calculations, and whanged into the concealed emplacements.

"The war buddy who started this oil prospecting idea works according to the same system. He lets off big charges of explosives, and has seismographs planted at a distance. There are various kinds of seismographs for this work, and they are jealously guarded by the companies, but all operate on virtually the same principle. The tremors tell the story to the oil man. He does his calculating—it's all a matter of angles—and then says 'Dig here. You'll find a dome so many hundred feet beneath the surface.' That's the story of oil prospecting by explosives. It has just started, but from the way some of the companies are ordering powder and dynamite, they have faith in it."

What effect did the war have on automobiles? The answer is found in engine improvements, primarily designed for airplanes, and in improved gasoline. When the Liberty motor was designed, it was found that it had a tendency to "knock" at high speed, which presented a problem. Again the laboratory specialists were called upon, and the result was the discovery of several gasoline variants giving greater power and lessening the tendency to "knock." And in its lightness and efficiency the automobile owes much to its cousin of the air.

There isn't an engineer or a chemist who will say that the end is in sight.

"Discoveries that are based on war research and experience will be coming up for many years," said a chemical authority. "Take an unheralded discovery like activated charcoal, developed by war chemists, with the assistance of several industrial concerns. One of the many uses of activated charcoal to-day is 'scrubbing' natural gas, whereby thousands of gallons of gasoline are recovered. And take the new commercial soda lime, developed during the war as a submarine air purifier. It permits submergence for eight times the longest period which had been possible in previous years. Think of its possible uses in all submarine work! And the new fields for silica gel, which has great absorptive capacity for gases and is used for the recovery of volatile solvents in rubber factories. Such things are accepted as everyday affairs, yet they are all war salvage. Little enough, all of it, when you consider the lives and treasure lost, but at any rate salvage. And there is certainly some encouragement in the thought that history does not record any previous war in which destructive agencies were put to such general use for the lasting benefit of mankind."

Watch for "Sisters of the Air," a circus story by Courtney Ryley Cooper, coming soon

The Adventure of the Reappearing Numbers

(*Continued from page 12*)

The sharply uttered word gave the menial a shock. He passed his hand nervously over his brown-stained mustache. "I couldn't, Herr. . . . You see I am going to be married in the fall. . . . I left the house at half-past eight. . . . I didn't get back till one."

"Did you go to Herr Von Rottmann's room then to see if he wanted anything?"

"No, Herr. . . . It was too late. . . . He said he was going to bed early."

"Hear anything unusual after you came in?"

"Not a sound, Herr."

"What other servants were in the house while you were away?"

"Only Erik, Herr. Erik and myself are the only servants the master had. He used to have many, but he . . . always fought with them, Herr. And they went away. Lately when they went . . . he didn't get new ones. He has even been having his meals out . . . so that he wouldn't need a cook."

"Humph. . . . How long have you been working here?"

"Not long, Herr. Not long." He was silent an instant, counting. "Six weeks. Six weeks next Thursday."

"And the others. Erik and this girl who I take it is his secretary. Have they been here but a short time, too?"

"Erik . . . was with the master fifteen or twenty years he told me. Miss Muhlen has only been here a few weeks."

"Where is Erik now?"

"Up in his room, Herr. Lying down. He's an old man. . . . He took this badly, Herr. . . . Badly."

"Tell him to come here, please."

A moment later the second domestic shuffled over the soft carpet. His clothes were shabby and ill-fitting, his body wizened, his angular head fringed with a few straggling blond hairs and wrinkled like a dried fig. He was wiping his eyes with a blue bandanna.

The Kommissar motioned him to a seat. "Did you hear anything unusual last night, Erik?" he queried.

The old man tearfully tucked his handkerchief into his pocket, and putting his hand to his ear bent forward toward his questioner. "Heh? What?" he asked with that startling loudness peculiar to the deaf.

"Did you hear anything unusual last night? Did you see anyone come in who might have something to do with the killing of your master?"

The old man shook his head bitterly. "If I had seen him," he mumbled, "things would not be so. For I would have taken a pistol and shot. Quick. Quick."

THE officer catechised him a moment longer without learning anything of value, then with his inspectors began searching the room in minute detail, scrutinizing the shining surfaces of the furniture for finger prints, sifting the contents of the wicker waste basket, studying the two opened letters lying on a costly table. From the bedroom they turned their attention to the other parts of the house, peering at the fastenings of every tight-fitting window and the locks of each massive door. But their search was vain: nowhere could they see a telltale scratch on metal or scar on wood which might mark the forcing of a lock.

With his assistant he walked outside and made a tour of the stately houses near by, quizzing comely maid, smug butler, or black-suited, gold-chained proprietor. All were agreed; they had seen or heard nothing.

The swarthy assistant shrugged his shoulders. "Sure looks like an inside job," he ventured.

The Kommissar made a noncommittal response. He turned to the Von Rottmann mansion; took a seat in the bedroom near a window and thoughtfully lit a cigarette. One by one he considered the frail threads which formed his woof of evidence. Locked doors and windows; rifled jewel box; a blond hair; little blue marks on forehead and throat. Truly a feeble magic carpet to lift him out of the enshrouding blackness and waft him to the feet of the murderer. He flicked the ash from his cigarette and

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The Adventure of the Reappearing Numbers

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theorized. Was the assassin perhaps a professional thief who had hidden in the house after entering during the day by some subterfuge, or had he come in that night when Behler was departing? Thieves worked their depredations every day by such methods, standing unseen in the darkness of a vestibule and by a deft thrust of a foot blocking the closing of a door. Was it perhaps one of the former servants who had been discharged and still possessed a key? Was it one of the two present servants, the vast paunched Behler and the withered Erik? Or was the theft merely a blind to conceal a deeper motive? Could not the murderer perhaps be a rival speculator whose fortune had been wiped out by one of the financier's surpassing machinations? Or rather was it none of these but a woman frozen with jealousy or burning with revenge?

Still reflecting in this fashion, he arose from his chair and walked across the room to the body on the bed. The blue marks drew his gaze. He studied them; decided that the mark on the forehead was the mark of a fist or club, striking with force sufficient to render the victim unconscious; those on the throat the marks of strangulation. Over these two facts he pondered, and combining them, evolved his first definite clue. The criminal was *not* a mere passing thief. The chance marauder would have been quite content to commit his robbery in the interval of the other's unconsciousness from the blow on the head; no professional thief sheds blood lightly, and there were no signs of a pistol which might have made the victim dangerous. No, this murderer was of a different sort: it was someone the financier *knew*.

HE RETURNED to his seat by the window, and pensively taking up his cigarette again, reconstructed the crime. It is late in the evening, sometime between eight-thirty and one; nine o'clock, nine-thirty, perhaps even ten. The amorous Behler has departed for the lodgings of his waiting fiancée. The deaf Erik is in his gabled room on the third floor comfortably reading the day's newspapers. The financier in his bedroom has put on his pajamas and crawled between the sheets, for he is exhausted and looking forward to a long invigorating sleep. Suddenly the bell rings. He wakes to hear it resounding through the house. It is not answered, however, for the old deaf man upstairs does not hear. He decides it is some unimportant message or some mistaken pedestrian and closes his eyes again. No sooner has he done so than the bell rings a second time, then a third. The financier arises angrily. He puts on slippers and dressing gown, grumbling goes to the door. He opens it, expecting to burst out into a wrathful tirade at the messenger boy or vagrant who has disturbed his rest. But there is no denunciation; instead he greets the visitor with a smile. For it is a friend, at least an individual well known to the financier, an individual with blond hair.

The newcomer explains his errand. The financier assents and goes into his bedroom, perhaps to secure a needed document, perhaps to put on his clothes to go out. The visitor accompanies him. The two are talking casually, when without warning the guest fells his host to the floor by a blow over the head. The assailant looks to see that his victim is safely unconscious, then proceeds to rifle the dressing table of the jewels which the financier had either shown to him or described in a fashion which aroused all his cupidity. He is hurrying out when Von Rottmann makes a slight movement, one of those reflex jerkings of a muscle common to persons in a state of coma. The action causes the thief to start; causes him to remember a fact which in his haste he has forgotten. The financier is well acquainted with him: the moment the victim recovers his senses the attacker will be denounced and arrested. The thief thinks swiftly. At all hazards this must be prevented. But to prevent it there is only one way: kill Von Rottmann. He loses no time in hesitation. Kneeling to the floor, he listens for an instant to the financier's deep-drawn breathing; remains kneeling until that breathing has ceased. He gets up and lifting the body from the floor, stretches it out upon the bed, perhaps from one of those strange desires for neatness which sometimes crop out in the most abandoned criminals, perhaps through a hope the death will appear natural. He does not notice that one of his blond hairs is clinging to the dead man's fingers. His work done, he puts on his hat, gives a final look about to see that no fingerprints or handkerchiefs are left behind to betray him, then goes off into the night.

The detective's cigarette had burned to his fingers. He snuffed it out, and going into the office room adjoining, sent for Miss Muhlen. He saw at a glance as she plodded in that she had somewhat recovered her composure, though her great brown eyes, the single beautiful feature of an otherwise graceless face, were still lustreless, and their drooping lids quivering with fright.

"Sorry to trouble you, Miss Muhlen," he said, as he pretended to look through a pile of financial documents on the desk. "Just two questions I want to ask you. Of course you haven't been here long. But have you in the course of your few weeks' work come to know of any business associate or friend of Herr Von Rottmann's, or even relative perhaps, who needed money badly? Who had been asking for money?"

She hesitated, shifted her heavy-shoed feet uneasily. "No, Herr," she answered at length.

"Then perhaps you know of someone who owed him a great deal of money and for that reason might be glad to have him out of the way?"

"I do not think so. . . . No. . . ." Her restless fingers smoothed a crease in her drably hanging dress. "But perhaps it might be . . . No. It is foolish."

"Tell me, please."

She nodded stonily. "Yes, Herr Kommissar." Her words were halting, almost unwilling. "I will tell you. And you will judge. I am a secretary. . . . Such things are not for me. It was Herr Reuchhaus of whom I was thinking. . . . You know Herr Reuchhaus. . . . He is on the Borse also. . . . Like the Herr Von Rottmann. He owed the master 50,000 marks. . . . And he would not pay. . . . The Herr had gotten a lawyer. . . . One day last week the Herr Reuchhaus came here. . . . He was in the office ten minutes talking loudly, violently. . . . Then the master ordered him out of the house. . . . Yes, almost threw him out of the door. . . . I saw Herr Reuchhaus when he passed me. . . . He was muttering, shaking his fist. . . . And his face was like a fire in the night . . . burning . . . burning . . ."

The Kommissar's foot began a quiet tattoo upon the carpet. "Quiet interesting. . . . Quite. . . . Might be valuable. . . . Now I'll be grateful if you'll give me the ledgers in the cabinet there."

The girl obediently laid upon her desk several bundles of letters tied with rubber bands, and six heavy leather-bound folios. He took the letters first, glanced through them quickly. They were of the sort any rich man receives daily, an appeal for money to patent an invention, a plea that a note be extended, a laconic message from a friend possessing confidential information about a certain stock. He noted several facts which might prove clues, and shifted his attention to the ledgers.

They were the usual red lined volumes on which the universe seems to transact its business, receipts on one page, expenditures on the page opposite. Slowly he turned the wide sheets, seeing nothing unusual, to-day a loss in rye, to-morrow a profit in wheat, the day after a speedy reinvestment of that profit in oats. Then he came upon a page headed "Personal Expenditures." His turning fingers halted. In such a title there was nothing singular; it was the figures beneath which made the page remarkable. They consisted of a double column of numbers, arranged in this peculiar fashion:

5–10
12–27
18–11
32–12
10–19
8–55

13– 6
40– 1
39– 7
25–60
4–11

The strange notations extended to the bottom of the page and spread onto the next.

The Kommissar looked up from the book. His forehead was wrinkled with perplexity. "Do you know the meaning of that, Miss Muhlen?"

"No, Herr Kommissar." Her voice was the stolid mechanical voice of an automaton. "The Herr Von Rottmann always wrote it himself. Why, he never told. And I didn't inquire. I never ask my employers more than I must, Herr Kommissar."

The detective continued to consider the puzzling numerals. He decided to take them back to his office where he could study them at his leisure. He left the house, as he did so quietly giving orders to have detectives dog the footsteps of certain individuals who seemed worthy of investigation. A week passed. One by one the agents came to his office in the sombre shadowed building off the roaring Alexanderplatz and reported. Their long hours of trailing had been in vain: they knew no more than when they had begun.

The Kommissar made little comment. When the last of the agents had departed he drew out the black-bound ledger from his desk, and opening it began to study again the enigmatic rows of numbers. They fascinated him, those numbers. Intuitively he felt that if he could divine their meaning they might be as a thousand tiny arrows pointing along the road to his quarry. His brows knitted tightly. 5–10. 12–27. 18–11. He knew that the German mind is precise, methodic, delighting in figures; particularly would the mind of a financier, whose very life is dotted with decimal points, revel in the mathematical. Was this then a manifestation of that supersystematic mind merely recording very ordinary expenditures in a highly extraordinary way? Or was it rather some carefully calculated code intended to hide certain investments from the eyes of a prying secretary or tax collector? Or perhaps even to conceal disbursements for some unlawful purpose? Rich Berliners had been criminals before; there was no reason why they might not be again.

5–10. 12–27. 18–11. Could the five represent the fifth month, and the 10 a quantity of something used up or paid out; the 12 the twelfth month and the 27 the quantity? Such an arrangement was easily possible with the first two of the series. But with the third, the 18–11, it failed. There is no eighteenth month. Fifth day, ten paid out perhaps; twelfth day, twenty-seven paid out; eighteenth day, eleven paid out. An excellent theory. But likewise improbable because by this arrangement the twenty-first of the month would often come before the first. Moreover the numbers ran as high as fifty; the days in even the longest calendar month are obviously thirty-one.

THE first figure, therefore, was eliminated as a date of expenditure; this did not affect, however, the theory that the second figure represented the amount. On what would a grain operator be apt to spend his money? Shares in a wheat-trading company, shares possibly in a corporation not related to grain enterprises where it was vital that his connection be concealed. In such case the first number might be a code sign for the number of shares dealt in, the second a like symbol for the marks gained or lost.

5–10. 12–27. 18–11. A new hypothesis. Many of the rich in Germany as elsewhere on the continent were interested in racing. Perhaps the 5 stood for a race horse and the 10 the number of marks or hundreds of marks he had wagered upon it. This idea impressed him with its plausibility.

There was a total of a hundred and fifty notations. These he grouped into halves; then examined each half separately. The first seventy-five figures seemed to contain nothing exceptional, the numbers following each other in apparently haphazard fashion. But in the second group he noticed a fact which till now

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had escaped him: the number 32 which had appeared only once in the first seventy-five numbers now began to appear once in every ten or fifteen, and in the last ten numbers appeared three times. What did this signify? That he was betting more and more on a favorite horse? Or was it not a horse, after all, but something else on which he was lavishing his money, a human being for example? This mysterious 32 might as easily represent a man—or woman. And if it were so, might not this increasing recurrence of the number indicate a growing intimacy, an intimacy marked by the frequent payment of money? "Thirty-two" might be poor and the recipient of the financier's charity: on the other hand he might be a blackmailer. Suppose that "Thirty-two's" appetite had been whetted by the money he was receiving in perhaps small sums; was it not possible that he had become impatient and determined to get much money quickly by murder? A theory, of course, but a theory so reasonable that the Kommissar felt it merited a trial.

HE DECIDED on an immediate visit to the Von Rottmann mansion, and jumping into his car was soon speeding down the broad Kurfurstendamm. Three strident rings of the bell gained no response; a fourth brought the wizened Erik out to explain that he was the only servant left in the house. The executor of Von Rottmann's estate had discharged Rudolf but had agreed to let him remain temporarily as caretaker. The two men sat down in the library, the officer taking pains to direct the shouted conversation along casual paths sure to put the worried domestic at his ease. At last he saw that the other's nervousness had vanished, and came to the point.

"I've come to find out a few things, Erik," he said soothingly. "I think you may be able to help me. You knew your master well, didn't you?"

Erik inclined his bony head. "Heh?" he trumpeted.

"I asked if you knew Herr Von Rottmann well. You were here a great many years, weren't you?"

The servant's face lighted with comprehension. "Ja. Ja," he answered vigorously. "No one knew him better. Erik and the master were friends. Always friends. I have known him since he was a baby. So high. . . . So." He held his hand two feet from the floor.

"Was he in the habit of betting on the races?"

Erik's wrinkled face clouded. "Nein, Herr Kommissar." His words lacked their previous emphasis.

"What had he been spending his money on? Whom had he been seeing most of lately?"

The concern evident in the other's visage deepened. He fumbled with the buckle of the shabby belt supporting his baggy trousers, looked at the officer doubtfully as though appraising his fitness to share a confidence, then said slowly; "He was going with bad fellows. . . . Bad fellows. . . ."

The officer's eyebrows lifted slightly. "Hum. . . . Just what do you mean by bad fellows?"

"Gamblers. . . . Rascals. . . . Gut fur nichts."

The Kommissar bent forward, his blue eyes alight with eagerness. "But this is extremely important. Do you realize that, Eric? Extremely important. Why didn't you tell me this when I talked to you a week ago?"

The old man made a gesture of sheepish apology. "I am old, Herr. I am a stupid. I do not think. Nicht wahr? And then maybe I do not wish to say bad things about the master when he is dead. He was good to me, the master." The threads which bound his tongue were unloosened; he sped on garrulously. "The Herr Kommissar is wise. Yes, surely it is they who have killed him. You will forgive Erik because he is a fool and has said nothing before. Ja?" He wiped his cheek with his handkerchief. "It began about a year and a half ago. Two years maybe. How he met them I do not know. In the club maybe, perhaps in the house of a friend of a man in the club. There are strange men sometimes in clubs. I have seen them for once I worked in a club. Three times one of these rascals comes to the house. He is a flashy man, with a suit which fits him tight . . . so . . . and many diamonds on his shirt and fingers. The man is a gambler. I know this because the master tells me; from me the master had no secrets. Only me he tells; the other servants he tells nothing. The master goes out with this man. And then I am sad. For I know he has gone off to waste his money with the cards. It is in his blood. So did his father whom I knew before him gamble always with the cards and the roulette. Soon other men come to the house, men also with many diamonds. Not real diamonds, Herr Kommissar. No. They do not deceive Erik. With these rascals too, the master goes away. One night I speak to him. 'Look out Herr,' I say. 'These are bad men. I do not like their faces. All they wish is your money.'

"But the master only laughs. 'No Erik,' he answers. 'No. Don't you worry. They are good fellows. Good fellows. Have you ever played *trente et un?* It is a fascinating game.'

"Then one night he comes back very dull, very angry. 'You are right, Erik,' he tells me. 'They only want me for the money which I lose. I shall not go out with them again.'

"This makes me very happy, for it had troubled me much. For a year he is very quiet, reading, sleeping, seeing only his friends; nice people. Then three months ago it begins again. Different men, different rascals this time, but gamblers like the others. Twice they came to the house and fetched him away." His flat breast rose and fell excitedly as he paused for breath. "I am old. My eyes are weak. I could not clearly see their faces. But I know they were evil faces. Evil, evil, evil. The faces of men who kill."

The Kommissar leaned back in his chair. "You think you could describe them?"

He shook his withered head regretfully. "Nein, Herr Kommissar. Eyes that have seen sixty years are not the eyes of a child, nicht wahr? Only I know they were tall and dark. More I cannot say."

THE detective thanked the old man graciously. Left alone, he began pacing the floor, deep in thought. The information he had just gained went far toward confirming his theory regarding the critical numbers; the first number stood for a gambler, the second for the amount paid him by the financier. If this hypothesis were correct Von Rottmann would be quite likely to have a record of the numbers with the names of the gamblers they represented, for there were too many to rely merely on memory. Accordingly he began a new combing of the house, searching more effectively now that he had a definite object in view. He ransacked every bundle of papers, even of the most casual nature; peered between the pages of each of the thousand volumes in the gold panelled library.

His painstaking survey at length seemed rewarded; in a heavy, leather-bound treatise on grain finance he found a red note book which had been placed between its cover and fly leaf either through purpose or accident. He took it out and began to inspect it. The first pages were filled with quotations from a Swedish philosopher, those following with a long and complex arrangement of figures, evidently some new system of speculation. These he passed over quickly and continued to turn the tiny leaves. Suddenly he smiled. On the page he had just opened was a series of numbers: opposite each number was a name. Down the sheet and up the next ran the list, printed in the same sharp aggressive fashion which characterized all the dead man's script. The detective's eyes darted to the number 32. His smile faded. Beside the number was the single word "Rabbit." It was a nickname. His glance sped over the other figures. They too were followed only by nicknames, "Tubby," "Sailor," "Fox," "Sausage." His labor had gone for naught: the volume was useless. Yet perhaps worth a little: it brought from doubt to certainty his theory that the numbers represented human beings.

He reflected as to his further course of action.

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Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright.

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody, with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue-tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright!

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. My real ability, which was hidden so long by stage fright, is now recognized by everyone. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident aggressive talker—an easy versatile conversationalist—almost overnight.

No matter what work you are now doing nor what may be your station in life; no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

What This Course Teaches You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to address board meetings
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write better letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to overcome stage fright
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

In 20 Minutes a Day

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for this Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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In his search he had observed a number of albums filled with snapshots, indicating that Von Rottmann had been something of a devotee of amateur photography. If, as the recurrence of the 32's apparently showed, there had been a growing intimacy between the financier and Rabbitt, was it not possible, more, even probable that there would be a picture of the new friend somewhere in these collections?

THE idea no sooner struck the Kommissar than he hastened to put it into execution. He brought out the albums and began scrutinizing each photograph, noting particularly any marks or letters which might appear in the white margin. The pictures were the record of a rich German's life. Here the financier was hunting in the black-knobbed Vosges, now he was bathing on the shining beach at Ostend, now he was holding an alpenstock atop a peak of the icy Bavarian mountains. At these the Kommissar glanced briefly. He came upon a photograph where Von Rottmann stood with another individual flanked in a field by lofty pines. The two men were grinning at each other and shaking hands. Below the stranger was a finely printed "32."

The official subjected the print to a careful scrutiny. The 32 might be merely accidental, a developer's mark such as he had noticed several times before: it might however hold far deeper significance. If this were indeed a photograph of "Rabbit" he belied his name unless the sobriquet referred to a moral rather than a physical slightness. Though the picture had been carelessly taken and the details dim, it was yet distinct enough to show that the grinning one possessed a perfect physique, his powerful shoulders admirably formed, his elastic limbs ideally proportioned. On his handsome figure was set a heavy square-shaped head bearing blond hair parted in the middle.

Calling Erik into the room, the officer inquired if he had ever seen the original of the photograph. The old man's response was an emphatic negative, the same result he obtained when he returned to headquarters and examined the countless forbidding visages pictured in the Rogues' Gallery. He assigned detectives to visit every known haunt of gamblers in the metropolis; began himself to go from magnificently appointed roulette room to clandestine cellar underneath some noisy saloon. Rabbit was nowhere: Rabbit was not even known to the habitues. Obviously Von Rottmann's jousts with fortune had been quite private affairs.

Balked again in his pursuit, the Kommissar in the quietude of his office lit a cigarette and once more turned to theory. He reexamined the photograph, hoping to gain from some article of dress or bit of jewelry a hint as to the profession of the wearer. But his dark suit, the soft hat he was holding in his hand, were those of a million others who walked the Berlin promenades. Perhaps there was something in his physique by which he could be singled out: few were fortunate enough to possess such perfect bodies. What would be apt to characterize a man with the form of an Apollo? He revolved several attributes in his mind, disregarded them as unlikely, then put down his cigarette with the suddenness of one who has found what he sought. The man would be an athlete. No man in the present mechanical civilization could possess so superb a body unless he took care of it. This did not necessitate his being a professional athlete. But it did imply that he engage in some systematic form of exercise, either at home or in a gymnasium. What more likely than that he occasionally bought athletic goods?

Armed with the picture, he started on a tour of the stores where all varieties of sporting goods were sold. From the towering Brandenburg Gate at the end of the Unter den Linden to the maze of busses and taxicabs in buzzing Charlottenburg he wandered, asking always if Rabbit had been a customer, receiving always in answer a quick shake of the head. At last in a drab thoroughfare not unlike the squat murky streets clinging to New York's water-

fronts he came upon a microscopic shop whose pigmy proprietor instantly responded that he recognized the photograph.

"Jawohl, mein Herr!" he sputtered. His words were abrupt as though each were a bullet from a pistol he was firing. "Came here two months ago. Fine-looking man. Fine body, I mean. But face not good. . . . No. . . . Not good. . . . Bought a pair of boxing gloves."

The officer concealed his elation. "Do you know his name or address?"

The shopkeeper spread out his little hands contritely. "Sorry, Herr. Don't keep books. Never kept books. Everything in my head. Good head too. But never ask customer's names or addresses. Bad idea maybe. But don't."

The Kommissar strode into the street, cogitating over his new-found clue. Herr Rabbit the slippery, Herr Thirty-Two the elusive, had obtained a pair of boxing gloves. The discovery appeared important. Had his purchase been dumbbells, Indian clubs, or exercisers it might have meant little, for this paraphernalia can be as valuable in the smallest bedroom as in a gymnasium. But boxing gloves are different by nature. To attain the height of their usefulness they require an opponent, or better, a series of opponents. And where can such opponents be conveniently found but in a boxing club?

Quick to translate idea into action, the detective commenced to spend his nights in the quarters of the long-titled athletic organizations with which the city abounded. Sometimes he chose the elaborately equipped Boxen-Zimmer which the sport-loving Berlin aristocrats made their rendezvous, oftener he selected the narrow stuffy rooms swarming with the most vicious and abandoned of the capital's motley criminal population.

He was in such a dive one evening, the grimy, dilapidated hall which served as the meeting place of the Stadtpark Boxen Verein. Clad in cheap, flashy clothes, for the revealing of his identity would have meant a probable finding of his body in the gray-banked Rhine canal next morning, he was sitting a few feet back from the roped square, where two boxers were darting back and forth, unobtrusively surveying the grunting spectators. They were not an attractive assembly, some with bodies shrunken by drugs, some with faces marred and spotted by disease, others with deep, livid scars bearing eloquent testimony to the efficacy of an enemy's knife. All were the flower of Berlin depravity.

The referee broke a feeble clinch of the two combatants and the bell rang for the end of the round. The ugly splotched giant on the chair next the detective gave a loud grunt of disgust.

"Hell of a fight, ain't it?" he grumbled in the thick slang of a Berlin tough.

The Kommissar nodded. "You're right," he growled in the same harsh accents. "They're ladies, that's what's the matter with 'em. Nothin' but ladies. Never fight no more. Just kiss each other. When they used to fight, they'd fight. Spill a little blood around. That's what makes a fight. Give you somethin' for your money. This baby tappin' makes me sick." He chewed viciously at the end of his cheap cigar, and was about to make further remark when a latecomer approaching from the end of the hall caught his attention. The man's limbs were lithe, his shoulders perfectly proportioned, the blond hair atop his squarish head was parted in the middle. In his purplish tinged, well tailored coat was a wilted carnation. The detective thought he bore a resemblance to the Herr Thirty-Two. He was by no means certain: the photograph was far too blurred, too cloudy to permit that. Yet he felt the visitor worthy of watching.

Finding a chair after some difficulty, the tardy spectator sat down and became absorbed in the sweating gladiators. The first fight ended. A second began, a duel between a burly warrior who appeared to be a Russian and a slighter figure evidently Italian. The Italian seemed to win the arrival's sympathies, for the fight had continued only a moment when he began urging on the Latin with hoarse cries of praise and approval. A swift, unexpected jab to the Russian's cheek ended this

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contest in victory for the swarthy attacker. A third battle opened, the antagonists being two youthful light-weights. This combat seemed too amateurish for the latecomer's liking; he spat derisively and rose to go.

The Kommissar jerked on his hat and rose at the same instant. He pushed his way to the aisle and hurriedly made his way toward the exit. The man of the carnation swaggered down behind him. They reached the dim-lit vestibule. The officer slackened his pace and pretended to struggle with the doorknob until the other was at his heels. Then he opened the door and put his foot on the stone step outside. He stumbled; fell back against his unlucky follower with a violence which sent that astonished individual hurtling against the vestibule wall.

The buffeted one leaned against the door lintel and painfully rubbed the back of his head. He swept down the step toward the detective, his thick-lipped face flaming with brutal fury. "I'll fix you for that!" he shouted. "What the hell you mean? What you tryin' to do? Kill me? Tryin' to bust my head open? By God, I'll show you!" His powerful fists doubled: his body sprang into the position of a pugilist about to attack.

THE Kommissar was not placative. "Come off that," he snarled with equal pugnacity. "Who do you think you are maybe? It was an accident. But you can't pull that kind of talk on me. If you want to start somethin', I'm willin'. I'll give you all you're lookin' for. And more too. Schwein! Plotze!" He began hurling a barrage of bitter invective, raising his voice to a point where he knew it would reach the ears of the officer he had posted nearby for just such an emergency.

His calculations were correct: the scuffle had scarce begun when the policeman came running. Catching the antagonists by the shoulders, he thrust them resolutely apart and ended the battle. Placidly he listened to their stories, then with the same placidity announced they were both arrested for disturbing the peace. Down the avenue they marched into the gloomy police station a few blocks away. But it was only the captive of the carnation who reached a cell. While he was sitting on his stiff, unyielding bed, cursing the enemy whom he thought in a cage nearby, the Kommissar was in the station office, examining under an electric lamp the objects the arresting officers had taken from the other's pocket.

These were trifles, a pocketbook, two rumpled postcards, a ring of keys. Yet important trifles since the cards bore a name and address far different from those stated by the prisoner. Deciding that the cards and not the man told the truth, he set out in his car and in a few moments was alighting before a shadowy, three story dwelling whose number only seemed to distinguish it from the hundred other replicas stretched along the quiet street.

He rang the concierge's bell. A portly, much bestarched old lady answered. No, Herr Grunkamp wasn't there. Yes, he lived there all right. But he wasn't in at the moment. A fine man, Herr Grunkamp. The gentleman wished to see him? Then it would be best to come before seven o'clock at night. Herr Grunkamp did some sort of night work, she didn't know just what, and generally didn't get home until two or three in the morning. She'd be very glad to take any message. She often took messages from Herr Grunkamp's friends.

The official politely assured her she need not trouble and showed his credentials. The old woman began trembling; shakily she led the way up the stairs to the lodger's room. It was a chamber in keeping with the colorless neighborhood. Against one wall was a cheap-veneered bed and chiffonier; over these hung a few tawdry pictures. He began to search, exploring every heap of brilliant-flowered socks, tapping each of the four flimsy posts of the wooden bed to ascertain if they were hollow. His quest yielded nothing. Still not convinced, he knelt and inch by inch began going over the

floor, tapping again for a difference in sound, watching for a faint variance in the color of the paint along a crack. He ceased abruptly: opened his knife and thrust the blade between two dusty boards. The narrower board upraised a quarter of an inch. He pried until he had jerked it free. In the cavity thus formed lay a small pasteboard box. He extricated it carefully and lifted off the lid. A layer of cotton was exposed. Removing this also, he looked beneath. Then he thrust the box into his pocket.

Ten minutes later he was once more in the police station, striding into the dim cell where the man of the carnation still sat moodily on his bed. The prisoner raised his head and grumbled a salutation. The salutation gave way to a fiery curse as he recognized the newcomer. He lifted his massive arms again and started forward, grimly, ominously.

With a coolness which caused the oncoming figure to halt abruptly and stare in hypnotic astonishment, the Kommissar withdrew the pasteboard box from his pocket. Slowly he removed lid and cotton, one by one he took out the objects contained beneath and deposited them on the white-enamelled chair near the steel door. They caught the rays of the cell's single electric lamp, subjected them to some strange, radiant chemistry and sent flashing back a myriad tiny dazzling rainbows, rainbows edged here with gold in the pattern of a bird's wing, there with silver like a horse's head. They were the twelve flawless diamonds of Albrecht Von Rottmann.

With a bit of cotton the detective slowly polished the jewel at the top of the flaming wing. His face was impassive. "Pretty stones, Rabbit," he declared quietly. "Very pretty stones. But no stones are worth the price you're going to pay." He began to restore the jewels to the box. "You killed him because you and your dear friends weren't getting enough money from him, didn't you. You needed a lot of money in a hurry, so you thought of the diamonds and came to the house on the pretext to steal them. And when you had taken them you had to kill him to keep from being found out. That's it, isn't it? Tell me. I want the truth."

The captive did not answer. For a moment longer he continued in his stony trance, his fingers stiff at the seams of his purple-tinged trousers, his eyes riveted to the twelve iridescent gems. Then he shrugged his perfect shoulders.

"You done a good day's job," he said.

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Erie, happened to many other roads. Sometimes there was actual dishonesty; sometimes there was only recklessness, or stupidity. There was, in many cases, mismanagement of one sort or another. Sometimes competing roads almost openly combined to exact from their customers all the traffic would bear. Sometimes such combinations were legitimate; sometimes they were not.

Inevitably, as the truth came out, public opinion was crystallized; public control over common carriers was set up—as to rates, as to financing, as to operation. It was recognized that transportation was a public necessity, and that the public interest was paramount.

But the job of bringing the railways under control was clumsily done. Successive and often irreconcilable laws were passed, by the nation and by the various states. Competition was set up as an ideal to be attained and maintained. Free and unrestrained competition became, for legislators and for the public, an end in itself—and not what, economically speaking, it of necessity was, simply a means to an end, and a means which might, in the light of increasing scientific knowledge, turn out not to be the best means to that end—which was the utmost possible efficiency in conducting the business of transportation.

Now, obviously, a mass of isolated and competing railways can not be as efficient as a smaller number of well-made, well-organized, completely competent systems. In a great railway system some portions will, of necessity,

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I thought he was a "Flat Tire"

. . . until he started to dance

THERE he was, coming toward me! What could I do? To refuse would be impolite. And yet, to accept—I hated the thought of it! Oh, why did *I* have to be the one he selected!

Just then the music started—a catchy, irresistible melody. Laughter crackled through the air. Almost unconsciously I allowed him to engage my arm—and away we whirled.

A few hesitating steps—yes, he would soon be walking all over my feet—and yet—*what a surprise!* Could this be the same fellow everyone had warned me against? Could this be the one whom my brother jokingly referred to as a "flat tire"? Absolutely! I was positive—*still*, he was *dancing divinely*—really the most graceful dancer I had met that evening!

When the music died away I just couldn't help it—I had to congratulate him!

"Why, I really didn't believe you could dance at all," I laughed, admiringly.

"And the fact is, I couldn't—until a month ago," he answered. "At that time I was getting pretty tired of being left out of things—of staying alone at home nights—of sitting on the 'side lines' when I did occasionally go to a party. And the pity of it was I didn't know what to do—until I saw Arthur Murray's ad."

"But that's a course in learning to dance by mail," I interrupted. "You can't learn that way!"

"So I thought, too, for a while. But when I finally realized that I had been skeptical long enough, I decided, since there was no financial risk, to find out whether I was right or wrong.

"So I wrote to Arthur Murray and asked for his five free lessons. They arrived promptly, and it took me about five minutes to see what a mistake I had been making. For it was real fun following the simple diagrams and directions. The first night I mastered a fascinating fox trot and Charleston step, and soon I knew I was ready for the best of them.

"Even tonight, though, the fellows believed I was trying to get by on my nerve. So I certainly did appreciate your faith in me. Shall we have the next dance?"

How wonderful he was! "I'd love to!" I murmured.

Learn to Dance at Home

This story is typical and it shows you just the chance you've been looking for—a chance to become an accomplished dancer right in your own home at a small cost.

No matter how poorly you dance now—no matter if you've never been on a dance floor in your life—Arthur Murray's new method makes you a finished dancer in ten days, or you don't have to pay a penny for the lessons.

Just think! In ten days' time you'll be able to do the Charleston, the Valencia, the French Tango, the Ritz Fox Trot, the Debutante Waltz and all the other smart new steps.

This method of learning to dance is so simple and easy to understand that you can do any of the latest steps in one evening, right in your own room, without music or partner. And in ten days' time you will be ready to take your place as the best dancer in your set!

Five Lessons FREE

To prove that Arthur Murray can make you a finished dancer in ten days' time, he is willing to send you five lessons from his remarkable course absolutely free! Just send the coupon (with 10c to cover cost of printing and mailing) and these valuable lessons will be forwarded at once. Also a free copy of his new book, "The Short Cut to Popularity."

Don't wait—you owe it to yourself to clip and mail this coupon NOW. Arthur Murray, Studio 736, 7 E. 43rd Street, New York City.

Arthur Murray, Studio 736
7 East 43rd Street, New York City

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in ten days you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to pay for postage, printing, etc. You are to include free "The Short Cut to Popularity."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Edward Henry Harriman

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be more profitable than others, but all are essential parts of the system as a whole.

Under the unified control of a great railway system the highly profitable lines can carry those less profitable. Under a policy that breaks up a railway system into its component parts one part may well make a great revenue while another makes barely enough, if it does make enough, to justify its operation.

Harriman saw this clearly. He wasn't the first, and he wasn't the only man, of his contemporaries, who saw it. But Harriman's way of acting upon what he saw was conspicuous and dramatic. No one knows how far his mind had gone; what consolidations and combinations he was planning when he died. But, beyond any reasonable doubt, he saw a time when the whole railway mileage of the United States should be under the control of a few vast and non-competing systems.

Competition, in the same territory, between two railways, seemed to Harriman economically wasteful. He never wanted to use the power monopoly confers to increase rates. The whole history of the Harriman lines is one of a struggle to make transportation both as efficient and as cheap as it could be made. He was impatient of stupid and unscientific official control of the railways, and he fought it. But he had much too clear a brain to imagine the time would ever come again when the Government would leave the railways free to do as they pleased.

Harriman was of his time. He was autocratic, brusque, impatient. He was intolerant of opposition. He lacked regard, at times, quite probably, for standards that he would approve to-day. He followed, at times, notably in the case of the reorganization of the Chicago and Alton, methods he would probably condemn to-day. Clear as his vision was, he did some groping himself. But he saw further into the future of the problem of the American Railway than any man placed at all as he was had ever done.

And it was precisely the clearness of his vision into the future that led him, in 1901, when he had united the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific, to begin the campaign for the control of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad which brought him into direct conflict with James J. Hill and had, as a more or less indirect outcome, the famous or notorious Northern Pacific panic which was one of the great factors in creating the picture of Harriman as a sort of bogey man.

IX

As the Harriman lines, after the 1901 merger, dominated the territory west of the Missouri in the south, so the lines more or less controlled by James J. Hill, in alliance with J. P. Morgan, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific dominated the northern field.

Neither Harriman nor Hill controlled an entrance into Chicago, the transportation center of the whole country. Each, before 1900, had looked enviously on the Burlington, a great and prosperous railway system which tapped both the Hill lines at St. Paul and the Harriman lines at Omaha.

The Burlington had more than a connection with the Union Pacific; it was a direct and strong competitor of that system in Nebraska. It reached to Denver, whence it might, at any time, extend itself to the Pacific coast. It had a network of lines and branches in Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, and dipped down into Kansas, and it ran through southern Illinois to St. Louis and to Kansas City. Its control by the Union Pacific would have strengthened that road immeasurably, not only by giving it access to Chicago, but by extending its local territory and eliminating the threat of future competition.

Tentative negotiations for purchase of a controlling interest in the Burlington by Union Pacific interests came to nothing as early as 1899. In the next year Harriman, Schiff, James Stillman and George J. Gould discussed the matter, and, without much hope of buying control, formed a pool to buy Burlington stock. But only about 80,000 shares could be bought—not enough to be of much value. Late in the year about 60,000 shares of this stock were sold, on a slow and rising market.

Morgan, controlling the Northern Pacific—in which Hill had extensive holdings, and which was, practically speaking, operated with the Great Northern, under him, as a single system—wanted a Chicago terminal. He favored acquisition of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul; Hill was disposed to prefer the Burlington. But the St. Paul was not to be had at any price—then. This suited Hill, who wanted the Burlington because it would give him access to territory supplying a market for his lumber, and in which much freight for his northern markets would originate.

So, early in 1901, Hill, with Morgan's sanction, began to negotiate with the directors of the Burlington for its purchase by the two northern roads. Harriman seems, for once, to have been caught napping. It was not until March that either he or Schiff knew what was going on—though Hill always insisted that he made no secret of his plans.

By that time Hill was almost ready to close his purchase—so well were things moving that Morgan was about to go abroad, satisfied with the progress being made.

Harriman and Schiff acted at once. They met Hill at the house of his friend and financial associate, George F. Baker. Harriman asked to be allowed to participate, for the Union Pacific, in buying the Burlington; he suggested that his road become a third partner, and offered to supply one-third of the money required. Hill refused.

His position was very strong. Harriman had lost any chance he had ever had to get the Burlington. But he was not beaten yet. The plan he at once evolved merits that most abused of adjectives—it was really Napoleonic. If he could not buy the Burlington, he might be able to buy control of the Northern Pacific, which was now or about to become a half owner of the Burlington! Morgan, to be sure, controlled that property—but there was a chance, as Harriman saw, to oust him. And Harriman, in control of the Northern Pacific, and in joint control of the Burlington, could have dictated practically any terms to Hill.

On April 20, 1901, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, jointly bought all but a fraction—less than 4 per cent.—of the Burlington stock, paying for it, in their joint bonds and scrip, more than $215,000,000—a very high price, representing $200 a share, against a market quotation of less than $180.

Now Morgan went abroad, and Hill, at ease in his mind, pleased at his defeat of Harriman,

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Answers to "How Well Do You Know Your Country?"

(1) Eads Bridge, across the Mississippi at St. Louis, Mo.

(2) Missionary Ridge, Tenn., where Grant defeated Bragg.

(3) New Public Library, Los Angeles, Cal.

(4) St. Augustine, Fla.; old Fort Marion.

(5) United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

(6) Roosevelt Dam, Salt River, Ariz.

(7) Plymouth, Vt., President Coolidge's old home town.

(8) Harper's Ferry, W. Va., scene of John Brown's raid and the arrest made by Col. (later General) Robert E. Lee.

(9) Black Hawk; statue in Ogle County, Il'.

(10) Mt. Rainier, Rainier National Park, Washington.

Note.—There will be another pictorial questionnaire next month.

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went to the Pacific coast. Harriman and Schiff were already secretly buying Northern Pacific stock. On April 15 Kuhn, Loeb and Co. turned over to Harriman 150,000 shares of common and 100,000 shares of preferred stock—and kept on buying.

So little was Harriman's plan suspected that Northern Pacific interests, seeing the steady rise in the price of the stock, and thinking the new levels were not justified by prospective earnings, sold freely, expecting to regain their stock later when the price fell, as they felt it was certain to do. Even on May 2 J. P. Morgan and Co. sold a large block of Northern Pacific stock, as a casual routine transaction.

But Hill had become nervous by that time. He was in Seattle, and, much puzzled by the rise in Northern Pacific, he decided to go to New York, Morgan being abroad. He went to Schiff on May 3, and Schiff told him frankly that the stock was being bought for the Union Pacific. Hill said at once that control of Northern Pacific could not be bought; Schiff shrugged his shoulders and said that it might be so, but that the Union Pacific owned a good deal of the stock.

Hill was scared. On May 4 he and Robert Bacon, of the Morgan firm, cabled to Morgan for authority to buy 150,000 shares.

The situation was very confused. The Union Pacific had, on May 3, 370,000 shares of common and 420,000 shares of preferred stock of the Northern Pacific. Both stocks voted; the combined holding, of common and preferred, represented a clear majority. But there was not a majority of the common stock, by about 40,000 shares. And it so happened that the preferred stock could be retired, on January 1, 1902, by the Northern Pacific.

Harriman seems to have been alone, just then, in worrying about this. His associates thought control had been definitely secured. He was ill, at home, on May 4—Saturday. But he called up a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Co. and gave orders that 40,000 shares of the common stock were to be bought, at the market, for his own account. Thereafter he felt secure.

But he was wrong in feeling so. For the man who took his order had felt obliged to consult Schiff, who had countermanded the order. Schiff was Harriman's banker. Great sums were involved; the shares already bought represented $79,000,000. Schiff was, of course, within his rights. He felt that, control being, as he saw it, assured, it would be wrong and risky to tie up another great sum in buying these last 40,000 shares.

Schiff, a devout and orthodox Jew, was at his synagogue that Saturday morning. He had no opportunity to consult Harriman, who was at home and ill, and by Monday it was too late to buy those shares—which could have been bought readily enough on Saturday, when Harriman gave his order.

For, by Monday morning, J. P. Morgan had answered the cable from Bacon and Hill, and when the market opened their brokers were in full cry. In two days they bought the shares, 150,000 of the common stock, and Hill and Morgan had a clear majority of the common stock, with 30,000 to spare—whereas, had Harriman's order been executed, the Union Pacific would have controlled both common and preferred stock absolutely.

Even so, it looked as if Harriman and Schiff had won. They were advised by their lawyers that, being in a position to elect the majority of the directors at the next meeting, they could prevent retirement of the preferred stock—which, if it were done, would leave them with only a minority holding of the common stock. But Harriman was not sure, and he was afraid of legal trouble. It was said that Harriman overlooked this menace. But it was not Harriman, but Schiff, who was responsible for giving Hill and Morgan that loophole.

Now, on May 7, the interests led by Harriman and Schiff, on one side, and by Morgan and Hill on the other, had practically all the Northern Pacific stock outstanding between them. The price had risen forty points in two days under the final Hill-Morgan drive to control the common stock.

Little was known by the public about what was going on. No statements had been given out; it wasn't known who had been buying Northern Pacific stock; it certainly was not suspected that the market had been swept clean. The fight was at an end on the afternoon of May 7; both Hill and Harriman were through buying by that time. But no one knew this. And no one knew that the stock had, and was sure to retain, for a considerable time, at least, a value created by a special and unique operation of the law of supply and demand.

On the surface of things a price of nearly $150 a share for Northern Pacific was absurd. The stock was not worth that much; even a very shrewd trader was bound to believe that in the course of nature the price must fall. Accordingly, there began a wild selling movement.

But, at the same time, another element of the uninformed public gave the facts a different interpretation. Some one, and some one very powerful, wanted Northern Pacific and was willing to pay high for it. A stock that had risen forty points in a week might be expected to go higher in another week. So every short seller found a buyer—and during May 8 the price, instead of falling, rose another fifty points.

By Thursday part of the truth was plain—that no actual certificates of Northern Pacific common stock were to be had. Those who had sold short, expecting to buy as the price fell, were caught; they sent the price up, on Thursday, May 9, till it touched a thousand dollars a share. And to get the money to pay their losses they dumped their holdings of other stocks, so that, in a brief, tragic panic, half the nominal values of all the securities on the list were wiped out, and the interest rate on call money rose to 60 per cent. By noon on Thursday a strict enforcement of all stock exchange and business rules would have found some of the biggest brokerage houses bankrupt—many of them.

Luckily, neither the Schiff-Harriman nor the Morgan-Hill interests wanted to press their advantage. At Schiff's instance the Kuhn-Loeb and Morgan houses agreed to accept settlement from short sellers on the basis of $150 a share; a banking pool was formed to ease the money situation; other long buyers followed the lead of the two greatest buyers of Northern Pacific common stock, and a tremendous disaster was averted.

While there was, in a sense, a corner in Northern Pacific stock, such a development had not been planned by either of the great interests most involved. They both wanted stock for control; they had no desire to make money by a stock-market operation. It was not like the attempted corners in wheat or other commodities that used to furnish so much of the drama of operations on the Chicago Board of Trade, the famous "pit."

So far as Harriman and Hill were concerned the accident that kept Harriman from acquiring complete control of the common stock had precisely the consequences Harriman foresaw. Until October Hill and Morgan controlled the directorate of the Northern Pacific, but, at the next annual meeting, Harriman and his allies could reorganize the board. Harriman's lawyers told him Hill and Morgan could not retire the preferred stock, upon which Harriman depended for control, nor postpone the annual meeting. But Hill and Morgan were preparing, obviously, to do just that, and force the issue into the courts.

Hill and Harriman, for all the fight they had had, were personally good friends—not intimate, perhaps, but certainly not hostile. No one wanted to go to law; Hill, when Schiff and Harriman proposed negotiations for a compromise, was receptive. And, in short order, an arrangement was made by which Harriman became a director of the Northern Pacific, as did William Rockefeller, his ally. And, a little later, the Northern Securities Company was organized.

To it shares of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific were turned over, in exchange for its own stock. Security of control was thus assured. Harriman turned over the stock held by the Union Pacific, and took representation,

including a membership for himself, on the Northern Securities board. The agreement that had obviated legislation was in full force; everything was serene.

But the Northern Securities transaction was voided by the courts; a divided opinion by the Supreme Court finally ordered dissolution of the merger effected by the creation of this holding company. Obedience to this order caused more trouble. Harriman wanted the return of the actual stock he had turned over to the Northern Securities Co.—which would leave him still in control of an actual majority of all Northern Pacific shares.

But the Hill-Morgan interests wanted a pro rata distribution to all shareholders in the Northern Securities Co. of its assets—which were shares in both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. Harriman fought this plan in the courts, but lost. So he not only lost his control of Northern Pacific, but suffered a heavy paper loss, for the Northern Pacific stock he had turned in was worth, at par, at the time of the distribution, about $78,000,000, and had a current dividend yield of nearly $5,500,000, while his pro rata share had a par value of less than $57,000,000 and a dividend yield of just under $4,000,000.

But this paper loss turned out to be a real gain. Harriman, unquestionably, was bitterly disappointed by his failure in the whole operation, for it was one of his very few defeats. But the Great Northern stock, which he fought to avoid taking, became enormously valuable, and during the great boom that began in 1905 and carried over into 1906, Harriman sold his holdings of both Great Northern and Northern Pacific at a net profit to the Union Pacific of nearly $60,000,000—pretty good pay for a licking.

But while the Union Pacific—and Harriman—did come out of this fight with a tremendous profit, it had never been a speculative operation. Harriman began it because the Union Pacific would have been vastly strengthened by acquisition of the Burlington; his fight to control Northern Pacific was always based upon that road's ownership of half the Burlington stock. And ultimate profit to the Union Pacific, had the Burlington been acquired, would have been far greater than the speculative profit finally, and more or less by chance, achieved.

It was after this that Harriman, facing the problem of how to dispose of the enormous surplus of the Union Pacific, invested $130,000,000 in the securities of nine railways. Great holdings were acquired in the Illinois Central and the Baltimore and Ohio. They did not amount to control, but they made the Union Pacific an important factor in both roads. The Illinois Central, striking down from Chicago, provided access to Chicago for the Union Pacific from the Missouri River, and for the Southern Pacific from New Orleans.

The Union Pacific, with the New York Central and the Chicago and Northwestern, had long been practically an ocean-to-ocean route; Harriman invested in stock of both these roads at this time. The Baltimore and Ohio holding, with a sort of partnership it created between the Union Pacific and the Pennsylvania, increased the Atlantic coast contact.

But this investment in securities of other roads had a bad effect on public opinion, shrewd stroke of business though it was. It fostered the growing belief that Harriman aspired to railroad control of the whole country, and the spreading fear that he contemplated such a monopoly of transportation as had never been known. Otto H. Kahn disapproved of it, though he was, of course, friendly to Harriman; he feared, and with reason, the challenge to public opinion involved. But even William Z. Ripley, one of Harriman's severest critics, said it was good business for the Union Pacific—which it certainly was, since it increased that company's income from its investments to more than $10,000,000 a year—a handsome position for a company that had been bankrupt less than ten years before.

It isn't possible, in dealing with Harriman's work, to avoid going back, as now becomes necessary. His reconstruction of the Union Pacific, his acquisition of the Southern Pacific,

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his fight with Hill, by no means occupied all his time.

During this period, for instance, he reorganized the Chicago and Alton—an episode to be considered in detail later, because it, as much as any single act of his, brought him into disrepute. He organized and conducted a scientific trip to Alaska, during which he became one of the few men who ever killed a Kadiak bear—this in 1899. He continued his interest in the Boys Club, in New York, and put up for it, in 1901, a fine five-story building at a cost of $185,000—and gave to it, constantly, his personal attention.

For two years, from 1899 to 1901, he was a prominent figure in the Baltimore and Ohio directorate, helping to raise and spend more than $30,000,000 in improving it. He made great friends during these years—notably James Stillman, William Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers, coming so into touch with the great Standard Oil interests and their vast reservoir of capital.

He had some fights, too. In 1901 Senator William A. Clark of Montana, who had made a huge fortune in copper at Butte, planned a new railway from Los Angeles and San Pedro, in California, to Salt Lake City. Here was direct competition for the Harriman lines in Southern California, and a potential transcontinental rival, should the new road merge or come to an agreement with the Gould lines. Harriman promptly decided to build a new line from Los Angeles to Ogden.

Some years before the Oregon and Utah Northern, a subsidiary of the old Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line, had begun a road from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, and had built 200 miles, with some work carried on for ninety miles more. After 1893 this line had been in part abandoned. Its key point was a narrow canyon, about 100 miles long, known as the Meadow Valley Wash. Harriman ordered construction gangs into the canyon at once, and set others to work from its western end, building toward Los Angeles.

Clark's gangs followed Harriman's into the canyon, and there was fighting on the ground first, and later in the courts. Neither side, it turned out, could keep the other out of the canyon, so, in the end, there was a compromise, and Harriman and Clark acquired joint control of a new company that finally built the line.

Then, late in 1901, dissatisfaction became rife among certain Southern Pacific stockholders over Harriman's policy of spending money on improving the road. They wanted dividends. This feeling led James R. Keene, the famous Wall Street operator, to form a pool to acquire Southern Pacific stock in quantity large enough to enable him to force Harriman to declare a dividend. The facts are obscure, but Harriman seems to have had an opportunity to profit by this operation, had he cared to do so, which he did not.

In general, the plan of the pool was to acquire a large holding of the stock; enjoin the Union Pacific from voting its own holding of 750,000 shares; elect its own directors at the next annual meeting; declare a dividend; sell, then, on the inevitable rise. Harriman refused absolutely to countenance any plan that would involve a speculative profit through the declaration of a dividend. His concern was with putting the Southern Pacific into shape. He continued to be obstinate when threats were made, later. And when Keene and his allies did try to get an injunction to prevent the voting of the Union Pacific's stock holding, they were defeated in open court.

As a matter of fact, though, Keene could not have carried his point, even had he obtained his injunction—a plan which there is some reason to suppose was hatched in the fertile brain of David Lamar, of whom it is perhaps enough to say that he is, to this day, known as "the wolf of Wall street." For Harriman had, very quietly, sold enough of the Union Pacific's stock to William Rockefeller, against whom no injunction would have been valid, to prevent any change in the control of the Southern Pacific. Later Rockefeller resold this stock to the Union Pacific. Keene and his friends are said to have lost about $3,000,000 in the operation.

Harriman had, for a long time, been interested in the Erie. He lived on it, and was concerned with it for that, among other reasons. As early as 1894 he fought, and played a part in defeating, J. P. Morgan's plan for its reorganization—the road was then in the hands of receivers. When, in 1901, his friend, F. D. Underwood, with whom he had worked in the Baltimore and Ohio, became president of the Erie, Harriman wanted to become a director, but uncertainty as to Morgan's feeling delayed any move in that direction. In 1903, however, when a successor to Abram S. Hewitt, who had died, was to be chosen, Morgan said the matter was one for the directors to decide, and they elected Harriman.

In 1905 it was Harriman who negotiated a short-term loan of $5,000,000 to enable the Erie to finance certain extensions. The Erie was a poor road; its directors were careful about spending money. Harriman always believed you had to spend money to make it, and it was during a discussion by the executive committee of a requisition for about $10,000 to buy mules that Harriman exploded with one of his most characteristic and famous remarks.

"My time," he said, "is worth about a mule a minute. I can't stay to hear the rest of this discussion. I vote Aye." And he walked out.

In 1905 a very curious episode in this history of the Erie occurred. For some time, some years, indeed, the Erie had been thinking of buying control of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton. Its connections were valuable, and would increase the Erie's traffic materially. On August 16 J. P. Morgan told Mr. Underwood that if the Erie meant to buy the C. H. and D., it must do so at once, as other interests were seeking it, and it was to be sold. He also gave a statement of C. H. and D. assets and liabilities, which showed, or seemed to show, that that road was solvent. Underwood reported to his board; the next day J. P. Morgan was authorized to buy the road for the Erie. On September 9 he did, as the Erie's banker, make a contract to buy something like 74,000 shares at $160 a share. On September 20 the Erie board approved Mr. Underwood's oral agreement to take over this stock from Morgan, and this action was ratified by the shareholders on October 10. Short-term notes for nearly $12,000,000 were issued to J. P. Morgan and Co. in payment—this including commissions of nearly $400,000.

It soon turned out that the C. H. and D. was not actually in the condition the Erie had supposed it to be. It wasn't paying its fixed charges, by a margin of about $1,750,000; it faced very heavy further payments, with no funds in sight to meet them. Underwood, as he became more and more familiar with the facts, was greatly alarmed and disturbed.

Harriman was away during a part of this time—from August 16 to October 26, in fact, the period of his trip to Japan. When Underwood and he talked over the transaction he expressed his disapproval, and advised Underwood to go to J. P. Morgan and talk to him. Underwood did, and said that the statement concerning the C. H. and D. supplied by Morgan had proved to be inaccurate. This was in November. And on November 28 Morgan offered to take back the stock he had sold to the Erie, and this was done. The Erie gave him a vote of thanks, and the matter was closed—a really extraordinary and still, in many ways, quite inexplicable episode. The C. H. and D. was in a receiver's hands two days after the Erie got rid of its stock.

Then again, in 1908, Harriman intervened dramatically in the affairs of the Erie. The 1907 panic had shaken the country savagely; in the spring of the next year matters were still in a serious state. The prospect was brighter, but normal conditions were very far from being restored.

The Erie's financing had, for some years, of necessity been based largely on short-term notes, and of these $5,500,000 were to mature on April 6, 1908. To retire these notes it was planned to issue $15,000,000 in new three-year notes. $5,500,000 of this new issue was to be exchanged for the maturing notes; $5,000,000 was to be sold at par; the balance was to be held for future issue or sale. J. P. Morgan and Co. headed a syndicate that agreed, in spite of the continued stringency of the money market, to underwrite $5,000,000 of the new

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They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my début. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Liszt's immortal Liebesträume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Liebesträume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where *did* you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who *was* your teacher?"

"I have never even *seen* my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by mail in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and *without a teacher!* Best of all, the wonderful new method she used, required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the lessons started I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A.B.C.! And, as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease! And I never did have any special talent for music!"

* * * * * *

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You, too, can now *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments *by note.* Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....
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Address.....

City..... State.....

Edward Henry Harriman

(Continued from page 79)

notes, provided the holders of the maturing notes accepted the proposed exchange for them of the new notes at par. This, it turned out, they were unwilling to do, and J. P. Morgan and Co. felt unable to take up the maturing notes and also underwrite the additional issue of $5,000,000.

There was, and for some time had been, much apprehension as to the maturing of these notes. Failure to pay them meant that the Erie would go into a receivership. Harriman, and many shared his view, felt that such a procedure would bring a renewal of the panic. But no one seemed able, on April 7, to suggest a way out. At a meeting in J. P. Morgan's library, that night, Francis Lynde Stetson, counsel for both the Erie and J. P. Morgan and Co., showed a bill, ready and printed, asking for a receiver for the Erie, to be filed in the morning.

Harriman said he would provide half the money needed, if the others interested would provide the rest. While the others were discussing this he told a friend that, if they would not accept his offer, he was strongly inclined to furnish the whole sum. His friend said, in effect, that this was foolish; that Harriman had no responsibility and only a small and, relatively, negligible interest in the Erie, and that he stood a good chance of losing his money if he put it up. Harriman said he was concerned with the general situation; he made no further reply to his friend's repeated protests.

It was now two o'clock in the morning. The others came back to Harriman and said they could not see their way to putting up any of the money needed.

Harriman said that rather than allow a disastrous Erie receivership, he would put up the whole sum, if they would lend him, personally, the money. He could, he said, borrow it elsewhere if he had more time.

Even this, however, the others were unwilling to do—though Harriman, of course, was good for a much greater sum. They said they would rather he did borrow the money elsewhere. Just what happened then is known only to a few men, who are not among those who talk; it is fair to suspect that it was a disgusted and angry man who said, quietly enough, that he could do nothing till morning, and wasn't sure he cared to try. But he did suggest that filing of application for the receivership be delayed till as late in the day as possible, and this was conceded.

In the morning Harriman was in the grip of a severe rheumatic attack, and suffering great pain. The weather was bad; he had been up very late, under a heavy strain—for he had a keener, and probably a more accurate, prevision of the consequences of an Erie receivership than any of them.

But at seven o'clock Judge Robert S. Lovett, Harriman's lawyer, was asked to go to him at once. Harriman was quite unable to go down town himself, and he asked Lovett to take the necessary securities to Frank S. Vanderlip, of the City National Bank, and ask him for a loan of $5,500,000—which was to be lent to the Erie on condition that Underwood was retained as president until it was repaid.

The National City Bank could not, under the law, lend so great a sum to any individual, and it had to be distributed. But Vanderlip said he thought he could get the money, though it might take half an hour or more. Foreseeing this, Harriman had asked Lovett also to see George F. Baker, and ask him for a loan of $1,000,000, should it be needed. Mr. Baker was a director of the Erie; he had, for a time, been in J. P. Morgan's library the night before. And, though he and Harriman were, in business, in different camps, they were, personally, friendly. Baker's answer was prompt and unequivocal; it must have cheered Harriman to hear of it.

"I will lend Harriman one million, or two millions, or three millions, if he wants them," said Baker.

As it turned out he didn't need the money; Vanderlip found it. Before noon the Harriman loan to the Erie was announced, and it made a real sensation. If Harriman, noted as he was for shrewdness, and supposed, as he popularly was, to be the archetype of the greedy and utterly unsentimental man of affairs, believed so strongly in the return of prosperity as to lend a road of dubious solvency so great a sum of his own money, the corner must have been turned. Stocks soared upward; from that day conditions grew quickly and steadily better.

Harriman got his money back—or rather, lamentably enough, his estate did; he himself was dead before those notes matured.

XI

HARRIMAN has been dead for nearly twenty years. Most of his great enemies are dead, too—Morgan, Roosevelt, Hill, Fish. It is no longer very easy to summon up the picture of the man he had become by 1906, the figure that hatred and misunderstanding and slander had made of him in the public eye.

Fear, of course, must have been at the bottom of much of the rancor and bitterness and malice that Harriman aroused. He did make people afraid of him. They feared him as a force, a power, beyond their reckoning and their calculations; a menace they were afraid they were not strong enough to meet.

But the hatred, inspired by fear, of a comparatively few men, does not account for the legendary Harriman that a whole nation disliked and distrusted. It took shrewd work to create the feeling there was about him in the public mind. And no degree of admiration for the man can obscure this; it took no small amount of help from Harriman himself.

He supplied that, not intentionally, of course. The things he said and did that played into the hands of his enemies, even more the things he did not say or do, were inherent in his character.

He had an almost savage reticence. He was almost incredibly silent under attack. He had a profound certainty that, in the end, the truth would prevail. And, also, I think, he had so deep a contempt for those who took stock in what he considered obviously false statements about him that he didn't think it worth while to set them right. He thought people capable of such stupidity were beneath his notice; he couldn't, or wouldn't, see that there were, sometimes, extenuating circumstances.

Then, too, he had a curious sort of humor. It lurked deep within him. You saw it, sometimes, through those amazing eyes of his; his friends, those with whom he was willing to be himself, must have taken a deep and constant delight in it. It was an acrid, smoky, biting humor; it wasn't at all the sort of humor that endears a man to the crowd. It was subtle; it was never obvious.

I still remember, very well, a trivial incident that occurred in 1907 or 1908. I forget which. The feud between Harriman and Roosevelt was still very much alive, and Harriman and his properties were under a drum-fire of investigation. And some question had arisen about a line of steamships Harriman controlled; just what it was I forget, and it is not important, anyway. These ships had foreign registry. But Harriman, annoyed by something, had said he thought of using them in the coastwise trade—which is, of course, against the law of this and practically every other country. As a matter of fact, the statement was about as obviously ironic as a statement to-day, by some man, that he intended to open a saloon and sell liquor publicly would be.

None the less, there was a tremendous hue and cry at once, and Mr. Roosevelt was loudly indignant. So I was assigned to go and see Mr. Harriman and try to get him to say something. So was Lawrence Perry, now famous as a writer on sports, but then a reporter for the old *Evening Post*, as I was for the *Tribune*. We met outside the Equitable Building, found our errand was the same, and went in, without much hope of success.

As it happened, though, we did see Harriman, more or less by chance. He listened to our questions, wearily patient, and then stood still, looking at us, with a sort of amused despair in his eyes.

"Mr. Harriman," I said. "Tell us—wasn't that whole statement of yours a joke? Did you ever expect any one to take it seriously?"

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Edward Henry Harriman

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He burst out laughing.

"Young man," he said, "you seem to have a clearer view about some things than the President of the United States!"

And then, simply because, I think, Perry and I had made him laugh, he explained matters to us very fully and quotably, and we went back and accepted, with reasonable modesty, the compliments our respective city editors paid us.

Certain things stand out as being responsible for the enmity Harriman aroused.

He angered Morgan, as early as 1893, by opposing him in the Erie reorganization. He added fuel to the fire of that resentment by the part he played in the Union Pacific reorganization—which Morgan had abandoned as impossible. He clashed with him again in the struggle for the control of Northern Pacific—and the Northern Pacific panic was laid, unjustly, at his door, and caused many to hate and fear him.

The delayed announcement of the 10 per cent. Union Pacific dividend in 1906 also made ill feeling, and subjected Harriman to severe criticism. It was almost openly charged that Harriman held up the announcement and used the delay to enrich himself by buying Union Pacific stock. That does not, when you look into the facts, seem a well-founded charge.

Union Pacific began paying a dividend on its preferred stock in 1898 and on the common in 1900. Dividend rates were increased until, in 1906, in spite of the vast expenditures for betterments, the rate was 6 per cent., and a dividend was also about to be declared on Southern Pacific, of 5 per cent.

All through 1906 Harriman was saying that the Union Pacific dividend must be still further increased. There was no secret about it; he made a statement very openly on July 19; every one in Wall Street was looking for an increase, and a substantial one. On August 16 Harriman recommended the 10 per cent. dividend for Union Pacific, and, about eleven o'clock the dividend was declared by the directors. But there was no public announcement until about ten o'clock the next morning.

The delay occurred because several directors were absent from the meeting—including H. C. Frick. It was a matter of courtesy to them. James Stillman, late that afternoon, went to Harriman and said the rumor of the dividend was about, and that it was being said that the delay in announcing it was to permit speculative activity. He wanted an immediate announcement. Harriman, however, said to wait till the Stock Exchange opened in the morning, since an announcement made at once would simply throw trade to the London market—which, of course, owing to the difference in time, opens five hours before that in New York. This was done.

Harriman needed no twenty-four-hour delay to enable him to profit by the dividend; he knew it was coming for months. It was said, at the time, that Harriman forced the dividend simply to reap speculative profits, knowing it could not be kept up. The answer to that statement is that the dividend has now been paid without interruption for twenty-one years. Union Pacific stock was cheaper in the spring, right after the San Francisco earthquake, than in August—and Harriman knew then the dividend was feasible, and would be declared if he recommended it. He could have bought all the stock he wanted then. Perhaps he did. The point is irrelevant.

(*To be continued*)

Front Page Stuff

(*Continued from page 16*)

through uncertainty and terror, there shines a single spark of heedless unselfishness, of splendid and glamorous heroism, then it is news for the whole world to read, news to turn a workaday race from its dull affairs for a moment of sentimental relaxation.

These things Jimmie Eaton knew, though he did not now have time to think of them. He had come close to the steamer in the last blast of wind, so near that he could make out features in the mass of pinched faces. He could slide in under the lee of the great, wallowing hulk if he were careful. A sailor as good as Ostrum could do it. He might take off a dozen men at once if he could gather a moment's protection there.

He'd try it.

Luck helped him when the crisis came. The wind abated and Hans Ostrum's boat dodged into the shelter of the huge steel wall as neatly as if her own master were driving her. The crew had guessed Eaton's plan. They wormed down toward him.

Eaton waved impatiently. They were slow beggars. He shook the wet snow out of his eyes and looked up at the rail in time to see a small man with a large mouth laugh uproariously. The boat hung another minute under the side of the freighter. It slithered along the plates, in imminent chance of smashing.

A dozen men leaped at once. Arms, legs and cold wriggling bodies showered down to the lower deck. Eaton felt a moment's panic. It surprised him, how frightened the men looked. He could not count how many had jumped. They crowded the forward deck. Crowded aft. Perched tipsily on the cabin roof. Then a wiser one among them opened the trap and in they squirmed.

Eaton shook snow from his eyes. It was falling more thickly, if that could be possible, in stinging particles that felt like nails against his face. He looked up blindly. There was one more man by the rail of the freighter, a short, stout fellow with gray hair and no cap.

"Jump, you fool!" Eaton cried. "Want to drown?"

The man stirred. His face was white under patches of icy beard.

"You'll smash my boat!" Eaton bellowed.

The man drew his soaked pea jacket tight about his waist and leaped slowly. He was carrying an oilskin packet in his teeth and his wet gray mustaches wilted over it. He did not go inside with the other men. He found a place on the stern deck, his back against the cabin, and became at once motionless. His eyes fixed dully on his abandoned freighter.

The lighthouse boat lunged unexpectedly and Eaton felt another moment of panic. A roller drove his boat close under the plates above him. A second yanked him away. The wreck grunted and leaned another five degrees. Eaton hove under the tiller. This was the captain who had come last; he must have his name.

"Where you from?" Eaton shouted.

The man did not turn his eyes.

"Sturgeon Bay," he answered. His voice was emotionless.

"Coal?"

"Grain."

Eaton nodded. He liked the fellow's control. It would make great copy.

He steered cautiously past the end of the wreck. Lakeward, half a dozen boat lengths, tall rollers smashed themselves to pieces on Boulder Head reef. He was safe from that at least; only deep water lay between him and Alexandria harbor mouth. The boat took the seas sullenly with her heavy load. The wind caught her bow as if it regretted the rescue, shook her until oak planks rattled.

Eaton's feet left deck. The boat pitched undirected to the crest of a mountainous wave. He fought for mastery of it.

"Name of your vessel?" he shouted.

"*Iroquis*," the man answered, "out of Chicago."

Eaton laughed, and the wind smote his open mouth savagely. He had helped write a big story once around the name *Iroquois*, a yarn about a bad fire. Whoever christened a ship with a name like that had a devil of a sense of humor.

His craft lurched stupidly and bored on. A red pierhead light was showing through the snow. Eaton steered recklessly toward it. It would be luck if he brought this load ashore. He'd had experience many times with luck, good and bad.

He was surprised when he felt smoother

water. The wind blew with less vigor, the lighthouse boat rocked less astoundingly.

Villagers crowded the dock. The calm man who caught the line was the Reverend Adolphe Svensen. He was smoking his long, unhandy pipe.

"All out," Eaton called hoarsely.

The trap door burst open and men plunged into the light. Eaton counted them as they clawed overside. He had guessed a dozen. There were actually sixteen. The captain went off last.

"Got a name?" Eaton demanded.

"Johnson," the man answered apathetically. "Isaac C. Johnson."

Eaton permitted his friend Lee to make fast the boat. He took the names of the sailors and then ran stiffly across the street to his own office. The fire had burned to ashes in the stove. He rebuilt it clumsily, thinking as he did so that he ought to go home first of all and put on dry clothes. He warmed his hands for a minute while the blaze caught. Then he took off his shoes and in his wet stocking feet crossed to the telephone.

"Long distance, operator," he said. "Hear me? Long distance. Grand Rapids. Associated Press. That's it. Press. P-r-e-s-s. Hurry it through."

He sat down wearily in the nearest chair to wait. The matches in his overcoat were wet. He found a dry one on the desk, lighted a cigarette.

The door blew open while he sat there. He glanced toward it, shivered, then stayed where he was, too tired to rise. A half dozen villagers had crowded on the step. A familiar voice was speaking.

"Don't go in, he's busy. He's sending out news."

It was his friend Lee.

"Big news," Lee was crying. "Think of it, he's the hero of his own news."

Jimmie Eaton's thin shoulders, that somehow had managed to stay warm through all their wet buffeting, chilled suddenly. His scalp, his thin lips, his hands went cold. He rose from his chair with a bitter exclamation. Hero of his own story?

The thought shocked him. He sat down dizzily. What was Lee talking about?

Or was he right? Had he, Jimmie Eaton, missed the point of his whole yarn?

He had. If the men had drowned, then the wreck would have been the story. A story after all these years. But since they were rescued, then it was the rescue that was news, big news, bigger than if they had perished. Lee was right.

He, Jimmie Eaton, had grown so dull in his profession that a country schoolmaster knew better than he what made front-page stuff. At least he remembered one thing. One deep ethical rule swept like destruction through his mind. A good reporter never writes about himself. He doesn't exist except as the mouthpiece of the news. He sees it, records it, never takes part.

The telephone rang. He arose stiffly.

"Eaton speaking," he said. "Line down to Grand Rapids? Make connection around by Cadillac? No, never mind. Let it go."

He did not bother to hang back the receiver.

"If those damned fishermen had only been here to go," he grunted.

His hands shook as he struck a second match and kindled the lamp. He'd have to get out the *Argos*. It was late, but he had to get it out. He was tired. The type was all corners. He could use boiler plate to fill in the front page.

He threw down his cigarette savagely and went to work. It was nine o'clock when he finished printing. He stuffed the papers into two mail pouches, one for local distribution, the other for the county. He dragged them through the snow to the postoffice and flung them into the vestibule. The Reverend Mr. Svensen and Superintendent Lee waited for him in the warm grocery. Even Svensen was excited.

Eaton threw them a paper from his pocket.

"'Night," he said, "I'm going home to bed."

He laughed. He was quite himself again except for a queer red flush. Svensen frowned. There was something blasphemous about that high-throated laugh of Eaton's. He put on his spectacles. Lee already had found the story. It occupied six lines at the bottom of the front

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Front Page Stuff

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page below the boiler plate. Eaton had not corrected proof.

"The freighter *Iroquois* of Chicago," Lee read aloud, "was wrecked north of this village to-day. She was loaded with grain out of Sturgeon Bay. No lives were lost. The crew was brought ashore in the lighthouse boat."

Lee ran to the door.

"Eaton," he cried, "didn't you send out a story?"

"There wasn't any," Eaton answered.

He stopped to light a cigarette just outside the building. A shadow detached itself and came toward him. Eaton, striking a match, recognized a seaman from the *Iroquois*.

"Been waitin' to thank you," the fellow mumbled, "didn't get no chance. Whole crew wants to say much obliged. . . ."

Eaton laughed.

"'S all right, old man," he said. He inhaled his cigarette. Poor beggar. Half frozen, he looked. "Smoke?" he asked. After all, what matter, one damned story!

He turned up his collar and started home. He was whistling when he reached his door. No casualties. No story. Sixteen live men. All much obliged.

Woods Guides

(*Continued from page 21*)

woods cows." Mr. Strickland, I must explain, is prone to exaggeration. It is one of the failings of his section.

It is arranged that ten of us take stands within the Dover Hall Club property. Mr. Strickland is to go into Buffalo Swamp, where only Mr. Strickland and the Buffalo Swamp negroes can find the way. Also in addition to the deer it is populated by rattlesnakes, moccasins and alligators. It seems that these last ignore Mr. Strickland where they might not ignore strangers. The theory is that there is not enough on Mr. Strickland's lean frame to give a good-sized rattlesnake a toe hold for his fangs. It is not so with Mr. Robinson.

In the morning we are posted by Mr. Robinson along an irregular line facing the swamp. One may not use rifles in this sort of hunting. The weapons are twelve-gauge shotguns loaded with buckshot.

The baying of the hounds is heard far off. The watchers on the stands cease dozing in the attempt to catch up on lost sleep and the baying comes nearer and nearer. There is the crack of a shotgun and the penetrating voice of Mr. Robinson rings out, "Whoopee. I got him. Meat on the table."

The hunt is over. The dogs break cover and snap around at the flanks of the dead deer. Mr. Strickland emerges somewhat bedraggled. He carries with him a large glass jug.

"I found a moonshiner back of the swamp," explained Mr. Strickland, "and I thought that perhaps you gentlemen would like to have me order a little something. It's real good. It warms you up right down to your toes."

Mr. Strickland's recommendation as to the warming properties of that corn liquor was not at all exaggerated. At the conclusion of a deer hunt in the southern part of Georgia, a little corn liquor right out of the jug seems to be not only customary but actually essential. Mr. Robinson, having slain the venison, naturally is handed the jug first, and then it goes around after the fashion of a loving cup. Certain formalities of this nature make hunting in Georgia what it is.

Coney, the very black negro, does the guiding for the coon hunt, which takes place at night. Coney has the finest coon dogs in South Georgia. He lives somewhere in the Buffalo Swamp, and the site of his cabin is difficult for even a coon dog to find. If Coney decided to become a recluse he would have no difficulty in fulfilling his purpose. You do not go to Coney's home to find him. He senses when the inmates of the Dover Hall Club are in the mood for a coon hunt and he appears without formal summons.

The coon dogs start out and in half an hour they are baying vigorously. "They've got a coon treed," said Mr. Robinson. "Come on, everybody."

"They don't sound to me like it was a coon," said Coney. "They sound like something different to me."

"Come on," insists Mr. Robinson. "Of course it's a coon." For a stout gentleman he moves very rapidly, and he swings a lantern like a modern Diogenes looking—not for an honest man—but a couple of players who can hit three hundred or better, the same being more essential to Mr. Robinson in his business, which is managing a baseball club.

Coney drags behind the procession mumbling, "The dogs don't sound like coon to me, Captain Robinson, suh. Better lemme run back and get a gun."

We come to an excited group of dogs around an oak. "He's up there, Coney," says Mr. Robinson. "Go up and shake him down."

"No suh, Captain Robinson," says Coney decidedly. "If you gentlemen wants that shook down you got to get someone else. I resigns right here, suh." Coney started to call his dogs. Something big and dark dropped from the tree and then shot through the woods.

"Wildcats," said Mr. Robinson. "And me with no gun." Coney called sternly to his dogs. "Them's coon dogs," he said. "When they got coon they talks coon, but when they got wildcat they talks something else again, and it ain't fitten to listen to."

At Harry Busick's lodge at Turkey Point on South River, which is an arm of the Chesapeake Bay, you encounter a different sort of guide. The game here is duck. At Harry Busick's you rise in time for the bath and shave and a breakfast of sorts. They have real breakfasts in Maryland, and then out into the misty dawn to the duck blind.

This guide places the cushioned chairs. There is a nip in the air and the guide lights an oil heater. There is a long wait for there is no wind and the ducks are not flying.

"How about a little highball?" asks Mr. Harry Busick. It sounds like a most reasonable suggestion. The guide opens a compartment in the blind and produces prewar rye, siphon and glasses. There is no question as to the authenticity of the rye, for Mr. Busick, realizing that prohibition was to stay at least for a considerable period, had stocked up in preparation for a lifetime of drought.

"Mark!" said the guide. There was a flight of broadbills. The morning shooting was on. When it quieted there were more highballs. At noon the guide opened another compartment and set a folding table. On this appeared cold canvasback duck with currant jelly, a salad and a bottle of Chateau Lafitte '12. It was hunting de luxe.

After the luncheon, smoking one's cigarette and sipping the coffee, one became pleasantly drowsy, and in the mood to think of far-off places. With the stomach filled one becomes a little ungrateful for things as they are, and the mind wanders while the body relaxes.

Somehow in the blind where every prospect should have pleased, I wished that I were gliding down the Miramichi with Harry Allen or sitting on the ridge in Nova Scotia, looking over the russet and gold woods and sharing the home of Sam Glode, the Micmac Indian. For the mood of one who gives himself up to the guides always seems to be to wish that he were where he is not.

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For ten years, this Japanese had been employed at the Home of Hoquiam Lodge. For ten years he had been on duty daily, never missing a day and never a minute late in entering upon his task. For ten years, he had labored honestly and faithfully, ever jovial, ever courteous, ever a gentleman. For ten years, his cash accounts were perfect. For ten years he had tended to the wants of the members, studying their likes and dislikes in food, always anticipating their wishes.

The impressive ceremony was attended by practically the entire membership, and many business men and other friends of the young man, officers from the Japanese vessels in port and resident Japanese were also present to pay last tribute to his memory.

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Utah Lodges Hold Fourteenth Annual Convention

Commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Park City Lodge No. 734 and the fourteenth annual convention of the Utah State Elks Association, members of the Order and their families from all over the State assembled at Park City recently. The city was elaborately decorated in anticipation of the event with banners and streamers of purple and white.

The convention was highly successful in every respect and much important business was transacted at the sessions. Plans were formulated for the organization of a junior Antler group in every Utah Lodge. Action was also taken on the suggestion that a Past Exalted Rulers Association be formed. Another resolution dealing with boys which was favorably considered called for the establishment of a fund to be built up by various Lodges of the State to help boys acquire an education. A prominent Utah Elk, who wished his name withheld, donated $500 to this fund, it was announced by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. R. Dibblee the day following the adoption of the resolution.

The social features of the Convention were many and varied. Sightseeing tours, a parade, and a baseball game between teams of Park City and Salt Lake City Lodges, and a carnival dance on the last night of the meeting were some of the events greatly enjoyed by the visitors.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Fred E. Williams, Ogden Lodge, No. 719; First Vice-President, W. H. Nightengale, Salt Lake Lodge, No. 85; Second Vice-President, W. H. Jensen, Logan Lodge, No. 1453; Third Vice-President, M. Howard Graham, Provo Lodge, No. 849; Treasurer, J. Edward Stine, Provo Lodge (re-elected); Secretary, J. A. Barclay, Salt Lake City (re-elected).

Amelia Bingham, Celebrated Actress, Passes On

Lovers of the American theatre and its traditions, and members of the Order of Elks throughout the country, were grieved to learn of the passing, at her home in New York City on September 1, of Amelia Bingham.

Mrs. Bingham, for many years one of the most gifted and most popular figures on our stage, was the widow of the late Lloyd Bingham, who had been a prominent member of New York Lodge, No. 1. She was born in Hicksville, Ohio, March 20, 1869. Her first public appearance was with McKee Rankin's California Company. In 1893 she made her New York debut, playing in "The Struggle for Life," at Niblo's Garden. Among her greatest successes were her performances in Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers," and in "The Man Who Stayed at Home," "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," "The Modern Magdalen" and "The New Henrietta." So popular was Amelia Bingham thirty years ago that in a contest for the title "Queen of the American Stage," she received thousands more votes than Lillian Russell, Ada Rehan, Maude Adams and Fannie Davenport. Her most recent role—incidentally one she found very distasteful—was that of the character "Shame" in "The Pearl of Great Price," an allegorical play produced in the fall of 1926.

Mrs. Bingham was always intensely interested in the Order of Elks, and in New York Lodge, and was ever ready to contribute her talents to aid Elk activities.

The house on Riverside Drive, in New York, in which Mrs. Bingham had lived for many years, was once the home of Joseph Jefferson, and was noted for its unusual collection of armor, tapestries, and other objects of art.

The funeral services were held at noon on Saturday, September 3, at the Little Church Around the Corner (The Church of the Transfiguration), and were attended by more than a thousand persons. Among the honorary pallbearers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, and Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum. New York Lodge, No. 1, was represented as were other organizations. Interment was in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Grand Lodge Assistance Given Blocton, Ala., Fire Sufferers

Over $2,000 was recently donated from a special Grand Lodge fund, set aside for such emergencies, for the relief of the victims of the disastrous fire which destroyed a large portion of the business and residential sections of Blocton, Ala.

The matter was brought to the attention of Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Bell, and funds were on the way immediately. Mr. Bell went to Blocton and, with the assistance of members of Blocton Lodge, No. 710, dispensed relief. Assistance was given to needy families for food supplies, medical attention, shoes and clothing. The Elks Home at Blocton was one of the few buildings to escape the ravages of the fire, as it occupies a somewhat isolated position. It was immediately turned over to the fire sufferers and was used for some time to house the doctors and to store drug supplies. Gonzola Jackson, Exalted Ruler, and W. R. Young, Jr., Secretary of the Lodge, were leaders in the relief work in which every member took an active part.

Broad Field of Welfare Work By San Diego, Calif., Lodge

San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, has been doing excellent community and welfare work during the past year. It has taken a leading part in all national activities, rendering financial aid in the Mississippi flood area and helping many in the Florida disaster. Its local work has ranged from generous Christmas activities covering large groups, to assistance given many worthy individuals in need of funds, medical treatment, etc.

One of its outstanding achievements was its contribution to the establishment of a day nursery in San Diego. This was done after thorough investigation of the project by the Welfare Committee, and placed the Lodge among the first of local organizations to sponsor this worthy institution.

Grand Exalted Ruler Malley at Illinois State Elks Association Convention

Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley was the honored guest at the twenty-fourth annual convention of the Illinois State Elks Association, held at Peoria. Accompanied by Mrs. Malley, Mr. Malley was welcomed to Peoria at a dinner held at the Peoria Country Club, where were gathered Grand Lodge, State and Subordinate Lodge officials.

Mr. Malley made his formal appearance at the Association's convention the following morning, when he addressed the assembled delegates and installed the newly elected officers. During the course of his remarks, the Grand Exalted Ruler took occasion to trace the development of the Order of Elks as a power for good in America, and urged the Illinois Elks, and all other state bodies, to adopt some specific program which would give them opportunity for constructive activity. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell was another speaker at the final day's session.

Past Grand Treasurer Charles A. White was in attendance at the convention, and took an active interest in the finals of the ritualistic contest. The magnificent trophy donated by Mr. White was won by Monmouth Lodge, No. 397. Metropolis Lodge, No. 1428, was second, Blue Island Lodge, No. 1331, third, and Sterling Lodge, No. 1218, fourth, in the competition.

At the opening day's session, memorial services were held in honor of the late Dr. Myron W. Snell, former president of the Association, who died earlier in the year. The address was by Hugh Greene of Jacksonville, Ill., while Representative Michael Bray of Litchfield, a fellow Lodge member, and neighbor of Dr. Snell, also eulogized him.

Eugene W. Welch, of Galesburg, the retiring president, in his report stressed the inter-club program which the State Association is fostering in Illinois, and in keeping with his recommendation the constitution was amended to provide for development of the plan. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank C. Sullivan of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, was named chairman of the committee to further the inter-club

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relations. The convention also instructed its trustees to arrange for an appropriate celebration of the Association's twenty-fifth birthday in connection with the 1928 convention, which is to be held at Moline. The Illinois Elks Association was organized at Bloomington in 1903.

The program during convention week included golf and trap-shooting tournaments, picnics, automobile tours, and dinners, and concluded with a remarkable parade in which a score or more of Lodges were represented, most of them with bands or bugle or drum corps. Chicago Lodge received the prize for the best appearing delegation; Des Plaines Lodge, No. 1526, for having the largest aggregate mileage represented in the parade, and Canton Lodge, No. 626, for having the largest delegation. Des Plaines Lodge, a little over a year old, was represented by a large marching unit, headed by its uniformed band and bugle and drum corps. Elmhurst, No. 1531, baby Lodge of Illinois, instituted on April 29th, likewise had a big delegation on hand.

The new officers elected were: President, Dr. C. D. Midkiff, Harrisburg Lodge, No. 1058; First Vice-President, William Fritz, Peoria Lodge, No. 20; Second Vice-President, Max Ephraim, Chicago Lodge, No. 4; Third Vice-President, William Ryan, Jerseyville Lodge, No. 954; Secretary, George W. Hasselman, La Salle Lodge, No. 584 (re-elected); Treasurer, William Gullett, Mt. Carmel Lodge, No. 715; Trustees, Dr. L. T. Rowland, Blue Island Lodge, No. 1331; Hugo M. Weyrauch, Sterling Lodge, No. 1218; Ray B. Malo, Ottawa Lodge, No. 588; Fred Perkins, Canton Lodge, No. 68; J. W. Yantis, Shelbyville Lodge, No. 793, and Pierre Thomas, Eldorado Lodge, No. 1366.

Immediately upon his assumption of office, Dr. Midkiff reappointed the Rev. V. H. Webb of Monmouth, the venerable chaplain of the Association. Dr. J. C. Dallenback of Champaign, was also reappointed chairman of the Charles A. White Trophy Committee.

Iowa and Indiana State Elks Associations were represented at the convention, Iowa by Dr. C. R. Logan of Keokuk, President, and a large delegation of members.

Montague Triest, of Charleston, S. C., Lodge, Dies Suddenly

On August 22, shortly after nine o'clock, Montague Triest, of Charleston, S. C. died of an apoplectic stroke as he was seated at his desk. By his death the State of South Carolina lost one of its most distinguished citizens and Charleston Lodge, No. 242, a charter member, an indefatigable worker and, probably, its most able administrator. Mr. Triest's record of service to his community and his Lodge is a notable one. Warm-hearted and generous, a philanthropist in spirit as well as in deed, he gave unsparingly of his energy and his resources. He was a charter member of Charleston Lodge at its institution, and again when the Lodge was reorganized. From 1904 to 1910 he served as its Secretary; from 1911 to 1912 as Exalted Ruler, and from 1913 to 1922 as Trustee. He was a delegate to the Portland Grand Lodge Convention in 1912 and in 1913-14 was a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. An unusually able business man, Mr. Triest's financial knowledge was always at the disposal of the many organizations in which he was interested. He was for nineteen years a member of the Board of School Commissioners and Chairman of its Finance Committee. He had also served as a director of the Hebrew Orphan Home in Atlanta, Ga., and as President of both the Hebrew Orphan Society and the Hebrew Benevolent Society, and was an active member in a number of fraternal organizations. During the war he was Food Administrator, a director of the War Savings Stamp Board and auditor for the county Liberty Loan Committee.

Commenting editorially on the death of this outstanding Elk, the Charleston *Evening Post* said:

"He was a lovable man, to whom a host of friends of all classes and creeds and conditions were deeply attached, in the company of whom he was happy and to whom he always brought

light and sweetness of spirit. A delightful companion, gentle and warm-hearted, charitable in thought and gracious in deed, devoted to his family, happy in his friendships, loyal to high traditions, modest in good fortune and unshaken by adversity, he passed smilingly into the shadow and left a pleasant memory to those who will often long for his good presence."

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Observes 27th Anniversary

Elks from all parts of the State gathered recently in the Home of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, to celebrate the twenty-seventh anniversary of that Lodge. The program started with a banquet at which George C. Taylor, Exalted Ruler, and E. G. Dodge, Secretary of the Lodge, addressed the guests. Following the banquet, the orchestra rendered a number of selections and there was music on the organ in the Home.

Among those present was Charles Donlon of Oxnard, one of the forty-six living charter members. Quite a large number of former members who now belong to Lodges in Ventura and Oxnard also attended, as did the officers and many of the rank and file of Santa Maria Lodge.

Pennsylvania State Elks Association In Monster Convention at Easton

Meeting under the auspices of Easton, Pa., Lodge, No. 121, the Pennsylvania State Elks Association enjoyed a splendid occasion at its twenty-first annual reunion. Thousands of visitors crowded the city, including many active and past Grand Lodge and State Association officers, among whom were Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters and Charles H. Grakelow, and many past presidents of the association.

The opening session of the meeting was held at the Easton High School Auditorium where Exalted Ruler J. Albert Jefferson and Mayor Heiberger extended the greetings of the Lodge and the city to the visitors, to which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow responded in a characteristic speech. The principal address of the evening was made by Rev. W. Warren Giles, and Mr. Grakelow delivered the Eleven o'Clock Toast.

At the first business session, presided over by retiring President Pemberton H. Minster, officers for the coming year were elected. They are: President, S. Clem Reichard, Wilkes-Barre Lodge, No. 109; Vice-President, Howard R. Davis, Williamsport Lodge, No. 173; Secretary, William S. Gould, Scranton Lodge, No. 123 (reelected); Treasurer, Henry W. Gough, Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12 (reelected); Trustee, Charles S. Brown, Allegheny Lodge, No. 339.

The invitation of Meadville Lodge, No. 219, to hold the 1928 Convention at its summer home at Conneaut Lake was unanimously accepted. Following the reports of the officers, John H. Horr, of the New Jersey State Elks Association, presented the greetings of his organization to the Pennsylvania Elks, and William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, delivered an extremely interesting address to the delegates.

Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, who arrived about noon, was met at the station by the reception committee and escorted to his hotel. Mr. Malley attended the afternoon session, and made a forceful address on the humanitarian work of the Order, concluding with a plea for the full cooperation of his hearers in the welfare activities. At other business meetings the new officers were installed, and various measures outlined for the coming year.

The social features of the convention—the dances, band concerts, impromptu parties, the great picnic at the Nazareth Fair Grounds, attended by some 7,000 persons, and the circus presented by Bloomsburg Lodge, No. 436, at which nearly 6,000 children were entertained—were conducted in faultless fashion by the various committees, and thoroughly enjoyed by the visitors. The parade, which was really the outstanding event of the week, was a huge success. Three thousand uniformed marchers paraded through a mile and a half of streets lined with spectators. There were many floats, bands, drum corps and drill teams, and the whole was a brilliant spectacle. The

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What Makes Bonds Valuable?

By Paul Tomlinson

EVERYONE knows that a bond is a fixed obligation of the corporation which issues it, an obligation secured, in the large majority of cases, by the pledge of definitely specified property. Why is it, then, that one bond is worth more than another? Why is the first mortgage bond of one railroad company considered more valuable than the first mortgage bond of another railroad company? Why should one five per cent. bond sell at 107 on the New York Stock Exchange and another bond, also paying five per cent. interest sell at 93? There are reasons for these apparent discrepancies, of course, and it may prove interesting to try to find out about some of them, and to attempt an explanation of why they exist.

Suppose we compare two actually existing bond issues, one of which is given the highest investment rating and the other rated "good."

The first is an issue of $50,000,000 and interestingly enough—the issues were chosen at random—it consists of debentures. The bonds were sold about six months ago, for the purpose of expanding the company's properties, plants, marketing facilities, and transportation equipment, and to reimburse the company for capital expenditures already made. The bonds are redeemable on 60 days' notice at 101 and interest on any interest date to 1936, and thereafter at 100 and interest; they are due in 1951, and bear interest at 4½ per cent. Payment of Federal income tax is not assumed by the company. The issuing company was incorporated nearly fifty years ago, and is now one of the acknowledged leaders in its field, with its varying activities spreading out to all corners of the earth. The bonds are a direct obligation of the company, but are *not* secured by a mortgage; it is, however, provided in the indenture that, except for existing mortgages, pledges to secure loans in the usual course of business for not exceeding one year, and obligations of that sort, neither the company nor any of its subsidiaries will mortgage or pledge any of its property without securing these debentures ratably with the obligations to be secured thereby. The bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and sell at a price to yield slightly more than 4.65 per cent. The company has no other bonded indebtedness.

The issue rated "good" consists of debenture bonds also. They bear interest at 6 per cent., are outstanding to the amount of $24,000,000, and are due in 1957. They are part of an issue which is unlimited, and the purpose for which the bonds already outstanding were sold was to retire $10,000,000 of 5 per cent. notes, and $14,000,000 of 5½ per cent. bonds. In other words, the cash received from the sale does not go toward expanding and improving the company's facilities, but merely to retire already existing obligations, and it should be observed that the interest rate on the new bonds ranges from ½ to 1 per cent. higher than on those already outstanding and to be retired. Interest charges have been increased by this new issue, therefore, and the company is to that extent at least worse off than it was before. The bonds are redeemable at 105 to 1927 and at gradually decreasing premiums from then on to maturity. The issuing company was incorporated less than three years ago. The bonds sell at a price to yield about 6.05 per cent.; they are a direct obligation of the company, but are not secured by a mortgage. The company pays the 2 per cent. Federal income tax without deduction.

The fact that the bonds first described sell at a price to yield less than 4¾ per cent. compared with a yield of over 6 per cent. for the others is in itself a strong indication that investors regard the one as a much safer investment than the other. Why is it? Well, in the first place, the $50,000,000 issue is limited to $50,000,000; the second issue is part of an issue which may be increased indefinitely, and most people prefer to know just what they have to expect. One company is using the proceeds from the sale of the issue to expand its business; the other is borrowing money to repay money borrowed previously. The greatest difference between the value of the two issues, however, is found in the earnings records of the companies. The company selling the $50,000,000 worth of bonds earned last year, after all charges except Federal taxes available for interest on funded debt over $56,000,000. In other words, its earnings were larger than the total of the whole outstanding bond issue. The company selling the $24,000,000 worth of bonds had a net income of slightly less than $4,000,000 and interest charges were earned 2.73 times compared with over twenty-five times for the first company. Is it any wonder that these debentures first described are ranked with the very best investments, and that the yield on them is low, showing that because of their outstanding merit investors are willing to pay a high price for them? Moreover, it is interesting to compare the concessions made by the companies in these two instances: One agrees to pay the federal income tax, but not the other, because it does not have to do so in order to sell its bonds. One issue is redeemable at 105—a bait to investors; the other may be called at 101, and then after ten years, at par, giving the purchasers no special inducements. One bond is listed on the New York Stock Exchange insuring a ready market; the other is dealt in "over the counter." On all points the first issue scores over the second, and scores so heavily that the difference in yield on the two is about 1½ per cent., and on $50,000,000 1½ per cent. amounts to $750,000 a year, a not inconsiderable saving in itself. The stronger the company, the more favorable the terms upon which it can borrow money, and the more favorable the terms upon which it can borrow money, the stronger it grows. Unto him that hath shall be given applies quite aptly to corporation finance.

Suppose, to take another example, two railroad companies have issues of first-mortgage 5 per cent. bonds outstanding, and the bonds of Road A sell ten points higher than those of Road B; yet both roads are apparently sound, and there seems to be no real reason for the discrepancy. If we delve into the matter, however, and find that one issue is a first mortgage on all of the company's main line, while the other is a first mortgage on only a small portion of the second company's main line, its principal security being a branch which is not overly valuable, a partial explanation at least is offered. If in addition we find that bonds of the first issue are outstanding at the rate of only $20,000 a mile, while of the second the amount is $50,000 a mile, this is another explanation of why the two issues are not considered equally valuable as investments.

SUPPOSE there are two issues of convertible bonds outstanding, each exchangeable for stock at 100. If one company's earnings are so large as to justify a selling price of $150 a share for its stock, while the stock of the other is quoted at $80, there is a very clear and apparent reason why the two bonds should sell at prices 70 points apart.

If there are two collateral trust bonds, and the collateral which secures one issue consists of United States Government securities to a market value of 125 per cent. of the amount of bonds outstanding, while the collateral for the other issue is made up of stocks which have only a fair investment rating, there is every reason why one issue of bonds should be more valuable than the other.

No two bond issues are identical in value, and to appraise all the various factors and elements that go to make up value is a very intricate and difficult undertaking. Fortunately, there are experts who are qualified to do this work, and whose business it is to advise the laymen who come to them for help and guidance. And one question that the layman frequently asks is why, if a bond is rated "good," isn't it good enough? Why is it necessary to buy a bond with the highest investment rating when by selecting one a little further down the scale it is possible to obtain say an extra 1½ per cent. of income each year? Perhaps it isn't. On the other hand, intrinsic value in an investment is in a certain sense like fire insurance on one's home; there is no apparent need for it so long as nothing untoward occurs. The soundest of companies have been known to fall upon hard times, however, and to require reorganization; at such times the

owners of the obligations which are amply protected are the ones who fare well and the people who preferred high yield, let us say, to unquestioned security are the ones who bear the expense of putting the company on its feet once more.

What makes bonds valuable? Probably the first consideration is the earning power of the issuing corporation. If earnings exceed interest requirements by several or by many times, and earnings have been steadily in excess of requirements over a period of years, it is reasonable to suppose that they will continue in this ratio. With earnings stable and far in excess of requirements, safety of the bond is established beyond a reasonable doubt. The case of the $50,000,000 debentures described in this article is proof of this statement; here are bonds with really no definite security other than the credit and the earnings of the issuing corporation, and yet they are given the very highest investment rating there is, ranking with the obligations of the United States Government. The corporation has pledged itself to pay the interest, and to retire the bonds at maturity, and earnings being what they are, there is little question about the fulfillment of the pledge.

NEXT to earnings comes the value of the property set aside as security for the bond issue. As a general rule it is, of course, true that a bond secured by definitely specified property is more valuable than one which, like a debenture, is nothing but a promise to pay; the $50,000,000 issue mentioned is outstanding and unique. And naturally the wider the margin between the value of the security and the amount of the bond issue the more valuable the bonds. Equipment bonds—obligations secured by rolling stock, machinery, etc.—are an example of this, for they are always secured by direct liens on property essential to the operation of the enterprise, extremely valuable property in other words, property which it is provided in the indenture must always be largely in excess of the value of the issue, and equipment bonds are considered among the best investments there are.

Bonds which are broadly marketable are valuable. As a matter of fact, marketability is not a bad method of judging the value of a bond. Marketable bonds are bonds which can be readily sold, bonds, in other words, which are in demand, and it is reasonable to suppose that they are in demand because they embody the prime essentials of first-class investments. A poor thing is usually pretty hard to dispose of, but there are always buyers for something that has real value. Moreover, it is a very comfortable feeling to know that one's investments have a quick cash value, and that they can be turned into cash easily and at any time the need for such conversion arises.

Earnings, security, and marketability, then, are the principal factors in determining the value of a bond. There are, of course, collateral considerations, such as sinking-funds, management, voluntary reduction of the debt by purchase or call, guarantees, and relation of yield to current money rates. All these matters are weighed by the investment banking expert, and the layman who has any doubt of his own ability to decide what is most suitable for him to buy will do well to call on the expert for advice.

Investment Literature

"How to Build an Independent Income" (1927 Edition). Describes plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investing for Safety"—The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real-estate bond issues.

"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.

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parade judges, following the disbandment, announced the following prize winners: Lodges making the best appearance: first, York, No. 213; second, Philadelphia, No. 2; third, Bloomsburg, No. 436. Largest exclusive Elks musical organizations in line: first, Bloomsburg; second, Shamokin, No. 355. Best band, musically and in appearance: first, Reading, No. 115; second, York. Lodges with largest number of uniformed men in line: first, Philadelphia; second, Bethlehem, No. 191. Best marching and drilling Lodges: first, Berwick, 1138; second, Hazleton, No. 200.

Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge Stages Big Day for the Kiddies

About 5,000 youngsters were recently the guests of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge No. 263, at an outing in Celoron Park. There was a continuous round of merriment beginning about mid-day, when the children assembled at the Home to be transported to the amusement park in autos provided by members and their friends. So large was the throng that it was found necessary to charter special street cars.

When the children arrived they were given free-ride tickets on all the amusement devices of the park, and there were many contests with prizes, for both boys and girls, to say nothing of an abundance of good things to eat.

Indiana State Elks Association Meets in Muncie

John C. Hampton, Mayor of Muncie, Ind., was elected President of the Indiana State Elks Association at its recent convention held in that city. Other officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: First Vice-President, John F. Holliday, Washington Lodge, No. 933; Second Vice-President, Fred C. Cunningham, Martinsville Lodge, No. 1349; Third Vice-President, Frank C. Wiecking, Bluffton Lodge, No. 796; Fourth Vice-President, Frank S. Couglin, South Bend Lodge, No. 235; Secretary, Don Allman, Noblesville Lodge, No. 576; Treasurer, Harry C. Knight, Elkhart Lodge, No. 425; Trustees: Lee F. Bays, Sullivan Lodge, No. 911; Ed. Greenwald, Whiting Lodge, No. 1273; Joseph L. Clarke, Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13.

President Hampton announced three appointments: Tiler: Roy R. White, Evansville Lodge, No. 116 (reappointed); Chaplain, Dr. Noble F. Mitchell, New Albany Lodge, No. 270; Sergeant-at-Arms, Paul Marks, Valparaiso Lodge, No. 500. It was voted to hold the next convention in 1928 at Gary.

Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley was the guest of honor at the convention, which was attended by many hundreds of Elks and their families. Among some of the other distinguished members of the Order present were Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, and Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal.

The parade, held on the closing day of the Convention, was considered to be one of the largest and finest ever held at a state meeting. An exact duplicate of the Indiana float which took the first prize at the Grand Lodge Reunion last July, headed the marchers. Interspersed in the marching column were the following bands: Muncie Lodge Band of twenty pieces; Elkhart Lodge Band of twenty-four pieces; the American Legion Drum Corps of Elkhart of twenty-two pieces; the Alexandria Lodge Band of fifteen pieces, all dressed in Mandarin coats and coolie hats; the Hammond Lodge Band of fifteen pieces; the Noblesville Lodge Band of twenty pieces; the East Chicago Lodge Band of thirty-seven pieces (winner of the band contest); and the Gary Lodge Band of seventeen pieces. After the parade these bands gathered and played several selections en masse.

Another feature of the Convention was the ritualistic contest for the Joseph T. Fanning Cup which was won by Noblesville Lodge in competition with Hammond Lodge.

The whole city of Muncie was in gala dress for the Convention, and the facilities and accommodations of all its fraternal organizations were at the disposal of the visiting Elks. An excellent program of social activities, which included the ladies, made the meeting a thoroughly enjoyable one and sent the guests home with many pleasant memories of the Muncie convention.

Virginia State Elks Association Meets in Fredericksburg

Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge, No. 875, was a generous and thoughtful host to the many hundreds of Elks who came to its city for the eighteenth annual Convention of the Virginia State Elks Association. Many delightful events were provided for the entertainment of the visitors, and much important business was transacted at the sessions.

Consideration of plans for the adoption of a definite welfare program on the part of the Association occupied chief place in the discussions. The Association has a considerable fund at its disposal for work of this kind, and it was decided to increase this materially and to organize a permanent system of distributing it.

Norfolk was chosen as the 1928 meeting place of the Association, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John G. Sizer, Richmond Lodge, No. 45; First Vice-President, J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 875; Second Vice-President, George F. Norton, Winchester Lodge, No. 867; Third Vice-President, I. A. Page, Norfolk Lodge, No. 38; Secretary, Harry F. Kennedy, Alexandria Lodge, No. 758; Treasurer, Robert D. Peeples, Manchester Lodge, No. 843; Trustee, J. G. Bliley, Richmond Lodge.

Shreveport, La., Lodge Had Active Summer Session

Shreveport, La., Lodge No. 122 has had an active summer season with many pleasant social functions. Several dances were held atop the roof gardens of the city's leading hotels, and these were so largely attended by members and their families, and proved to be such enjoyable affairs, that a series of them is being planned by the Lodge's entertainment committee for the winter months.

The band of the Lodge has also been active during the past season, giving many public concerts and playing for the benefit of the orphans and sick of the city. During August, Sunday concerts were rendered for the Four Square Bible Class, which responded at the end of the month by presenting a handsome loving cup to the band in appreciation of its thoughtfulness.

Wisconsin State Elks Association Guest of Wausau Lodge

Three days of delightful social and profitable business activities marked the twenty-fifth annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association held recently at Wausau. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was the guest of honor, and hundreds of Elks from every Lodge in the State took part in the exercises and enjoyed the hospitality of Wausau Lodge, No. 248.

One of the important questions considered at the business session was a program of welfare work which projected organized assistance to crippled children, disabled soldiers and citizens, and the unfortunate and underprivileged. The establishment of a State scholarship fund was another feature of the program. The Convention authorized the incoming president to appoint three men, to be called the Elks Commission, for the purpose of investigating the above program, and to report its findings at the 1928 convention.

The following officers were elected for 1927-1928: President, B. W. Arnold, Oshkosh Lodge, No. 292; First Vice-President, Henry C. Baker, Racine Lodge, No. 252; Second Vice-President, Samuel Thompson, Waukesha Lodge, No. 400; Third Vice-President, H. G. Stewart, Green Bay Lodge, No. 259; Fourth Vice-President, Joseph Selbach, Eau Claire Lodge, No. 402; Secretary, Theodore Benfey, Sheboygan Lodge, No. 299; Treasurer, Lou Uecker, Antigo Lodge, No. 662.

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge Gives Kiddies Happy Outing

Recently Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 788, under the auspices of its Christmas Tree and Crippled Kiddies Committee, consisting of sixty members, entertained close to 2,000 children on its fifth annual outing.

At 9 A. M. all children were assembled and the day was begun with three moving-picture comedies. The purpose of the pictures was to keep the kiddies out of the hot sun if it proved to be a warm day or if rainy to keep them dry and, most important of all, to properly line them up for their American Flags, noise makers and identification tags. When this part of the work was accomplished, the youngsters were driven in autos to Olympic Park in Irvington, escorted by a motorcycle police squad.

Upon arrival at Olympic Park, the Lodge steward and his food committee, consisting of thirty ladies and thirty gentlemen, were all ready to serve the hungry little mouths.

One hour later when their food had an opportunity to digest, all who wished to enter one of the largest swimming-pools in the country were given tickets that admitted them. Seven hundred took advantage of this part of the day's outing.

Those kiddies who did not care to go in bathing were entertained with pie-eating and watermelon contests and given tickets for the various park amusements. The kiddies were then driven back to the Lodge Home, where all hands agreed it had been a perfect day.

South Dakota State Elks Association Meets at Huron

Meeting at Huron, under the auspices of Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444, the South Dakota State Elks Association enjoyed an eminently successful convention, with all the Lodges of the State but one being represented. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland addressed the delegates, as did John E. Regan, Past President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, while a number of other distinguished members of the Order were in attendance.

At the business sessions it was voted to make substantial donations on behalf of the South Dakota Lodges to the Children's Home at Sioux Falls, S. D., and to the Florence Crittenden Home at Sioux City, Iowa. Rapid City was chosen as the scene of next year's convention, and the following officers elected: President, C. H. Nelles of Madison Lodge, No. 1442; First Vice-President, Wm. L. Carberry of Yankton Lodge, No. 994; Second Vice-President, B. B. McClaskey of Huron Lodge, No. 444; Third Vice-President, Irwin H. Meyers of Watertown Lodge, No. 838; Secretary, W. J. Mulvey of Madison Lodge, No. 1442; Treasurer, Fred Gannon of Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1046; Trustees, H. N. Whisman of Huron Lodge, No. 444; A. A. Harris of Brookings Lodge, No. 1490; Charles B. Hunt of Rapids City Lodge, No. 1187; Delegate to Grand Lodge, William Snitkey of Sioux Falls Lodge, No. 262.

Following the business meetings there was a field-day program of baseball and boxing bouts, enlivened by the presence of many excellent Lodge bands.

Monroe, La., Lodge Awards Cup For Distinguished Civic Service

William Linton Ethridge of Monroe, La., has recently been awarded the loving cup to be offered annually by Monroe Lodge, No. 454, for distinguished civic service. This was the first year the Lodge has made such an award, and much interest was attached to the event. Mr. Ethridge was honored by the Lodge because of his achievements during the recent floods when he devoted his entire time to the service of the levee defense force.

Minnesota State Elks Association Holds Meeting on Both Sides of the Border

The 1927 Convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association was unique in that it was held in two parts, one on each side of the Canadian border. During the two days of its business sessions, the meeting was in Thief River Falls, where Thief River Falls Lodge, No. 1308, had

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made elaborate preparation for the entertainment of visitors and delegates. These business sessions were productive of much interesting discussion and of the institution of several progressive measures to be carried on by the Association, while the hospitality of the townspeople and the members of No. 1308 was greatly enjoyed by the visitors. Following the last business session the Convention adjourned to gather again in Winnipeg for two days of jollification. The outstanding feature of this part of the program were the performances of the band of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, winners of the National Championship at Cincinnati. In addition to winning a large cash prize in competition against the best Canadian bands, the musicians of No. 44 drew an audience of many thousands who, despite the rain and the appearance of the Prince of Wales in the city, remained throughout the whole program played by the champions under the bâton of Director William W. Nelson. The Ludwig Silver Cup, put up for the competition at Thief River Falls, was also won by this sterling organization. Other prize winners at Thief River Falls were: Mankato Lodge, No. 225, second in the band contest; St. Paul, No. 59, first in the drum corps and second in the drill contests; Willmar, No. 952, second in the drum corps, and Rochester, No. 1091, first in the drill and third in the drum corps contests. Willmar, Minn., was selected as the place of the 1928 meeting. Last year's officers were all reelected. They are: President, Chester R. Leech, of St. Paul Lodge, No. 59; Vice-Presidents, William M. Erickson, of Red Wing Lodge, No. 845, O. M. Thurber of Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395, and James J. Nolan, of Brainerd Lodge, No. 615. Secretary, Lannie C. Horne, of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44; Treasurer, M. F. Sullivan, of Mankato Lodge, No. 225; Trustees, Don Freeman of St. Cloud Lodge, and John S. Siverts, of Hibbing Lodge, No. 1022.

Ohio State Elks Association Meets at Cedar Point

The annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association was held recently with a very large attendance, at Cedar Point, under the auspices of Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge, No. 285. Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley was the guest of honor, and scores of other distinguished members took part in the exercises. A pleasure-boat trip in Canadian waters for the delegates and their families occupied most of the first day, and preceded the opening public exercises held in the Cedar Point auditorium at 8.30 p. m. On the following day the first business session was held, and the ritualistic contest for the John G. Price Cup was conducted. There was also a meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association that afternoon.

The next day of the convention was a colorful and important one for the visiting members. The large parade, one of the most successful in the history of the Association, started at 10.30 a. m. This was followed by the second business session at which the new officers were elected. Preceding the Grand Ball, a banquet was given to Grand Exalted Ruler Malley. On the closing day of the meeting there was a final business session at which the newly elected officers were installed. In the afternoon, a costume ball, conducted on the board walk, brought the Convention to a happy end.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, James R. Cooper of Newark Lodge No. 391; First Vice-President, Fred W. Maerkle of Lakewood Lodge No. 1350; Second Vice-President, C. R. Hegem of Massillon Lodge No. 441; Third Vice-President, Norman Parr of New Philadelphia Lodge No. 510; Trustee, Earnest Von Bargen of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5; Secretary, John W. Ranney of Columbus Lodge No. 37; Treasurer, William Petri of Cincinnati Lodge.

The Lodges who captured prizes in the parade were as follows: Military prize, Cleveland Lodge No. 18, first; Lakewood Lodge, second. General appearance prize, Columbus Lodge. Float prize, Lorain Lodge No. 1301.

Lakeview, Ore., Lodge Is Instituted By District Deputy Lewis Ulrich

Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Ulrich with a charter membership of 100. Frank P. Light was elected Exalted Ruler, and Meredith Anderson, Secretary.

North Dakota State Elks Association In Meeting at Jamestown

During the recent two day convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association held at Jamestown, under the auspices of Jamestown Lodge, No. 995, much business of interest to the Lodges of the State was conducted and the program of entertainment thoroughly enjoyed. Among the matters discussed were the work among crippled children; the encouragement by the State Association of the founding by Subordinate Lodges of groups in the new juvenile order of Antlers, and a state-wide membership campaign.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett was present at the meeting and made a splendid address on the patriotic functions of the Order, which was widely reprinted by newspapers throughout the State. Minot was selected the meeting place for 1928 and the following officers elected for the coming year: President, D. H. Bartholomew, Minot Lodge, No. 1089; Secretary, George T. Richmond, Jamestown Lodge, No. 995; Treasurer, A. C. Pagenkopf, Dickinson Lodge, No. 1137 (reelected); Trustee, three years, Charles H. Doyon, Devils Lake Lodge, No. 1216 (reelected).

Frostburg, Md., Lodge Holds Another Successful Cripples Clinic

The crippled children's clinic held recently in the Home of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, was considered by the members as one of the Lodge's crowning achievements in welfare work. While the clinic was held under the auspices of the State Department of Health, all the transportation expenses of cripples, whose parents desired them to go for treatment, were paid by the Lodge.

Following the clinic held last year, thirty children were sent to a large hospital in Baltimore. Most of these also had their expenses paid both ways by the Lodge which had accumulated a fund from its minstrel show for this purpose.

Montana State Elks Association In Splendid Convention

Marked by an unusual diversity of business, ceremonies and entertainments, the annual convention of the Montana State Elks Association, held under the auspices of Glendive Lodge No. 1324, was one of the best in its history. Among the decisions made in the business sessions were one to incorporate the State Association and another to enlarge the camp at Flathead Lake, owned by the Association. The Convention adopted a resolution in favor of the continued support of St. Vincent's Hospital school for crippled children at Billings, which city was selected as the scene of next year's convention.

The program arranged by Glendive Lodge was elaborate and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone and a resolution was adopted thanking the city and the Lodge for their hospitality. Among the entertainment features were an old-fashioned picnic and field day, boxing bouts and the most colorful parade the city has ever seen. Other outstanding events were the dedication by President John K. Claxton and other State Association officers of the beautiful new Home of Glendive Lodge and the initiation of a class of candidates.

Mr. Claxton was reelected President for the ensuing year, as were George L. Steinbrenner and Charles T. Tott to their posts of First and Second Vice-President, Fred J. McQueeney to his of Treasurer, and R. A. Gibbons and J. W. Walker as Secretary and Trustee, respectively. New officers elected were B. M. Clark, of Bozeman, and Charles Wagner of Great Falls, Third and Fourth Vice-Presidents for 1927-28.

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Trenton, N. J., Lodge Continues Fine Work with Cripples

Trenton, N. J., Lodge has been unusually active in its work with crippled children. Working in connection with the Trenton Orthopedic Hospital, it has accomplished remarkable things in saving the lives of a number of youngsters and in the matter of examinations and treatments. Among the outstanding achievements of the Committee in charge of the work was the endowment of a bed at the Betty Bacharach Home at Atlantic City, N. J., in the amount of $1,000; donations to the Trenton Orthopedic Hospital, totaling $1,000; many outings for afflicted children; the placement of six cripples in profitable employments; and maintaining and educating a number of children at Rider College. In addition, the Committee has furnished braces, shoes, clothing and hospital expenses to hundreds of cripples.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Members Guests of Canadian Order

One hundred members of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, including Exalted Ruler Robert S. Macfarlane, were the week-end guests, a short time ago, of the Vancouver Lodge of the Canadian Order of Elks. The visitors were lavishly entertained by their hosts of north of the border at many special and informal events, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

In addition to the purely social events of the week-end, there was a deeply impressive ceremony in which the American and Canadian Elks joined in honoring the memory of the Canadian dead in the Great War. Following Vancouver Lodges's Flag Day services, visitors and hosts, headed by the band of Vancouver Lodge, marched to the Cenotaph in Public Square, where Exalted Ruler Macfarlane, representing Seattle and other Washington Lodges, placed a wreath on the memorial, while an exact duplicate of the offering was laid at the same time by Exalted Ruler Brown of North Vancouver Lodge, representing the Canadian Lodges. The great crowds which attended the ceremony were deeply impressed by the solemnity of the occasion, and its evidence of international friendship.

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Entertains Blind Men's Club

The Sunshine Committee of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge No. 233, learning that members of a Jersey City club made up of blind men were spending part of the summer at Atlantic Highlands, a few miles away, conceived the idea of giving them a little outing of some kind. Members in a number of motor cars accordingly called and took them, thirty in all, for a ride. Following this, luncheon was served and several members entertained their blind guests.

So much the Elks did for their sightless friends, but the feature of the affair was what the blind men did for the Elks. They had a band, they had pianists, they gave ukulele and vocal numbers. The "Three Aces," who are well known by radio fans, were among those who returned the compliment.

Following the entertainment, the guests were driven back to Atlantic Highlands in high spirits, with plans to keep up their friendship with the Elks.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Remembers Cripples at Outing

According to its usual custom, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, recently observed its annual Crippled Children's Day. The Lodge had as its guests cripples of the county, including their parents or guardians, and also the children of the Elks Health Camp. They were taken to Woodcliffe Pleasure Park at Poughkeepsie in autos belonging to members of the Lodge. At noon a chicken dinner was served at Woodcliffe Inn, and during the day the children had free access to all the amusements of the Park. It was a most delightful occasion for the unfortunate youngsters and a happy one, too, for the members who conducted the outing.

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