

The Elks

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Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1927



IN this Issue:

The Indian Sign, by Lawrence Perry; Follow Through, by Elmer Davis; other interesting Stories and Articles by well-known Authors

Sore throat waits here also



In the
THROAT
and nose
more than
50 diseases

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

watch your throat!

Gargle when you get home

After long exposure to bad weather, after sudden changes of temperature, after mingling with crowds—gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, when you get home.

This pleasant precaution has nipped many a cold and sore throat in the bud, before they became serious.

Listerine, being antiseptic, immediately attacks the countless bacteria that lodge in the mouth

SOONER IS BETTER
The great success of Listerine Tooth Paste has proved that the idea of a scientific dentifrice at 25c (for the large tube) is a popular one.

and throat where so many colds start.

It is important, however, that you use it early—and frequently.

Most of the fall and winter months are "sore throat months," and for your own protection use Listerine night and morning.

It is a good habit to acquire. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

If YOU Were Down and Out



AND I agreed to start you in a big, new, money-making business of your own—WITHOUT CAPITAL OR EXPERIENCE—a business in which I have helped other ambitious men and women double, triple and QUADRUPLE their earnings, would you jump at it? YOU BET YOU WOULD!

Well, you may not be down and out. But if you are earning A CENT LESS than \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year—here is your chance to break into real estate MY WAY—build a big-profit business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience. My free book tells the whole story. Get it now!

From Failure to Success

I like to get hold of the down-hearted—the discouraged—the “has-beens” and the “also-rans.” It gives me a big “kick”—a real thrill—every time I help a man or woman who felt they were failures. It’s easy enough to make successful men more successful. But give me the man who is struggling along—trying to make both ends meet—who has never had a real “look-in” on business success. The most fun I get out of life is turning such men into happy, contented, prosperous, independent business men. And I’m doing it right along! There’s E. G. Baum, past 50, lost his job as bookkeeper, sick, discouraged, down-hearted. I got Baum started and he cleaned up \$8,000.00 his first year. And J. M. Patterson. He’d just landed in Texas with a baby, a sick wife and only \$10.20 in his pocket. He started to use my Successful Real Estate System, and writes me that he will clean up \$20,000.00 in profits this year. Send for my free book. Learn how I am helping others—and how I can help you—win big business success.

\$1,000 REWARD

I have a standing offer of \$1,000.00 in gold for proof of any business course, training or system that is helping as many men and women make as much money in as short a time as my amazingly successful Real Estate System. Get the free book now. It costs nothing. But it can change your whole future—give you a new business life in exchange for the old—switch you from the shadow of failure to the sunshine of success.

New Lives for Old

I teach ambitious men and women my way of making big money in the Real Estate Business, without capital or previous experience. I give them new lives for old. I transform them from low-salaried employees to successful employers—in business for themselves— independent—prosperous, contented. Men and women from 21 to 75. From all walks of life. Former mill-hands, clerks, railroad men, barbers, hotel employees, grocers, salesmen, bookkeepers, teachers, ministers, printers, musicians, insurance solicitors, etc., etc. Take “Bill” Dakin for example. He worked for thirty years in Buffalo, N. Y., steel plant. Never had any schooling to speak of. Never had any real estate experience. Bill jumped at my offer. Writes me that last month he earned \$1,125.00 my way. Write for a free copy of my book today. Learn how wide-awake men and women are changing their jobs—trading old lives for new—with my System for Becoming a Real Estate Specialist. Address President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33MM, 18 East 18 St., New York.

Amazing Profits

\$9,000 IN 9 MONTHS

Morris Horwitz was earning \$44 a week in a printing plant. Got my scientific System for making money in real estate. Cleaned up over \$9,000 his first 9 months in the business. Free book tells how he did it!

\$5,500 IN 1 WEEK

Evalynn Balster, Chicago widow, school teacher, three children to support, got my System, made \$5,500 in one week on her first real estate deal. Free book tells how!

\$8,500 IN 17 WEEKS

That’s the big money Chas. F. Worthen, Fall River, Mass., made with my successful Real Estate System. Free book tells you how I helped him to do it!

\$14,400 In 4 MONTHS

That’s the fat profit H. G. Stewart, Baltimore, Md., made with my remarkable System for making big money in real estate. Stewart is a live wire. Are you? Get my free book and find out!

\$248 FIRST PROFIT

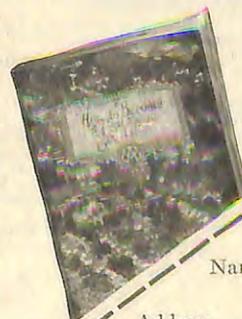
That’s the first pin-money Mrs. J. H. Hastings, Jackson, Mich., made with my System for Becoming a Real Estate Specialist. She has a fine business lined up. Free book tells how!

200% MORE MONEY

Alfred J. Bennett, Ford Salesman, was earning \$300 a month. Got my Real Estate System. Increased income 200%. Has well equipped office. Just bought new Chrysler Sedan. Free Book tells how!

FREE

“How To Become A Real Estate Specialist”



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Send me—without cost or obligation—your free illustrated book “How to Become a Real Estate Specialist.”

Name

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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

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 Number Six

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 OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Who in your circle deserves The Croix de Guerre of American Achievement?



You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

NOT alone for men of nation-wide achievement has the Gruen Pentagon served as a mark of appreciation.

Not alone to political and military leaders, to eminent figures on the bench, in journalism, in banking and in commerce, has it been presented, but to many others who, in their own several ways, in large fields or in limited ones, have done well.

It is, in fact, precisely because of the very number and variety of instances where it has been selected as the mark of honor, that the Gruen Pentagon has won its title as the Croix de Guerre of American Achievement.

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To retiring heads of business organizations, from those whom they have directed through years of success.

To the national or territorial leaders of many sales forces, from the houses they have so well represented.

To faithful employes of any rank, from the concerns that employed them.

To beloved pastors from their congregations.

To sons and brothers who have won academic honors.

To distinguished athletes from their loyal admirers.

To officers of fraternal organizations, from their lodges or chapters.

To men who have performed acts of individual heroism or public service, from grateful communities.

But why has the Gruen Pentagon been so frequently selected as the one watch most worthy to serve this special purpose? The explanation must lie in the particular qualities of the watch itself.

Unique, first of all, by its patented shape, it is readily recognizable wherever it is worn. But its five gracefully rounded sides give it more than distinctiveness.

The Pentagon can not tip over in the pocket. Keeping the upright position at all times permits its finely finished parts to operate with more constant accuracy.

The Paladin model, pictured above, has been created for special presentation purposes. Its price is \$250.

Any Gruen jeweler can show you this and other Gruen Pentagons, ranging in price from \$2500 to \$75. Consult this jeweler about the details of presentation. He can give you valuable help.



Among prominent persons who have been presented with the Gruen Pentagon:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

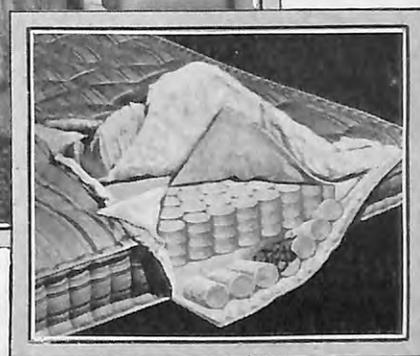
THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary, and signed by the applicant. All applications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

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Clyde Jennings, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 321, Lynchburg, Virginia.

“MARVELOUS ...
this new mattress gives the most restful sleep”
 says
MRS. MORGAN BELMONT



MRS. BELMONT'S COUNTRY HOUSE BEDROOM at Old Westbury, Long Island, is in orchid, jade and Chinese pink. Her French furniture is old ivory. Her Simmons Bed is Model No. 1541, in ivory, with Simmons Spring and Simmons Beautyrest Mattress. The latter Mrs. Belmont pronounces "simply marvelous."



NOTE RESILIENT WIRE COILS hidden within luxurious upholstery—these give the Beautyrest its magic buoyancy! Extending to the very mattress edge they hold it smart, clean-cut. You can sit on the sides—they won't be crushed. And best of all, these firm square edges endure! "The perfect mattress," Mrs. Belmont calls it.



Steichen

MRS. MORGAN BELMONT has an unusually vivid, fascinating personality. Horses and dogs are her hobbies. She is a familiar figure at Belmont Park races and polo matches, and at the smart Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach.

"IN my country house bedroom," says Mrs. Morgan Belmont, "I determined to have supreme comfort, without extravagant expense. I got it—with that perfect mattress known as the Beautyrest! It gives the most restful sleep."

No wonder this mattress is a success! It was perfected by Simmons, largest makers of beds, springs, mattresses. Its unique construction—fine steel coils buried in luxurious upholstery—gives buoyancy that is "well, simply marvelous," as Mrs. Belmont says.

In furniture and department stores you will find this greatly improved Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Rocky Mountain Region and West, \$41.50; hair upholstered, \$60 to \$100. Simmons Beds, \$10 to \$60; Springs, \$7 to \$60. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Mrs. Belmont's boudoir chair is in orchid linen, piped with jade

SIMMONS BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES
 { BUILT FOR SLEEP }



- ARIZONA**
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- ARKANSAS**
Fort Smith, No. 341
- CALIFORNIA**
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Fresno, No. 439
Grass Valley, No. 538
Los Angeles, No. 99
Oakland, No. 171
Pasadena, No. 672
Sacramento, No. 6
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Buffalo, No. 23
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Walla Walla, No. 287
Wenatchee, No. 1186

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- WISCONSIN**
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Kenosha, No. 750
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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

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Butte, No. 240
Missoula, No. 383
- MISSOURI**
Joplin, No. 501
- NEBRASKA**
Omaha, No. 39
- NEVADA**
Elko, No. 1472
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**
Concord, No. 1210
Rochester, No. 1391
- NEW JERSEY**
Bergenfield, No. 1477
Bridgeton, No. 733

- Kingston, No. 550
New Rochelle, No. 756
New York, No. 1
Norwich, No. 1222
Patchogue, No. 1323
Port Chester, No. 863
Poughkeepsie, No. 275
Queens Borough (Elmhurst) No. 878
Rochester, No. 24
Staten Island, No. 841
Troy, No. 141
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Lorain, No. 1301
Salem, No. 305

Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99



Omaha, Neb., No. 39



San Francisco, Calif., No. 3



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.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Three

*En Route San Francisco,
October 3, 1927*

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

MY BROTHERS:

Over three hundred years ago the Pilgrims found the shores of America and settled the rim of our nation. Seeking religious freedom they laid the foundations of a "temple large enough to house the creeds of all." They did not find a land of ease and plenty, indeed their early days were beset with perils and extraordinary hardships. Their crops failed and bleak November approached with threatening famine. It is small wonder that the ships with cargoes of food and clothing which appeared in the harbor seemed to them to have been guided by the hand of Providence. In consequence the last Thursday in November annually has been proclaimed by them and their posterity as a day of special observance and of prayerful appreciation of the beneficence of Almighty God.

Let their New England custom pervade Elkdome. I summon all Elks to give thanks to the Creator of all things for the blessings which we have enjoyed during the past year; for the institutions of America which exist by reason of the struggles and sacrifices of the sturdy men, who, by His grace, were preserved to build the nation; for the abundance of material things with which we are surrounded and which attend us in comfort and in peace; for the spirit of good-will and sympathy in each other's essential welfare, which is possible only in a country where men have formed a common ground of understanding.

Let not our thanks be from the lips alone or our interest and view be confined to ourselves. About us are many who are in need of food and clothing. Send forth from each Lodge a committee of Good Samaritans, carrying the Thanksgiving baskets to those who are hungry: your act may save for mankind a genius whose work will make more glorious the future of the country which was moulded to its present proportions by the men whose gratitude instituted the custom of Thanksgiving Day.

A practical plan for distribution of Thanksgiving baskets has been sent to each Lodge by the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. Only the will to do is necessary. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." If you wish to reap a harvest one hundred fold in richest satisfaction and spiritual exaltation, sow good deeds, my Brothers, give from your store of material things some small part to those who have not. You will never cease to give thanks for the bit of Heaven which will open to you by your act of human fellowship.

Fraternally yours,



Attest.

J. E. Masters
Grand Secretary

D. F. Mason
Grand Exalted Ruler



The Indian Sign

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrated by William Heaslip

DAVIS RANDOLPH left the diner where he had mechanically ordered and eaten a light breakfast, making his way to his own car. The crack train was proceeding with some deliberation through the expansive outlying areas of Chicago, a rather irritating contrast to the unvarying expedition with which the flight from New York had been accomplished up to this time.

It was irritating, at least, to Randolph, who was under nervous pressure and in a hurry.

Sitting down in his seat, leaning forward, his hands clenched together upon his knees, he watched the broad, flat, tawdry residential areas merge into more congested districts, factories, warehouses, tenements and the like, which suggested the approaching end of his journey. Occasionally, down the perspective of a cross street, or through interstices in buildings, he caught glimpses of the misty blue waters of the lake.

The last time Randolph had come this way he had been in the private car of a great railroad man and banker, as respected, admired, appreciated as any guest aboard. Then he was the member of an important underwriting syndicate, and all La Salle

Street was awaiting the arrival of himself and party with mingled emotions of hope and apprehension.

Now he was entering Chicago alone, hoping against reasonable expectation to avert complete disaster. And he would go down to La Salle Street with his hat in his hand; very much so. For Randolph, Spicer and Co. were in great trouble and needed help.

Would they get it? Randolph frowned, shaking his head negatively at the porter who wanted to brush him, pushing his bag toward the man with his foot. By every canon of business record the firm was entitled to assistance. It had never been rashly or even extravagantly speculative; quite the contrary, its dealings had always, as a matter of policy, been characterized by conservatism. There was therefore no justice at all in the present situation.

Randolph rose, picking up his light fall overcoat. Whether or not there was justice, the fact of misfortune loomed none the less in sinister imminence. This, he thought savagely, was the way things usually were. You could gun for trouble and never hit a feather; you could go abroad seeking to avoid it and find it on all hands big as a flock of barns.

Well, by to-night everything would be decided one way or the other. Worry and the cruelty of doubt, he thought, as the train halted in the great, grimy shed and he made his way down the aisle, would at least be eliminated before sunset. Whatever happened this would be better than all the travail of the past few hours.

Derringer, manager of the Chicago office, was waiting on the platform. He hurried forward, his face drawn by anxiety and the rigors of a sleepless night, as he caught sight of his chief.

"Hello, Jim." Randolph nodded jerkily. "Did you get everything fixed up?"

"Yes. I've got my car outside," he said as a red-cap seized Randolph's bag and hurried on ahead. "Everyone feels fine about you, Mr. Randolph. Tom Emmons, of Emmons, Roach and Co.; Bill Harris, of Tweedy and Harris; Hilary Day, of Day, Bell and Co., and four or five other friendly brokers will be at the hotel at ten-thirty. So will several good bankers."

"Good enough."

"But what happened, Mr. Randolph?"

"What happened!" Randolph turned upon the man savagely. "Lord! Don't you know what happened?"



A Battle that was More Than Physical, for Stakes Higher Than the Game

"Why—" Derringer shrugged—"I know that the Chicago Consolidated Bank has called for more collateral on their loan to us. And I know that the Acme Refrigerator stock we had pledged has slumped twenty points and—"

"What more is there to know?" snapped Randolph. Suddenly he placed his hand upon his companion's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Jim. I'm not altogether myself. You'll hear it all at the meeting."

"Sure." Derringer called a direction to the red-cap. Taking Randolph by the arm he led him out a side door to his car at the curb.

In the hotel room Derringer drew a bottle from his pocket, placing it upon the dresser. "I didn't know whether you'd want this," he explained. "Thought I'd bring it along anyway. It's old rye."

Randolph glanced at it, hesitating. "No," he said at length. "Thanks, just the same. I'll put it in my grip, though, if you don't mind. So Hilary Day is coming, is he? That's fine! Hilary and I played football on the same team for Stagg twenty-odd years ago. Didn't know I was originally a Westerner and played football for Chicago, did you?"

"I KNEW you were a Westerner. But I didn't know you played—yes, come to think, I had heard that, too. You're still fit, I see." He glanced admiringly at the man who had removed his coat and vest and shirt, revealing well-set shoulders, muscular chest and arms and trim waistline. Randolph nodded.

"I've kept up my exercise; that is, golf and horseback riding. If you want to run downstairs and meet the crowd when they come, Jim, I'll take a bath and try to get myself in some shape. Tell the office to let New York know I'm here, will you?"

Have Spicer call me here as soon as he has anything to report. All right, Jim; see you later. You might, by the way, send up a box of the best cigars. . . ."

There are always more than a few elements of drama in those desperate, last-hour conferences which precede final determination of the fate of important financial houses. Surprisingly enough—at least to those who ignorantly accept catch phrases and adopt conclusions based upon generalities—sentiment, not at all loath to express itself practically in the face of risk, is manifested more often than not. Sturdy friendship, willing to go to lengths, is encountered and in many ways there is a fine, decent, manly spirit that is at least heartening to the beleaguered ones.

So now, in the dozen men who sat in chairs, or upon the bed in Randolph's hotel room, or lounged against the window-sills, was a prevailing mood of sympathy and a desire to help.

Tom Emmons lighted a cigar and nodded at Randolph.

"Now," he said crisply, "if you'll give us the low-down on your trouble we can all decide pretty quickly, I think, what can be done on this end."

"Well—" Randolph's voice caught. He was not a glibly articulate man, and, in fact, upon his feet, facing his fellow men, he was apt to be embarrassed. "I suppose you all recall that something more than a year ago my firm underwrote the securities of the Acme Refrigerator Co., and made a public offering of the stock." He paused, carefully cutting the end off a cigar.

"I am free to admit we did it at a poor time. As you know, there had been a lot of violent speculation and erratic movements in the market."

"You bet," came a heavy voice from near the door. "Bankers were getting pretty leery of everything."

"Yes." Randolph lighted his cigar. "But there was nothing sounder than Acme, as you all know. Anyway, we had to buy back large blocks of the stock in the open market to support the demand."

"Which curtailed your capital pretty badly, eh?" said Harris.

"Very badly. You see I'm perfectly frank." Randolph paced slowly to the middle of the floor. "Now the thing that

gets me is the strange influence which has been beating Acme gradually down from 95 to 75. It isn't normal and it isn't natural. And it's organized all right."

"Maybe," it was suggested, "someone thought 95 was too high for the stock and that it stood to take a beating."

"Well," Randolph admitted, "in view of conditions prevailing at the time, the situation was good for a short movement. But normally 95 was not too high. If it had been we should not have gone in for it as we did."

"And the bank holds this Acme of yours as pledge for loans and now wants more collateral because of this twenty point depreciation."

"That's it exactly, Mr. Emmons."

"HAVE you got a lot of Acme besides what you've put up as collateral?" Hilary Day asked.

Randolph grimaced.

"I shouldn't wonder but that we have about all there is outstanding."

"I see." Emmons glanced inquiringly about the room, receiving affirmative nods. "Well, I tell you, Mr. Randolph, as you know, conditions are not any too good with us. But we will do this: we'll pool in a million if that will help you any."

Randolph's head went up with a quick jerk, his eyes heavily suffused with moisture.

"Thank you, Mr. Emmons, I can't tell you how I appreciate this. But I do. I'm afraid though—" he paused, drawing from his pocket a slip of paper. "I had word from Spicer in New York just before you came in that New York interests have come in with another million."

"Two million then!" Hilary Day came to Randolph, hitting him upon the shoulder "Then that will save you, Dave."

Randolph hesitated.

"No, it won't. That's the trouble. You see we have all the rest of our business to carry and this jam has affected us all along the line."

In the silence that followed, Randolph walked to a window, gazing abstractedly out over the lake.

"I wish," he said at length, "I could understand this short movement on Acme. Week after week it's being beaten down and who's doing it and why and how—" he

raised his hands and let them fall heavily. "It's a crime; it isn't just or fair."

He returned his gaze to the window.

"The bank has given us until to-morrow morning before it busts us."

"How much time would you want?" asked Harris.

"In two more days, three at the outside, we could meet the situation. Intrinsically Randolph, Spicer and Co. is sound. Our liabilities are about twenty-five millions, but our assets will be at least a little more than that."

"Give us two days," said Emmons, "and I think we could guarantee more money."

"Two more days!" Randolph turned to the man. It might just as well be two more years evidently.

"Bad as that?" asked someone.

"Just as bad."

"Have you seen Shaffer, the President of the Chicago Consolidated?"

"I talked to him over the phone from New York, three times. And Derringer has been to see him twice."

"Shaffer!" Emmons laughed shortly. "You're crazy. The man you have to talk to is Trenchard, chairman of the board. Shaffer is only a rubber stamp. Trenchard is the big man. Thought you knew that."

"I didn't know it. Trenchard, eh?" Randolph's brows were knitted. "The name is familiar somehow. But I don't know him."

"Well, he's the fellow for you to see." Emmons walked up to the New Yorker, tapping him smartly upon the shoulder. "Go at him and see what you can do."

"What sort is he?"

"Well, he's something of a man-eater, if you really want to know. A big, hell-roaring sort of a man. You'll have to stand up to him. But then you've got to stand up to him; for he's the one who can save you, if he will. Make an appointment with him for to-day. Tell him Tom Emmons told you to call him up."

"THANKS, I'll do it now." Randolph walked to the telephone. In another minute he had Trenchard's secretary and then a big voice roared a bellicose "Well?" over the wire.

The banker, it appeared, was very busy but at length he agreed to receive Randolph at his office at three o'clock.

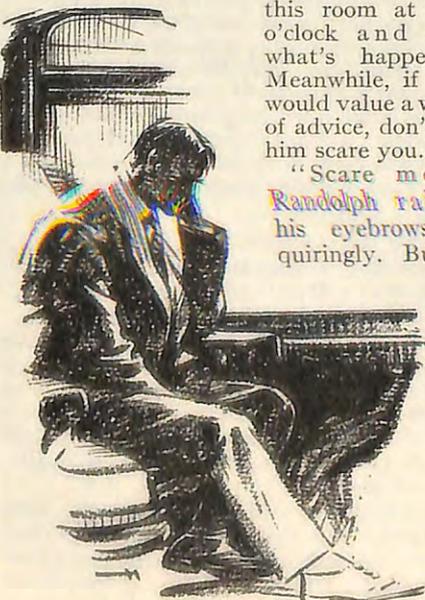
As the New Yorker turned away from the telephone, Emmons picked up his hat.

"That's something anyway," he said.

"We'll all meet in this room at five o'clock and see what's happened. Meanwhile, if you would value a word of advice, don't let him scare you."

"Scare me?"

Randolph raised his eyebrows inquiringly. But he



"What's the matter with you?" Trenchard
"Nothing. Except—I want to look you
lished itself upon Randolph's lips, a grim

knew what Emmons meant and Emmons knew that he did.

When the men had filed out of the room Randolph glanced at his watch. It was half after eleven.

"All right, Jim," he said to Derringer, who had remained behind. "You can run along. Sit on the New York wire and I'll call in from wherever I happen to be. I'm going to take a long walk; see if I can get in condition for this Trenchard. Just now I'm pretty shot."

Derringer clucked, sympathetically, hesitated a moment and then as Randolph turned to him with brows impatiently raised he went out of the room.

When Randolph left the hotel and started south along Michigan Boulevard the day had developed into one of those tangy, blazingly clear Chicago mornings that only October knows. The very brilliancy of the atmosphere in contrast to the comparative gloom of the hotel lobby had dazed him momentarily. He had paused, wondering just what object had brought him outdoors until realization came that there was no specific object other than an effort to get himself to an interview which he dreaded.

Randolph's forte in finance had been studiousness. Never a mixer, by no means a give and take controversialist, he had left such things pretty much to his partner, Dan Spicer. But in this emergency full responsibility devolved upon him and he

had to meet it, just as he had had to face that gathering of bankers and brokers in the hotel room. There was no alternative. He had done very well with these Chicago men, very well indeed. It seemed, in fact, that his very manner of diffidence had stood him in stead.

But now, he knew, diffidence in the case of this banker, Trenchard, would not be a virtue. He would have to stand up and fight for his life. And he had not the slightest idea how effective his struggle would be.

Abstractedly he made his way across the broad thoroughfare with its hurtling vehicles entering the filled-in section of the lake front where workmen were busy grading and laying out streets. Walking, occasionally stumbling over the new, uneven ground, he came to a roadway which lay parallel to the water.

This he followed until he came to the Field Museum. He paused in front of the huge pile, debating whether or not to enter and at length moved on.

He could not recall the processes by which finally he reached the university campus, standing at length outside the Stagg Field enclosure. Some workmen were coming out of a door in the wall which they left open behind them. Mechanically Randolph



turned and regarded him uncertainly, in the eyes!" Then a smile slowly established itself. He didn't care what happened now

entered, viewing the soaring concrete tiers and the sere turf of the gridiron with a particularity of interest which he had not manifested since he had stood in front of the museum.

He had been a boy here on this gridiron, a hero. In his beautiful prime of lancing strength and endurance and willingness to sacrifice for an intangible ideal he had fought and bled and suffered for this university.

How long ago that was! His pondering became tinted with an agreeable melancholy as he thought of those who had been close to him then; brave, buoyant fellows, loyal friends, not a few of whose names now came to mind with some difficulty.

FOOTBALL games meant so much then. They meant in fact everything. There was nothing so important as winning football games—unless it was playing a part in them that was proficient, manly, stirring.

The sunlight that lay upon the field was mellow with the tone of time. Those heavy areas of gold and the deep shadows that cut them were just as he had remembered them. And the wind came off the bosom of that great, mysterious lake and sighed among the stands and whispered just as it used to do.

Randolph walked out upon the gridiron, marking spots which recalled themselves to him as the precise scenes of incidents particularly stirring and memorable.

Here, for instance, on the five-yard line he had thrice borne the brunt of a desperate scoring attack by a great Wisconsin eleven and thrice had thrown it back. What an afternoon that was!

And here in midfield he had broken through from his left-tackle position and blocked a punt, himself picking up the ball and galloping over the chalkmarks for a touchdown. Over yonder he had caught that fast Minnesota back who had broken loose and was flying toward the Chicago goal; caught him and spilled him from behind.

And yet—Randolph gazed with hard eyes toward the dressing-room door—and yet he had not loved football. He had played because he was big and fast and strong, had played in spite of the fact that in his heart he had always shrunk from facing men eye to eye and fighting them to a finish. Yet he had never minded hard knocks, and the danger of injury, serious or otherwise, had never bothered him.

No, there had been something mental about it, something that was rooted deeply in personality. Now he thought, he realized that in all the years he had never really overcome this; it had affected him subtly in all his contacts with men.

His eyes half closed as his thoughts went

back into the past. He seemed to have the memory of some bitter inward battle he had fought—and won, if his recollection was not altogether at fault. What was it? He walked to the sidelines, scaling the boundary wall and sitting on a lower seat, leaning forward, his hands clenched together, his forehead drawn in deep furrows. Then, suddenly, it all came to him, came clearly in its details as though it were a pictorial screen record of that distant day of stalwart youth.

IT WAS the night before the most important game of his senior year. Winning it, his team would win the championship; in victory the rival eleven would gain the title of champion. The chances were somewhat in favor of the rival inasmuch as it had defeated opponents much more convincingly than Chicago had beaten those same outfits. But, after all, comparative scores had meant as little in Randolph's time as they do to-day. It was the specific contest itself that counted.

The entire university was aroused to the highest pitch and Randolph himself had never before in his career as a varsity man been so affected by the prevailing atmosphere of doubt, optimism, apprehension and highly-keyed unrest which hung upon the campus.

He had sat in his room, as he recalled, reading some French classic under his study lamp, trying to divert his mind. Failing in this he had at length risen, put on a cap and sweater and slouched out upon the campus.

Standing in the shadow of a buttressed wall two students had passed him and then had come to halt near the entrance to the dormitory. Randolph knew them both well. One was a prominent newspaper correspondent whose daily reports to a Chicago newspaper from Stagg Field had marked him as a man who had studied football and knew a lot about it.

Picturing the scene now, Randolph could visualize this boy perfectly but try as he would he could not recall his name. Names had always been a weakness with him. He never forgot a face, but nominal identities were elusive to him and had always been. Curiously the name of his companion came to him easily, Joe Higgins.

"I don't trust Dave Randolph." (The campus correspondent was speaking.) "He will play against Bull Trenchard to-morrow."

"What of it?" Higgins had inquired in his rasping voice.

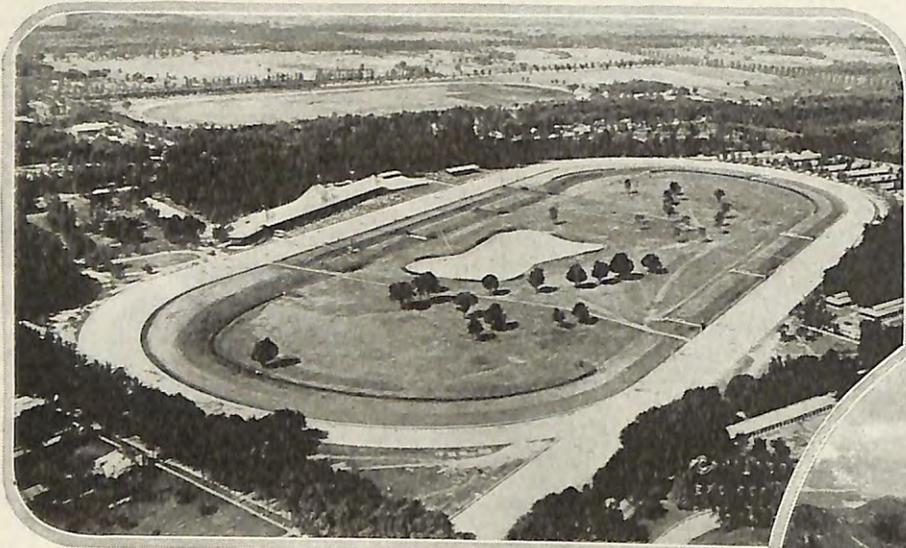
"Nothing, except that Dave has been a word-beater every season until he came up against Bull. Bull has kept him out of the All-America for two years. And

(Continued on page 66)



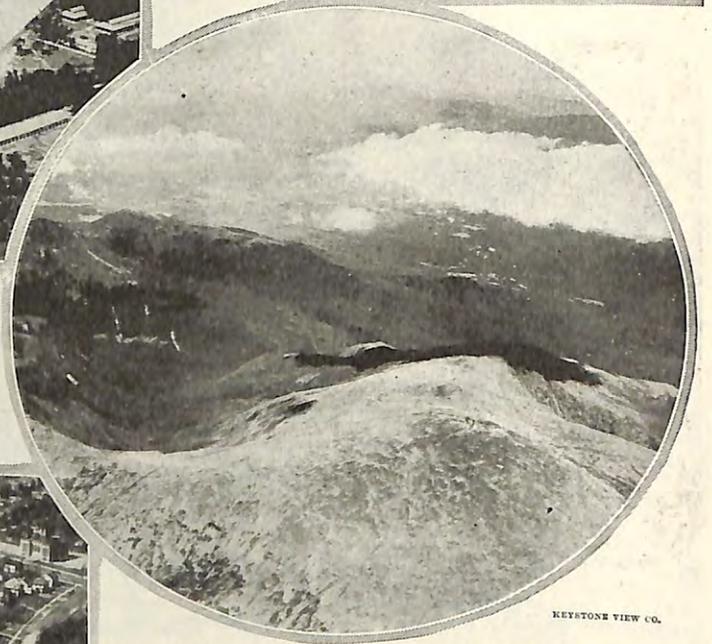
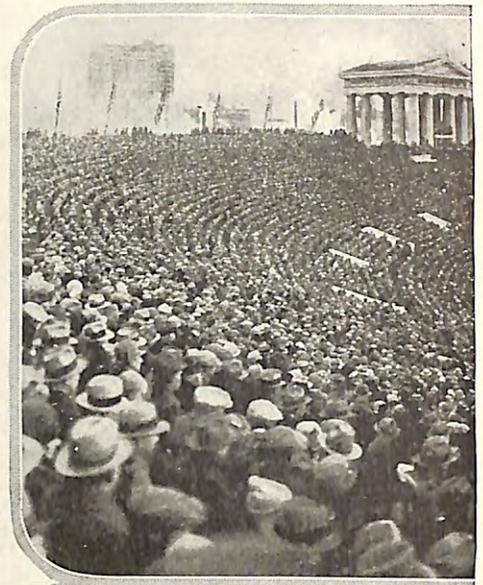
How Well Do You Know Your Country—From the Air?

Compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing
The answers to this questionnaire will be found on page 95



UNDERWOOD & U DERWOOD

1. For many other things besides its track this place is famous. For its baths and its springs. For its battlefield. For a tasty way of preparing spuds. Now can you name it?



KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

2. (Above) You are looking down here from an airplane upon the highest peak in the northeast quarter of the United States. Do you know this peak's name, and in what state to find it?



AIRMAP CORP. OF AMER.

3. Though a pioneer among stadiums of its type, the bowl above still ranks high for its seating capacity. Now can you guess what it is?



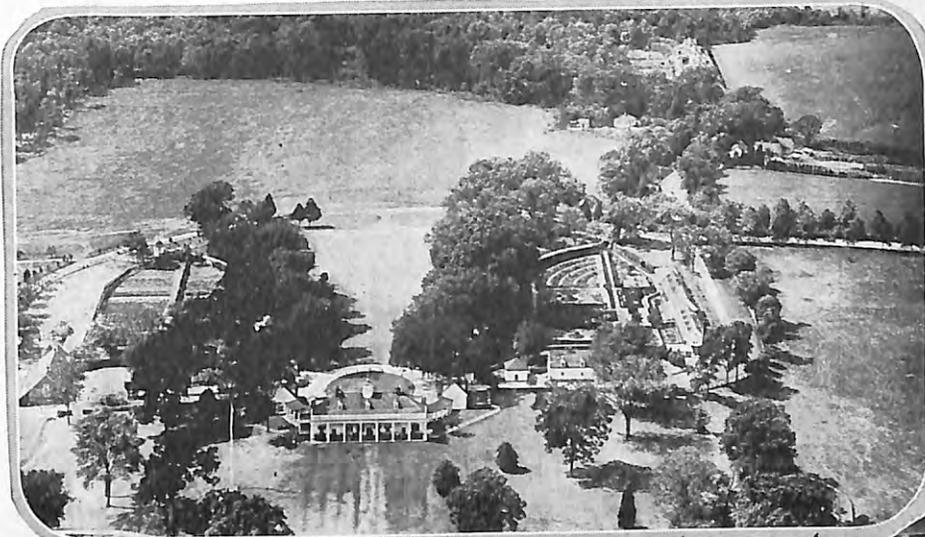
WIDE WORLD

4. If you're a radio fan, you may be able to name the stadium at the right, which is better famed for its music than for sports events



KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.

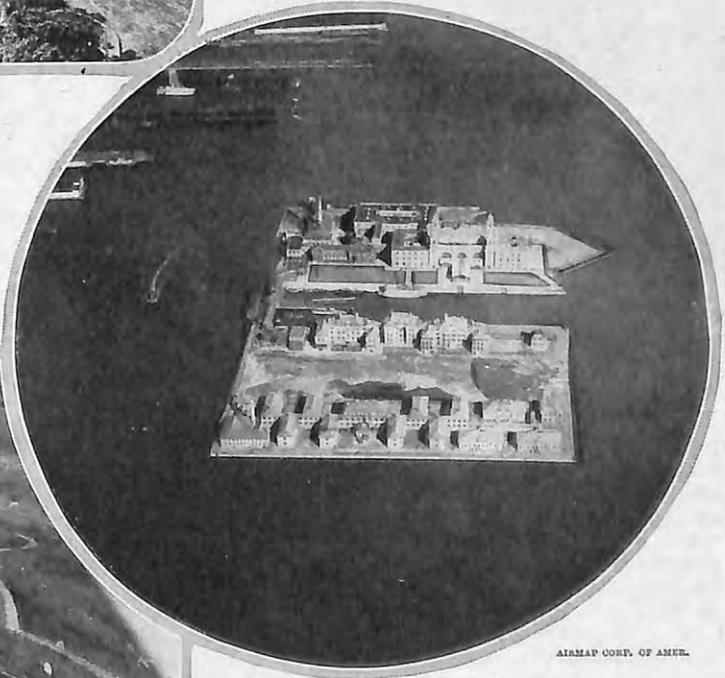
5. Fitty enough, this great athletic field was dedicated by a memorable football game. Score: Army, 21; Navy, 21. Now quickly! What is it? Where?



KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

6. The airview above shows how America's most famous and most well-beloved planter laid out his estate. Please name him and name the estate

7. No other island in our country except Manhattan (which is the heart of New York City) is better known than this odd little island below



AIRMAP CORP. OF AMER.



ENDERWOOD & ENDEWOOD

8. (Left) Only once a year is this lonely, beautiful stadium filled with people. Eastern readers may not have heard of it, but those of the West Coast should be able to enlighten them



"He's a louse," she agreed calmly, sitting down on the edge of my desk. "But when I pick a row with him, I'll do it over something bigger"

Follow Through

A Newspaper Story

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by H. J. Roeg

I OUGHT to have known, when I put that advertisement in the Lost and Found column, that the reporters would come around and ask me for the story behind it. It does look a little queer: "Lost, sledge-hammer, sentimental value, \$500 reward." Besides, with two plays running on Broadway and a couple of Pulitzer Prizes to my credit, I suppose my doings are news.

That hammer had hung on the wall above my desk for ten years; it must have got lost when my office furniture was moved to the new building. Well, I don't really need it, I suppose; I needed it once—but the papers didn't get that story. I'm always glad to talk to reporters—I used to be a newspaper man myself; but this time I wouldn't. For my wife reads the papers like a hawk, and she doesn't know why I thought so much of that old sledge-hammer.

No, she never asked me. One reason we've got along so well for ten years is that we trust each other enough not to ask questions. She's a wonderful woman, my wife;

all that I am I owe to her—or nearly all. But there was another woman, once—

This was before I was married, when I was a kid reporter on the old *Chronicle*. No. This isn't the old story of the boy who comes to New York as green as they make 'em and proceeds to knock the town cold. I wasn't green enough for my own good. I'd gone to a little old college in the New England hills that was still riding on a reputation made a hundred years ago—select but small. In that little puddle I was a big frog, better than the others at almost everything; so when I came to New York it took me some time to discover that I didn't know it all.

I got a job easily enough—three or four jobs, in fact, one after the other; but all the men I worked for seemed to have the idea that there was a lot to learn about their business, and that it would take even Clive Washburn some time to learn it. I was just

waking up to the fact that plodders I'd despised in college were getting ahead of me when I got that job on the *Chronicle*.

I was a raw cub, and at first I knew it. But I had the luck to be allowed to write my own stories from the start, instead of covering a district and telephoning everything in; and even then I had a knack for writing (I've turned it into money since) that made my stories look better than they were. After six months I was getting thirty-five a week—a comfortable living wage, in those days; and I knew the office regarded me as a star in the making. I'd have admitted that the star was already made, till I got to know Peggy Prince.

A pen name, of course—Margaret Monahan was her real one, but she never used it. I'd noticed her, my first night in the office—you couldn't help noticing her; a slim, little girl sitting up very straight at her typewriter, her deep blue eyes looking off into the distance. Questing eyes, I told myself (I liked to make phrases in those days); and even then I felt a sort of weak shakiness inside as I wondered what she was questing for. (I know now it was only a synonym for "alleged.") The next day I was introduced to her, but in the meantime I'd learned that she was about the best girl reporter in New York. A cub could no more push an acquaintance with her than a private with a colonel.

We presently made a kind of acquaintance, for we both used to sit in at the quarter-limit poker game in the city room, when the paper had gone to press, on the night after pay day. She played a mean game of poker, too, that girl. But when J. K. Pollard, the chain-drug-store king, bought the *Chronicle*, he stopped the poker game, along with sick-leave on pay and a lot of other things that he regarded as unnecessary and demoralizing; so my conversation with Peggy, which had gradually extended to such remarks as "Let's see 'em" and "I guess that's good," dropped back to "Good evening" once more.

But one night, in the lull after the first edition had gone to press, I dragged a volume of Anatole France out of my desk—I liked Anatole, but to read him in the office was pure showing off—and began to turn the pages with one hand while I rolled a cigarette with the other. I heard her cool voice behind my shoulder.

"I wish I could do that," she said. "Even with two hands, I spill tobacco all over the place."

I looked up into her blue eyes—deep blue under her blue-black hair. It was the first time they'd ever really looked at me, except as an adjunct to five cards.

"Like this?" I offered her the cigarette, but she only shrugged.

"Office rules, my boy; women mustn't smoke."

"Old Pollard's rules!" I sniffed. (The great pastime of the whole office, in those days, was damning the new owner.) "He thinks this paper is just another chain store."

"He's a louse," she agreed calmly, sitting down on the edge of my desk. "But when I pick a row with him I'll do it over something bigger. Keep your voice down, anyway; Shottland's just beyond the railing."

This Shottland was a person who'd managed Pollard's chain stores so well that he'd lately been made general manager of the *Chronicle*, too. Mostly he annoyed the business office, but to-night he'd come in to kill a story that reflected on one of Pollard's friends. I looked around, but Shottland was talking to the managing editor. Then I looked back at Peggy Prince, perched on my desk as if I belonged to her gang.

"Like to learn to roll 'em?" I ventured. (Queer, how shaky I felt inside.) She shook her head.

"No use. My fingers are fast on the typewriter, but they aren't long and supple like yours—"

"That runs in the family," I told her, swelling a little. "My father and grandfather were both surgeons."

"MINE were both bartenders," she said, "on Tenth Avenue. But they were good bartenders." Then a light came into her eyes. "Was your grandfather Dr. Thomas Washburn of Pittsburgh?" she asked. I nodded. "He did a brain operation on my mother," she said, "after a wreck on the Pennsylvania. Only four per cent of those cases live, but she did. He charged twenty dollars for that job, and we heard afterward he used to get a thousand in Pittsburgh. But he said the case was interesting."

"He was a great man," I admitted, about equally proud of him and of his grandson. "So was my father—but they didn't hold on to those big fees, unfortunately. About all they left me was my fingers."

"Which you use for rolling cigarettes." That was a mere statement of fact, but it stung.

II

"Oh, they're good for more than that," I told her, taking a deck of cards out of the desk drawer. I riffled them, let her cut—"What would you like?" I asked. "Four

kings?" I dealt her a poker hand with four kings in it, and meant to deal myself four aces. . . . Showing off—a cub trying to impress a star, a boy who'd been told he was good-looking trying to impress a girl who didn't need to be told, so long as she had a mirror. But I hadn't practised that trick lately; the fourth ace was still the top card in the deck when I laid down my hand. She laughed, a mean little gurgle.

"Not quite, eh?" Then she swept the cards into the drawer. "If I were you, my friend, I wouldn't display that trick around the office. You were pretty well ahead of the poker game when Pollard stopped it—"

I turned white and lordly—a way I had in those days.

"You don't think—" I began. Her shrug cut me off.

"I don't know and I don't care, now that the game's stopped anyway."

It came to me, then, that this Peggy Prince whose slim wistfulness always won the confidence of murderers had known more people, and more kinds of people, than I had ever heard of; and that in the world as she knew it Dr. Thomas Washburn's grandson might not be above doing tricks with the deck, even in a quarter-limit game. That



I read her the play Saturday afternoon, sitting in her little hotel room—and then she began to pick it to pieces



took the lordliness out of me, for the moment; and some of it never came back.

"But if you're going to do it," she said, slipping down off the desk, "practise till you do it right. Your grandfather would have got that fourth ace."

My eyes followed her to the door; not till she was gone did I notice that Shottland was watching me across the railing.

III

BEING a star, she usually went home when she finished her story; but a few nights later she was still in the office when the first edition came up damp from the pressroom. Presently she came over to me, with the paper open in her hand.

"That's your story about the Merkel failure, isn't it?" she asked. "Why didn't you see his brother-in-law? I'd bet anything there was a family feud back of that. Brother-in-law knifed him."

"How could you prove it?" I asked. And when she looked at me scornfully—"And how could you print it?" I flared. "The brother-in-law's one of Pollard's sacred cows. You know that."

"Yes," she agreed, "there are lots of things Pollard won't let us print. And nobody else printed this . . . But, my God, boy! Don't you want to get it, even if you can't print it? You'll never make a newspaperman if you don't feel that."

I became lofty; I had to, for I knew she was right.

"I'm not sure I want to be a newspaperman all my life," I said.

"Writing a play?" she asked with the flicker of a grin.

"How did you know?" I gasped.

"We all do in our first year. But pretty soon you'll have to make up your mind whether you'd rather write plays or be a newspaperman. Oh, some people can do both, but one thing at a time's about all that most of us can manage. . . . Is it finished, this play?"

"All but the second act."

"I got that far with mine, too," she said.

"There isn't much time to work on it," I apologized.

"True. But that's all the time you've got."

"Saturday's my day off. And," I confessed, "since my friends are off on Saturday afternoon, too, I'm apt to play golf or tennis, or dance, or go swimming, in the hot weather—"

I ached to tell her that it would be about ten times as much fun to dance or swim, or play golf or tennis, with her. But I couldn't, any more than an actor with a three-line bit could try to make a date with Ethel Barrymore.

"Sort of a specialist in everything, aren't you?" she observed. "Saturday's my day off, too. Bring your play around Saturday afternoon and let me read it. Then we'll have dinner afterward—Dutch—some place where we can dance."

THE more I thought of that, afterward, the more it amazed me. She was a star and I was a cub, but there was more in it than that. She was an aloof sort of person, this Peggy Prince; friendly enough with everybody but intimate with nobody. She lived in a quiet side-street hotel near the office, and so far as we knew she did nothing but sleep and work. Nobody ever saw her on her day off, so we wondered what she did with it; and Willis Bohack, a sour old copy reader who was channel and amplifier for the office gossip, used to say she spent it visiting her husband in a lunatic asylum, or maybe a home for dipsomaniacs.

Nobody knew she had a husband, but some people are so made that they'd infer

"You highbinders that think it's sport to take a fifty-dollar week-reporter and skin the hide off him—I gave you some of your own medicine. You had it coming to you"

it from the fact that she never mentioned him. She didn't look old enough to have a husband, for that matter, but she must be older than she looked; she'd been working for years. . . . Anyway, I was in no mood to ask questions when she offered me her day off. I didn't even ask her why, or dare to try to guess.

I read her the play Saturday afternoon, sitting in her little hotel room—parlor by day and bedroom by night—while she smoked in a curled-up heap on her day bed; and then she began to pick it to pieces.

"Oh, it's a good idea," she conceded, when I'd been prodded into a pretty hot defense. "That's the trouble. The idea's so good you can't bear to give up any of its twists and angles; and you can't fit them all into a three-act play. . . . And you've got to learn how to get your people on and off—and those long speeches—Shaw can get away with them, but you can't."

"How do you know I can't?" I demanded rather sulkily.

"I played in stock one summer; then I decided to leave the field to Bernhardt. But cheer up—you've got something there, and God knows not many play-writing reporters could say that. All you need is work. . . . Come—let's go out and get some food."

She was good company at dinner, and as a dancer she was perfection. On the way

home, I got up courage enough to ask her about next Saturday.

"You'll spend it on the play," she said grimly. But then she looked up into my eyes with a funny little gasping laugh, and relented. "If you work on it all afternoon," she said, "we might have dinner together."

I rode on that promise all week. But on Saturday I felt rather stuffy, and some men I'd known in college called me up and asked me to play tennis. . . . Somehow, when I met her at dinner, I felt I ought to confess that right away. She laughed, but she wasn't happy.

"Beating everybody in with the story?" she suggested. "It's lucky you did. I happened to take a walk up Riverside Drive this afternoon, and I watched you a while through the netting. I take it you were a good player once, but you miss a lot of those trick shots now."

"When you work twelve hours a day," I excused myself, "there isn't much time to keep up your tennis."

"Or to write plays," she observed. "No dancing to-night, my friend; you go back home and go to work."

"I'll get up early in the morning and work. To-night I'd rather dance with you."

"I don't feel like it. . . . And," she added, "if you spend the evening playing pool, or poker, I might never feel like it again."

I spent the evening on the play—yes, indeed; or rather in front of it. I sat at the typewriter four hours and wrote four lines. How could I write about my characters, when I was thinking about her?

IV

THE office never knew we spent every Saturday together that spring. Willis Bohack had no chance to make remarks about Margaret robbing the cradle. (I'd taken to calling her Margaret, when we were alone, mainly because nobody else did.) Not that it was robbing the cradle, exactly; she told me one day—on the sand at Long Beach, the first hot week-end—that she was only a month older than I. This was rather a jolt, considering how far she was ahead of me.

"I started work when I was sixteen," she explained. "Had to. And for years I've been just a news-gathering machine; only Peggy Prince, a by-line in the paper. Too busy being Peggy Prince to ever be Margaret Monahan at all—except when I'm with you.

. . . I missed college, you see, and I've tried to make up for it; for years I've spent every Saturday reading in the Public Library—till I met you."

"Every Saturday?" I gasped. "Then you— Then there isn't—" Once more I felt weak and shaky inside; my voice went back on me. . . . She smiled.

"No, there isn't any crazy husband, or drunken one either. . . . Oh, of course, I've heard those stories. Deny them? What's the use? Denial means confirmation to a newspaperman. I never told anybody but you."

"Margaret!" I began; but my voice failed again as I remembered that she made four times as much as I did, and knew four hundred times as much. Before I could go on she jumped up.

"I know you want a long swim before dinner," she said. "I'll splash in the breakers till you come back."

I came back in five minutes; my wind wasn't as good as it might have been. But we couldn't recover that sense of no-secrets-between-you-and-me that had descended, as sudden and warming as the first hot sun of summer, in that moment on the sand.

From then on, somehow, everything went wrong. She still gave me her Saturdays, but she kept nagging me like an impatient school teacher; about the play, about my stories in the paper, about golf and tennis—everything. I was crazily in love with her, but I thought she was the meanest woman in the world. I worked till one o'clock in the morning in those days; but I got up at seven, and worked on the play till I had to go to the office at noon. I was going to show that woman.

But when I showed her what I thought was the final draft she picked a few more holes in it. This was on a Saturday night in her apartment; she was curled up against a heap of cushions

on her day-bed, looking rather ragged.

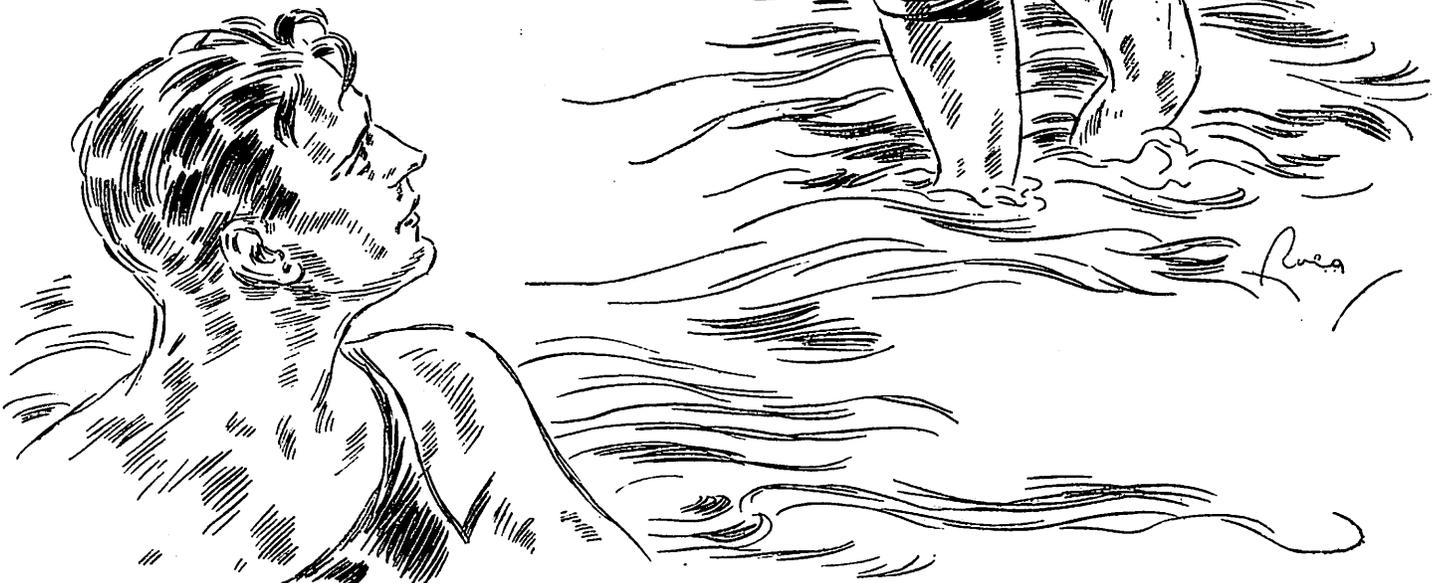
"I don't know what more I can do," I growled. "I've worked—"

"Anybody can work," she interrupted stormily. "You don't think hard enough to make your work count. Remember what I told you about your golf? That's what's the trouble with you, all round. You don't follow through. . . . You don't mind swinging but you're too lazy to learn how to make it count. . . . I don't like things done pretty well."

"WE CAN'T all do everything," I grumbled.

"Do we have to try? I've cut out half a dozen things I'd like to do, and concentrated on dancing and poker and writing news. But you still dub along at golf and tennis and

(Continued on page 69)



"Don't worry about me—
I can swim. And things
don't happen to me"

The Reading Room

By Claire Wallace Flynn

OUR old friend Trader Horn says in his remarkable book of reminiscences that money is good for one thing—it will buy a ticket to adventure.

Yet, suppose we have no time to go gallivanting to the ends of the earth in search of such wild, hazardous and beautiful moments as Horn met along the old Ivory Coast of Africa! And even if we *could* ship ourselves, romantically, somewhere east of Suez this very day, perhaps the faithful pocketbook isn't quite as magnificent as the dream!

What then?

Why, then—books! Books which, after all, cost so little, and, after all, yield so much . . . Adventure, surely, for the mind and the emotions at a very modest sum—net.

That is why a reading-room, whether it be in a library, or club or in a quiet home, is for most of us the great adventure spot of the world. A place vibrating with low, compelling voices which fill the expectant air with promises of joy. . . . A place filled with a mysterious sense of excitement and enchantment.

So, let us make a reading-room out of these few columns this month and see what some of the recent books can bestow in the way of pleasure.

A very important and engrossing piece of work that beckons to us from one of the shelves is Catherine Mayo's "Mother India," an astonishing and often appalling volume whose mission is to reveal the tragic and hopeless conditions that prevail amongst the Indian people.

English critics of Miss Mayo—who is, by the way, an American woman—do not challenge the truth of her statements, but, being dismayed, they beg a careful study of the happier side of the question. They contend that there *is* a happier side—but Miss Mayo makes us doubt it. These same critics say, "Study further before passing judgment, understand what walls of religious practise and social customs that we, the governors, are up against!"

We are willing, of course, to study anything, but this book seems almost the final word. It is being read everywhere, and has been acclaimed as very nearly *great*.

Its appeal, we think, lies not so much in its grewsome details of native law and code, as in its striking air of first-hand knowledge; the feeling that only Miss Mayo's keen eye stands—camera wise—between you and the scene she describes.

And what scenes! And what stories of the abominable state of womanhood in that vast horde of people. The "purdahs" or complete seclusion and ignorance which surround the higher caste Hindu wife and daughter; the criminal treatment accorded widows; the blind and unbelievable adherence to the most unsanitary and unenlight-



ened usages in illness, causing—in a year—the loss of millions of men, women and children. As one reads, redemption of such a nation seem impossible.

Turning from so serious a book, we gladly pick up, for a few minutes, Daniel W. Streeter's delightful "Denatured Africa." It might just as well have been called "Good-natured Africa," for here is a hunter who sets forth with humor and gaiety to see the Dark Continent and bag some big game.

How he laughs at himself and his "tender-foot" approach to the jungle! Never was a traveler more free from any sense of greatness, or a writer more charmingly frank. If Mr. Streeter's purpose in telling his story was to take the "bunk" out of all future accounts of lion hunts, negotiations for a modest "safari," and the tracking down of antelope and animals with unspellable names, he has blithely succeeded.

His book is a blessing. Read it some night when you think that every one you know has an over-inflated opinion of himself and his deeds.

What can be more debonair than the author's account of his own battle with a kongoni—the dead beast who came to life again.

"As a matter of fact," admonished Mr. Streeter's host, "an animal is never dead in this part of the world until his pelt is nailed up on the barn door."

COMING with the new year—a serial by Octavus Roy Cohen! In the January, 1928, issue you will find the first installment of Mr. Cohen's new novel, "The Light Shines Through." Like his famous "The Iron Chalice" and "The Outer Gate," it is a story of splendid originality, with a gripping plot and characters that are unforgettably real. Coming with the new year—"The Light Shines Through."

Let us be of you to brighten some rainy evening by reading of the naked messenger boys of the Equator who trot off on ninety-mile errands without a groan; of native ladies who stretch their ears until they can use them as vanity cases; of the antelope who had nothing else to do in that expanse of

Where for That Proverbial Song, We Enter The Treasure House Of Adventure

time and silence but wait to be shot while Mr. Streeter takes a nap.

Even his own tropic appearance makes the author laugh aloud. All dressed up at the start like an explorer out Hollywood way, Mr. Streeter little by little discards his picturesque togs, gets down, in fact, to essentials, and wades into real life in the jungle.

But, as he told his young son who went along with him, and who begged that they might "stay on"—"Life is charming only when one does not stay on." So back they both came after a year, with amazing trophies and expecting to be greeted in their home town—Buffalo—like the dauntless heroes they really were.

Mr. Streeter ambled into his old lurching place and took his accustomed table; a dozen men, old acquaintances who might reasonably be expected to get a great "kick" out of the African experience of one of the crowd, were sitting around. One glanced at him.

"Hello," he said. "Been away?"

AND can we, while we're speaking of Africa, neglect to call attention to that dauntless and delightful account by Stella Court Treatt of her trip by motor-car from the "Cape to Cairo"?

Here is an incredible journey taken by a man who knows and loves Africa and by his young wife, who shared his enthusiasms, and who became cook, counselor and scribe for the party.

Just think what such a motor trip meant! The things that could happen to white people on such an endless, reckless journey! The things that could happen to a car! The food question! The rivers to cross! The natives to be met and beguiled! The weariness and terror to be smilingly surmounted! The mosquitoes, big as hippos, to be beaten off!

Mrs. Treatt tells all about it in a most charming, modest way. Her very intelligent eyes must have worked overtime, for, seemingly, no impression of her eventful days has been lost.

Here is an excellent book and one which, because it is written by a woman traveler, will have many points of interest for other women not usually found in travel books of this type.

We can hear some one say, "Enough about Africa—enough—enough!"

Well, all right. Just across the Red Sea lies Arabia—and just across the table lies T. E. Lawrence's masterly work: "Revolt in the Desert"—a book we're ashamed not to have spoken of here long before this. So we'll take it up now.

Of all the fabulous tales—of all the glamorous histories—of all the amazing

(Continued on page 89)



Barbara Stanwyck and Hal Skelly

B"BURLESQUE" carries on in altogether delightful fashion the tradition inaugurated by "Broadway" and "The Barker," of letting the public in on the secrets and dramas of back-stage life. Bonny (Miss Stanwyck), leading lady of "Parisian Widows" is a small-time actress and knows it, but she rejoices when

Skid's (Mr. Skelly) chance comes to play on Broadway and cheerfully speeds him on his way. The bright lights are a bit too much for the volatile Skid and there are a few honest tears mixed in with a great deal of irresistible hilarity before the reunited team of Skid and Bonny dance the final curtain—E. R. B.

FLORENCE VANDAMM



James Gleason (left) has a touch of genius! He wrote "The Shannons of Broadway," as an acting vehicle for himself and his wife, Lucile Webster (also left), using one of the most shop-worn comedy plots in the theatre and all the stock situations that could be crammed into it. Yet the play is so truly and vigorously acted, so pungent and racy in its dialogue and so genuinely moving in the one or two spots bare of laughs, that it stacks up as one of the best entertainments now to be had in the theatre



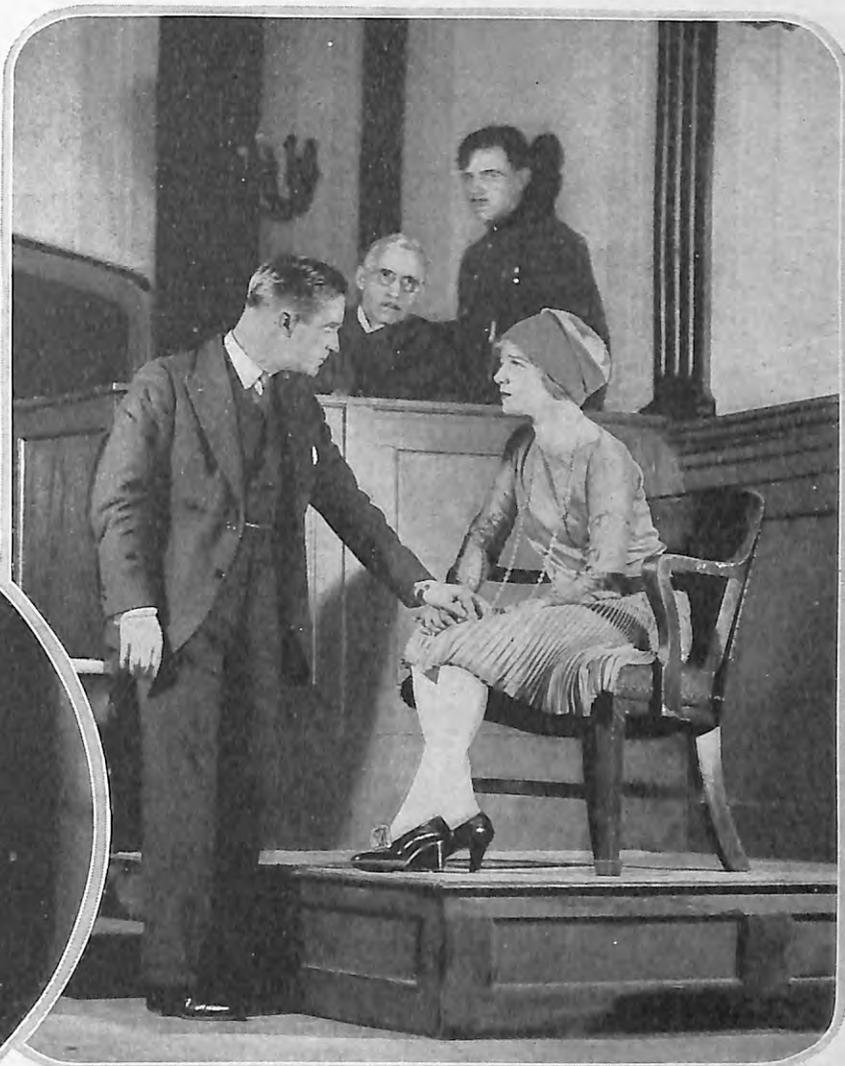
"Jimmie's Women" is a farce spiced with a dash of naughtiness which suffers rather badly from letting the audience in too soon on the secret of its complicated plot. Mr. Fagan's play, however, is a good deal redeemed by a beautifully suave and resourceful performance, especially in the leading rôles played by Minna Gombel and Robert Williams pictured above



Miriam Hopkins (left), a dancing girl in a rather disreputable Paris cabaret, having definitely spurned Stafford Dickens' advances (immediately after this picture was taken), is whisked away to romance and high life on the Riviera under the wing of an impoverished but kind-hearted baroness. "The Garden of Eden" is mildly amusing, but hardly seems destined here for the great success it has enjoyed in London and Berlin, where it originated

PHOTOS BY
FLORENCE VANDAMM

With the audience as jury and no curtain to destroy the illusion, Bayard Veiller presents the case of the people versus Mary Dugan. From the moment that the bullying district attorney makes the opening charge, until the real murderer is cleverly tricked into betraying himself, you sit on the edge of your seat. Ann Harding (right), as the Follies girl accused of the murder of her wealthy lover, is beautiful and appealing, and Rex Cherryman is excellent as her young brother trying his first case. You cannot hope for a more exciting evening than as a juror at "The Trial of Mary Dugan"



FLORENCE VANDAMM



There may be something in theatrical heredity. Not so many years ago Dan Collyer was a comedian well-known throughout the country, and to-day his granddaughter, June Collyer, has made a meteoric ascent from extra girl to featured player. She is shown above with George O'Brien in her first film feature, "Eastside, Westside," which was released last month. Now she is at work on a picture tentatively known as "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters" and after that she is scheduled for "Woman-wise" with William Russell

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



FLORENCE VANDAMM

"Four Walls," written some time ago by Dana Burnet and since revised by George Abbott, is a mixture of melodrama and a play with a message, but a corking good drama in spite of its hybrid nature. Muni Wisenfrend (left), a splendid young actor, until recently with the Yiddish Art Theatre, gives a perfectly convincing performance as Benny, the young gangster who comes back from five years up the river, with a philosophy of freedom and a determination to go straight. Jeanne Green (left), his former sweetheart, is the rock on which his new philosophy comes to grief



BROWN NEG.
President Roosevelt as he looked during the famous controversy with Harriman

Part III

THE break with his old friend, Stuyvesant Fish, did much to create an unfavorable opinion of Harriman.

Fish was a picturesque and rather a popular figure. He was a New Yorker of the old line, a fine, handsome man, a man of whom people like to think well, and did think well. He had long been identified with the Illinois Central, which was a road high in the public esteem.

Early in 1903 dissatisfaction with Stuyvesant Fish began to appear among the Illinois Central directors. Harriman, returning from California, was told by some of these directors that Fish had, without authority, deposited a large amount of the road's money in the Trust Company of the Republic, of which he was a director, and the stability of which was, in their view, doubtful. Fish was in Europe; Harriman, concurring in the feeling of the directors, used his authority as chairman of the finance committee of the Illinois Central to order immediate withdrawal of the money so deposited. The directors of the trust company, however, said that immediate withdrawal of the deposit would drive it into bankruptcy, so Harriman consented to gradual withdrawals, and the money was finally recovered in that way.

Harriman went to Europe, and Fish, returning, again deposited Illinois Central money in the Trust Company of the Republic, withdrew it, redeposited it. Also, without the approval or consent of the directors, he borrowed \$1,500,000 from the

An Empire Builder: Edward Henry Harriman

By William Almon Wolff

Photographs from Culver Service

Illinois Central for himself, upon collateral security said, at the time, to be inadequate—as it afterward proved to be. When Harriman came back some of the directors asked him to lead a movement for Fish's deposition as president. Harriman not only refused, but, though he was pressed for cash, lent Fish \$1,200,000, to enable him to pay his debt to the Illinois Central and recoup his finances, which were becoming considerably involved.

Not all the Illinois Central directors knew of these transactions; those who did were greatly disturbed. Had the matter come before the whole board, as they desired, there must have been something very like a scandal. Harriman prevented that—partly for the sake of the road, partly out of his old friendship for Fish.

But, in January, 1904, Fish again used Illinois Central money for deposit in a trust company in which he had an interest—in the Commonwealth, which was the successor to the Trust Company of the Republic. Only Harriman's influence prevented an immediate development of the movement to oust Fish at that time.

In 1906 relations between Fish and a majority of his directors became very strained. They thought he regarded the road as in a sense his own property. And when W. M. Grinnell, a director, died, Fish desired to replace him with a man of his own choice. Fish was beginning to worry, with absolute sincerity, about the growing influence of the Union Pacific, which had just bought nearly \$30,000,000 of Illinois Central stock, in his road's directorate; he was afraid, as were many others, that Harriman was seeking control of the road in the interest of the Union Pacific.

Fish called for proxies for the annual meeting, to be voted by him or other representatives of his administration he designated—not including Harriman, who had always been one of the alternates before. Harriman and his friends met this move by suggesting the appointment of a special

committee to solicit proxies. Fish refused. And he blocked an attempt to pass such a resolution by the directors.

But then Fish, becoming uneasy, opened negotiations with Harriman through Melville E. Stone and Henry H. Rogers, and a conference was held, with the result that it was agreed that the outgoing directors be reelected, that Grinnell's successor be chosen by a majority of the directors acting, and that the Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb proxies should go to Fish. But when the majority of the directors chose Henry W. De Forest to fill the vacant place, and asked for his election, Fish declined, on the ground that Mr. De Forest was a director of the Southern Pacific.

In spite of great pressure brought to bear upon him Fish persisted in his decision, and proxies voted by him elected James De Wolfe Cutting to the board, instead of Henry W. De Forest. This so angered a majority of the directors that they notified Fish, on November 7, that they could not favor his reelection as president.

MELVILLE E. STONE, at or about this time, interceded with Harriman for Fish, saying he actually needed his salary as president. Harriman replied that he was afraid little could be done, but that he would recommend Fish's selection as chairman of the board. Fish declined to consider this suggestion, and on November 7 he was deposed as president and J. T. Harahan replaced him.

Fish was extremely bitter and resentful. In the following summer he filed, with the board of directors, charges against Harahan's administration, and calling for an investigation. He also sent a circular letter to the stockholders accusing the officers of the Illinois Central of manipulating its accounts, and saying that the road's affairs were being managed from the Union Pacific offices.

Harahan replied by making public, for the first time, the facts concerning deposits of Illinois Central money with the Trust Company of the Republic and the Commonwealth Trust Company, and the \$1,500,000 loan, on security that turned out to be inadequate and unmarketable.

"Mr. Fish being unable to repay the loan," Harahan wrote, "or to satisfactorily secure it, there were various consultations among his friends on the board of directors, and negotiations designed for the payment of the indebtedness and the protection of the credit of the company, as well as of Mr. Fish's reputation. . . . A director, individually, loaned him the money necessary to repay the company. . . . Mr. Fish pledged not only the unmarketable collateral above mentioned, but also conveyed his residence in the city of New York and his individual interest in the estate of the late Hamilton Fish. Out of consideration for Mr. Fish such conveyances were not placed on record. The director making this loan



BROWN NEG.
Epes Randolph, the engineer who saved the Imperial Valley

carried it for several years until Mr. Fish was able to liquidate it."

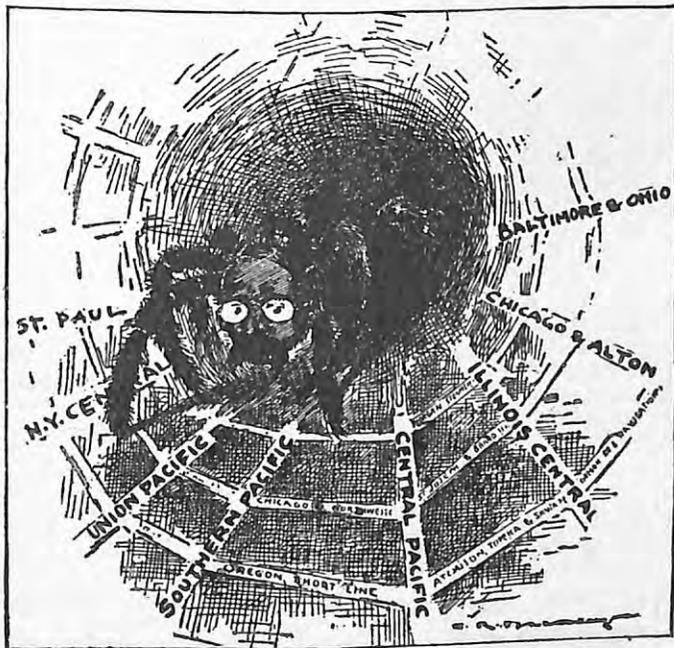
"The director making this loan" was, of course, Harriman. But that did not then appear: it was brought out only in an Interstate Commerce Commission hearing.

In March 1908, at the annual meeting of Illinois Central stockholders, Stuyvesant Fish was defeated for reelection as a director by proxies representing nearly 585,000 shares. It was a sad, almost a tragic, close of his career. But it is hard to see how charges that Harriman treacherously ousted his old friend can be sustained if the facts spread on the record are considered.

XIV

NOTHING, however, contributed so greatly to the tragic and almost crushing weight of adverse public opinion as the controversy with Theodore Roosevelt. No citizen is in a good position to quarrel with any President of the United States. The odds against him are too great. But Harriman, in a dispute with Roosevelt, was in a singularly helpless position.

There existed already before, in 1907, the *New York World* revealed the correspondence that brought the quarrel to light, a generally unfavorable opinion of Harriman.



He had many enemies; something of the way in which he acquired them has been told. They were powerful men, and, sincerely or not, they regarded Harriman, or pretended to regard him, as a sinister and menacing figure in the national life.

These enemies of Harriman's were not only powerful; they were men of weight, and enormously influential in the effect they could exercise, through the press, upon public opinion.

They had, for some time before 1904, even, been using every means at their command to discredit Harriman. They were men, some of them, who knew President Roosevelt well and to whose opinions he listened with respect. There can be no doubt that Roosevelt's picture of Harriman was largely drawn by them, and that he very sincerely came to believe Harriman to be the ominous and dangerous man he later called him.

If Harriman was unpopular, Theodore Roosevelt was, at the time of their quarrel, riding the crest of a wave of popularity almost without parallel in American history. He appealed to every American instinct.

Below is "The Spider," Maculey's famous cartoon in the *New York World*, which shows graphically the opinion of Mr. Harriman held by a large portion of the public at a time when he was doing some of his greatest work



INTERNATIONAL
NEW YORK

He was one of the heroes of the Spanish war; he was swept into the governorship of New York as a result of the part he played in that struggle. What was swiftly and generally recognized as an attempt on the part of professional politicians to sidetrack him by making him Vice-President in 1900, was turned, by the accident of McKinley's assassination, into a boomerang.

As President he was a picturesque and vivid figure. He was a forceful and brilliant speaker; he won, in 1904, one of the greatest of all political victories, against an opponent, Alton B. Parker, wholly unfitted to cope with his cut-and-thrust tactics; he was still, in 1906, a national idol.

Roosevelt, during his first term—which began on September 1, 1901, when Mr. McKinley died—was on perfectly friendly terms with Harriman. Harriman was a guest, with reasonable frequency, at the White House; the two men engaged in much correspondence; Harriman was often consulted by the President.

Early in 1904 there was much doubt as to the result of the coming campaign. After a one-sided election, a landslide, it is always easy to see that the result was inevitable from the first, but what is obvious on December 1 is seldom so clearly foreseen on November 1. Roosevelt, certainly, looked for a much closer fight than there actually was. And, late in June, he wrote to Harriman, then in Europe, saying he would want to see him when he returned. Harriman, when he

got back, wrote a reply, saying he would be glad to visit Mr. Roosevelt at any time; the situation, he said, could not be in better shape. Roosevelt by that time, felt better, too, and said he thought there was no need just then for a meeting.

As a matter of fact there was developing, even then, a rather difficult situation in New York State. Frank W. Higgins, the Republican candidate for Governor, was none too strong, and there was some fear that D. Cady Herrick, the Democratic nominee, might be elected, and even some nervousness about Mr. Roosevelt's own prospects in the State. There was a shortage of money, owing to a difference between the National and State committees, and the inability of the State Committee to get about \$200,000 seemed very serious. So serious, indeed, that Mr. Roosevelt took a hand. It was a point of honor with him to carry his own State, and, while he was assured that there was no real prospect that he would not, he was not disposed to take chances.

ON OCTOBER 10, 1904, Mr. Roosevelt again in a personal letter, invited Mr. Harriman to come to see him, and Mr. Harriman replied that he would do so the following week. Then, on October 14, Roosevelt wrote this letter—marked personal:

"My dear Mr. Harriman:—A suggestion has come to me in a roundabout way that you do not think it wise to come on to see me in the closing weeks of the campaign, but that you are reluctant to refuse, inasmuch as I have asked you. Now my dear sir, you and I are practical men, and you are on the ground and know the conditions better than I do. If you think there is any danger of your visit to me causing trouble, or if you think there is nothing special I should be informed about, or no matter in which I could give aid, of course give up the visit for the time being, and then,

a few weeks hence, before I write my message, I shall get you to come down to discuss certain governmental matters not connected with the campaign.

"With great regard,
"Sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Now, there is nothing improper in that letter. There is no reason why the President of the United States should not have written it to a wealthy and important man, a member of his own political party, deeply interested in his election. But it is not the sort of letter you write to a man you distrust and think of in a way to lead you, later, to denounce him. Even Mr. Roosevelt can not, when history comes to be written, eat his cake and have it too. When, ultimately, he did denounce Harriman, and castigate him as few men ever have been lashed by the tongue of one in Mr. Roosevelt's high position, he assailed him for things Harriman had done before that letter was written, and that Mr. Roosevelt knew he had done, or, at least, had every opportunity of knowing he had done. If Harriman was a "malefactor of great wealth," "an undesirable citizen," in 1906, if he was then justly to be compared to Moyer and Haywood, he was equally deserving of such characterizations in the fall of 1904.

Mrs. Harriman's brother died about this time, and Mr. Harriman was not able to go at once to Washington. When he returned from the funeral, his secretary made an appointment for the visit, which was kept.

BUT later, after the explosion, Mr. Roosevelt took the ground that that interview was sought by Harriman. His letter of October 14, he insisted, released Harriman from any obligation, and if he went to Washington after that was because he wanted to see Roosevelt—although the suggestion that he go had been made not once, but twice, by Roosevelt. Harriman's friends have always insisted that the letter of October 14 was written to provide a loophole should there ever be criticism of Roosevelt's relations with Harriman. Neither Harriman, they insist, nor any one associated with him, ever gave a thought to the possibility that criticism might follow such a meeting.

The trouble in New York was due not only to lack of money. There was a serious rift in the party. Senator Depew was being opposed for reelection to the Senate; ex-Governor Black had much support, and was backed by Odell and the State machine. Odell asked Harriman, when he saw Mr. Roosevelt, to urge Depew's selection as Ambassador to France, which was regarded as a happy way to end the factional trouble.

Harriman, after he saw the President, told Odell and others that Mr. Roosevelt was worried about Higgins, and would like to have him, Harriman, help in the emergency caused by the inability of the Republican National Committee to give the State Committee a sum of \$200,000 it was in some sense obligated to hand over to it.

"They are in a hole," Harriman told Judge Lovett, "and the President wants me to help them out. I've got to do it, and I'm going to raise the money."

Harriman also told Odell that Mr. Roosevelt had said he would, if it were necessary, send Depew to France as Ambassador.

Harriman did, in point of fact, raise \$250,000, of which he gave \$50,000 himself. Judge Lovett turned this money over to Cornelius N. Bliss, who later gave Odell \$200,000 of it for his State Committee—Mr. Bliss being treasurer of the Republican National Committee. One of the first people to whom Harriman went for help in raising this money was Hamilton Twombly, an intimate friend of Senator Depew.

Roosevelt later accused Harriman of misrepresenting the facts in all these matters. It is hard to see why he should have done so. He had nothing against Roosevelt then; he was one of his admirers and staunch supporters. And unless he believed that Mr. Roosevelt had agreed to take care of Depew he would not have been likely to seek Twombly's help.

But there was no trouble then. There was no foreshadowing of the trouble that was coming until after the election, in December, when Harriman saw Roosevelt again, in Washington, and Roosevelt told him he did not feel it necessary to make Depew Ambassador to France, but rather favored his return to the Senate. Harriman seems to have been disturbed by this, and to have felt that he was in a curious position in relation both to Odell and Depew's friends. He took the only way that seemed to be open to him, and supported Depew for reelection to the Senate. Depew was, in fact, reelected in January. Even then, however, Harriman felt there had been a misunderstanding; it was not until December, 1905, that he, for the first time, even hinted that he thought Mr. Roosevelt had been guilty of a breach of faith. At this time the correspondence between Harriman and Roosevelt came to an end.

Before the Congressional elections in 1906 there was again a need of money for the Republican campaign and James S. Sherman, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, and later to be Vice-president under Taft, went with Maxwell Evarts, counsel for the Union Pacific, to ask Harriman for money. Harriman gave Sherman a very unequivocal refusal, and read him a letter he had written to Sidney Webster which recited the grounds for his new feeling about Mr. Roosevelt.

Sherman, a few days later, told Roosevelt of this interview, and Roosevelt wrote him a letter, the salient parts of which follow:



Mr. Harriman (at one of his directors meetings)—"Gentlemen, I propose that we appropriate \$100,000,000 for the purchase of a few railroads."—McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune

"... You informed me that he (Mr. Harriman) then expressed great dissatisfaction with me and said, in effect, that as long as I was at the head of the Republican Party he would not support it and was quite indifferent whether Hearst beat Hughes or not, whether the Democrats carried Congress or not. He gave, as a reason for his personal dislike of me, partly my determination to have the railroads supervised, and partly the alleged fact that after promising him to appoint Depew Ambassador to France, I failed to do it; and I understood you to say that he alleged that I made this promise at a time when he had come down to see me in Washington when I requested him to raise \$250,000 for the Republican Presidential campaign which was then on. Any such statement is a deliberate and wilful untruth—by rights it should be characterized by an ever shorter and more ugly word. I never requested Mr. Harriman to raise a dollar for the Presidential campaign of 1904. On the contrary, our communications, as regards the campaign, related exclusively to the fight being made against Mr. Higgins for Governor of New York, Mr. Harriman being immensely interested in the success of Mr. Higgins because he regarded the attack on Higgins as being really an attack on him, Mr. Harriman, and on his friend Governor Odell; and he was concerned only in getting me to tell Mr. Courtlyou to aid Mr. Higgins as far as he could, which I gladly did. He also (I think more than once) urged me to promise to make Mr. Depew Ambassador to France, giving me in detail the reasons why this would help Governor Odell, by pleasing certain big financial interests. I informed him that I did not believe it would be possible for me to appoint Mr. Depew. . . .

"So much for what Mr. Harriman said about me personally. Far more important are the additional remarks he made to you, as you inform me, when you asked him if he thought it was well to see Hearstism and the like triumphant over the Republican party. You inform me that he told you that he did not care in the least; because those people were crooks and he could buy them; that whenever he wanted legislation from a State legislature he could buy it; that he 'could buy Congress,' and that, if necessary, 'he could buy the judiciary.' This was doubtless said in partly boastful cynicism and partly in a mere burst of bad temper because of his objection to the Interstate Commerce Law and to my actions as President. But it shows a cynicism and deep-seated corruption which make the man uttering such sentiments, and boasting, no matter how falsely, of his power to perform such crimes, at least as undesirable a citizen as Debs, or Moyer or Haywood. The wealthy corruptionist, and the demagogue who excites, in the press or on the stump, in office or out of office, class against class, and appeals to the basest passions of the human soul, are fundamentally alike and are equally enemies of the Republic. I was horrified, as was Root, when you told us to-day what Harriman said to you. As I say, if you meet him, you are entirely welcome to show him this letter, although, of course, it must not be made public unless required by some reason of public policy, and then only after my consent has first been obtained."

NOW, if Harriman, in fact, said what this letter charged that he said, he was all Roosevelt called him, and in addition, he was, to put it plainly, a damned fool. Is it possible to imagine a madder, a more grotesquely absurd and insane proceeding?

Maxwell Evarts, closely associated with Harriman, was also an old and very intimate friend of Sherman. Sherman tried to enlist Harriman's support through Evarts, and Evarts did talk to

(Continued on page 78)

Unexplainable and Weird, Primitive Magic Flouts Our Science



I have myself heard the drum taps throbbing and throbbing, far into the night, as our launch traveled up-stream; news of her arrival keeping pace with her, and sometimes, indeed, running ahead

Stone-Age Wireless

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Kenneth Camp

SECRETS, mysteries, the Bluebeard's Chamber, the locked door—these things have vanished from explored and civilized countries. But in odd corners, in the places that are and always have been, far from commercial routes, difficult for travelers to reach, dangerous, perhaps, when reached—there, the incredible still happens.

The island continent of New Guinea, placed as it is at the very back door of Oceania, away from everywhere, on the route to nowhere, surrounded by some of the most dangerous approaches, for ships, in the whole world, inhabited by hostile savages, soaked in malarial fever, has been, until very recently, the step-child among colonies; to some extent, is so still. Holland keeps her half deliberately shut up; why, is nobody's business but her own—so she says. . . . Germany in pre-war days exploited her quarter furiously along the edges, and let it fester untouched a few miles back. Until recent years, our English quarter of Papua, formerly called British New Guinea, was more or less a closed book; and now that we hold also, under mandate, the ex-German fourth, we are finding a good many obstacles in the way of development; a good many rough edges to rub off. . . .

On the whole, New Guinea—about six times as big as England—holds more untold secrets, sits close upon more mysteries, than any place of its size in the entire world. Not very far behind it come the lesser islands of the Western Pacific; the Solomons, New Hebrides, Santa Cruz. All these groups, beautiful and fertile in the highest degree,

fascinating in their tales of strange happenings and wild romance, come under the ban of "dangerous," and have therefore been left unexplored to an extent that is really astonishing. Settlement exists chiefly round the coasts; inland, plain savagery for the most part reigns.

And these places, these immense Western Pacific island continents and archipelagoes, far larger and more important than they appear upon the maps of illimitable Oceania, hold secrets which passing travelers seldom hear about, and of which residents still less often speak. The wonder of stone-age wireless is among them.

Why should one talk to unbelieving passers-by? Why attract ridicule from the cool-season Sydney tripper, who rushes through by a round-trip steamer, never sleeping ashore, and thenceforward poses as an authority upon "The Islands" and all that they contain? Those of us who have lived half a lifetime in the wild places of the Pacific West (protected by our own lucky star, and also by some happy natural immunity from fevers, or we should not be alive) know things of which we seldom speak, except among ourselves—in the tent, made stifling by sulphur burned against mosquitoes, which raises its pale ridge among black river forests; under the sago thatch of the far outback "Hotel"; in civilized Port Moresby, when the monthly steamer

has gone, and tourists are no more, and the immemorial stars look over Paga Hill, while we sit out among the thrashing palms, to smoke and yarn, and feel the night breeze beat up from the bay.

. . . "Do you remember—in nineteen-seven, when that village in the Delta sent to complain that the Maipuas were eating them all?"

" . . . That time when the—expedition got lost for months, and every one had given them up. . . ."

"Yes, but there was something stranger still. About the Nobo Houses in the mountains where the Kukukuku live. . . ."

"Oh, nobody'd believe that."

"Nobody'd believe anything true. They only believe your lies."

"YES, they believe those right enough, when any one serves 'em out hot and strong enough. Don't tell them true things. They only laugh at you."

They do. But nevertheless— For once in a way. . . .

What about this savage wireless, of which the world has heard, for centuries, in the uncivilized and little-known regions of the tropics; South America, Central Africa, the heart of Australia? Is there anything in it? Is it all "travelers' tales"? And if it is not, can not it be accounted for in some simple and natural way?

Answers to these questions vary. I have heard the whole thing roughly denied; classified with the notorious "rope trick" of India, which is nowadays accounted for

on the supposition that no one ever really did see a boy climb up a long rope into empty air and disappear, though many have heard of one or another who did. If you hunt these rumors home to their origin (so say the men of science) you will never meet with the Man-Who-Was-There—only with his friend, who “knows for a fact. . . .”

The absolute denier follows out this line of argument. He says that no one ever did obtain news except by the recognized routes. Sometimes he is a traveler with a (more or less) scientific bent; sometimes he is a Government official with a fixed idea that all natives are “born liars.” Sometimes he is just a person who is fat and dull of mind, who, quite honestly, can not conceive that there may be things in earth’s dark places undreamed of in his philosophy.

Most folk who know the earth fairly well, however, go farther than the mere fat-witted denier. They agree that there have been many instances—some, indeed, historic—when news has been spread among dark races without the aid of post, telegraph, or wireless. They can give you a dozen examples from the Indian Mutiny, the various Zulu wars, the South African war. But they are all agreed that the matter is, really, simple; a mere affair of native Morse. Drum taps, in Africa, convey from village to village the news that so many white men, so many carriers, so many beasts of burden, are coming; will arrive at such an hour. The throbbing tom-tom that makes the night hideous in Indian villages, is credited with the same feats. Over the immense spaces of Australia’s central plains, the blacks, sole inhabitants for hundreds of miles, pass on news from tribe to tribe by means of smoke—so many columns of smoke, so many times checked and allowed to rise again, mean so many facts, conveyed without the aid of definite words, even when the tribes are mutually opposed to one another, and when they speak different dialects. In that large area of the earth’s surface that is known as Malaya—of which our share is scant and insignificant, compared with the huge archipelagoes owned by the Dutch—Malays, clever, fierce, and never quite reconciled to their white conquerors, are said to pass on news by means of many musical instruments, as well as the universal drum. The great “gamellan,” an apparatus of resounding gongs; the whining guitar, even the Pan reed cut into holes, can tell a village news that is never guessed at by the white “Tuan” passing by.

In Papua, and the Western Pacific generally, news can be, and certainly often is, conveyed by a sort of conventional sign language. This is all the more remarkable, because among these woolly-haired, man-eating and head-hunting folk, tribe is violently opposed to tribe, and languages, in valleys side by side, may differ almost as much as French differs from German, or English from Erse. I have myself heard, hundreds of miles up little-known rivers, the drum taps throbbing and throbbing, far into the night, as our launch traveled upstream; news of her arrival keeping pace with her, and sometimes running ahead; and this among people who usually attacked one another at sight, and scarcely owned a score of words in common. Journeying through the high mountains of Papua, I have heard messages sent ahead from needle-point peak to needle-point peak, shouted in a peculiar thin far-carrying scream, and passing so swiftly that in an hour or two twenty miles were covered. I acknowledge all that the second theorist could say on this wide subject; it is undoubtedly true that savages communicate thus, and



it is sufficiently wonderful that they do. But—it is not all.

I have seen sign language, too; pure gesture, conventionalized, and current, no doubt, among tribes, nations even, who know nothing of one another. I have seen the head laid on one hand to represent sleep—“One night. . . .” Two hands laid together with fingertips meeting like the pitch of a roof—“A house. . . .” Hands waved gently up and down—“The sea. . . .” Agitated—“A storm. . . .” Other signs, “A man,” “A woman,” “Death,” “Food.” All these could be, and no doubt often are, signalled from hill top to hill top as far as sight can carry, and would convey, even among enemies and strangers, news that is considered of general importance.

But—there is more.

THE savage speaks naturally in signs; of this, the “Patteran” or gypsies’ message of stick and leaves left at crossroads; the tramps’ signals of squares, triangles, circles, cut on a tree, are the last lingering remains to be found in England; gypsies and tramps

representing what is left of the nomad, savage spirit among ourselves. In countries still uncivilized, signs rise to eloquence at times; witness the threat quite recently conveyed to representatives of the Papuan Government, in regions beyond the Fly, by a group of skeletons, nicely cleaned, and tied across the only pathway to a town; or by the finding years ago of a white miner’s body set on a throne-like seat beneath a newly raised hut, and left there,

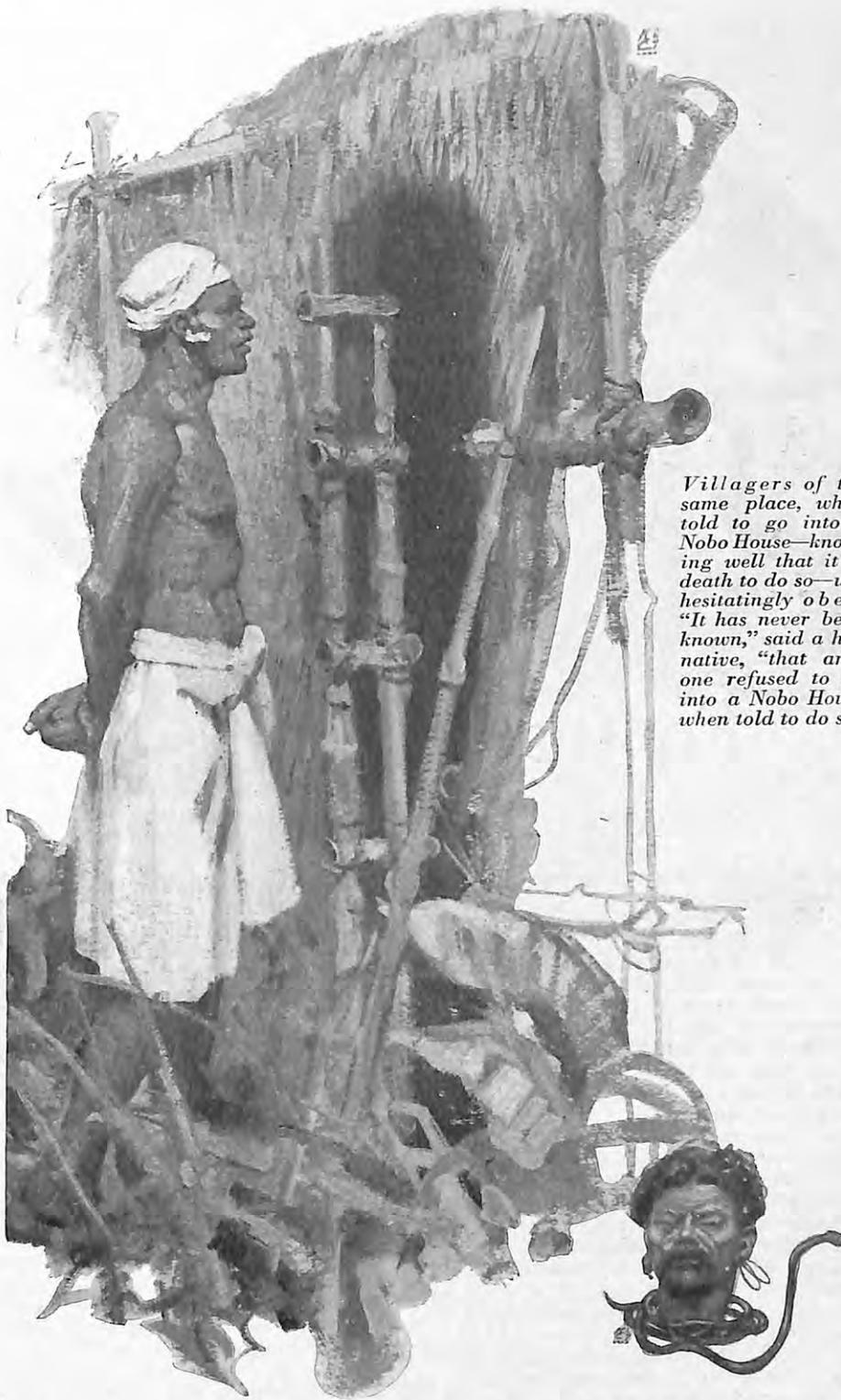
“O’er half a duchy looking down,”

upon the unknown ranges that he had traveled to his death.

These things are truth, and nothing but truth; yet—they are not all the truth. There is something more.

New Guinea, not to mention any other country, has a store of strange tales about the native wireless, none of which fit in under any of the heads already mentioned. Here are a few of the tales.

In the latter eighties (I write without the aid of notes, and can not, therefore, give the year) when Germany’s fourth part of New



Villagers of the same place, when told to go into a Nobo House—knowing well that it is death to do so—unhesitatingly obey. "It has never been known," said a hill native, "that anyone refused to go into a Nobo House when told to do so"

Guinea was very freshly settled, and under small control, it happened that the greater part of German New Guinea planned together to overthrow the foreign power. Now that, to begin with, was a strange thing because the tribes of German New Guinea are of varying type and language, have almost nothing to do with one another, and distrust each other almost as much as they distrust the conquering white. Nevertheless, sign went forth, how, nobody knows, from all parts of the mainland that had been touched by foreign influence, out to the huge islands of New Ireland, and New Britain, and many others, far removed, up and down the coasts, wherever there was a white missionary or trader. And the sign said "Kill."

It said not only that. It said that the killing was to be done on a certain day of the week, and month, fixed by the quarters of the moon; that it was to be done at a

certain hour of the day, and that every white was to die.

For the most part the natives were very willing to carry out the order, even those who had been for a long time in the service of the better class of whites, and well-treated by them. It must be remembered that no one has ever really fathomed the mind of the New Guinea native, on this question. Some years ago the private secretary of Papua's Lieutenant-Governor asked a native valet, who was extremely devoted to him, whether he, the native, would kill him, should a rising ever occur. The lad burst into tears, and seemed bitterly hurt. "Never, never, Taubada," he wept. "Me love you too much!" Then, while the white man was congratulating himself on having found one native with no guile in him, the lad went on, still weeping, "Me never do that, me would make another man do it for me!"

In the case of the German New Guinea

natives, almost all were very willing to carry out instructions as received. Almost all. One "boy" alone, the servant of a Government officer, after much heart searching, decided that he could not kill his lord. It had been planned that the killing should take place at mealtime, each "boy" striking down master or mistress when he or she was most off guard. But the loyal native could not make up his mind to do the deed, and could not (one supposes) find a deputy. So he told on the very day of the planned massacre, too late to save some of the whites. But the Government managed to nip the rising on the great islands where it would have been most mischievous, and only a few fell.

How was the news sent, across a dozen tribal areas inhabited by men who owned no common language, over hundreds of miles of sea, and in such exact detail that whole districts were found ready to rise at the same moment? I have my theory, which I will mention a little later.

Here is a more recent instance. In 1923, a large schooner was lost near the settlement of Madang, formerly Friederich Wilhelmshaven in German New Guinea. Madang has wireless, but the news of the wreck was not sent off at once; not, in fact, for a day or two. When it reached Rabaul, some hundreds of miles down the coast, the natives knew all about it; their own wireless had already informed them.

The Witu Islands, forty miles out from the mainland of New Guinea, are wild, picturesque, fertile; ideal South Sea Islands, with their beaches of blinding white coral, their leaning palms, the marvelous blues and greens of the surrounding seas. . . . You would think the Witu people the very simplest of savages, if you knew them; a naked, primitive folk, devoid of all mystery. . . . Yet when a white man was killed on the mainland, early this year, the simple Witu Islanders were able to tell the local trader about it long before any news came by boat. How? They didn't know, or wouldn't tell. Or the headman had dreamed it. Or somebody had seen a sign on the beach, or in the bush, that meant the violent death of a white man. Anyhow, they knew and told, and that was that.

And now for the cause; or what, after many years of residence among these people, I think to be the cause.

I THINK that the purely savage, Stone Age people—nearer in every way to Nature than ourselves—have retained, scarce consciously, certain natural powers that we have long ago abandoned. We do not need them, as a matter of fact. We have our radio, our telegraph, our various swift means of moving and communicating; we have, in fine, the whole resources of an intensely complicated civilization at our call, where the animal world, and the savage world, must rely on nature unimproved. Their senses, sharpened by sheer need, can at a pinch do wonders of which we have little idea—unless we are specialists in one direction or another. As example, some moths, when shut up in a box, can call their mates, without the use of any known sense, over miles of distance. Recent discovery, suggesting that the moth uses its antennæ as a wireless sending apparatus, rather intensifies than lessens the wonder of this. No discovery, however, new or old, has succeeded in explaining how tiny birds in their first season find the way across thousands of miles of ocean to a winter resting place making as good a landfall at first trial as any practised old sea captain with his ship. "Instinct" is the word most

(Continued on page 46)

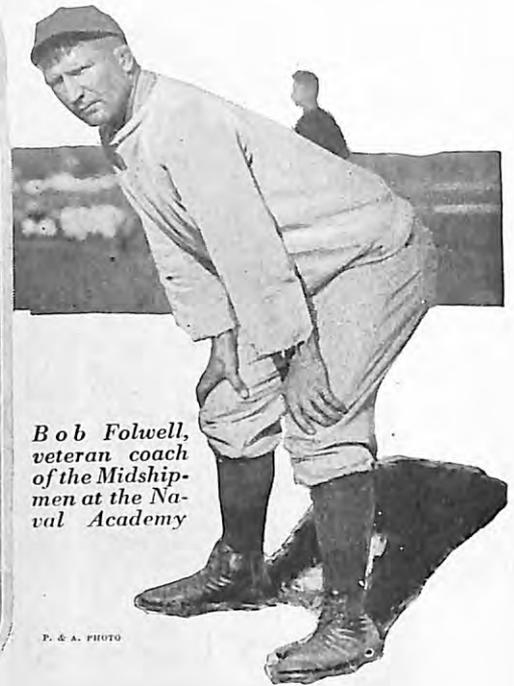
Tad Jones, below, once a great Yale quarterback and now coach at his alma mater, and, in the center, Knute Rockne, who put Notre Dame on the football map



WIDE WORLD



F. & A. PHOTO



Bob Folwell, veteran coach of the Midshipmen at the Naval Academy

F. & A. PHOTO

Football Coaches

By W. O. McGeehan

With Photographs

IT IS sad or otherwise that an American university is advertised more extensively for better or for worse through its football coach than through its president. This is the basis of the eternal war between the academic and the athletic sides of the universities, which culminates in a bitter denunciation of the overemphasis of football and other athletics at the end of each season, and the passing of many resolutions to bring about a change that will put an end to this distorted sense of values.

But at this season of the year when every college stadium in the land is packed on Saturday afternoons, there is the annual truce to the discussion. It would be drowned in the organized cheering of the undergraduates and the slightly alcoholized cheering of the old grads. The college professor who would deplore the overemphasis of football in November, would be in about the same position as a pacifist with the nation Godspeeding the troops off to war.

At about the same time Harvard University lost two well-known members of its faculty, Percy Haughton, football coach, and Professor Baker, whose English system was quite as highly advertised as any English system could be, though of course the extensiveness of the advertisement of the Baker System in English was infinitesimal as compared with that given the Haughton system of football.

When Haughton left Harvard, the football standing of that university took a terrific drop. As far as I know, while Harvard English might have suffered through the loss of Professor Baker, no emphasis has been placed upon the fact. A concerted effort was being made to bring Haughton back to Harvard at the time of his death, but there has been no movement at Cambridge to lure Professor Baker and his English system back from Yale. There were no protests against the permitting of Professor Baker being allowed to go to Yale, but Harvard's old grads made it evident that they were highly displeased when Percy Haughton went to Columbia. They felt that something terrible had happened to Harvard, and the next year's

football scores showed that they were right.

Since universities receive more advertisement through their athletic prestige than their academic prestige, and a certain amount of sustained advertisement is needed for every university, then the matter of the football coach certainly becomes one of importance. I maintain that even the "Big Three Universities" of the east, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, would suffer from the lack of publicity that would follow any loss of athletic prestige.

This, perhaps, is a condition which thoughtful gentlemen might well view with alarm. They do view it in that fashion when they can get somebody to listen to the views. The newspapers are not all to blame for the conditions that exist. They would not be sounding the ballyhoo for intercollegiate football unless they knew that it would be music to the ears of their college readers. Instead they would be pointing with pride to the great results of the Baker English System, and giving a word by word description of a Baker

lecture, while the newsboys waited to dash into the streets with the extras.

But when the old grads demand news of the football team, and when the undergraduates subscribe to the papers that have the most satisfactory sporting pages, then the competition of newspapers battling for the "college circulation" will vie in making the athletic news of the colleges entertaining. The colleges and the college men created the interest themselves. It may be deplorable, but it is so.

Until the advent of Knute Rockne, the little college of Notre Dame at South Bend, Ind., occupied no place whatever in the public prints. Suddenly it was discovered that Notre Dame had developed a football system that was far superior to that taught at West Point by Major Charles Daly, who had studied the game at Harvard for four years, and then had a post-graduate course at the United States Military Academy.

Knute Rockne came into prominence with the establishment of the forward pass, and the chance to introduce speed of body



F. & A. PHOTO

Pop Warner, of Leland Stanford



WIDE WORLD

Bill Roper, of Princeton



Coach Bob Zuppke, the University of Illinois, with Red Grange, his most famous pupil

Percy Haughton, who installed the "Haughton system" at Harvard and then at Columbia, whose men trusted him implicitly



and mind in a game that was given over almost entirely to simple brawn. Obviously Knute Rockne had something the other coaches had not. It could not be the superiority of the material, for it was inconceivable that the vicinity of Notre Dame, Ind., produced any better potential football players than all the rest of the country.

You hear much of Notre Dame these days when football is in the air. The "Wandering Irishmen" of Rockne have advertised Notre Dame from coast to coast in their travels. As to the educational advantages of Notre Dame the popular notions are rather vague, but concerning the football advantages that are to be had at South Bend, Ind., there is no question. Pupils of Knute Rockne are in demand everywhere as coaches. South Bend is on the map and Notre Dame is one of the best known institutions of learning.

No arraignment from the academic side can belittle the achievements of Knute Rockne. Let us look at the very practical side. Knute Rockne's team this year will bring to the athletic fund of Notre Dame something like three-quarters of a million dollars. There never will be a deficit in the athletic fund of this institution while this continues. Consequently it can not be said that a man who can do this is overpaid even if he draws a larger salary than some of the college presidents, as, no doubt, he does.

In Rockne, of course, we have one of the noted successes among the football coaches.



"Hurry Up" Yost, for twenty-six years coach of University of Michigan teams

There is the other side, and the professors who seem to envy the success and the influence of the football coach do not consider that point. It is my notion that a head of a department in the academic side does not have to furnish the proofs of his efficiency as does the football coach. Nobody keeps any particular record of the academic victories or defeats. But the football coach constantly is under observation and frequently is under fire.

First and foremost the coach must bring victories, particularly over the "traditional rivals." He must build teams to achieve these victories without breaking any of the

academic restrictions or lowering the "standards of ethics and sportsmanship" of the college. But at any rate he must show his victories.

The influence and the popularity of a coach last only as long as he is successful, and his success or failure is easily transparent, much more so than the success or failure of a professor. Sentiment concerning a coach is not long-lived unless he shows the old grads a sufficient number of touchdowns and field goals to maintain the prestige of the alma mater upon the gridiron. If he does not, there is a demand for a new coach, and he is out of a job.

Mr. Tad Jones of Yale recently announced that he would retire as coach at the end of the current season. Mr. Jones took up the work of coaching the Yale team at a time when the Haughton system was in force at Harvard, and Yale had lost its athletic supremacy to traditional rivals. As to the state of its academic supremacy there is no record.

At first Mr. Jones, once a star quarterback at Yale, met with little or no success. He received nothing of that worship, which, they claim, is extended to a coach. Quite the contrary. I just happened to come upon the letter of an old grad who wrote concerning Jones, "To hell with these glorious defeats for Yale. Give us a coach that will bring us a few inglorious victories."

Later Yale achieved some more or less glorious victories on the gridiron, and the tumult against Mr. Jones died down. But football seems to play such an important part of university life at New Haven, that Tad Jones seems to have come to the conclusion that the post of football coach at the alma mater is not worth the trouble it brings the man who holds it. A coach can not be sensitive.

On these grounds it might seem that the business of coaching college football teams came under the head of hazardous occupations, and that football coaches faded into

(Continued on page 94)



Major Charles Daly, of the Army teams



Chick Meehan, of New York University



The door of the cottage was thrown violently open, and in the outpouring of light, Prosper saw Hambleton rush out

Part IV

IT WAS only for a few seconds that Prosper imagined the dark shape on the ground at Inspector Meek's feet to be human.

Even as he slid from his pony the thing gave a queer, rather dreadful snuffling howl, then, after one final convulsion, lay still.

Prosper saw that it was a big Alsatian dog.

"One of those big wolf dogs, Mr. Fair," jarred the Inspector, sourly. "I've just put him out of his misery! There wasn't a chance for him—he was smashed—and the horse only escaped by a miracle. I never

The Mystery Of The Axes

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

saw such a sight in my life—why, if the elephant had spotted me, I'd have been——"

"The elephant! Which way did he go, man? Was he loose? Alone, I mean? Was old Lovell with him?" Prosper rapped out his questions as quickly as he could speak.

"Go? Back along the edge of Wolf's Hold, towards your camp—and he seems to me as if he's gone killing mad or something. You'd better go easy—if you're following him—easy. I tell you he swung that dog up heavens high and flung him yards—yards—I thought he had the horse too! Didn't you hear that horse yell—it turned me cold for a——"

But Prosper had swung on to his pony and

was gone. All the detective heard was a shout—trailing, as it were, over Prosper's shoulder as Charleston shot away.

"Come on to the camp later—"

Detective Inspector Meek stared after him.

"He may be a fool—or a Duke—or just an eccentric young ass, but there's nothing the matter with his nerve!" muttered the man from Scotland Yard—a judge of nerves.

His face was white and he started a little—wheeling like a flash, his automatic pistol thrust forward, as he heard quick steps coming up on his left.

"Halt! . . . You there— whoever you are! Who are you?"

The newcomer answered the challenge without delay.

"**R**IGHT! All right, Inspector! This is Wakeling—Major Wakeling! D'ye want any help—I heard a shot!"

The Major loomed alongside.

"Did you see the galloping man, Inspector? He passed me like a man on a runaway. Was it Fair—or the night-rider?"

"Oh, Fair—coming back—he's heading for his camp—"

"I heard a horse scream—and, unless I'm fancying things, an elephant was trumpeting!"

"Sure it was—his elephant. Came within a foot of smashing me, that monster of his!" grumbled Meek. "I tell you, Major, I've seen a sight to-night—"

But, like Prosper, the Major interrupted.

"Where is the elephant? He was upset—he may be dangerous, man—something wrong, if I know anything about elephants—which way did he go?"

"Oh, back to the camp—Fair's after him now—"

"Good, good! I'll get along to lend a hand. Queer things, elephants."

He strode off into the night.

Detective-Inspector Meek hesitated, glanced at the dog, fumbled for a moment, unbuckling the collar which he crammed into his pocket, then followed the Major.

"I'm wrong—I know it. I'm here to catch a man, not to chase crazy elephants! And our man is lurking round about here somewhere—unmounted, for once, in a way."

The detective moved along in the dark shadow of the palisade-like edge of the timber, slowly and very quietly, listening as he went, his pistol ready for instant use.

"Not quite so dashing as our hell-fire-fear-nothing amateur, or even our nervy Major," he muttered once, rather acidly. "But then headquarters don't pay me to dash about—they're paying me at present to find and arrest the murderer of Molly O'Mourne!"

He was entirely right. Detective-Inspector Meek had long since had his natural "dash" disciplined and throttled down to an extremely controllable level.

He did not like elephants—indeed, after what he had seen that night he hated and feared them. But, nevertheless, like any other first-class Scotland Yard man if he had seen the man he wanted sheltering in the middle of a herd of elephants he would have gone to get him—grumbling and scared, perhaps, but stubbornly resolute. . . .

He was anxious to hear from Prosper about the gunshot he had heard away to his left, "if the elephant leaves anything of him—he growled as he padded silently along.

But he need not have worried.

A few moments' quick riding—too quick over the rotten, rabbit-bored ground—had brought Prosper to his camp.

As he slid from the pony he heard Stolid Joe complaining and snuffling somewhere

over by the caravan. He knotted the reins over a bough, switched on his torch, threw an armful of his stored twigs and dried brushwood on the embers of his fire, kicked them into the flame, and turned to the elephant.

Stolid Joe was groping gingerly at the base of the caravan door, snuffling—as though whispering to the whining and excited Plutus inside.

Prosper stood where he was, and called across to him "Joe! You, Joe, there! Here! Come over here, Stolid Joe!"

The elephant stared, rocking from side to side, his ears half forward.

"Huzoor! Come here, you!" said Prosper sharply, using the old elephant's strictly official name.

JOE rolled over to him, grumbling softly. He stopped a few feet away, towering over Prosper. Then he curled his long trunk up and back, saluting politely and, as Prosper, used to him, realized, rather apologetically.

Then, without awaiting an order, he slowly knelt, still mumbling that queer deep-down note of complaint.)

His trunk swung slowly round to his left shoulder with exactly the air of one who points, saying—

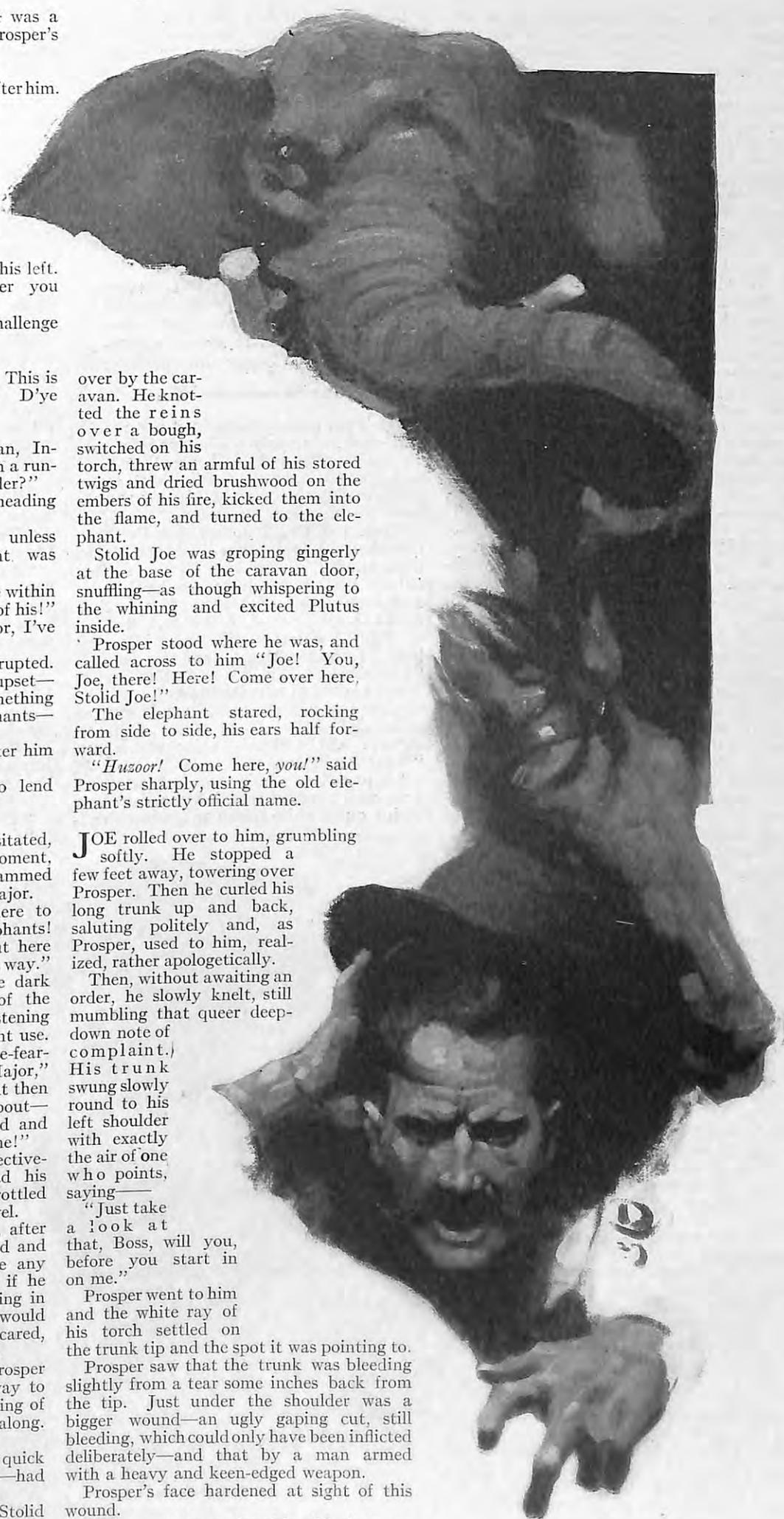
"Just take a look at that, Boss, will you, before you start in on me."

Prosper went to him and the white ray of his torch settled on the trunk tip and the spot it was pointing to.

Prosper saw that the trunk was bleeding slightly from a tear some inches back from the tip. Just under the shoulder was a bigger wound—an ugly gaping cut, still bleeding, which could only have been inflicted deliberately—and that by a man armed with a heavy and keen-edged weapon.

Prosper's face hardened at sight of this wound.

"Why, you poor, humble old chap, no



wonder you lost your temper for a few minutes! . . . Let me just look at that closer! . . . Yes. *That's* the hall-mark of our prehistoric friend or I am much mistaken! All right, old man. There is nothing so bad that it might not be slightly worse—stay so, Joseph mine, and we'll apply healing matters to this, beginning with cocoanut and brown sugar—for a balm to your more intimate personal feelings."

Moving quickly, Prosper lit lamps, found, shelled and filled with sugar a couple of cocoanuts—Joe's favorite *comfit*—and produced certain other succulent matters of a vegetable nature. To these small affairs he invited the elephant's attention.

Then he washed and dressed the wound—a deep clean cut—precisely the kind of cut which might have been inflicted by one of the peculiar weapons in which the night-rider appeared to specialize.

It was just as he finished rinsing the gash, that a crackling twig outside the camp brought Prosper's head round.

Major Giles Wakeling it was, who strode into the light rather quickly.

"A little briskness to-night, Fair, hey?" he said. "It might have been uglier, I fancy—"

"VERY much uglier," agreed Prosper.

He stood by, watching Prosper working deftly on the big gash.

"You're neat with your hands," he said. "That's some more of the axe-thrower's work, I suppose. No wonder the elephant lost his temper!"

The Major broke off, glancing round, then drew something from under his coat.

"You'd better have this, Fair, I think, and please yourself whether you let Meek know of it or not, just as you think fit. I would advise—don't quite know why, but feel that way—yes, I would strongly advise that you keep it to yourself—for the present."

He passed the thing.

Prosper took it, held it to a lamp, peering close.

"I almost tripped over it coming along—it was sticking in the turf. It's pretty clear that this is the thing that did the damage to—eh? your little elephant, as you call him!"

The Major chuckled nervously, watching Prosper's lean face in the lamp-light as he bent over the weapon the Major had brought in.

It was a short-handled, sharp-edged axe of dull bronze, almost small enough to be called a tomahawk, but far heavier—a thing that was capable of crushing a man's skull like an egg-shell.

Prosper did not answer until he had put it away in the caravan.

"What do you make of it, Fair?"

Prosper continued his work on the wound.

"Why, Major, I am afraid that it's conclusive."

"Conclusive!"

"I mean," said Prosper equably, "that it seems to indicate to me, without much possibility of any mistake, the identity of the axe-thrower."

He touched his lips with a finger in a gesture of warning as Detective-Inspector Meek emerged from the shadows.

They seemed to understand each other extremely well, Prosper and the nerve-shocked V. C.

In spite of the fact that the night-rider had been so close to capture, and yet had evaded it, the detective was in quite an affable humor.

"A little nearer and we should have had him," he said as he came. "Even now, if we had a good dog, we'd get him." He jerked a hand, indicating the moorland.

TWO stories of show-folk are on our list for early publication. "Vaudeville Ain't Refined," by Paul Schubert, whose first contribution to our magazine is packed with laughs; and "Sisters of the Air," one of the best circus stories Courtney Ryley Cooper has written

"He's out there—dismounted and maybe hurt—now. We only need a few more men on the watch—and we'll get them," he said. "And, anyway, we've learnt something to-night—we've got his dog and we know his pony—eh, gentlemen?"

"Yes, and I've a notion that I've seen that chestnut pony before," said the Major, thoughtfully. "And not far from here, either. Let me see—just where have I seen a chestnut pony with two white forelegs before—"

"Eh? A chestnut with two white forelegs?" Inspector Meek's tone was puzzled. "The horse I saw hadn't any white forelegs—and I saw it in full moonlight!"

"Nor was it a chestnut," put in Prosper drily.

"Not, eh?" Meek's voice was eager. "What was it then?"

"It passed me within three feet and unless I am very much in error it was a light bay, with a queer white splash on its near shoul-

der. None of its legs was white, I believe, and I have seen it before—in a better light although it was foggy."

The detective stared from one to the other.

"And I was hoping you gentlemen could help me identify the pony again!" he said bitterly. "Yet here we are all differing about the color of the beast. I thought it was a plain chestnut, the Major says it was a chestnut with two white forelegs, and you, Mr. Fair, claim that it was a kind of piebald!"

It was clear from the disappointment in his tone that he had been uncertain himself and had hoped to get a clearer idea from them.

He thought for a moment, then shrugged. "Oh, well, there's the dog. I oughtn't to have any trouble finding the owner of that—"

He drew the collar from his pocket and held it so that the light of Prosper's lamp fell on the small brass plate which the law requires to be engraved with the owner's name and address.

"A woman!"

"What?" demanded Prosper and the Major, simultaneously, incredulously.

"The dog belongs to a woman!" insisted Inspector Meek harshly.

"But that's impossible!" said the Major. "No ordinary woman could throw axes like that—"

"Probably not—it's an extraordinary woman I'm looking for—" snapped Meek. He read from the collar. "Miss Claire Sinclair, Bracken Hall, Beechenhurst, near Lyndhurst—"

Prosper turned suddenly from the kneeling elephant.

"Beechenhurst, Lyndhurst, did you say?" he asked, as yet another figure walked into the camp—the towering figure of Forester Hambleton.

"That's it," said the detective.

"I question if you will find her at Beechenhurst, Inspector," suggested Prosper mildly.

"Oh—and why not, Mr. Fair?"

"Because there is no such place as Beechenhurst in the whole of the Forest," said Prosper.

"What d'ye mean—no such place? It's here—engraved on this dog collar!"

"POSSIBLY!" Prosper rose, with a final touch at the elephant's wound. "But, of course, anybody can invent a name and have it engraved on a dog collar!"

The Inspector laughed incredulously. "Very likely—but they very rarely do." He turned to Hambleton. "You could settle this for us, Forester—where's Beechenhurst, near Lyndhurst?"

"Beechenhurst, sir? Beechenhurst?"

. . . You don't mean Brockenhurst?"

"No," snarled Mr. Meek, irritably, "nor do I mean Blastenhurst, man. Beechenhurst—Beechenhurst. That's plain English, isn't it? Somewhere near Lyndhurst? Just exactly where is it, Forester?"

"I've lived in the Forest all my life and I know every place with a name for miles around—but I've never heard of Beechenhurst. There's no such place."

"Huh! . . . Ever heard of a Miss Claire Sinclair about here?"

"No, sir."

(Continued on page 50)



Prosper met Crystal and Alan as they were starting and confided to them the news of Dillon Mant's arrest



A Most Unusual Chronicle of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police

The Brave Tradition

By Frederick L. Nebel

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

FORT STALWART is no man's idea of Paradise. It lies well beyond the mighty Churchill, which is to say it lies where the strong woods begin to dwindle to dwarfed, spindly sticks, and the bleak, unlovely tundra sprawls its lean, naked miles forlornly to the lip of the Polar seas. Hardy trappers and nomadic Indians sometimes stop there on their way north to the hard-bitten fox grounds. You will find a trading station, some teepees and moss-chinked cabins, and a solitary Mounted Police post, testimony to the diligence of Dominion Law.

In that snug, split-log cabin three men sat around a small sheet-iron "Jerry" that glowed red in the sepia dusk of late afternoon. It was mid-winter, at the time of the wolf moon, and a rowdy wind was bowling down out of the Arctic ice-barrens and cudgling the north wall of the sturdy cabin.

There was Sergeant Dineen, fresh from the Saskatchewan "Park" country. A tall, lean, dark man, with jet eyes and a hard slash of a mouth. He was known for a stickler on points of the law. He had made an enviable name for himself in the lower Northland; had thwarted a train robbery or two and apprehended more than one gang of smugglers along the border. A brusque man of thirty-five; dogmatic, arrogant, sensitive, because he was not a little vain, to direct opposition. He had been transferred from Depot Division to "F" Division, and Kinkaid, the superintendent at Prince Albert, had sent him north to inspect all the patrols from the Saskatchewan to Hudson's Bay.

Next to him sat Corporal Powderley, in charge of the Fort Stalwart detachment. Bill Powderley—big, burly, easygoing. Not a spectacular man, the corporal, but steady, reliable and amiable. He knew the Arctic, its moods, its savage beauty, its bleak ugliness. He was proud of the scarlet tunic he wore, proud of its traditions.

Constable Slade would have died for him, and Steve Slade was a hard-bitten soldier, a tough, seasoned trooper. He was mending

a broken racket and smoking his pipe, his feet, encased in duffel socks, propped against the lower part of the stove.

Dineen spat sharply into the wood-box and said, "The patrol, then, could be made in two weeks?"

"Just about," nodded Powderley.

"Those Indians must be taught a lesson," went on the sergeant crisply. "The Yellow Knives have always been a damned lot of trouble-makers, and I'm here to make them sit up and take notice. Gathering from your talk, Powderley, your patrol has been losing prestige. It's bad business when a gang of Indians laugh at the red coat—actually dare you to come and capture them. Indeed, indeed, this can't go on. You must show them you are here, make them feel pressure."

Powderley shrugged. "It's not the Indians so much as the half-breed Bauchard. He incites them."

"Besides," put in Slade, "we can't be all over the blasted country at the same time. There's been no killin's. The Yellow Knives have done some poachin', an' they have been laughin' at us. Bill's given 'em a long talk and he's warned Bauchard."

"The idea is," shot back Dineen, "that the Force is losing prestige. This cannot exist for long. I think I have some license to say that I know what I'm talking about. You both know my record, one of the best in the Force, if I say it myself. You have got to be hard, and I intend to be hard. You men will make this patrol with me. We shall go north, locate this gang of rough-necks, and I shall deal with them."

"It'll take longer than two weeks," demurred Powderley. "We can't use drastic methods, sergeant. The Indians, after all, are just so many children. You have to handle them tactfully."

"Are you insinuating," cut in Dineen, "that I am without tact? Haven't you read

the last Official Report? Does my record suggest that I am ineffectual? Do you not know that I have been recommended for promotion?"

"I've read the report," admitted Powderley.

"And tell me, my dear Powderley, during your four years in the Force, have you ever been mentioned for meritorious work in the yearly report?"

"No, I guess I haven't. I guess I'm not much, sergeant. I try to do my best, keep on friendly terms with the Indians—"

"Why," interjected Slade, a mutinous note in his voice, "it was only back in November that Bill mushed eighty miles to give aid to a bunch o' starvin' Indians. Eighty miles through a hell of a blizzard. I don't think you know much about this bald spot o' the world, sergeant. It's not only apprehendin' law-breakers. It's makin' long patrols with the spirit thermometer way down, savin' stranded trappers, treatin' the sick, smoothin' over feuds. Hell, the South is just child's play compared with this dirty drill."

DINEEN didn't like this. He bit the con- stable with a hard stare. "Are you, by any chance, attempting to belittle my achievement?" he asked icily.

"I'm just tryin' to show you the conditions we work under," replied Slade, unabashed.

"Well, let me tell you something, my dear Slade," was the next shot. "I've won my stripes. They were not given to me because of my length of service, which has been comparatively short. I've won them, you understand. My recompense for meritorious service, for victory over the men I've beaten."

"Up here," persisted Slade, eying his racket critically, "we have more than men to fight. There's the Arctic cold, the blizzards, the loneliness. In short, we fight somethin' you can't lay hands on. We fight somethin' in ourselves, somethin' that's in the damned Arctic air, a kind of devilish ghost that



stalks us on the tundra when the grub's low and our face and feet are frost-bit."

"Bah!" scoffed Dineen. "Sentimental rot!"

"I guess," shrugged Slade, "you don't understand."

"Don't tell me I don't understand!" snapped Dineen hotly.

Powderley stood up, yawning. "Suppose I rustle some grub," he ventured.

"To-morrow," bit off Dineen, "we mush. I'll show this country some live-wire patrolling. Dammit all, Slade, you talk as if I'd been handed my stripes on a golden platter! I won them, you understand! What tommyrot you babble about! Ghosts, loneliness, and so on. I know my business. There's not a barracks, not a detachment post, that hasn't heard of me and what I've done. And the evidence, in black and white, is in the little blue Official Report, signed by the Commissioner at Ottawa!"

"I'll be getting the grub ready," drawled Powderley.

* * * *

The patrol plugged out of Fort Stalwart before sun-up, for the sun on the white frontier is a tardy sun. Eight Hudson Bay huskies hauled the heavily-laden twelve-foot toboggan. Their breaths spumed out like silver clouds and settled back to congeal on their shaggy faces. Their feet were bound with moosehide, to save them from the lacerating surface of the harsh snow. Pick, the leader, was a whale of a brute, with a malignant eye and temperament that brooked no foolishness on the part of his mates while in the traces.

Ten feet ahead of the leader strode Powderley, rocking rhythmically on his broad snowshoes, his capote-hood thrown back, his bearskin cap snuggling down around his ears. On the left of the toboggan walked Dineen, intense, alert, militarily straight. Behind it came Slade, with a thirty-foot-caribou-gut whip coiled about his hand.

THE outfit moved through a grove of stunted spruce, struck a narrow frozen waterway that flowed north. Far and away tumbled the low, rolling and ravaged wastes. Blanched willows grew by the wilderness river. Withered spruce and tamarack straggled in bleak disarray, clicking hollowly under the lash of the sharp wind. Overhead brooded the drab, passionless sky. There were no tall woods, no strong woods, no tang of healthy pine. It was the edge of the Barrens, the playground of blizzards, the back-door of the world, and the testing-ground of men.

Powderley was used to it. Calm, philosophic, he had become acclimated to the long marches, the stark loneliness, the pangs of near starvation. Doubtless he would never attain to any great station in the Force. In fact, he did not care. His existence was an orderly one. He had settled disturbances among the Indians time and again, but when entered in his journal they appeared commonplace. He had a habit of omitting colorful detail. Inwardly he cherished the brave traditions upon which the Force was built. One must keep faith with the men who had little by little moulded its traditions, since the first three hundred, in plumed helmets, marched across the Portage plains carrying to the Indians the good-will of the Great White Mother—Queen Victoria.

THE sun rose, reluctantly. Like a ball of frozen ice it shouldered its way over the southeastern bulge of the earth, laying a pallid light upon the forlorn land. A big snowshoe rabbit traveled like a specter along the backbone of a low ridge. A brace of ptarmigan regarded the travelers stupidly from a clump of spruce scrub.

The men had temporarily removed their rackets, for the snow on the river was frozen solid. They traveled briskly. By nightfall they were still on the wilderness river, and continued for two hours by the light of the moon. They wound up at an Indian camp, and the chief, recognizing Powderley, shook hands with him and offered him and his mates the hospitality of the encampment. Other Indians crowded around Powderley, and the big, burly corporal grinned his slow, warm grin and shook their hands. It was patent that he was well liked, and Dineen, seeing the display, thought hard for a moment and then strode across to have his say. To begin with, he erred when he interrupted the chief, who was talking in dialect to Powderley.

"My dear fellow," he cut in officiously, rocking on his heels, "your camp seems to be in a pretty ragged condition."

The chief shut up like a clam, looked at Dineen blankly, expressionlessly.

Powderley said: "This is Sergeant Dineen."

The chief grunted, spat but said nothing. "Ragged, I say," went on Dineen, bending his brows. "Camp really should be in better condition than this. And I say, when a Mounted Patrol stops at your camp, my dear chief, you ought to feast it, you know.

We take care of you fellows, treat your sick and so on, and generally look after you. Did you get my name? Dineen—Sergeant Dineen. You've heard of it, of course."

The chief grunted, turned on his heel and marched off. Dineen flexed his lips and frowned darkly. He turned to Powderley.

"Lack of courtesy there, Powderley," he clipped. "You see how the beggars actually insult the Force. We're losing prestige. I'll have a talk with that bird, right now."

Powderley laid a hand on the sergeant's shoulder.

"Better not," he drawled.

"But he actually insulted me, I tell you! Turned his back on me."

"Forget it," said Powderley. "You really shouldn't have talked the way you did. He's a touchy old man. Used to be a big figure until the plague wiped out most of his tribe. He offered us his hospitality, but I refused. There's a famine threatening. They really can't spare us any grub."

"But," insisted Dineen, "I demand respect! The beggar's gesture was a tacit insult!"

He started for the chief's teepee, but Powderley stepped in his path.

"I'd think it over, sergeant," he urged calmly.

"But I—"

"Now wait a minute. Think it over."

The two men faced each other squarely. In Dineen's eyes was a hard, bitter light. In Powderley's, serenity.

From their campfire Slade yelled: "Grub's about ready."

Dineen pivoted sharply and stalked to their campfire. Powderley rolled leisurely after him.

Dawn of a new day found the patrol plodding across a windswept waste under a lowering sky. Powderley was still in his serene, easy-going mood. He had smoothed things over with the chief; had gone into his teepee, patted him on the shoulder, given him some tobacco. The corporal was as oil upon troubled waters. He believed that he represented the Dominion as an officer of peace and not as an antagonistic agency. He was not used to stalking about barracks in polished boots and creased trousers; not used to breezing about railway stations and drawing the attention of passengers. For the red coat does draw attention. It is a coat of tradition.



The patrol plodded its way across the edge of the Barrens, the playground of blizzards, the backdoor of the world, and the testing-ground of men

Now Slade was as different, in a way, as a man could be. He was a chunky man, quick with his tongue, and perfectly satisfied to follow orders to the letter—that is, provided they were given by a man whom he liked and in a roundabout way respected. Under some circumstances he had mighty loose ideas regarding authority. His barracks life had been short. He was primarily a frontier man, and he liked it. Six years back he had joined the Force as constable. He was still that. He never expected to be any more, and didn't want to. He was purely a trooper, and a hard-boiled one into the bargain.

Dineen, after that first tiff with Powderley near the chief's teepee, had thereafter pointed his words with sharp barbs and tried to draw the corporal into various arguments, all aimless and nothing short of being trite. But Powderley was difficult to ruffle, and had stuck to his pipe and his own thoughts, replying only occasionally with an amused grin or a casual shrug of his thick shoulders.

But Slade had chimed in, and not gently. As a result, he made of Dineen a bitter enemy, while Powderley sat by, smoking, watching, weighing, and saying nothing. In a way the corporal regretted it, because it had not been for himself that Slade had butted in, but in mutinous defense of Powderley.

HENCE, as they trudged northward now over the hummocky tundra, the corporal was carrying a burden, a mental burden. It was not good to have dissension among three men on a lonely, raw patrol, where there is no outlet through diversion or a change of atmosphere and association. Privately he did not like Dineen. How could he? Dineen was nothing more or less than an egotistic ass, so obviously so that it was appalling. And yet, strangest of all, he had a record in the Force, a spotless record, set down in black and white in the little blue book.

"Record my eye!" bit off Slade harshly that afternoon, while they were spelling the dogs, with Dineen gone off to shoot a ptarmigan.

"It's in black and white, Steve," said Powderley.

"There's a lot of crooked things in black and white, Bill!"

"Not this, though."

"Hell! Well, all right, he made himself a record in the South. He chased bootleggers and, God knows how, he nabbed a couple of crooks. Quick! A spectacular guy. It might go in the South,

but not up here. I tell you, Bill, I'm goin' to push in his face if he don't let up."

"Now, Steve! Easy, old boy!" He clapped the constable on the back and grinned. "Don't let your Arctic 'ghost' get you."

"Say, don't you think he's a lot o' hot air?"

The corporal shrugged and bent down to look at the wheel-dog's feet.

Dineen returned, without the ptarmigan. He was a little peeved, and made no remark apropos the incident.

"Let's mush," he clipped, and the outfit moved.

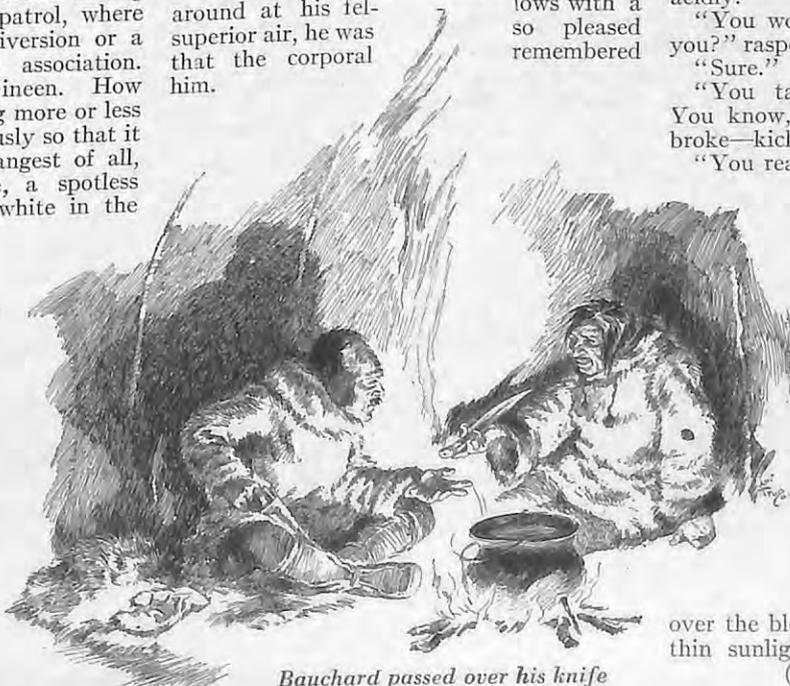
That day passed, and then another, with intermittent clashes between the sergeant and the constable. Still Powderley refrained from interference. His sentiments were naturally with Slade, but his serene logic kept him from openly taking the constable's side. When the cross-fire of diatribes became too hot, he had his own smooth way of bringing up another subject and diverting the men's attention.

On the fifth day they met a nomadic band of Indians on the meat trail. Half a dozen recognized him and shouted greetings. He waved and they came over, their hands extended, their haggard faces lighting up. Powderley shook hands all around, smiled his slow, infectious smile, and let them stuff their pipes from his own pouch.

"Me see you long tam back at Pelican Narrow station, Corp," said one, proud of the fact.

"Yes, I remember," nodded Powderley.

The Indian's chest swelled, and he looked around at his fellows with a superior air, he was so pleased that the corporal remembered him.



Bauchard passed over his knife

"How's the meat?" asked Powderley.

"No meat," sighed the Indian, and the others grunted supplementary remarks. "The wolf moon she ride the heavens. No moose. No caribou. Since the moon was full we hear de wolves ev'ry night. Dem be on de meat trail too, Corp." He flung his arm toward the Polar rim, and said: "By-'n'-by come de blizzard. Mooch death, Corp."

Powderley tightened his lips a bit. "Better stay in this region, so I can help you all if the worst comes. Anyhow, good luck!"

THE Indian who acted as spokesman grinned, puffed up his pipe and extended it stem-first to Powderley. The corporal put it between his teeth, took a couple of puffs and then returned it. After which he shook hands warmly, and stood spread-legged while the Indians trudged off. Then he returned to his own outfit.

"No wonder," barked Dineen, "the Force is losing prestige when you mix with Indians as if you were one of them. Pat them on the back. Smoke their pipes. Bah!" He flung ahead in a black mood.

Powderley opened his mouth to say something, but changed his mind and uncurled the dog-whip. Slade, who was standing at the head of the team, spat and then caught Dineen's eye.

"The Indians don't ask any Mountry to smoke their pipes, Sarge," he ripped out acidly.

"You would have to say that, wouldn't you?" rasped Dineen.

"Sure."

"You talk too damned much, Slade. You know, I've got a mind to have you broke—kicked out of the Force."

"You really have got a mind, eh? Well, use it, Sarge. I can always go back to dog-mushin' for the H. B. C."

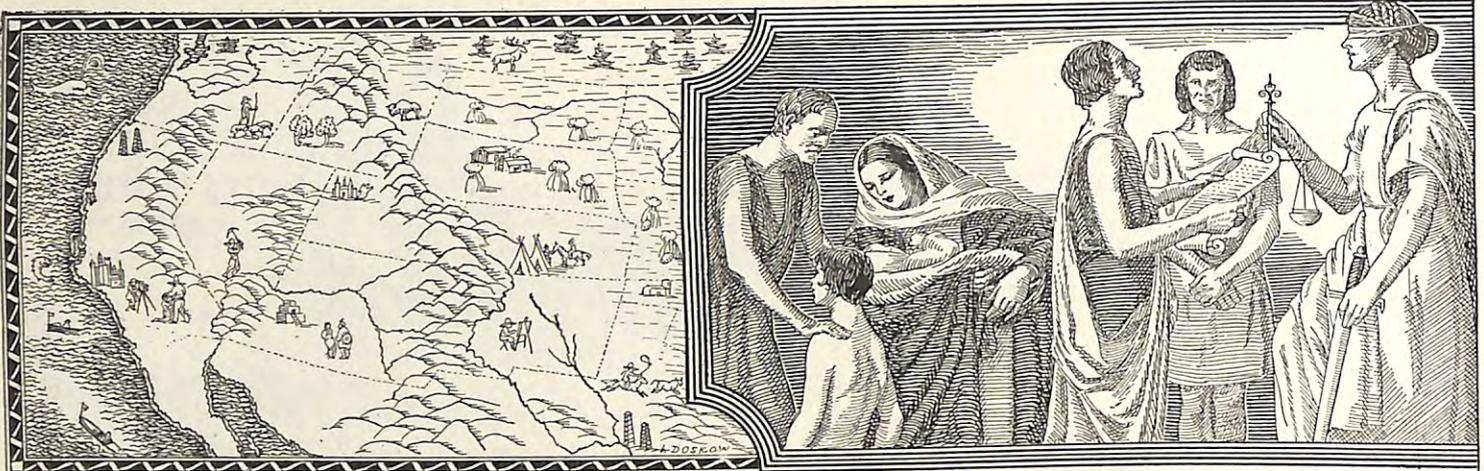
"Let's mush!" yelled Powderley, and cracked his whip.

The dogs strained in the traces, and Slade was forced to push on, with another caustic remark still unused on his tongue.

Something, mused the corporal, was bound to come of this. The men were becoming bitterer with each succeeding mile.

They were well into the barrens. A frigid mist hung over the bleak, treeless swells, diffusing the thin sunlight, and making the sun itself

(Continued on page 54)



EDITORIAL

THANKSGIVING DAY

"As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove."

ONE of the earliest of all religious ceremonies was that of formal thanksgiving to God for blessings that had been received. It was originally an individual ceremony, observed at such times as the particular celebrant might be moved to do so by considerations appealing peculiarly to himself. And in ancient days an essential feature of the ritual was a thank offering, sacrificed upon the altar as a symbol of worshipful gratitude. But the sentiment exhausted itself in the formal expression thus given to it. From a religious standpoint it concerned itself with none other than the worshipper.

But as a clearer conception of duty taught men that a true God could take no pleasure in burnt offerings, as such, nor in empty phrases of priestly ritual, but rather in a humble heart that evidenced its sincerity of gratitude by sharing blessings with those less fortunate, the custom of altar sacrifice was abandoned. And it was replaced by a special offertory for the poor, a feature of practically all thanksgiving occasions to-day.

In America the custom of observing a formal thanksgiving ceremony is still quite universally a religious one, and a special day is annually set apart for it by executive proclamation. But in our Order the religious aspect of the occasion has significance only as the individual members may severally regard it. However, the custom of observing the appointed day by making generous donations to the poor and needy has become well established as a subordinate Lodge activity; and thousands of destitute homes are each year gladdened and brightened on Thanksgiving Day by the substantial evidences of the thoughtful kindness and spirit of helpfulness of the Elks.

It is a fraternal custom that deserves to be perpetuated and more generally followed. It is one that appeals to the membership and finds ready support from all to whom it is properly presented.

Thanksgiving Day is only a few weeks away. Preparations for it should be soon under way and

efficiently organized in each Lodge, so that the Order may maintain its fine record in its observance. There should be no falling off in the splendid aggregate of activities in this particular benevolent service. On the contrary, there should be an increased enthusiasm and a larger number of members personally participating in carrying out the program in each Lodge. Only thus will there be real justification for our pride in this distinctly Elk-like service.

THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO

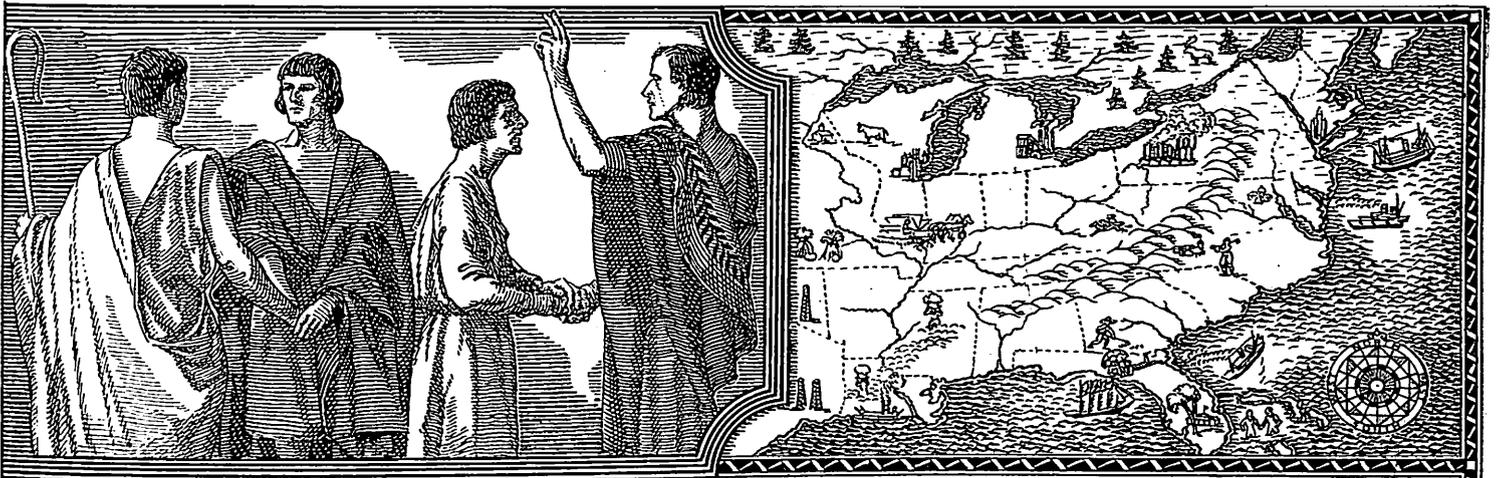
IN HIS first official circular, Grand Exalted Ruler Malley urged the subordinate Lodges to interest themselves in some definite worthwhile undertaking, to be determined by careful study of local conditions and to be carried forward with energy and enthusiasm. And he aptly quotes: "There is so much to do. There is so little time."

Those familiar with the creditable record of the Order's charitable and benevolent activities have a natural pride in the fine statistical showing. But it is well known that many of the Lodges content themselves with responses to direct appeals for aid in specific cases and do not undertake any definitely organized service with which the Lodge is peculiarly identified, and in which the members may feel a personal interest. It is this fact which contributes very largely to the small attendance upon their Lodge meetings and to the lack of enthusiasm among their members.

As the Grand Exalted Ruler states, subordinate Lodges progress while they keep their members interested in some worthwhile undertaking. And the suggestion is commended to every Lodge which has not already undertaken some definite activity which may be regarded as its own special job in its community. It is the surest way to win the aroused interest of the members.

And there should be no difficulty in selecting the service to be performed. "There is so much to do," even in the most favored communities, that the only question to be decided is the particular need which most appeals to the Lodge membership.

It is, of course, a real service to maintain a readiness to make generous response to special



calls for assistance. But there is little in this attitude to inspire the enthusiasm of the rank and file. It is mere fraternal routine, handled for the most part by the officers and committees as a matter of course. But an aggressively conducted community service in which the Lodge makes itself the leader and recognized dominant factor necessarily inspires the individual members with a feeling of personal responsibility and pride. And this will reflect itself in an increased interest in all the fraternal activities of the Lodge.

The duty rests upon the Lodges everywhere to play a leading part in the community service. It is a duty that has been self imposed. It cannot be adequately met by mere casual donations for the relief of occasional cases of distress. The field is wider than that. There is so much to do.

YOUR OWN HOME

SOME cynical philosopher once said that "fools build houses for wise men to live in." In the narrow sense that it is generally cheaper, in dollars and cents, to pay rent than it is to bear the expense of the investment cost and maintenance charges, incident to home ownership, there is some basis for the aphorism. But in the light of the comfort and satisfaction such ownership brings, and because of the feeling of independence, of enlarged responsibility, and of domestic and civic importance it provides, the falsity of the old saw is obvious, when applied to one's own home.

Mere ownership does not insure domestic happiness in a home, of course. That depends upon many conditions wholly dissociated from such proprietorship. But the sense of possession, the consciousness of a permanent interest in a definite location, the feeling of independent individuality, which very naturally attend it, are pretty substantial contributions to a state of mind that itself has much to do in assuring domestic contentment.

And it leads to many other interests that broaden the outlook, multiply the contacts of life, and uplift the heart. The home owner feels a keener concern about neighborhood conditions. He has a more definite interest in the extent and character of community development. He is a freer and more important participant in local civic affairs. He knows himself to be identified in a permanent way with the very soil of his holding

and that he is something more than a mere transient sojourner.

He is minded to plant a tree in his yard, because it is his yard and the tree will be his; and he feels that the care and nurture of it will repay him and his in grateful shade through the years to come. He is moved to beautify and adorn his home, because it is his and he looks forward to a continued enjoyment of it, and not to its early surrender to some succeeding tenant. There is a fine pride to be experienced in stamping his individuality, a bit of himself, upon his home and its surroundings, to be passed on to his children and grandchildren.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

IN a recent address before an Institute of Public Affairs, conducted by one of our great universities, a distinguished speaker said: "No person is worthy of the benefits of American citizenship who persistently refuses and avoids the attending obligations of his citizenship. . . . These obligations involve the observance of the law, keeping before the people the sanctity of law and order, taking proper personal interest in public affairs, and casting one's ballot for what he intelligently believes to be the best interests of the country."

There is nothing new in this. But it is an admirably succinct statement of our chief civic obligations, from a source and upon an occasion, that deserves more than a mere casual reading.

If you are not an honest observer of the law, you are not as good a citizen as every Elk should be. If you encourage or condone in others a disregard of the sanctity of law and order, you are displaying poor citizenship. If you leave it to others, mayhap less well equipped, to assume control of public affairs, you are failing in a patriotic duty. If you dodge jury service, you are a civic slacker. If you fail to cast your ballot as your intelligence dictates to be for the general good, you are avoiding the performance of a definite obligation of citizenship. In all these delinquencies you are failing to observe your specific obligation as an Elk.

We have a keen pride in the patriotism of the Order. And that pride is well justified. But we do sometimes forget that patriotism is just another name for good citizenship. It is well to be occasionally reminded of some of the things that it involves in our every-day life.



GILTO HARMONY CO.

James Uriah Sammis

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

NEWs of the death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. U. Sammis, at his home in Chicago, was received with deep sorrow by his many friends throughout the Order.

Mr. Sammis was born at Polo, Ill., September 13, 1863. He came to Le Mars, Iowa, in the eighties and was admitted to the bar, practising, at first, in partnership with Judge G. C. Scott and, later, in 1902, with Judge C. C. Bradley of Sioux City, Iowa. Though he maintained offices in the latter city, he kept his residence in Le Mars, and continued to do so, except for the few years he lived in Long Beach, Calif., and in Chicago.

Mr. Sammis was a charter member of Le Mars Lodge, No. 428, in which he took a great interest, becoming its Exalted Ruler for 1899-1900. In 1901 he represented his Lodge at the Grand Lodge meeting in Milwaukee, Wis. For three terms, 1901-1904,

under Grand Exalted Rulers Pickett, Cronk and Fanning, he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, then called the Committee on Laws. From 1904-1909, for five terms, he served as the Chairman of this Committee under Grand Exalted Rulers O'Brien, Brown, Melvin, Tener and Holland. At the Grand Lodge meeting held in Los Angeles in 1909 he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Sammis was a brilliant orator and advocate, and gained a far-reaching reputation in his career. He participated in practically all of the political campaigns, both state and national, from 1888 up to the time he left Iowa. The funeral services, conducted by the officers and members of Le Mars Lodge, were attended by many of his fellow citizens, and by distinguished members of the Order from various parts of the country.

Annual Autumn Meeting

Grand Lodge Officers, Committeemen and District Deputies

THE annual conference of Grand Lodge Officers, and Committeemen, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, held this year in Chicago on Saturday, September 24th, was a very profitable meeting marked by high enthusiasm. Since 1921 it has been the practice of each Grand Exalted Ruler to hold these conferences in the fall for the purpose of inducting his District Deputies into office and instructing them in the policies and plans of the Order so as to prepare them for a year of intelligent work. The recent meeting was called to order by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel, following an informal luncheon.

In addressing his newly appointed District Deputies, the Grand Exalted Ruler urged that they conduct their visitations to Subordinate Lodges with a certain amount of dignified ceremony but that they avoid taking with them very large suites, which place too great a burden on the Lodges visited. He recommended a suite of only ten or a dozen men, enough to serve as Acting Grand Lodge Officers, chosen from among the officers of the District Deputy's own and neighboring Lodges. Continuing, Mr. Malley said:

"I want that there should be an initiation on the occasion of your visit so that you may know that the officers of the Lodge are proficient in the ritual. It is from the inspiration of the ritual that the new member is started in the right way upon his Elk Life. You should see to it that the officers in every Lodge know their ritual and that the initiatory work is done in an impressive manner."

Mr. Malley urged the desirability of encouraging the holding of ritualistic contests, working through the State Associations. After stressing the importance of making a really thorough in-

vestigation into the conditions of each Lodge visited, he went on, in part, as follows:

"See that the laws of the Order are enforced, there is no emphasis placed upon any particular law, but all laws of the Order. This is an organization built upon laws just as our government is a government of laws and not of individuals. We expect the laws to be observed. We expect the Lodges to attune themselves to the communities in which they exist. There should be nothing out of harmony between the Lodge and sentiment of the community in which the Lodge is located. No Lodge of this Order must give scandal or bring the fair name of the Order of Elks into disrepute, and the Lodge that does so does it at its peril. That Lodge will not continue to hold its charter if it is a blot upon the fair banner of Elkdome in bringing the Order into disrepute. Carry on this message to the Lodges and go forth confident that your Grand Exalted Ruler will back you up in every effort that you make for the good of the Order. Tell the Elks everywhere in the country that the Lodge is the great thing in Elkdome, that the Club is an incident; that the Club is something that has grown up because men when they get together like to get together in comfortable and congenial surroundings and like to be good fellows. But it is in the Lodge room that the plans are formed. Out from the Lodge room go the Elks to do good, to carry on and to carry out the great purposes of the organization.

"It is the Lodge that is the great thing. If Elks wish to build a club-house, they should see that the club-house contains a Lodge room. That's the important part.

"Many questions of policy will arise, questions that concern a particular Lodge and in which you will have no right to interfere, but at the same time your advice may be sought. I am

referring now to elections in Subordinate Lodges, and I wish that you would tell the Subordinate Lodges that in my opinion it is bad policy to carry on in the office of Exalted Ruler of a Subordinate Lodge the same man year after year to the discouragement of the other members of the Lodge who are seeking to serve that Lodge in the position of Exalted Ruler. I do not think it helpful to Subordinate Lodges to have these terms of an Exalted Ruler prolonged two, three, four, five and six years. It usually builds up a personal machine to the disadvantage of the Lodge and to the discouragement of other good men in the Lodge. There are times when there are exceptions. Where Lodges have been in poor condition and one strong man comes forward and he seems to be the only one that can carry on that Lodge successfully, why, of course, all intelligent men will agree that he is the one to keep in office, but, as a general proposition, I can see no good reason why an Exalted Ruler should serve more than two terms at the most. I would like to hear from you what reaction you get to see whether there should be any legislation upon a point of that sort.

"Try to make the Exalted Ruler of a Subordinate Lodge believe that this year is his year, that the whole responsibility of the success of that Lodge, and, indeed, of the Order, rests upon him. Tell him that I look to him and expect him to make a record year. Give him some idea of the importance of the position he occupies, and if he hasn't the Elk enthusiasm himself, try to breathe it into him. Give him a little bit of your own enthusiasm and optimism and hope. And, when he is going out of office, he should believe that the service he has given to that Lodge is its own reward and neither he should be expecting to receive, nor his friends

(Continued on page 74)

Dedication at Betty Bacharach Home

SPEAKING recently before a distinguished gathering of citizens and members of the Order at the Betty Bacharach Home in Longport, N. J., Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, formally dedicated the new \$125,000 unit of the home—the administration building and Grace Bacharach memorial ward—to the service of helpless children and the nation.

Stating that the welfare of the nation of tomorrow depends upon the health of the children of to-day, Colonel Roosevelt declared that the home not only ministered to the crippled child but to the nation.

"The United States is a Republic and its welfare depends not upon a group of intellectuals, but upon a good average of citizenship. Let men be good and government cannot be bad. The Betty Bacharach Home will be a living monument for good in the future of our country."

Colonel Roosevelt praised the generosity of the Bacharach family, and the unselfish spirit of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, which maintains the institution.

City Solicitor Joseph B. Perskie, Past Exalted Ruler of Atlantic City Lodge, presided at the dedication exercises, and introduced Colonel Roosevelt and the other speakers.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Commissioner of Public Welfare in Philadelphia, addressed the gathering and stressed the necessity of extending the helping hand to the weak. Other speakers on the program were Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey Crippled Kiddies' Committee, and Dr. Samuel L. Salasin, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. A delightful and touching part of the program was the appearance of a group of children from the Home who sang a song in praise of the Order. Solos were also rendered by Mary E. Phillippi and Leon Leopardi.

Previous to the dedication exercises, a luncheon was given by Harry Bacharach at his home to Colonel Roosevelt, Senator Walter E. Edge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Congressman Isaac Bacharach, Benjamin Bacharach, David Reed, Elias Rcsenbaum, and Joseph G. Buch.

The Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children is one of the most interesting expressions of the welfare work being done by the Order. It is superbly situated between inland bay and ocean waters on a tract of land measuring two hundred and fifty by four hundred and fifty feet at the corner of Twenty-fourth Street and Atlantic Avenue in the city of Longport, N. J.

The property, originally a three-story frame and brick building, was given free of all encumbrances, to Atlantic City Lodge on October 24, 1923, by Congressman Isaac Bacharach and his brother, former Mayor Harry Bacharach, both members of Atlantic City Lodge, the latter a Past Exalted Ruler. The gift was made in honor of their mother, Betty Bacharach. Thus the Home came into existence, open to any child under fifteen years of age, irrespective of race, creed or color, and free of all charge.

At that time, the Bacharach brothers also gave many thousands of dollars toward necessary remodeling of the structure, which was formally opened on May 11, 1924, and in this work the various craftsmen donated the greater part of their services, while contractors furnished material at cost.

A glass-protected playhouse, the gift of Mr. Samuel Stern in honor of his wife, and a strictly modern garage, with living quarters above, erected by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hackney, were additional gifts.

The first ambulance was donated by Mr. Harry P. Johnson, while various other individuals contributed to the purchase of a more

modern vehicle which is indispensable in the transportation of the children, particularly to and from school.

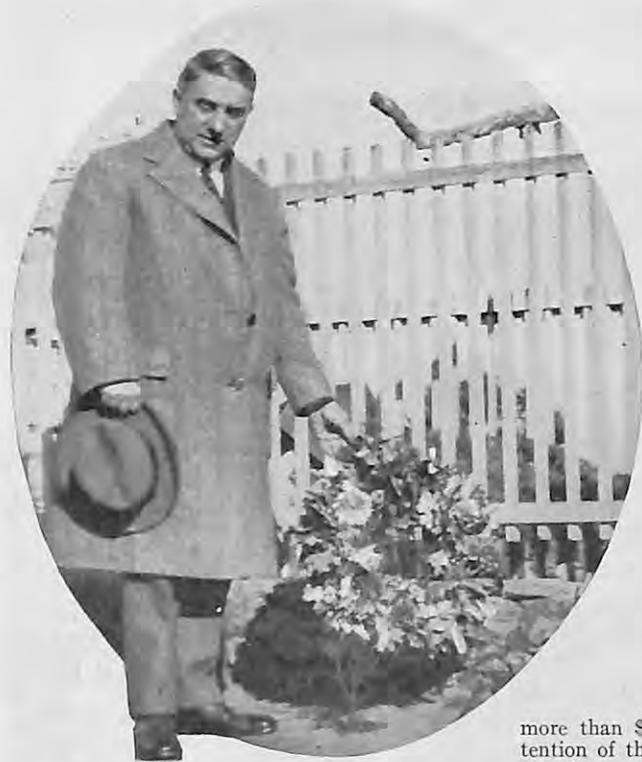
A comprehensive construction schedule involving erection of new buildings and the welding of the entire group into a splendid whole, at a total cost of \$750,000, is now being carried forward.

On May 2, 1926, ground was broken for two of the new buildings whose dedication is described above. They really form one continuous structure, but contain two separate units. They are the administration section, costing \$75,000, donated by the five children of Jacob and Betty Bacharach, who are as follows: Isaac, Harry and Benjamin Bacharach, Mrs. Bertha Hanstein and Mrs. Ray Allman; the ward section, costing \$50,000, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bacharach, in memory of their beloved daughter, Grace, contains fifty beds and otherwise substantially equipped.

The new ward section, which increased the capacity of the Home to one hundred children, is located on Atlantic Avenue, while the Administration headquarters runs along 24th Street.

Soon building will be started also on the inland bay section, and by 1930 the present main building will be again reconstructed, so that it will be connected to the other sections on either side by an arcade. One wing of the arcade, leading to the new building, is already in place.

The Betty Bacharach Home is the only institution of its kind in the country maintained by an individual Lodge of Elks, and such great interest has been taken in the work by other Lodges, that establishment of similar Homes in other sections will probably follow. In fact, it is not at all an unfounded prediction that there will eventually, as a result of the activity here, be a chain of Elks Homes for the care of afflicted children throughout the land.



Grand Exalted Ruler Malley placing a wreath on the tomb of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), who was a life member of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Dedicates Handsome Home

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR BURON FITTS, Acting Governor of the State of California at the time, delivered the dedicatory address at the recent formal opening of the magnificent new Home of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906.

With the beautiful Lodge room of the new Home filled to capacity, the dedication exercises were most impressive throughout. Representatives of many California Lodges, especially of the southern section, were present in large numbers. After welcoming all, Exalted Ruler Eugene W. Biscailuz called upon Past Exalted Ruler Arthur C. Verge, chairman of the dedication committee, who in turn introduced Past Exalted Ruler Jack Curtis, during whose administration the project was conceived and who acted as Grand Exalted Ruler at the dedication, being assisted by other Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Presentation of the keys by Clyde Scull, chairman of the New Building Committee, to the Lodge and their acceptance by Clyde Holbrook, chairman of the Board of Trustees, was the signal for a demonstration lasting several minutes. Short congratulatory addresses were made by Dr. Ralph A. Hagan, member of the Board of Grand Trustees; Mifflin G. Potts, President of the California State Elks Association; Herman Michel, Mayor of Santa Monica; and Jack Doyle, Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. A large banquet and an elaborate vaudeville entertainment completed the festivities.

The new Home is a five-story steel, stone and brick structure occupying a portion of an entire block purchased by the Lodge and fronting on Main Street and Pier Avenue, in the heart of the Bay District's business center. The building represents an expenditure of \$400,000 with furnishings adding \$100,000. The basement contains a ramp garage operated in conjunction with a large auto park adjoining the building, the ground floor contains eleven stores, including a public grill and coffee shop operated by the Lodge. The secretary's office, Lodge room, main lounge, library and committee rooms are on the third floor, the main banquet hall occupying the mezzanine floor. Ladies' quarters, additional committee rooms and a big gymnasium are on the remaining two upper floors.

Danbury, Conn., Lodge Aids In Purchase of Ambulance

Elks of Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, and members of the city's police department, recently played a benefit baseball game at which

more than \$1,000 was realized. It is the intention of the Lodge to turn this sum over to the city toward the purchase of an ambulance which is sorely needed by the community. The one hospital ambulance of the city frequently makes trips outside the city and during its absence Danbury is without proper facilities for taking care of its sick and injured. The acquisition of a second ambulance will be of great help to the city.

Danbury Lodge is also considering plans for building a new Home on its present property. It is estimated the new structure will cost \$135,000.

Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Honors Its Champion Drill Team

The drill team of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, which won the national contest at the Grand Lodge Convention in Cincinnati last July, were recently guests of their fellow members at a reception and banquet given in their honor. Silver medals were presented by Esteemed Leading Knight John E. Burns, to each member of the team, and a championship ribbon, donated by Martin J. Milligan, Captain of the team, was presented by Exalted Ruler Richard A. Grimm. The Exalted Ruler and William R. Cullen, Secretary of the Lodge, also congratulated the team on its excellent work throughout the year and on its success in winning the national drill championship.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge to Build Handsome New Home

Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, will have one of the finest Homes in the Northwest. The membership, at a recent meeting, adopted the plans submitted by their Building Committee, calling for a structure, costing, with equipment, approximately \$1,500,000. It is estimated the new Home will take about fourteen months to complete, after the laying of the cornerstone.

The building will contain a fully equipped gymnasium, with standard swimming pool, handball courts, and every other modern facility, making possible the creation of an Elks' Seattle Athletic Club. There will also be a spacious Lodge room seating 1,600; a large dining-room; three private dining-rooms, one of which will be capable of accommodating 150 guests; a coffee shop; and luxurious lounges for both men and women.

Keokuk, Ia., Lodge Raises Large Sum Through Charity Show

Keokuk, Ia., Lodge, No. 106, recently staged the largest and most successful charity show in its history. "Frolics of 1928" was produced at the Grand Theatre and played for three days to

capacity audiences. It was a fine spectacle with beautiful costumes, scenery, and a cast of sixty actors and actresses excellently coached for their parts.

An industrial parade in connection with the show was given at noon on the opening day. One hundred and forty-five floats and cars and five bands took part in this colorful prelude to the performance. The city was thronged with visitors to see the parade, and every merchant of the city offered goods at bargain prices.

A special sixty-page supplement to the *Gate City Democrat* netted the charity fund of the Lodge more than \$3,000. This, added to the sum realized by the show, made a handsome balance in the Lodge's treasury for its year's welfare work.

Olean Elks are Hosts to Children of the City

More than five hundred children were recently entertained by Olean, N. Y., Lodge, No. 401, at Riverhurst Park. The youngsters enjoyed free rides and all the various other amusements at the park in an all-day outing. They were transported in seventy-five automobiles, arriving at the Park about ten o'clock. Athletic events for girls and boys, baseball games, and other contests for prizes were features of the program. Every care was taken by a capable committee for the safety of the children. The refreshment stands were in charge of a committee who saw that all had plenty to eat. The young people were brought back to the Lodge's Home late in the day, where a pie-eating contest wound up the festivities.

Grand Exalted Ruler Malley Makes Western Trip

Following the meeting of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers held in Chicago, Ill., in the latter part of September, which is reported elsewhere in this issue, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley began a trip which carried him to many Lodges in the West and brought him to the coast, where he visited the Lodges of California and of the Northwestern states.

Arriving in Omaha, Neb., on September 26, he was greeted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain and the officers of Omaha Lodge, No. 39. After an address delivered at the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Malley, who was accompanied throughout his trip by Mrs. Malley, was escorted on a sight-seeing trip about the city. That evening he was the honor guest at a large banquet and later addressed the members at a meeting in the Lodge room.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left late that evening for Denver, Col., where he arrived on September 27. He was greeted on his arrival by Charles Ginsberg, Exalted Ruler of Denver Lodge, No. 17; Thomas M. Hunter, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; and other officers and members of the Lodge. That evening he was the guest at a banquet given in his honor at Brown's Palace and later he addressed a large gathering at the Home of the Lodge. While in Denver he was taken on a trip through the mountain parks where he visited the grave of William Frederick Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), who was a member of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. Mr. Malley placed a wreath on the tomb with a few appropriate remarks.

The following day the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Colorado Springs, where he was

entertained at a luncheon party by members of Colorado Springs Lodge, No. 309. That evening, following a banquet, he addressed the members of the Lodge. Many representatives from Lodges in Cripple Creek, Victor, Denver, Pueblo, Canon City, Florence and Goodland were also present on this occasion.

The following day, accompanied by a committee from Pueblo Lodge, No. 309, he was escorted to their Home where an enthusiastic crowd awaited him. Lodges in Lamar, La Junta, Rocky Ford, Salida, Walsenburg and Victor were represented by delegations sent to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. After a successful meeting in the Home, Mr. Malley attended a dinner given at the Golf and Country Club.

The next day the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Salt Lake City, where he was warmly welcomed by the Elks of that city. He addressed the members in the Lodge room of their Home and also delivered a radio address over Station KSL to the people of the Intermountain territory.

After a two-day stay in Salt Lake City, where he conferred with representatives of other Lodges of the region, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, where an elaborate welcome awaited him.

Leaving Ogden on October 3, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in San Francisco, Calif., the following day. After a stay of nearly two weeks in California, during which he visited many Lodges, Mr. Malley was scheduled to visit the following Lodges in the Northwest and West:

Oct. 17—Portland; Oct. 18—Tacoma and Seattle; Oct. 20—Spokane; Oct. 21—Butte; Oct. 22—Helena; Oct. 23—Pocatello; Oct. 25—Cheyenne; Oct. 27—Des Moines; Oct. 28—Chicago.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Membership Is Growing Rapidly

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, is adding to its membership at a record rate. The total, at the time of writing, was 1348, which has since been added to by the monthly initiation held in October. This figure represented a gain of 252 for the first half of the Lodge year and a total gain of 574 for the previous eighteen months. Last year Aberdeen Lodge was ranked tenth in the United States in membership growth, and present indications are that it will better that record this year.

Charity Circus and Industrial Show Held by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge

As this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press, Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, was about to produce the most ambitious charity circus and industrial show that it has ever undertaken. For weeks the committee in charge of the affair had been at work perfecting the plans and details. The most desirable location in Long Beach—the entire lot at the corner of Broadway and Alamitos Street—was secured.



The dignified and impressive Home which is owned by Moscow, Idaho, Lodge, No. 249



The fine new \$100,000 Home of Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, No. 269, in its dedication bunting

An enormous tent, which provided over 45,000 square feet of floor space, was to house the performances, while the remainder of the site was to be occupied by booths, side-shows and amusement devices. The interest in this great effort of No. 888 was wide-spread, and the members in charge received much encouragement and assistance from the civic authorities.

Boys' Harmonica Band Being Formed in Lake Worth, Fla.

Readers who remember the article in the September issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE which told of the amazing story of Albert N. Hoxie's work in forming thousands of boys all over the country into harmonica bands, will be interested to know that Lake Worth, Fla., is the latest city to adopt the movement. A group of citizens has undertaken to instruct the boys of the town in the technique of the harmonica, and to form them into a band. The article has also resulted in numerous enquiries from Lodges which were interested in the great possibilities for good in the work which Mr. Hoxie has so successfully carried on.

West Virginia State Elks Association Meets in Bluefield

Meeting under the auspices of Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, No. 269, the West Virginia State Elks Association, in its annual three-day convention, elected the following officers, who were installed by Past District Deputy Grand Ex-

alted Ruler Max G. Witten: President, E. Mark Kincaid, Bluefield Lodge; First Vice-President, P. D. Wortheimer, Sistersville Lodge, No. 333; Second Vice-President, Guy White, Williamson Lodge, No. 1408; Third Vice-President, H. E. Russell, Princeton Lodge, No. 1459; Secretary, Jay Reefer, Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482; Treasurer, Jesse L. Cramer, Parkersburg Lodge, No. 108; Trustee, five-year term, L. S. Horner, Clarksburg Lodge.

A feature of the convention, which was most successful both socially and from the point of view of business accomplished, was the dedication of the beautiful new \$100,000 Home of Bluefield Lodge, at which the ceremonies were conducted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harley Kilgore.

Meadville, Pa., Lodge Entertains Youngsters with Huge Theatre Party

Some 1,600 youngsters were the guests of Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, at a monster theatre party a short time ago. A children's feature picture and a comedy reel were shown for their special benefit at the Park Theatre, after which the happy kiddies were treated to ice cream and other refreshments by the committee in charge. The affair was splendidly handled and Meadville Lodge is entitled to much credit for the enjoyment of its little friends, and for their orderly conduct throughout.

Senator Copeland is Guest of Panama Canal Zone Lodge

United States Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York, a member of the Mother Lodge, on his recent visit to Panama, was entertained by members of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard M. Davies and Hugh V. Powers, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, greeted the Senator on his arrival and escorted him and his wife and son on a sight-seeing motor trip which occupied most of the day. After calling at the Governor's residence, a dinner at one of the famous restaurants of the Isthmus was given in honor of Senator Copeland and his family.

New Jersey State Elks Association Holds Quarterly Meeting

Forty-four Lodges were represented by 134 delegates at the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association held in the Home of Paterson Lodge, No. 60, a short while ago. President Henry A. Guenther announced his committee appointments for the coming year, after which there was general discussion of the affairs of the Order in New Jersey. Each of the various vice-presidents of the Association announced that the campaign to have all New

An account of the dedication of this new Home of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, is on page 40



Jersey Lodges participate in the ritualistic contests was being actively carried on in his district. Past President Richard P. Rooney, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, recommended that a New Jersey headquarters be regularly established at Grand Lodge Conventions, and Past President Joseph G. Buch assured the delegates of ample hotel accommodations at Atlantic City at the 1928 State Association Convention. An interesting fact brought out at the meeting was that a number of New Jersey Lodges are combining to charter a large steamship to carry their members to the Miami Grand Lodge reunion next year, with possibly a side trip to Havana, and with the ship as living quarters during the stay in Miami.

Illinois State Elks Association Has Inter-Lodge Relations Committee

C. D. Midkiff, President of the Illinois State Elks Association, recently appointed Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank C. Sullivan, chairman of an Inter-Lodge Relations Committee of which much good work is expected during the fall and winter months. Exalted Ruler Jack P. Eaton, of Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526, was selected as chairman of the Northeast District of Illinois comprising seventeen Lodges, including Chicago Lodge, No. 4. This district has had several meetings showing much enthusiasm and interest, and the following are some of its activities and plans:

A questionnaire is being sent to each Lodge, requesting information vital in the exchange of relations with each other; establishing a Speakers' Bureau; an Entertainment Clearing House is also being organized by which successful and unsuccessful entertainments are recorded, so that unpopular features may be avoided; a District Reunion in June, 1928; a definite goal for membership in each Lodge as a mark to aim at to stimulate membership increases; one class of 500 or more candidates by January, 1928, at the time of the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to Chicago; adoption of the most effective way of sending out Lodge notices; encouraging by way of contests more perfect ritualistic work; creation of an ideal second-degree team in the district; visitations between Lodges will be encouraged by way of individual and Lodge prizes for best attendance.

The district has been divided into five sections with a vice-chairman (Exalted Ruler) in charge of each section. The results of the district activities are reported regularly to the State Chairman so that helpful information may be available to the other districts of the State.

Colonel Lindbergh Flies for Sanatorium at Elks' Request

The patients at Glen Lake Sanatorium, whose welfare and happiness are special charges of the

members of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, were given the thrill of their lives when Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, flying to Little Falls from his great reception in Minneapolis, circled over their institution, coming down low enough to greet them with a smile and a cheery wave of the arm, as they shouted themselves hoarse in welcome. That the shut-ins at the sanatorium were paid this visit by the most famous of all aviators was due to the efforts of "Tom" Hunter, himself a former patient, and now a well-known member of No. 44. Mr. Hunter's interest in the sanatorium is constant, and when he spoke to Colonel Lindbergh of the pleasure he could convey to the thousands of crippled children and other convalescents at Glen Lake, the great flyer's response was immediate, and an historic occasion was written into the annals of the sanatorium.

Salinas, Calif., Lodge Members Now Enjoying New Gymnasium

Members of Salinas, Calif., Lodge, No. 614, are now enjoying the first part of a winter program of activities in their newly completed gymnasium. Parallel bars, climbing ropes, horizontal bars, flying rings, wrestling mats and a boxing ring are providing health and amusement for those enthusiasts who are not satisfied with the regular classes held, while basketball, indoor baseball and volley ball provide outlets for the competitive spirit. The new gym is



The crippled children's clinic maintained by Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128

equipped with ample dressing and shower rooms and promises to be one of the most popular of the Lodge's club features.

New York State Lodges Spend Vast Sum for Charity

Many interesting statistics were brought out at the annual conference of the New York State Elks Association held at the Home of Syracuse Lodge, No. 31. President Miles S. Hencle and Secretary Philip Clancy said that the reports submitted indicated the most prosperous condition the State Association has ever known, and voiced their belief that the Order in the Empire State had never achieved so dominant a position. The assessed valuation of the holdings of New York State Lodges was reported as being \$9,575,227.66, an amount slightly in excess of 10 per cent. of the possessions of the entire Order. Figures submitted to the Association by the Subordinate Lodge members showed an expenditure for charity during the year of the impressive sum of \$430,391.41, of which more than \$100,000 was contributed by No. 1, the Mother Lodge.

A number of matters of great importance to the Association and to the Subordinate Lodges of the State were discussed, and the committeemen for the coming year were appointed by President Hencle.

Vallejo, Calif., Lodge Entertains Patients of Naval Hospital

Convalescent patients at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Mare Island were given a most enjoyable outing by Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, a few weeks ago. Starting in the morning the guests of the day were driven in the automobiles of members to the Home of Oakland Lodge, No. 171, where they were entertained during a brief rest. The trip was then continued through the beautiful country and, after refreshments were served, the patients returned to their quarters, happier for a day of change and pleasure.

Derby Lodge Is Host to Connecticut Lodges

Fellow members from all parts of the State were recently guests at an outing staged by Derby, Conn., Lodge, No. 571, at Shelton. A large clam-bake, games and sports of all kinds were some of the features enjoyed by the hundreds who attended this delightful occasion.

Boys' Band of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Is Fine Musical Unit

The Elks Boys' Band of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24, which made such a favorable impression at the Grand Lodge Convention in Cincinnati, is rapidly developing into a musical organization which promises to be one of the finest of its kind in the East. New uniforms are being obtained for the youngsters by voluntary

contributions, and plans are already on foot to send the band to the 1928 Grand Lodge Annual Convention in Miami.

Southern California Elks in Golf Tournament at Pasadena

Ninety-three members of the Order took part in the recent highly successful invitation golf tournament held by Southern California Elks on the links of the Pasadena Country Club. A number of excellent scores were made, a pair of 77's tying for first place in the low gross, with 79 taking second place. Low net honors in Class A were won with a 70, a 71 and a 72. Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, won the four-man low gross trophy, the Southern California Elks Invitational Cup, with a total of 327. The Urban Country Club Cup, offered for the low net score by a four-man team, was won by Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415, with a total of 302.

Arthur M. Pierce, chairman of the Pasadena Elks Golf Committee, handled the tournament with notable success. After the many prizes had been awarded by Exalted Ruler Russell A. Stapleton of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, a luncheon was served to all who had competed.

Rev. Gerald F. Dunn, Chaplain of New York State Elks Association

Miles S. Hencle, President of the New York State Elks Association and Secretary of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, recently appointed Rev. Gerald F. Dunn, Pastor of St. John the Evangelist Catholic Church of Pulaski, N. Y., as Chaplain of the Association. Rev. Dunn is a member of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271.

West Haven, Conn., Lodge is Impressively Instituted

West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537, was recently instituted with ceremonies and festivities that covered a period of two days in which Lodges from all over the State took part. A large parade with bands, floats and uniformed marching units, preceded the initiation services conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. Edward Haggerty, who was assisted by the officers of Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150, and by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter. Following this in the evening came a banquet to these honor guests at which the distinguished visitors congratulated the new Lodge and wished it a successful career.

The installation of the first officers of the new Lodge and the initiation of a class of 283 candidates were other notable features of the program. These services were conducted very impressively by the officers of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25.

The officers of the new Lodge are: Exalted Ruler, William T. Conkling; Secretary, Fred Wager.

With a membership of over 300, the new Lodge is now contemplating building a large brick addition to the present Home.

Norfolk, Va., Lodge Considering Erection of New Home

Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38, is considering the erection of a new Home on the site now occupied, in part, by its present Home, and on an additional strip of land adjoining its property.

The proposed new building consists of a main structure 48 x 117 feet, three stories high, together with a connection to the present Home. This connecting building will contain a large memorial stairway and service rooms. In the basement will be the boiler room for both buildings, also tank heaters, pool sterilizers, etc. The first floor of the main building will have a swimming pool 25 x 75 feet. The second floor will have a gymnasium 46 x 100 feet, which will include the only regulation size basketball court in the city, with balconies on all four sides. On the third floor will be the Lodge room and ball-room, 46 x 100 feet, containing a stage with dressing-rooms and balcony with motion-picture booth.

The plans being considered for the new building, which will be fire-proof, call for an expenditure of \$125,000.

Colorado State Elks Association In Successful Meeting

Entertained by Longmont Lodge, No. 1055, the recent annual convention of the Colorado State Elks Association was a most successful and enjoyable affair. Longmont had a splendid program of entertainment ready, and the visitors were regaled at dances, entertainments, all kinds of outdoor games and at a great picnic and barbecue. The parade, which wound up the meeting, was colorful and picturesque and brought out many large delegations from Colorado Lodges. In the band contest Loveland Lodge, No. 1051, won the first prize, while the second went to the musicians from the Jewish Sheltering Home, sent to the convention by Denver Lodge, No. 17.

At the business meeting plans were laid for a state-wide initiation of candidates and the following officers were elected and installed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. D. Ingalls for the coming year: President, Gray Secor, Longmont Lodge; First Vice-President, George Lewis, Victor Lodge, No. 367; Second Vice-President, Charles Ginsberg, Denver Lodge; Third Vice-President, Lewis Credille, Idaho Springs Lodge, No. 607; Secretary, B. T. Poxson, Alamosa Lodge, No. 1297; Treasurer, W. R.



President and Mrs. Coolidge being presented with a buffalo robe by a committee of the South Dakota State Elks Association

Patterson, Greeley Lodge, No. 809 (reelected); Executive Committee: Adolph Unfug, Walsenburg Lodge, No. 1086, and Jerry F. Halloran, Victor Lodge (both reelected).

Walsenburg was selected as the 1928 meeting place.

Mercedes, Tex., Lodge Highly Praised For Fine Constructive Work

Under the heading "A Work for Humanity," the Brownsville, Tex., *Herald* recently printed this fine tribute to the civic and humanitarian activities of Mercedes, Tex., Lodge, No. 1467:

"What organization can do for a community when properly directed has been demonstrated by the Mercedes Elks, who on Monday opened for the use of the public the Mercedes General Hospital, pronounced one of the most complete hospital plants in South Texas, and which was sponsored and will be operated by the Mercedes Elks under a lease from the builder.

"Some three years ago the Mercedes Elks took charge of the old general hospital of that city. The institution was in a rundown condition and was not what could be termed an asset to the community. Under the management of the Elks organization it became one of the most efficient of the small hospitals in this part of the State, and soon outgrew its facilities. Then came the demand for a new building. Dr. D. L. Heidrick of Mercedes offered to erect it if the Mercedes Elks would assume charge. This they volunteered to do, and as a result Mercedes now has a hospital that is a credit to the city, and which under the supervision of the Elks is certain to become an institution of incalculable benefit to the community.

"However, the Mercedes Elks are not confining their efforts to the management of the hospital. They are now completing a new Home for their organization, a magnificent Lodge building, erected at a cost of \$60,000. They are making it more than a Lodge home. It will virtually be a community center, as practically every business and professional man of the city is a member of the organization, as are also scores of farmers and others. And the new structure is designed to serve their families as well as the members. The structure is a work of art, a Lodge Home that typifies the generous spirit of the organization, the cooperation among the members, and their desire to exemplify the high precepts of the Order by promoting the means for real fraternity.

"Possibly there are fraternal organizations that are accomplishing more for their respective communities than the Elks Lodge of Mercedes, but they are not in evidence in South Texas. The Mercedes Elks have made of their organization a real community asset, an organization that carries out in full the tenets upon which



This substantial Home is owned by Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge, No. 531

it is founded; which brings to all men of all classes the real fraternity of good fellowship, promoting community democracy, community fraternity and fraternity progress. There is absolutely nothing selfish in the program the Mercedes Elks have set for themselves in their community. Their influence has reached far beyond the confines of their city. Their membership, which has passed the 400 mark, includes many residents of Valley cities, all of whom appreciate in full the fraternal and generous spirit which inaugurated the movement for a general hospital and the erection of a Lodge Home.

"The Mercedes Elks have erected a monument that will be all-enduring. In their hospital they are carrying out the fundamental precepts upon which all fraternalism is based, and in their Lodge Home they are further exemplifying the influences which lead to community cooperation and a progressive community spirit.

"More power to the Mercedes Elks. May their numbers ever increase, and the spirit which has actuated their organization become the guiding spirit of other fraternal organizations in the Lower Rio Grande Valley."

Life Member of Lorain, Ohio, Lodge Missing Since September

Fred A. Miller, a life member of Lorain, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1301, has been missing since September, 1927. Any information that will assist in locating him will be greatly appreciated by his fellow members and should be sent to Albert E. Williams, Secretary of the Lodge.

Mr. Miller, who was last seen on the Cleveland-Detroit steamer, is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is forty-seven years old. He has a fairly prominent blue scar on end of nose, a florid complexion and brown hair tinged with gray. He was also a member of the Masons and Eagles.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Gives Outing for Many Children

From a dozen and more of the charitable institutions of Los Angeles and near-by towns came some thousand orphans and crippled children to take part in the tenth annual outing given for them by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. Gathering at the magnificent Home of the Lodge, where eight traffic officers had been stationed to handle the rush, the youngsters were loaded into the automobiles of members and driven to Seal Beach. Here, all those who were able plunged at once into the surf, while the others disported themselves on the warm sands. Later there were sport events, with a number of prizes, various entertainments and several concerts, including one by The Downey Boys' Harmonica Band, while the happy program was concluded with an ample beach supper and the ride back to town.

This annual party given by No. 99 has assumed such large proportions that, following this year's, the Big Brother Committee held a special meeting to outline permanent plans to insure its future success.

Approvals Given to Purchase of Property and Building Plans

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

Fort Worth, Texas, Lodge, No. 124. Erection of a new building to cost \$216,000. The estimated cost of furnishing is \$23,000, and \$50,000 was paid for the plot of land. The new building will be five-story and basement, 75 feet front 80 feet deep, of reinforced concrete, brick and stone, fireproof. Basement to have café, barber shop, gymnasium, kitchen, storage, and boiler.

Another Elks Magazine Cruise To the Caribbean This Winter

ON February 11, 1928, the S. S. *Meganic* will sail from New York on the Second Elks Magazine Cruise. Have you made your arrangements to go?

The cruise membership is limited to 480 passengers—Elks, their families and their friends—and remembering the great success of the first cruise, last year, Elks from all over the country are now eagerly making their reservations.

For the second cruise, under the management of James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., the *Meganic* has been chartered. She is the most popular vessel for tropic travel, and offers every conceivable comfort feature. And the date of the cruise—February 11 to March 3—is more convenient than the earlier date of the first one.

The cruise will take you, at the most unpleasant stage of our own winter, into the glorious warmth and sunshine of the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America, visiting some of the most romantic spots in the new world.

For further information fill in and mail the coupon on page 85 of this issue.

First floor, lounge, reception, billiard and game rooms, secretary's office and writing-room. The second floor to have the Lodge room, 40 x 60 feet, stage 20 x 40 feet, parlors and ladies' rest-room. The rest of the building will be given over to living-rooms (16), each with bath.

Ashland, Pa., Lodge, No. 384. Remodeling two-story frame building so as to make up-to-date quarters with Lodge room. The purchase price of property \$19,000, and estimated cost of remodeling \$11,000. It is planned to spend \$2,000 on new equipment.

Clovis, New Mexico, Lodge, No. 1244. Erection of a two-story brick building on lot owned by Lodge. Estimated cost of building \$20,000, and estimated cost of furnishings \$2,500.

Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113. Erection of new building at estimated cost of \$500,000, with furnishings to cost \$150,000. This new building will be located on one of the main boulevards of the city. Plans provide for Turkish baths in basement; first floor to contain stores and cafeteria; second floor, auditorium; third floor, game room; fourth floor, bowling alleys, billiard and pool rooms, and thirty-eight living-rooms.

Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge Has Novel Membership Plan

Jack P. Eaton, Exalted Ruler of Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526, has inaugurated what is called a "Crazy Quilt Contest" for increasing the membership of his Lodge. The contest is conducted on a large display board representing

a beautifully colored crazy quilt. The border is purple and white and sets forth the principles of the Order. Blank squares are provided for inserting colored patches of paper on which are written the candidates' and their proposers' names. The object is for each member to get his name at least once on the quilt which, at the close of the campaign will be duplicated in silk and raffled off. Des Plaines Lodge is finding this idea a very successful one and hopes to increase the membership by 300 or more before March, when the contest will close.

Last year Des Plaines Lodge increased its membership from sixty-two charter members on the date of its institution, June 25, 1926, to 500 members on June 24, 1927. The Lodge has a uniformed band of forty-three pieces, a drum and bugle corps of twenty-four pieces, and uniformed football and baseball teams playing the best semi-pro teams in and around Chicago. It is one of the most energetic and progressive Lodges in the State in spite of its youth.

California State Antlers Association In Convention in San Francisco

The three-day convention of the California Antlers Lodges in San Francisco proved to be of great interest to the juniors and to those Elks who are active in the work. The meeting, with its sight-seeing trips, business sessions, elections and committee reports and social events, was run off in splendid fashion, and was practically a replica of the meetings held by the boys' Big Brothers at their State Association reunions.

Whereabouts of Hammond, Ind., Lodge Member is Sought

Information is wanted concerning the whereabouts of James Warren, member of Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, who has been missing since September 13. When last seen, he wore a light gray hat, dark mixed suit and tan shoes. He is fifty-three years old, five feet eight inches tall, and has a scar on the left side of his face near the chin. Information should be sent to H. G. Stevenson, Secretary of Hammond Lodge.

Oklahoma State Elks Association In Fine Meeting at Alva

Thoroughly successful, both in a business way and socially, the annual convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, held under the auspices of Alva Lodge, No. 1184, was a notable occasion for the hundreds of Oklahoma Elks who took part. Starting with a colorful street parade the program of entertainment went on to include baseball games, entertainments, luncheons, card parties and dances and an enormous barbecue, at which 6,000 guests partook of the hospitality.

At the business sessions the most interesting and important reports had to do with the progress of the plans for the erection by the State Association of an orphans' home. A substantial sum of money is already on hand for this purpose, and it is the belief of the officers that the end of the year will see sufficient funds available to start actual work on the project.

Mangum will be the scene of the 1928 meeting. The following were elected to serve the Association for the coming year: President, J. P. Battenberg, Alva Lodge; First Vice-President, L. A. Browder, Duncan
(Continued on page 61)

Florida Prepares for Grand Lodge Convention

AN enthusiastic meeting held in Orlando a short while ago, attended by groups of representatives from every Lodge in the State, Florida Elks discussed the preliminary plans for the entertainment at Miami next July of the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention. Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz made a stirring address on the opportunity afforded the whole State by the acceptance of Miami Lodge's invitation to the Order to meet under its auspices, and called upon every Florida Lodge to do its part in making the convention an outstanding success. L. F. McCready, Past Exalted Ruler

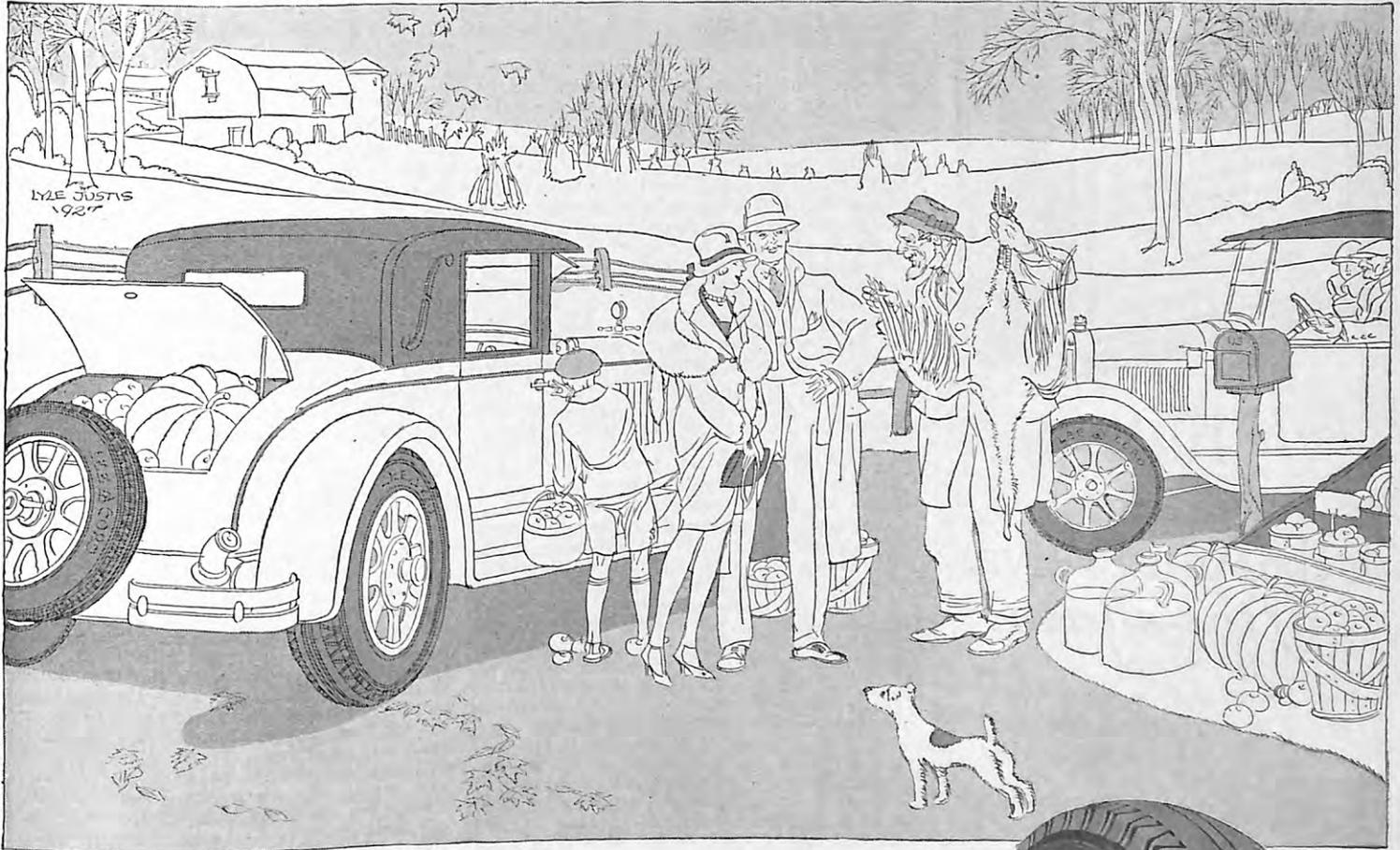
and Secretary of Miami Lodge, reported that the Miami Elks Convention Association already had forty-seven active committees at work on practically every phase of the convention program. Mr. McCready also stated that all the hotels in the Greater Miami district were being placed under written contract to supply full service during the reunion, placing 50,000 first class rooms at the disposal of the visitors. Charles B. Selden, Secretary of the Convention Association, also spoke of the methods being installed to insure the utmost convenience to all visitors. He said that the city of Miami had

practically decided upon the erection of a convention hall with a seating capacity of 7,500 people, which will be in addition to the facilities that will be available in the Miami Coliseum, which is rapidly nearing completion and which also will provide 7,500 seats.

The entertainment features of the reunion program promise many surprises, and that Miami Lodge will take full advantage of the natural beauties of the Florida coast is indicated in the plans for enormous beach and midnight swimming parties, and other outdoor pleasures and festivities.

R I D E O N T I R E S B Y

LEE of Conshohocken



Thanksgiving ought to mean to all of us something more than an overstuffed stomach. The Nation's health has improved and business in general is above the average, in spite of the "croakers".

Join in a real Thanksgiving with the craftsmen of Lee of Conshohocken. We here who believe in hard work plus a conscientious effort to make the best possible tires and tubes, have just cause to be thankful.

Over half of our people have been building tires the Lee way for over fifteen years, while the average is twelve years of service.

We feel continually thankful that regular and profitable employment is offered to so many Conshohocken families. Our loyalty is proof that you who use Tires by Lee of Conshohocken will receive a full measure of honest effort.

Lee Tire & Rubber Company, Conshohocken, Pa.



LEE Shoulderbill
"Heavy Duty" Balloon tire of unquestioned merit, to fit any rim and any car. The Lee dealer will show it to you.

COST NO MORE TO BUY - MUCH LESS TO RUN



Full Half the Shave is the Aqua Velva after-shave

Aqua Velva is for the *newly shaven skin*. The unprotected skin tends to get stiff and dry as the day goes on. Aqua Velva protects it, keeps away stiffness and dryness by helping to conserve its natural moisture, keeps it flexible, well conditioned, — *keeps* it as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Then, too, Aqua Velva helps to heal those tiny nicks and cuts, seen and unseen, that your razor leaves.

Try Aqua Velva. Eighty-seven years of specialized study of what is best for beards and skin went into its making. You will like its buoyant, stimulating thrill. It wakes the skin. It livens it. And as an aid to good face grooming a week will show you how worth while the Aqua Velva habit is.

50¢ a bottle or

FREE—a trial size, if you like. Just say "Aqua Velva" in a letter or post card. Address: The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 711, Glastonbury, Conn., (Canadian address: Montreal)

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

Stone-Age Wireless

(Continued from page 27)

frequently used to cloak utter ignorance on these points. One thing is sure, that the animal world knows secrets, and very valuable secrets, which we have forgotten.

Now, nothing to an observer with open mind is more certain than that the Papuan savage, so near to the Stone Age, so far from ourselves, has retained certain of these secrets.

For one thing, he holds the greatest secret of all—that of life and death—in his casual brown hands, and uses it, one might almost say, frivolously. He can die at will, and he does so die, at times, for the most trivial reasons. Sometimes, indeed, it is a great cause that sends him to his willing deathbed—the loss of a dearly loved friend; unbearable disgrace; in some races, the sort of despair that seizes on a man when he sees that his tribe is slowly, surely dying out. But again, he may decide to give up his life simply because some one has crossed him; because his master has refused permission to attend a dancing festival, or because a favorite pig has died. I have even heard of an instance when a man threatened to die because he was not allowed to throw stones at the native armed constabulary. . . .

Light cause or heavy, the Papuan can die when he wills. He does not need to starve himself to death, to use poison, hang or drown himself—though he may do any of these things, given occasion. He merely lies down and fades out of life; lets go. A day or two may end it.

He can will another out of life too, but that is more easily comprehensible; hypnotism comes in here. It might be said that auto-hypnotism is the cause of voluntary death; but if so, it is certainly carrying the art further than any white race has attempted to take it. In other variations of hypnotism, he has no master, as the mysterious Nobo Houses prove. These, which have been seen in various mountain villages, are small houses, well-built, and said to contain many beautiful things. Strangers are gulled into entering them, and once in, are instantly killed. They contain no wonders, for they are invariably quite empty. Strange to say, villagers of the same place, when told to go in—knowing well that it is death to do so—unhesitatingly obey. "It has never been known," said a hill native, "that any one refused to go into a Nobo House when told." That is surely what one might call "some" hypnotism. Can the civilized races match it?

THESE Nobo Houses of Papua (discovered by her famous Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, during an expedition into the interior a little while before the Great War) have aroused amazing interest and curiosity in all who have heard of them. Their secret, whatever it may be, remains still undiscovered. The Governor has entered them on various occasions, but has never found anything at all inside. This is no proof, however, that nothing is ever kept there; the native is very tenacious of his secrets and when a party of white men is known to be approaching, anything that is considered likely to "awaken their prejudice" is put away.

Mr. R. Humphries, a well-known official and explorer of Papua, in a mountain village never previously visited by white men, once came across a curious building. It was of a peculiar pointed shape, resembling rather closely the nest of a well-known mountain bird. When questioned, the man who owned the house at first refused to answer any questions about it, and then said that he had built it in that form, to imitate the nest of the bird, just for a freak . . . which was clearly a lie. There was nothing in the house—then. The owner was, in Mr. Humphries' opinion, quite the worst and wickedest looking native he had ever seen—which was saying a good deal, in a district inhabited by cannibals and head-hunters.

Not improbably, this queer building is another piece of the puzzle of the "Nobo House." It is worth noting that the ceremonial houses of the Sepik River head-hunters, which I visited a year or two ago, have curious little pointed spires difficult to make, and serving no purpose that one can imagine.

Whatever the "Nobo Houses" may be, their secret is well kept, and almost nothing is known

about them save the few and sinister facts I have related.

There are people who will tell you that the New Guinea native can produce all the wonders of the professed spiritualist circle, not excluding the raising of the dead, and the materialization of various spirits which have never enjoyed an earthly life. It is certain that he can do things which startle the patient student. Here is an example of what is known (I believe) as an "apport," phenomenon carried out by one of the most accomplished sorcerers of the Mekeo district, where the keenest sorcerers of all New Guinea are found. It was told me by the person to whom the incident happened.

A WHITE woman, who had incurred the wrath of the local sorcerer by trying to protect some of his victims, was getting dinner, helped by another woman companion and friend. They had acquired the habit of never leaving the dining-room when the food was on the table, lest some one should take the opportunity of poisoning it; so, while one woman brought the soup tureen from the kitchen, and placed it on the table, the other kept a lookout, as the first had to return for plates.

Something attracted the attention of the second woman to the veranda, during a very few seconds—not nearly long enough, she says, for any one to enter the room and meddle with the dinner. She merely looked away. . . .

The other woman came in with the plates; they sat down, and the first was about to lift the cover off the soup tureen, when her friend caught her hand. "Come away," she cried, "I saw it move."

"What, the tureen?"

"Yes—yes—come away!" They moved to the other side of the room, and while one of the intrepid women dashed out on to the veranda, and hurried all round the house and yard looking for an intruder—the other, with a long stick, upset the tureen, which only a minute previously she had placed on the table with her own hands. From underneath the foot of the tureen came, wriggling and angry, a long black snake, of the most poisonous kind.

The woman killed it, and then, running out to join her friend, saw a dusky figure that had slipped away behind a tree. She followed, flung the dead snake in the face of the man—it was the sorcerer—crying, "Take back your evil spirit; I wish I could serve you the same."

Both women declared that there was not time for the sorcerer to enter the house, and place the snake under the tureen; not time for him to get away again. And indeed, he strenuously denied any such act.

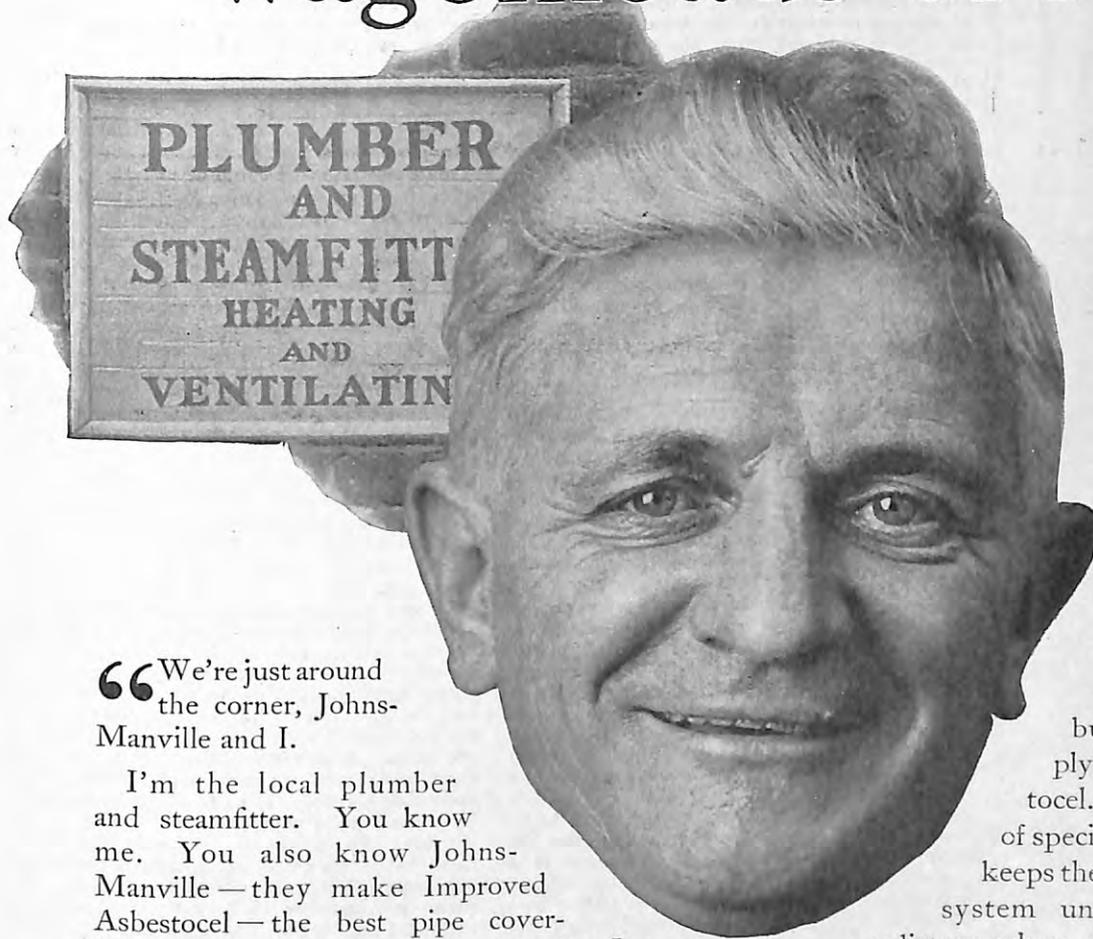
But the people of Mekeo think he knew how it was done.

No Indian snake charmer can do such things with snakes as a Papuan sorcerer can—even when he is not engaged in producing snaky "apports." The Papuan can train a black snake to bite any one it is ordered to bite, even without the presence of its master. This would seem altogether impossible, if one had not heard the method used—that of teasing the snake with a piece of the intended victim's belt, which has been worn next the skin, and smells of the wearer. But even so, it is amazing. One of these trained snakes can be slipped inside a house in the dark, and trusted to go straight for his sorcerer's enemy inflicting a fatal bite. The sorcerer himself is on terms of amazing familiarity with these deadly friends. He can wear a live and lively black or tiger snake in his bushy hair all day; he can make it come when called, like a dog; he can keep it in his bed at night, and in an open earthen pot by day, without being bitten by the vicious creature. . . . Another instance, one thinks of the extraordinary sympathy that exists between the Papuan and the brute creation; of the animal powers that he can cultivate at will.

With all these matters for comparison, one is led to conclude that it is at least possible the New Guinea man possesses some unnamed power of communicating with his fellows, not through the medium of words—the curse of Babel, which lies hard on all New Guinea, precludes the possibility of that—but along the line

(Continued on page 48)

“We can save you several wagonloads of fuel”



“We’re just around the corner, Johns-Manville and I.

I’m the local plumber and steamfitter. You know me. You also know Johns-Manville—they make Improved Asbestocel—the best pipe covering on the market. That’s why I apply it.

When I say we can save you several wagonloads of fuel—I mean just that—not just shovelfuls, or tons, but wagonloads!

Listen to this:—I’ve put Johns-Manville Asbestocel on some heating systems that were bare and some that were covered with lame-duck pipe covering and the house owners have saved as much as three tons in one heating season.

Multiply three tons by the number of years that you’re going to live with your furnace and radiators and you’re going to save coal by the wagonload.

There’s no ‘perhaps’ about it either.

So, if you want a warm, comfortable, livable home next winter—not the kind of an ice house

you remember last winter—let me get busy in your cellar applying Improved Asbestocel. It is a pipe covering of special construction which keeps the heat in your heating system until it gets to your radiators where you want it.

When you spend a dollar for fuel—oil or coal—you want a dollar’s worth of heat and comfort delivered to your radiators.

Leave it to Johns-Manville and me. We’ll get it there.

But we must start now. Winter’s just around the corner and I’m going to be pretty busy from now on.

Telephone me—I’m your local plumber—to inspect your heating system and give you an estimate. It’s a lot cheaper job than most people suppose. ”



Look for the Red Band

If you want the name of the nearest plumber applying Asbestocel, send this coupon to us.

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
292 Madison Avenue, New York.
Kindly tell me where I can get Improved Asbestocel.

Name

Address.....



JOHNS-MANVILLE

Improved Asbestocel pipe covering

THE PIPE COVERING WITH THE RED BAND

Stone-Age Wireless

(Continued from page 46)

of pure ideas. There is nothing bizarre in such a theory. Animals do not use verbs or nouns in talking to one another; yet they can talk, without even a sound, and say a good deal into the bargain. The Stone Age savage is many jumps nearer to the animal kingdom than we. If he has retained, among his other curious gifts, the art of talking, on occasion, without words, and of sending messages by the same radio that is used by insects and birds, the problem of the "savage wireless" or grapevine telegraph, does not look so insoluble after all.

But it becomes a great deal more interesting; for that would mean that furry-headed Kikobuya or Bwaleyuta possesses something his master does not; something that his master would very well like to have. Some of the masters, vaguely suspecting so much, have done their best to induce Kikobuya and Bwaleyuta to tell. . . .

They do not tell. They never have, and it is hardly likely to be supposed they ever will. For with Kikobuya and Bwaleyuta, it is not, as some investigators suppose, a case of "won't," it is that very much bigger obstacle, "can't."

THE languages of New Guinea—and there are many—often trouble would-be learners by their complexity; but it is a complexity of grammar alone. In words to express ideas, these languages are exceedingly poor. Missionaries find themselves seriously handicapped by the absence from native tongues of words that could be used to suggest spiritual qualities, or abstract ideas of any kind. Often enough they are obliged to use an English word, more or less mutilated, dragging the idea along after the word, like a heavy cart behind a limping horse. A New Guinea native, using his own language, simply can not express anything abstract, or draw any clear generalization. He can not even tell you how the hypnotizing that takes place under your own eyes is managed. "They tell him to, and he does," is all he can say; or, using somewhat richer "pigeon-English"—"One-fellow man suppose he tellem 'nother fellow he go inside Nobo House, more better that man he go plenty quicktime." When it comes to a matter of explaining the complicated mental processes that are involved in telepathy—especially telepathy of pure ideas—he is hopelessly at sea. It is very likely, in the first place that he does not know how the thing is done, any more than the moth in the box knows how it sends out its little "wireless." In the second place, if he did know, his language furnishes no means of expression. And furthermore, there lies in the heart of every colored man, deep-seated, deep-rooted in the very elements of his being, a certain dark reserve towards the white. Keep your "boys" for long years, civilize them, set them to work (as in Port Moresby) inspecting and mending telephones, running telephone exchanges, driving and assembling motor-cars—suppose, if you like, that you have educated, changed the savage nature utterly, that you know every turn in Bwaleyuta's heart. The years will give you the lie. Some day you will realize that Bwaleyuta is, after all, in all essentials, to you a closed door. . . . There are so many things that Bwaleyuta thinks are not your business; not the business of any white man. And among them are all the things that have to do with the deepest secrets of native life.

"Do you know your people through and through?" I asked once of the heroic Father who has been missionizing the Sepik River for nearly twenty years; like St. Paul, in perils oft, but like him miraculously escaping.

The Father shook his head. "The more I know them, the less I know," he said. "Underneath what they tell you, there is always something more; something that you never really reach."

What happens, one might ask, when you get an exceptionally clever native and make him complete master—as has been done—of the complicated English tongue, with all its splendid means of expression, its words for every thought? Could not such a native bridge the gap; tell you things about his race that the race hardly knows, itself? Could not he explain, for instance, the secrets of the Stone-Age wireless.

No. For such a native loses touch; begins to disbelieve, on his own account, in everything that can not be immediately explained.

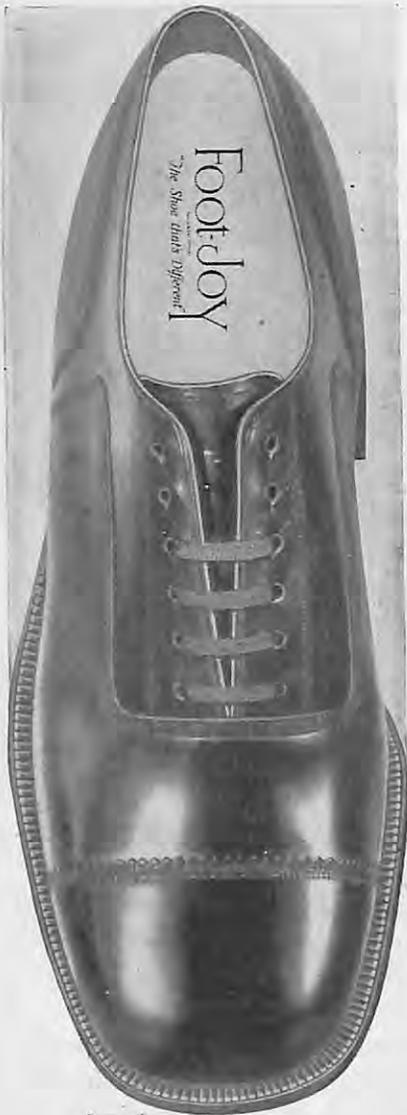
The Stone Age mind can not hold everything. If you fill it up too full with white man's lore, it spills over; something goes. The highly educated English and French-speaking Papuan could not send a grape-vine message to save his life. All that sort of thing has become a dream to him. He does not half believe in it.

At times a wild absurdity plays over these gruesome happenings, like sheet lightning flickering on a gloomy marsh.

Years ago, in the Central Pacific, I heard a schooner captain telling his friends at large how nearly he had lost a cargo of live cattle which he was carrying from one island to another. "It was the ——— old chief did it," he began. (There are practically no chiefs in New Guinea, but somewhat further East, they may be found). "It seems the boys I had engaged as crew for the trip had been getting across his hawser somehow or other; I reckon I'd heard them talking about it; but I didn't worry; you see, it's when there's been a row in a village that you *can* pick up a crew, quick and lively. They want to get away. . . . Well, I paid them all a bit of an advance, to settle with their friends, and we put to sea with the cattle, and I didn't much like the look of the weather; but I reckoned we'd make it all right, if we didn't take too long over it; only a two days' run it was, with a fair wind. Well, an ugly blow began to get up, and when I started rousing out the "boys" (by "boys" it must be noted, he meant "men") "not one of them would get to work. Lying about the deck, they were, and curled up on the 'atches, sick as dogs by the look of them. I thought they'd been gettin' at the liquor, but no, one of them he says to me, he dares to say to me—'White man, we're going to die.' 'Die, are you,' says I, 'It's like your cheek to say so; get up and get to work.' But he says, 'No, I'm going to die, we're all going to die; the chief has bewitched us, and told us to die in twenty-four hours, and we're going to do it.' 'The ——— you are,' says I, 'the ——— you are, with all them cattle aboard, and an advance paid on your wages.' But they didn't mind me nor the mate; they just says 'We've got to die,' and they set about doin' it all proper and in order. Well, when I saw that, and thought of the weather and the way it was, and my cattle AND the advance I'd paid on their wages, I just fair blew up, and me and the mate, we took a couple of rope's ends, and we went among them. 'We'll teach you to die,' says we, and we fair shook them up. There was no dyin' done on board that ship. We got into Nunakuko day after next, and we lost only about three or four of the cattle, and not one of the niggers. And when we landed, they'd forgotten all about it. Would they a' died? Of course they would, every mother's son of them; that was what got me snake-headed, me and the mate—with an advance paid on their wages and all. There's no honesty in them niggers, without you lam it into them. . . ."

A YEAR or two ago, traveling up the coast of New Guinea on a Government boat, I saw a thin, feeble creature carried on board, and set down, with his blanket in a sheltered spot. "Hospital case?" I asked. "Yes and no," was the answer. "It's a 'boy' who has been puri-puried (bewitched) and the Magistrate has asked me to get him away; there may be a chance if we do." The native, who had some weeks previously, been a strong active man, was now a mere wreck of skin and bone, unable to stand up. He had no disease, no wound—but he was dying. The local sorcerer had told him to die, and he was doing it. I must say that he did not seem to mind it very much; perhaps the poor chap was past minding anything earthly—but he merely lay on deck, ate a little, now and then, when food was brought to him, and gazed unseeingly, without apparent regret, at the splendid panorama of mountain, palms and sea that he was so soon to leave forever. We reached port, and had him sent to hospital. Under the care of a very able doctor, who knew how to meet the natives on their own ground, he did

(Continued on page 50)



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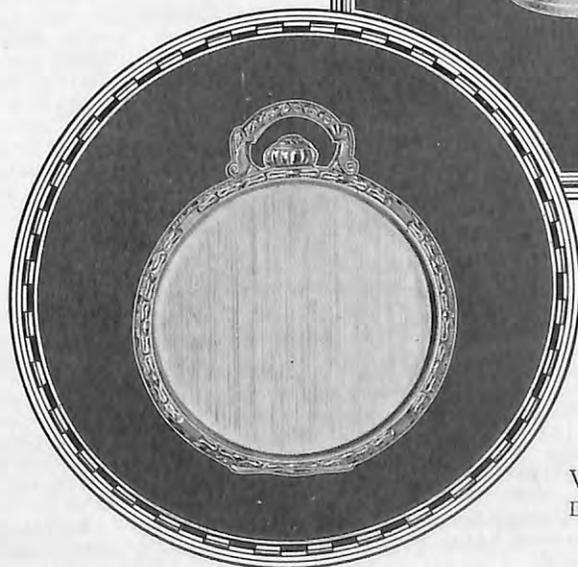
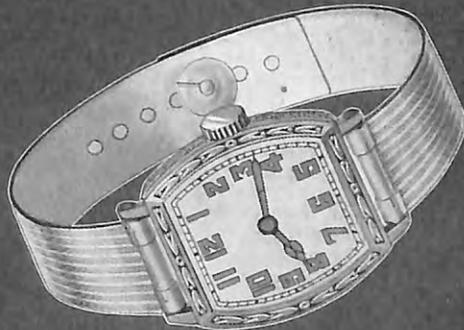
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You men make too much work of shaving

Because you think it easier to take a new blade than to strop one, you make shaving just about twice as hard as it need be.

The time you spend making several trips a year to buy new blades—plus the time and bother to unwrap and change them frequently is wasted effort. You do that much you don't need to do.

Then you take at least two minutes a day longer to shave than you would need if you used a Twinplex Stroppler. Thirty seconds a day stropping of one blade on Twinplex will give you at least one month of the smoothest, cleanest shaving you ever had.

No time uselessly spent in changing blades. No time wasted in buying new ones—no going over the face again to catch missed hairs—no time consumed in stopping bleeding, for really sharp blades don't scratch and cut the face. No money spent needlessly for new blades. Nothing in fact but pure joy from the beginning of the shave to the end.

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Name your razor and we'll send you, free, a new blade Twinplexed. We would like to show you what real shaving is.

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New York
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Twinplex Stroppers

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

Stone-Age Wireless

(Continued from page 43)

ultimately recover, but they had a tough fight for his life.

"If you get a case of it at the very beginning," said a magistrate, "you can sometimes break it up. What do I use? Ammonia's the best thing; extra strength, in a smelling bottle, applied frequently. Keeps him interested, you know. . . . Like to smell some of it?"

"No, thank you," I objected, backing out of range. "It's quite interesting enough over there. . . ."

Stamp collectors will remember, among many picturesque South Sea stamps, that which used to bear the strong, characteristic head of Queen Makea of Rarotonga. Queen Makea is dead now, so one may safely say that she was—although Christianized and civilized—a mistress in the art of sweeping her enemies out of life.

The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 32)

"Of Bracken Hall, Beechenhurst?"

"There's no such place, sir."

"Bah! . . . we'll see about that . . ." said the inspector acidly. "Some new name, maybe—they're always inventing names for these holiday villages—camps. We'll see to that."

He eyed Prosper rather intently.

"There was a shot fired further down the stream—somewhere about where you might have been," he said. "Did you hear it, Mr. Fair?"

Prosper smiled.

"Oh, yes—I heard it. You'd better ask Hambleton about that."

Rather curtly, the detective asked.

Hambleton explained—telling, as Prosper observed, the exact truth.

"Eh, you shot at the rider?" interrupted the Inspector—"good God, man, you can't go shooting at suspected folk in that way. . . . But did you hit him?" His tone was unexpectedly mild.

"Hit him, sir?"—echoed the forester. "Thank God, no—why, it was Mr. Fair! I thought it was the rider—but it turned out to be Mr. Fair!"

"Turned out to be Mr. Fair! D'you hear that, Mr. Fair?" The detective laughed oddly. "He thought it was the rider, and shot at him and it turned out to be you!"

"Quite—and that's perfectly true," said Prosper quietly.

"Well, well, it's a puzzle, isn't it? . . . what started your elephant going, Mr. Fair?"

Prosper pointed to the wound he had just cleaned.

"THAT," he said. "I imagine the madman we call the night-rider threw an axe—possibly with some insane idea of attack, or possibly with the idea of self-defense. Then the elephant charged the pony and missed it—probably worried by the dog which was attacking it—"

He spoke to Joe who reached out a snaky trunk. Prosper pointed out one or two deep abrasions.

"See that—the dog must have done that. No doubt that's why the elephant caught up the dog, and smashed him. . . . Either the night-rider was already dismounted—or the pony threw him as it shied and bolted!"

Detective-Inspector Meek thought for a moment. "Yes—you've hit it, Mr. Fair. The rider was dismounted before the elephant was wounded. It all happened within a few yards of me, and it's as you say. You couldn't have described it better—no, not even if you had been there!"

His flat tone was friendly enough—but in spite of the seeming friendliness there was a remote hint of peculiar satisfaction in it. His eyes were on the chestnut Charleston as he spoke.

Prosper shrugged, smiling, took out his pouch and made himself a cigarette.

"Fortunately—except for the dog who seems to have paid for the elephant's unnecessary wounds—no harm has been done to-night, Inspector,"—he said lightly.

"No—true. That's perfectly true."

"Queen Makea is a queen in everything she does," said a warm admirer of hers to me. "She never rude. She will want some man, some woman, to die, but she will not kill him, tell any one—kill him. No. She say to him, so nice she say it, 'After Wednesday week I shall not see you again.' And he go home, and when Wednesday week come, he dead. So nice, just like that."

No one has, so far as I know, attempted a rational solution of the Grape Vine question on the lines that I have chosen. I have not much proof to offer; but it is far from improbable that others, learned in psychology and anthropology, may take up the matter where I have left it, and make further discoveries that will throw considerable light upon an interesting problem.

Prosper lit a cigarette.

"And now," he said, "I think I will be getting along to Lovell's with the elephant. He is a temporary boarder—in Lovell's barn, you know. To-morrow, of course, I shall send him home."

"Send him home! Why? If he seems to attract this night-hawk with the axes?" asked the detective.

"Because, I should be sorry—very sorry indeed—for him to get within reaching distance of the night-rider again."

"Eh? Why not?" asked the detective.

"Why not?" barked the Major, who knew elephants. "Because it is quite likely that the elephant would kneel him into pulp!"

They all stared at Stolid Joe.

"Huh, I understood he's a tame elephant!"

"Certainly. But to inflict a wound like that on him is not the best way to encourage any beast to stay tame—at least not a beast that has the intelligence and memory and sense of justice of an elephant."

Prosper put in a quiet word.

"Probably Joe would be all right—but it's not worth taking the risk."

"But if he'd know the night-rider again—by scent or by sight or whatever it is—he might be useful," said the detective.

Prosper shrugged.

"Possibly. But he is an old friend of mine. If he killed the night-rider the law quite possibly would condemn him as dangerous. I don't think I quite care to expose him to that risk, do you see, Inspector Meek—an old friend and companion, you understand."

He spoke lightly, laughing a little as he spoke—but there was in his tone a marked invitation to discontinue the subject.

So the Inspector discontinued it—he was a hard-shelled customer, but not sufficiently so to demand, in the name of the Law, the use of a private citizen's private elephant for the purpose of identifying a murderer—if, and when, arrested.

Prosper produced a bottle of whiskey and a syphon, which he gaily notified them they needed against the dews and fogs of the Forest in this, the smallest of the small hours, and showed the Major where to replace these articles when finished with. Then he tethered and rugged Charleston, invited the old elephant to accompany him, bade them all "Good-night," and set out on his short journey to Eli Lovell's barn.

They watched him go—a slight, jaunty figure strolling along under the lee of his gigantic pal.

"Queer customer, that," said the Inspector presently.

"Unusual, perhaps, but a good fellow. Thinks of almost everybody before himself—most unusual," said the Major drily.

The Forester turned from a rapt stare after the vanished companions.

"That gentleman has got a nerve I've never seen the like of before," he said. "My charge went so close it must have scorched his face—but he never minded it no more than a butterfly!"

(Continued on page 52)

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Beautiful, durable, economical, and of amazing adaptability, wood is steadily extending its markets both for established uses and for new uses.

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The use of wood for window frames and sashes is advancing with giant strides. The largest and newest hotel in the world—The Stevens, Chicago—is so equipped.

And what flooring has ever equalled the comfort and beauty of wood? Today, wood flooring is standard construction in buildings of almost every type.

Wood for shuttles, spools and bobbins! Wood for millions of boxes, baskets,

crates and barrels! Wood for silos, granaries and mining timbers!

There is a wood for every use and a use for every wood. Wood is a material of primary importance in most of our great industries.

Keeping step with progress

Our modern ships require wood in scores of ways, from stem to stern. The railroads annually demand more than 110,000,000 wood cross ties, and huge quantities of lumber for box cars, refrigeration and hundreds of other needs. The automobile industry alone uses a billion and a half feet of lumber a year!

Wood has built thousands of derricks for our gushing oil wells, has helped to make moving pictures one of the world's leading industries, has played an important part in the development of the radio, and has sent the airplane winging over land and sea.

Lumber made immune to fire and decay by suitable fire-proofing and preservative treatments is increasingly available to modern markets, both in construction and in industry. Wood is destined to be America's most universally useful material, adaptable to the widest range of purse and purpose.

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Contest closes December 15th



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The Lewis Shoe

The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 50)

He drank half a glass of straight whiskey, collected his gun, said good-night, and was gone, moving silently as woodsmen do.

Presently the Major and Inspector Meek followed his example.

Prosper slept late on the following morning, waking to a windless day and a succession of days of glorious sunshine that transformed the Forest, seeming, in some sort, to ameliorate even the dense green gloom of Wolf's Hold.

And the magic of the sun appeared to touch the people of the place as well—to chase away, for a little, the shadow that had tinged the spirits of the dwellers in and about Normansrood, except for those in two houses in that district—each of which had lost all of youth it had. The sun could bring, as yet, no gaiety into the houses where Molly O'Mourne and Berkeley Morris slept.

It was even as though, somewhere in his unknown retreat, the axe-thrower must have responded to the genial sun, for he lay quiescent.

There was a double inquest, with an open verdict in the case of Molly O'Mourne, and, for Berkeley Morris, a verdict of suicide tempered with the customary charitable addition that insures consecrated ground for the overdriven of these times.

THE little couple, one of the gentlest and prettiest pairs that ever lived and loved in Normansrood, were buried together, under many flowers—including a magnificent pile of lilies and beautiful blooms that had come from Derehurst Castle—and so were left to sleep—"far in the dark with the dreams and the dews"—even, maybe, who knows, to "laugh low, live softly, murmur and muse . . . spirit to spirit as lovers use. . ."

An ancient and weather-beaten person who looked like what he was, a retired menagerie proprietor, and who answered readily (considering his age) to the name of "Mister Mullet," arrived from Derehurst Castle in a motor, and took charge of Stolid Joe, much as a wise and sober man arrives to take charge of his twin brother who has regrettably been getting into mischief. . . .

The sunny days went by, like girls in golden silk wandering dreamily over the heath, and Normansrood recaptured something of its olden immemorial peace.

Major Giles Wakeling responded to the brightness and imported himself a steady old hunter, riding a good deal, seeming to spend much of his time between the camp at Wolf's Hold and the bungalow at Tufter's Wait.

Detective-Inspector Meek hovered like a hawk during those days; ever ready but never finding a quarry upon which to swoop.

There were several remotely official but un-uniformed men who came to Normansrood, resting much in the daytime and—unobtrusively issuing forth at night, watching—but seeing nothing, so that presently they returned to the place from which they came.

Sir Gatsby Thorburn grew noticeably more silent when the murder of Molly O'Mourne was mentioned. Hambledon, the Forester, walked the heather and the woodlands as dourly as ever, interfering with none who kept the Forest rules, allowing none to interfere with him.

Like the Major, the Inspector, Sir Gatsby and others, he would drop in at the little camp for an occasional chat with Prosper Fair, but he was not much of a talker and Prosper found him heavy on his hands though he suffered him as gladly as he could.

And Prosper, between visits to Tufter's Wait and King's Halt Hall, lay serenely doggo, friendly with everybody, foolish with none. . . .

It was at Tufter's Wait that he spent much of his leisure time. Almost daily he would ride there with Lady Crystal. She would call for him on her way across from King's Halt, and because, with the return of the mellow summer days, Alan Byrne's spirits seemed to improve, things were brighter, too, at Tufter's Wait.

Prosper, by sheer chance, was able to brighten them still more on the day after Crystal Sheen returned to King's Halt. Walking down to the village, early that morning, he had come upon Inspector Meek, peering at a long tress of coarse brownish hair with a fragment of thick hide

attached to it, that was hanging on a clump of heather.

"What do you make of that, Mr. Fair?" he asked.

Prosper studied it, his face expressionless.

"Horse-hair—probably a couple of ponies have been quarreling—snapping at each other," he said, without much interest. "One got a mouthful of mane, probably more by chance than intention. You see these evidences of pony life all over the Forest. They have nothing to do but graze and get into mischief."

The detective nodded, turning to a stranger who was approaching him with a telegram in his hand. He was one Jackson, the only remaining man of those left to watch at night.

"This has just arrived for you, sir."

The Inspector read it, smiled, and curtly instructed his assistant to arrange for the village motor to be ready to take him over to Brockenhurst Station to catch the London express.

The man hurried away.

"Good news—if one may judge from your expression, Inspector. I congratulate you," said Prosper in his easy, pleasant way.

"And a good guess at that, Mr. Fair," declared the detective with unusual cordiality. "A dangerous slippery customer I was after when the Forest case cropped up, has been arrested—thanks to the man who took the case over when I was sent down here, having sense enough to follow exactly the plans for a trap which I left him! You'll hear of the case before long—bad blackmail of a society woman—by a clever scoundrel called Mant. A feather in my cap, Mr. Fair. I have to go up on a point that requires explaining—a good point for me—eh? One that will do me a bit of good with the Chief—"

"Mant. Mant," said Prosper in the tone of one who muses. "I've heard the name before somewhere or other."

"Dillon Mant—a reckless, dangerous brute. Educated man—a bit of a star in the night-club circles that the average man doesn't hear of. A cocaine specialist, too."

The Inspector shrugged.

"Well, he'll be safe for the next few years," he said, nodded, and turned back to the village.

Prosper waited a second, then snatched the "tress" of horse-hair, stuffed it in his pocket, and hurried back to his camp.

Ten minutes later he was cantering on Charleston to Tufter's Wait.

Nearly there, he rode behind a clump of thorn, some four hundred yards from the house, dismounted, and settled down to watch the front of the bungalow.

WITHIN a quarter of an hour old Peter Light, the groom, appeared from the stable yard, leading two horses, with which he waited by the veranda. A few minutes later Crystal Sheen and Alan Byrne appeared, evidently about to go riding. Probably Lady Crystal had ridden over for breakfast with Byrne.

Prosper mounted and rode out from the thorns, timing himself to meet them just as they started off.

This he did.

They greeted and talked for a few minutes. Crystal was in splendid spirits, obviously because Byrne seemed much better. He was looking less tired and there was a touch of unaccustomed color in his lean brown face.

Presently Prosper reined back a pace or so and studied them in an odd little silence for a few seconds. Then he smiled, nodding.

"Prosper is pleased with you," he said, with the air of a grandfather, "and so he will give you two small presents which will help you to enjoy your ride. The first of these is an item of news—secret and confidential—namely, that your old secretary, Dillon Mant, has been arrested on a serious charge of blackmailing some person—a lady in London—and will inevitably soon go to penal servitude for some years."

He beamed upon them.

"That may mean something to you, Alan," he said. "Or, again, it may not." He affected not to notice the sudden relief that flashed to both Crystal Sheen's and Byrne's eyes.

"And the second present is in the nature of

(Continued on page 54)

James J. Corbett says, "Faversham's advice decided me on Luckies"

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"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 52)

a little good advice and a promise. The advice is 'trust Prosper'—the promise is 'and all will be well.' There have been queer things—puzzles and complications, doubts and terrors for you both during the past few weeks. Prosper knows that—and even though you couldn't quite bring yourselves to confide your troubles to him, yet he is shortly going to chase them all away—yes, all away! That's a promise."

He laughed gently at the hope that dawned on their faces, and waved them away.

"Now, go and ride," he said, half turned, then appeared to think of something and spoke again.

"Oh, Alan, I want to write a few letters. May I borrow some of your paper and scribble them in your room?"

"Why, of course—" Byrne called to the housekeeper, Mrs. Grey, who appeared on the verandah, and instructed her to see that Prosper had everything he required.

"She will fix you up as well as Asana could—he's taken a telegram to Normansrood for me," explained Byrne.

Prosper thanked him and watched them canter off.

THEN, thoughtfully, he rode round to the stables and left his horse with Peter Light. He chatted with the old groom for a little, inspected Byrne's second horse, discussed his points and value with the groom, then leisurely made his way into the house, and to Alan Byrne's desk.

There he wrote steadily for a time, then rose, listening. He could hear the housekeeper busy clearing things up after breakfast.

He smiled and returned to Byrne's room, turning the key in the lock as he did so. . . .

When, half an hour later, the housekeeper went into the room he was gone. She went to the French windows and looked out across the Forest, with intent and suspicious eyes. Prosper was nowhere in sight, but Asana, the Jap, was approaching the house.

The woman stepped on to the verandah, beckoning, and Asana came to her there. She told him swiftly of Prosper's visit. The Jap nodded, his face darkening, and he went quickly to the desk, examining the blotting paper, testing the drawers, and minutely scrutinizing every article on the desk. But the blotting pad was clean, the drawers locked, everything in its place.

Yet Asana seemed uneasy. He scowled round the room, then went over to a huge corner cupboard. This was locked. Asana peered intently, anxiously examining the keyhole.

Then his face cleared again. "It is all right," he said in his soft, deferential voice. "That one is brave, yes—a meddler, yes—but he has no sense. It is all right."

He took one of Byrne's cigarettes, lit it and went off to the kitchen with the *passée* housekeeper.

BUT Asana was wrong. During the short half hour he had been in the bungalow the gentlemanly Prosper Fair, moving very swiftly and silently, had learned so much that he was now in a position to explain most of the mystery of the axes and its connection with the murder of Molly O'Mourne.

His face was hard and serious as he took over

his pony from the groom and rode slowly away from Tufter's Wait toward Wolf's Hold.

Before he had ridden out that morning he had arrived at what he considered the only possible solution to the mystery of the axes and the axe-thrower. And it had seemed to him then that the murder of Molly O'Mourne had a vital connection with the nocturnal activities of the night-rider.

But now he had learned that it was otherwise.

Half the distance back to Normansrood he rode like a man unconscious, or a mechanical thing.

But that was only because he was thinking almost desperately.

He knew now that he must act swiftly and ruthlessly, even, if necessary, play a little daringly with the law, and it was imperative that he should get help.

"I could manage, I think, with two men. The Major would be one, of course. The second—?"

He hesitated, then suddenly smiled. He had selected his second man.

"Well, pony," he said, loosing the reins a little, "go to it!"

Nothing loth the pony "went to it," so enthusiastically that within five minutes Prosper was at Major Wakeling's apartments in the village.

The Major had just come for what he called his morning tonic—a pint of old beer in a silver tankard. Prosper joined him heartily enough.

But it was not till they were riding quietly back to the little camp by Wolf's Hold that Prosper spoke of what was in his mind.

"Well, Major, the mystery that has darkened this corner of the Forest is about to be—dispersed—that's the word, 'dispersed' isn't it?—to-night."

The Major stared. "Dispersed! But that's—there's nothing—what I mean to say, I don't understand. Do you mean that you have solved the whole thing?"

"I do, indeed, mean that!" said Prosper. Sheer incredulity stared out of the Major's eyes.

"You mean—you definitely mean—that you know who murdered Molly O'Mourne?" demanded the Major.

"I believe so, Major," Prosper's tone was quiet and equable.

"You do!" And do you know the axe-thrower?"

"I do," said Prosper. "The same man, of course?"

The Major's voice was so curiously even and forcedly casual that Prosper glanced at him with a touch of surprise in his face.

"I should not care to say that," said Prosper quietly. "We shall see that to-night, I think."

"You mean to get him—the murderer? But why not now—at once—if you know?"

"I want our friend Meek to do the arresting—and he cannot be here till to-night," explained Prosper.

The Major sighed. "Well, so be it. What do you want me to do?"

"I'll tell you presently," said Prosper as they pulled up at the camp. "We'll get together something resembling lunch first, don't you agree?"

(To be concluded)

The Brave Tradition

(Continued from page 35)

look like a mere incandescent patch against the cheerless sky.

On the sixth day they met the first of the fox hunters, a small, wizened man, out scouting for ptarmigan.

"Hello, Corporal," he greeted. "Say, you got t' do somethin' about this Bauchard an' his gang. Hank Talcott's missin' two blackies an' he's madder than hell. Bauchard stopped in at my shack t' other night an' kept lookin' up at my fur loft. He's snoopin', an' if I ketch him around in the dark, I'm goin' take a pot-shot at him; I'm tellin' you flat."

"My dear man," cut in Dineen importantly, "that is just what I have come up here for—to

see about this Bauchard chap. Rely on me to settle things. I'm here to be hard on those who disrespect the Force—damned hard, my friend. How many Indians has this Bauchard got with him?"

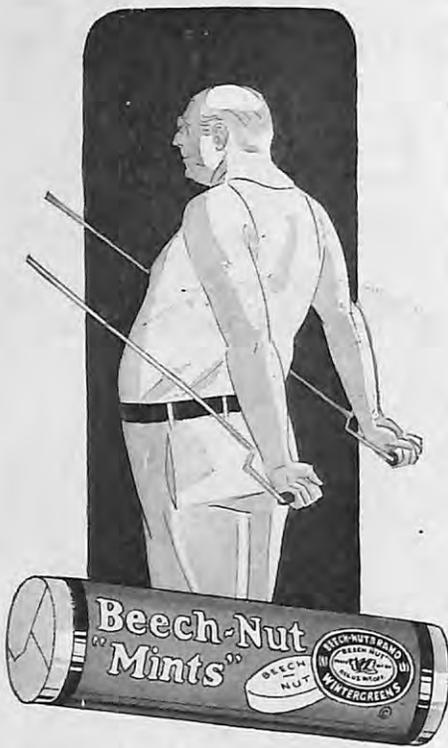
"Bout a dozen. But Bauchard's the guy you want. You get him an' the gang 'll break up."

"I'll get all of them. I'll set an example. I'll march them as prisoners through every settlement on the way to Fort Stalwart, so that others will see that I mean business."

The trapper shrugged, and then asked: "You takin' Bill's place up here?"

"You mean Powderley? No—no. I'm merely

(Continued on page 56)



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Coral Gables  *Miami, Florida*

The Brave Tradition

(Continued from page 54)

—er—straightening things out for the—er—corporal. Doing it for all the patrols, in fact. Things need straightening out now and then by a man—er—from Headquarters. You've heard of me, of course? Dineen—Dineen?"

"Yes, guess I have, last time I was down t' Lake la Ronge."

"To be sure."

Slade snickered as he bent over the lead-dog and examined its feet.

Powderley stood near Dineen, undisturbed by the sergeant's insinuations. In fact, there was the ghost of a wry smile playing about the corporal's lips. It made you think of a father slightly amused and serenely tolerant at the chesty bravado of his son.

Presently the outfit moved on, with Powderley and the trapper in the lead.

"I'm sorry, Bill," offered the fox-hunter; "I got so cocky t' you. I didn't think the sarge was that kind. Is that actcherly the Dineen we been hearin' so much about?"

"Yes, Andy."

"**HUMPH!**" The trapper shifted his chew and spat thoughtfully. "It don't seem possible that a wind-bag like that could go far. But f'r Gawd's sake, Bill, take a hand. Get Bauchard himself, but don't mess with the Injuns. If the sarge does what he says he's goin' t' do, there'll be hell t' pay. I mean you guys can't march them Injuns t' Fort Stalwart. F'r one thing, you ain't got the grub, an' you can't make a laughin' stock out o' them bucks an' get away with it. You wouldn't put 'em in prison, I know that. You'd just march 'em t' Fort Stalwart an' then turn 'em loose, an' then they'd be so damned sore they'd just simply run amuck."

"You leave it to me, Andy," said the corporal, and there was that in his voice that reassured the trapper and put his mind at ease.

The trapper left them a little past noon and headed off for his own trapping shack. He had given instructions where to find Bauchard's camp, and it was not long afterwards, that the patrol halted in the lee of a clump of Arctic willows.

"Their camp," said Powderley, "is just beyond that muskeg, back of the tamarack."

Dineen pursed his lips and stared keenly across the muskeg. Then he pivoted sharply and faced Powderley.

"The three of us will march up there and take them prisoners. Our hands will be on our pistols. My idea is this. You heard me tell it to that trapper. We'll make an example of this gang—march 'em through every settlement on the way back."

"It can't be done," the corporal said simply.

"Now don't tell me it can't be done!"

"No, it can't be done," reiterated Powderley.

"The only man we want is Bauchard. He's the ring-leader. There's a blizzard brewing, and game is scarce. We could never feed that gang on the trek home. We have only sufficient rations for ourselves, and small rations at that. It's not our business up here to be pugnacious. You've got to wheedle and coerce gently."

"I think, Powderley, I know my business," pursued Dineen.

"South of the frontier you do, no doubt," admitted the corporal. "North of the frontier, things work differently. I've studied it all carefully. I've never fired a gun, never shot a man. The Manual urges diplomacy to firearms."

"And you've never been cited for meritorious work," reminded the sergeant tartly.

"An' he's never been called down for mis-handlin' a case," interjected Slade, sweetly sarcastic.

"I wish," said Dineen, "you'd keep your oar out of this." He returned to Powderley. "We three shall enter Bauchard's camp, gather up all firearms and march the entire gang south. Let them go hungry for five days. What of it?"

"You forget," argued Powderley, still unruffled, "that there's a blizzard brewing. It will break in a day or two, and it will take us at least ten days to make Fort Stalwart. How do you expect to keep that gang together on empty stomachs with wind and snow so thick you can't see ten feet ahead? Besides, it is against the code, against the traditions of the Force."

"Traditions be damned! To make a name for yourself, you've got to forget a lot."

"I'm not hungry for a name," drawled Powderley.

"At any rate, I'm going through with my plan!" snapped Dineen.

Powderley shook his head slowly. "Don't you see, Dineen, the futility of your plan? Your plan might well go in the south, but circumstances alter cases. Here you have the elements to fight; low temperatures, lack of food, a blizzard about to break, and Indians who run amuck on the least provocation. It can not be done."

"I can do it, and I am!" snapped Dineen.

"I'm afraid, Dineen, you can't."

"I can! I am!"

"I'm afraid, Dineen, you aren't." There was smooth finality in the corporal's voice.

Dineen stepped back, his jaw hard, his eyes narrowed. "You mean to say you absolutely refuse to back me?"

"That is about what I mean," nodded Powderley.

"By God," snapped the sergeant, "this is mutiny!"

Powderley shrugged. "No, not mutiny. You forget that your tour of the posts is one of inspection. There is no clause in the superintendent's letter that gives you command of any patrol. He suggests we consider your advice. Very well. I am still in command of the Fort Stalwart detachment. I have considered your advice, and do not think it appropriate to the occasion. In conclusion, I absolutely refuse to let you take the initiative in this case. I am sorry, Sergeant, that we are at odds."

Slade slapped his thigh in vigorous approval. Dineen flung him a black look, bit his lip and rocked on his feet in perplexed indecision.

"Dammit, you two have balked me at every turn!" he cried. "I won't stand for it!"

POWDERLEY shrugged and turned away. Slade began unloading the sled, chuckling to himself. Dineen stood with his arms folded, staring bitterly at the snow.

"I'm going now," the corporal was saying, "to get Bauchard."

"Good luck!" called out Slade.

Dineen still stared at the snow, dark with anger.

Powderley tramped away and crossed the ragged stretch of frozen muskeg. He wound his way through the scraggly tamarack and came upon Bauchard's camp nestling in the lee of a low bluff. There were four small teepees, and campfires were crackling. Indians moved about and regarded him distrustfully. He waved to them, and then he saw Bauchard appear from one of the teepees.

"Ah, m'sieur le corporal," he greeted with a crooked smile.

"Hello, Bauchard," replied Powderley, and stopped before him. "I want to have a little talk with you. Come inside."

"Oui, m'sieur." Bauchard waved the corporal in with a grand gesture.

They sat down. There was no one else present. Bauchard was a rangy, jet-eyed man, with the air of a reckless, carefree rogue.

"Bauchard," said Powderley slowly, "I've had many chats with you. I've tried to be friends with you, and I've told you time and again to clear out of the country and leave the traplines alone. I've come again, and this time I mean business. You've forced me to act this way. I am going to take you south to Fort Stalwart, and I'm going to make it as easy for you as I know how. I've never used a gun on a man, but I may be forced to now if you don't act according to my directions. I mean business, Bauchard."

"Oui, I t'ink you do, corporal," grinned the 'breed.

"All right. Now you are going with me alone. Your men are not to be molested. When we go out of the teepee you are to walk on my right, one pace ahead. I can draw fast, Bauchard, if I have to. You are to say nothing unless I ask it, and then but one word—yes. You understand?"

"Oui."

(Continued on page 58)

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The Brave Tradition

(Continued from page 56)

"Very well. Your knife, Bauchard." Powderley's hand was resting on the butt of his Webley as he said it.

Bauchard passed over his knife, and they rose. The corporal indicated the door with a nod of his head, and they passed out. The Indians were grouped near by. Powderley spoke in dialect.

"M'sieur Bauchard," he said, "is accompanying me south. You men are to go where you please, but I would suggest clearing out of the breens before the blizzard breaks and black famine throttles the land. If famine overtakes you, strike for Fort Stalwart, and I shall do my best to feed you and tend your sick. I promise you that the Red Coat shall protect you. M'sieur Bauchard has agreed to accompany me south and stay out of the barrens. Is that not true?"

"Oui," nodded Bauchard after a moment's hesitation.

"Then, let us go," finished Powderley.

The Indians did not budge. Only their eyes followed the corporal and Bauchard as the two entered the tamarack. After a while the 'breed said:

"M'sieur, you are ver' brave an' ver' tactful. Permit me, your prisonaire, to salute you."

"Bauchard," replied the corporal, "I'd like you a lot better if you weren't such a damned rogue."

"M'sieur, I do not lak de red coat, but I lak you."

"Too bad I have to put these on," replied Powderley, as he clicked handcuffs about the 'breed's wrists.

"You are," grinned Bauchard, "no fool, m'sieur."

When they arrived back at the outfit, Slade clapped his partner on the back.

"Bully boy, Bill!" he exclaimed.

Dineen flexed his lips and bit savagely at a chunk of hot bannock. He did not rise. He said nothing. They all sat down, and Slade passed Bauchard a tin plate heaped with steaming food. Powderley removed the manacles while he ate. The dogs were bolting frozen fish, a pound to each.

"Well, I suppose you're satisfied," sneered Dineen over his tea.

"Yes, quite," nodded the corporal placidly, chewing his pemmican thoughtfully.

Dineen went on brooding, his vanity rubbed to the raw.

BAUCHARD said: "De corporal, messieurs, ees wan dam' cleveaire man. You should be surprise' de way he march me out. No gun. No noise. By le diable, I was myself surprise'!"

"You seem to be tickled pink that you're a prisoner," snapped out Dineen.

"Me? Teeckled? No—no! I'm just compliment de corporal. I am prisonaire—so! Why say de harsh words when de nice words dey come mooch easier?"

"You're right," chimed in Slade through a mouthful of bannock. "You're dead right. There's too many sour-mugged guys in this world. There's too many guys that think they know it all—too many guys that are stuck on 'emselves. By accident an' the breaks of the game they get noticed by the guys higher up, but when they stack up against a real man's job—ho!—what a false alarm."

He looked at Dineen, and Dineen met his gaze with smouldering eyes. "Are you insinuating again, Slade?" he dragged out.

"Hell," chuckled Slade, "if the shoe fits you, wear it."

An oath broke from Dineen's lips. He flung himself at Slade and whipped a short blow to the constable's jaw. Slade fell back, chucked, and set his jaw. His grin was almost jovial. This was just what he had hoped for. He sailed into Dineen with an array of staggering rights and lefts that crashed the sergeant to the snow. It all happened before Powderley could get between them. When the sergeant got to his feet, bleeding from the nose, Powderley had Slade in a grip of steel.

"Stay where you are, Sergeant," he ordered; then to Slade: "And that'll be all from you too, Steve."

"I'll break the fellow's rotten neck!" rasped Dineen.

"Go spit up a rope, you gas-bag!" shot back Slade.

"Both of you shut up!" boomed Powderley, becoming a little angry. He drew them aside and spoke in low tones. "What's the matter with you men? Steve, you keep your mouth shut for the rest of this patrol. And you, Dineen, are making a bloody fool of yourself. My God, you talk of prestige and respect due the Red Coat! What do you suppose Bauchard thinks, seeing you jump to attack Slade? If there's a grievance between you two, wait till we get back to Fort Stalwart. You can strip to the waist in the cabin and I'll referee. But cut this bickering from now on."

He turned away, trudged back to the campfire and sat down. Slade came back a moment later grinning sheepishly. Dineen came last, black resentment in his eyes. His own prestige in the eyes of these men was shattered. Slade always laughed at him. Powderley treated him with avuncular toleration. Even Bauchard was shooting him whimsical sidelong looks. There was no doubt. He was merely a hollow shell that hitherto circumstances had buoyed up. What a shock Headquarters would receive when it discovered that it had misjudged and overrated him!

THE men turned in soon. Bauchard was tied hand and foot and manacled to Slade. The dogs tried to burrow into the snow, but it was too hard, so they bunched near the fire, their eyes gleaming like dark liquid fire. Powderley crept into the tent while Dineen still sat by the fire, smoking his pipe and brooding.

The stars were low and cold. The wind whined plaintively across the bleak swells. In the scrub bushes near by a snow-owl clicked its murderous bill. The Aurora spun ribbons of pale flame across the sky. Distant and faint, a pack of wolves was sounding the meat call.

Powderley was awakened some time later by the sound of a shot. He sat up, listened, and felt about the darkened tent. Slade was rousing and Bauchard sat up with him. Dineen was missing.

The corporal looked out through the flap. No, Dineen was not by the fire, either.

"What's up, Bill?" asked Slade.

"Dunno," mumbled Powderley, throwing aside his robes and groping for his coat.

Outside, he stood for a moment, listening, his hand resting on the butt of his Webley. Three more shots burst upon the night air.

"You stay here, Steve," he flung over his shoulder as he started off on the run.

He reached the muskeg and stumbled across its jagged, uneven surface. He sensed what was happening, and it was more than the bite of the Arctic cold that chilled his blood. As he drew near the strip of tamarack he saw dark shapes racing toward him, with one in the lead that staggered and weaved uncertainly.

The corporal stopped and raised his hands high. Dineen came pounding toward him, with the Indian band hot on his heels. Powderley caught the sergeant with one hand and spun him behind. Then his hands rose again, and the Indians slowed down and milled before him, babbling angrily in dialect.

"The Red Coat has broken faith with us," stormed one, shaking his fists passionately. "You promised that we would be unmolested. To-night comes the Red Coat with drawn belt-gun. He says 'All of you men are my prisoners.' We grow angry and tell him of your words. He scoffs, and becoming angrier, we refuse to hand over our arms. He shoots and wounds two of our men."

Powderley did not budge an inch.

"My friends," he said, also in dialect, "there is some mistake. You see, my hands are high. I have not broken faith with you. This Red Coat is sick in the brain. You well know how the ghosts of the Arctic tundra hover over men who are traversing it for the first time. So with this Red Coat, who is my friend. A madness has come upon him. His brain is sick. I mean to keep faith with you all. I will take my friend to our camp. Then I will go alone into your camp with my medicine kit and attend to your wounded."

(Continued on page 60)

“Comment ça va?” she said, with a laugh



—and I astounded her with my reply

PEGGY took great delight in jolly me. One day, when I was calling on her, she greeted me in French. “Comment ça va?” she said.

“Now, Peg,” I warned, with a grin, “no French. You know I can’t understand it.” Peggy chuckled. “Oh, yes, I keep forgetting,” she apologized.

It was a habit with Peggy to break frequently into French. Sometimes I half suspected she did this intentionally, because she knew it embarrassed me.

“You know, Bob,” remarked Peggy, after we had chatted awhile, “it’s a pity you didn’t take French at school.”

I nodded, feeling rather small. “Yes, I wish I had taken French, Peg. I didn’t realize when I was in school the value of learning a foreign language. I didn’t realize how much it would help me—in business and in social life. I certainly feel like an outsider nowadays among some of my friends who do speak French.”

There was a pause. “I suppose it’s too late to learn now,” I added, looking at her questioningly.

Peggy shrugged her shoulders. “Yes, I suppose so,” she agreed.

We chatted a while longer. Finally I rose to go.

“Good-bye,” I said, as I was leaving.

“Au revoir,” replied Peggy, with a faint smile.

* * *

A Big Surprise

Several months passed before I saw Peggy again. Once more she greeted me with her usual, “Comment ça va?” She was not prepared for my reply.

“Je me porte très bien,” I answered, in perfect French.

Peggy’s eyes opened wide. I rattled on in French—talked about the weather—the latest shows, anything I could think of. To Peggy’s amazement, I talked only in French.

Finally I said in English, “Don’t you agree with me, Peg?”

Peggy’s face was a blank. “Wh-where on

earth did you learn to speak French?” she gasped.

I laughed. “Remember the last time I was here, Peg? . . . Well, after I left I began thinking. I realized that a foreign language is part of every cultured person’s education. I determined I would learn French. But how, was a problem. I didn’t have time to go to school. I couldn’t afford to engage a private teacher. I didn’t know what to do. . .

“But one day I heard a fellow at the office talking about a marvelous new way to learn French! I asked him about it.

“He told me that it was a course by mail—a course of lessons that you studied at home.

“I was disappointed. I laughed at the idea of learning a language by mail. ‘Impossible!’ I exclaimed.

“But he protested that it was not at all impossible. He told me how his sister had taken the course—how she had actually learned to speak French in a short time.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

“Well, I sent for the course. . . . Have you ever heard of the Hugo Language Institute, Peg?”

Peggy nodded. “It’s located in London, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I replied, “it’s one of the oldest, most conservative language institutes in the world. They recently made a remarkable achievement in the teaching of languages. They put their expert knowledge of language instruction—their years of experience in teaching French—the secrets of their quick, accurate method—into a set of printed lessons—*lessons which anyone can study at home.*

“The course is really wonderful, Peg. . . . It’s called the ‘At-Sight’ method. It’s utterly different from the old-fashioned methods. Just think—only a short time ago I didn’t know a word of French. Now I can speak French—read French books and magazines—understand spoken French and use French phrases in conversation!

“And I only studied a few minutes a day!

No tiresome exercises to do—no boresome class-room drills. It was real fun learning. Everything was so clear—simple—easy. Honestly, Peg, the Hugo ‘At-Sight’ French Course is a wonderful accomplishment in language instruction!”

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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The wonderful thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes you *your own teacher*. At home—in minutes that might otherwise be wasted—you learn, phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, to speak the language correctly and well.

We shall be glad to send you the complete course FREE FOR 5 DAYS, so that you may see it and judge it for yourself. Within the free examination period you have the privilege of returning the course, without cost or obligation, or keeping it as your own and sending only \$2 as a first payment, and thereafter \$2 a month until the full price of \$12 has been paid.

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5% discount for cash with order.

The Brave Tradition

(Continued from page 58)

The Indians shuffled about, looking askance at one another. Finally the spokesman replied: "We believe you, corporal, and shall return. We understand the sickness of the brain."

In a body they turned and tramped back into the tamarack. When they had disappeared, Powderley turned and hauled Dineen to his feet.

"Well, now you have gone the limit, sergeant," he said bitterly. "Let's get along. I must hurry and look after the men you wounded. What made you do that, after I'd promised them immunity? Such an act as this is not in keeping with our traditions, and it weakens our prestige."

Dineen made no reply. Head lowered, he trudged into camp beside the corporal.

"What happened?" asked Slade.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the corporal, rummaging for his first aid kit.

Dineen slumped down by the fire, a broken man.

Powderley found his kit and said: "I won't be long, Steve."

Alone, he rolled off into the gloom. An hour later Slade saw him reappear.

"I guess I know what happened," muttered the constable.

Powderley only sighed as he put away his kit.

Next day they started south with a fine, stinging snow at their backs. Dineen was haggard, silent, brooding. Bauchard was whimsical. Slade was kept busy breaking trail, while Powderley brought up the rear.

By noon the blizzard was in mid-career. It bludgeoned the men mercilessly. It howled and shrieked and boomed across the barren wastes. It blotted out the frigid sky. It lacerated the men's faces and the snow froze about their mouths. For two hours they fought through it, until at last Powderley decided that travel was impossible. They made a camp in the lee of some spruce scrub, got a fire going with much difficulty, and huddled in their robes.

At nightfall the storm was still at the peak of its fury.

"Somebody'll have to stay awake to look after the fire," ventured Powderley.

"I'll do it," mumbled Dineen, and the corporal was vaguely disturbed at his tone.

When he awoke at the first graying of another day, snow was still driving down relentlessly. He moved in his robes and sat up. Only a few coals were glowing. Slade and Bauchard were still sleeping.

Dineen was gone.

Powderley toiled to his feet and stood looking about perplexedly, while the wind and the snow whipped viciously at his face. Then he happened to notice a folded bit of paper pinned on his breast. He took it off and spread it. This is what he read:

My dear Powderley: I am broken, disgraced. They say that it is easy to go out and die in a blizzard. That is what I am doing. Do not follow me. Maybe you understand.

Dineen.

HE CRUSHED the note in his mittened hand. He stared out into the murky cloud of the blizzard. There were no tracks leading away from the camp. Dineen must have started just after the others had turned in. His tracks were already obliterated.

Powderley sat down and stared thoughtfully at the fire for a long moment. Then he moved and piled on fresh wood. When the others sat up, he said:

"Dineen must have walked in his sleep. He's not around."

"Hell," exclaimed Slade. "If he has, he's done for! We could never find him in this blow."

"No, I guess we couldn't, Steve. He hasn't even got rackets. Still, we'll look around."

"Sure. You watch Bauchard here. I'll go hunt him."

"No, I'll go, Steve."

And he went. For two hours he plowed aimlessly through the storm. Occasionally he



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- 1 Artistic Indiana Limestone buildings yield high income because they attract the best tenants.
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INDIANA LIMESTONE COMPANY

heard, above the whine and the wail of the blizzard, the cries of roving wolves. Presently he stopped and bent down. He picked up a belt buckle and then a Webley service pistol. Near by he could see a large depression in the snow, where a man might have lain for some time.

"Well," he mused, "he just lay down and passed out. Thank God, he didn't feel the wolves."

There were bits of torn fur lying about.

The corporal stuffed the mementoes into his pockets and trudged back to camp.

When, two weeks later, he arrived at Fort Stalwart with Slade and their prisoner, he wrote in his official journal the incidents of the patrol. And under the date of January 12th, he wrote what was by way of being an epitaph. Perhaps the most significant passage in the entire entry, was this:

Died in line of duty, Sergeant Richard Dineen. . . .

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 44)

Lodge, No. 1446; Second Vice-President, B. H. Johnson, Ponca City Lodge, No. 1522; Third Vice-President, F. E. Lemcke, Okmulgee Lodge, No. 1136; Secretary, Louis F. Piotehauer, Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417 (reelected); Treasurer, A. V. Smith, Enid Lodge, No. 870, (reelected); Trustees: S. H. Norman, Oklahoma City Lodge (reelected); O. L. Hayden, Alva Lodge; B. B. Barefoot, Chickasha Lodge, No. 755; Tiler, E. R. Walcher, Blackwell Lodge, No. 1347.

Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge to Build \$50,000 Home

At a recent meeting of Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, a committee was appointed, and given authority to purchase the property at the corner of Lucerne and R Streets overlooking the municipal golf course, as the site for the new Home which the Lodge is planning to erect. Lake Worth Lodge is only a little more than a year old, but it has a membership of 150 enthusiastic Elks, and the proposed Home will be one of the finest buildings in the city.

Newark, N. J., Lodge Holds Gigantic "Big Brother" Picnic

The greatest picnic in the history of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, was held this summer when children to the estimated number of 14,000 were the guests of No. 21 at its annual Big Brother picnic. With the orphans and the crippled children receiving special care from the committee, the youngsters enjoyed the many delights of Olympic Park, which is the annual contribution to the picnic of owner Henry A. Guenther, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Sanford, Fla., Lodge Active In Scholarship Work

Taking the lead of many Lodges in this respect, Sanford, Fla., Lodge, No. 1241, has endowed a scholarship and is putting through the State University in Gainesville a very worthy young man. This is the first of an extended plan which this Lodge is working out.

Beginning with this year, Sanford Lodge will give four prizes to the students of the Junior High and the Senior High Schools of Sanford for the best essays on what the American Flag means to America, and what it stands for to the world at large. The two first-prizes will be \$25 each and the two second-prizes will be \$10 each. Considerable interest is expected in these prizes, and Sanford Elks thus hope to widen the influence of the Flag in the youth of the city.

Charlotte, N. C., Lodge to Have Week of Festivities for Charity

Charlotte, N. C., Lodge, No. 392, is staging an elaborate week of festivities in its Home November 21 to 26 inclusive for the benefit of its Charity Fund. Nightly supper dances and

(Continued on page 62)

WALK-OVER SHOES



Walk-Overs are made in three grades—Custom, Standard, and Special. This is the Courtleigh, a Standard Grade shoe at \$10.

Foot-comfort now journeys with good looks

FOR strenuous holiday or fatiguing business trip, the man who chooses Walk-Overs—the shoes with the Main Spring* Arch—chooses wisely. Here is style that wins praise in town or country. Here is comfort that keeps your step youthful and vigorous over miles of turf or asphalt and brings you to your journey's end fresh, untired as when you started.

The Walk-Over Main Spring* Arch is a piece of finely tempered steel. Until the foot



muscles are hard worked, you never know it is there. But when the pound, pound, pound of constant steps begins to tell, this feather-light, resilient support holds up the straining muscles like a cool, comforting hand.

Take a trip to the Walk-Over dealer in your town. Let him fit you with these comfortable shoes.

An authoritative booklet, "The Correct Shoe Wardrobe," by William Arnsworth Wilson, will be sent free on request.



As seen in Vanity Fair

Economists and fashion experts agree—"Every man needs at least four pairs of shoes." Shown here are shoes from the Walk-Over Shoe Wardrobe as featured in the November issue of Vanity Fair Magazine, the nationally known men's style authority.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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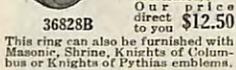
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 Set with 2 Blue White Diamonds and 4 Blue Synthetic Sapphires. 15-jewel guaranteed accurate movement. Beautiful platinum-finished dial with raised gold figures.



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 A beautiful hand-carved blossom design overlaying the richly pierced sides. The fine full cut blue-white Diamond shows off to exceptional advantage.



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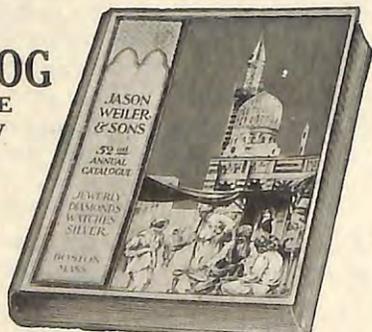
This fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy is securely set in a most beautiful solid platinum ring, which is richly carved and exquisitely pierced in a lace-work effect. . . . **\$235.00**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

1/4 carat - - 31.00	1 1/2 carats - - 217.00
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Diamonds sent for inspection to your bank or Express Co.—before payment, if desired.

Write for FREE CATALOG "How to Buy Diamonds." An elaborately illustrated book showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities on all diamond mounted jewelry.



Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 61)

cabaret shows will be the features, and the Home will be specially decorated for the occasion. All Elks who happen to be in the vicinity of Charlotte during this week and all members of nearby Lodges are invited to attend this series of gala evenings.

Community Festival Conducted By De Land, Fla., Lodge

Recently De Land, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, was host to upwards of 6,000 people at beautiful DeLeon Springs, where sport contests, bathing, fishing, trap shooting, golf, a band concert, dancing and fire works were provided in rich abundance. Beginning at ten in the morning and continuing until midnight without a dull moment, the Elks dispensed happiness and jollity freely. At seven o'clock 5,200 people had entered the gates, and later came the evening crowd. Prizes were offered in the contests, and visitors and contestants came from Sanford, Orlando, Cocoa, Eustis, Daytona Beach, Palatka, New Smyrna and all towns and villages near De Land. The whole affair was a contribution of the Lodge to the pleasure of the people generally and was greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

Charity Ball of Mother Lodge To be Held This Month

The annual charity ball of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, will be held this year on November 10 at the Commodore Hotel. Always an important social and charitable event, this year's ball promises to exceed in attendance and receipts all previous occasions. Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, who is chairman of the ball committee, has undertaken to raise \$60,000—\$1,000 for each of the Mother Lodge's sixty years.

Cocoa, Fla., Lodge Members Enjoy Theatre Party

Through the courtesy of Manager Judge of the Aladdin Theatre all members of Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532, who attended a recent meeting and initiation, were presented with two tickets for the second performance at his theatre, which immediately followed the session, and some 500 Elks and their wives were his guests. In addition to the regular program a number of special acts had been arranged and the guests of honor had a thoroughly enjoyable time. Other occasions which have furnished much pleasure for members have been a number of baseball games played by the Lodge team against other local organizations. Cocoa Lodge is extremely active in social and community affairs, taking part in all progressive movements.

Jerome, Ariz., Public Library Has "Elks Section"

Taking an interest in good books, Jerome, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1361, supplies the public library of its city regularly with many volumes. A large section, known as the Elks Section, is set aside in the library and it has become one of the most popular departments in the institution.

South Dakota Elks Present Gift To President Coolidge

The South Dakota State Elks Association at its recent meeting in Huron voted to show its appreciation of President Coolidge's visit to South Dakota last summer by presenting him and Mrs. Coolidge with a handsome buffalo robe. The presentation committee appointed by the Association was made up of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler David Finnegan and C. H. Nelles, President of the Association. A beautiful robe was purchased and the presentation was made to the Coolidges at the Summer White House in the Black Hills shortly before they left for the East. The gift was greatly admired by the President and Mrs. Coolidge, both of whom expressed appreciation of the thoughtfulness of the South Dakota Elks.

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Distinguished Visitors Attend Corner-Stone Laying of Paris, Ill., Lodge

With Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who was the orator of the day, heading the list of distinguished visitors who attended the corner-stone laying ceremonies of Paris, Ill., Lodge, No. 812, the occasion was a notable one for Elks of the vicinity. Mr. Campbell's speech was a stirring call to his hearers to support to the best of their ability the principles of the Order, and was received with great applause.

A parade from the old Home to the site of the beautiful new \$80,000 building preceded the formal ceremonies and the placing in position of the stone by Exalted Ruler E. Perry Huston. A luncheon was served at the Hotel France in honor of Mr. Campbell, Eugene W. Welch, President of the Illinois State Elks Association, Louis Forman, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee and a Past President of the Illinois Association, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. C. Jones, and the officers and building committee of Paris Lodge.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Takes Crippled Children to Coney Island

The recent annual outing for crippled children held by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, was one of the most successful of these affairs ever given. Enjoying perfect weather, the little guests were driven to Coney Island, where a special ring was pitched in the middle of a circle of beach chairs. Here the children were enthralled by a dog and pony circus, music and special entertainments, returning home with the memories of a wonderful day behind them.

Commander of Jackson, Mich., Lodge Zouaves Takes Drill Team to France

Captain William Sparks, Exalted Ruler, who has commanded the famous Zouaves of Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, in many a winning drill contest, took a Zouave company of 31 men, most of them Elks, to the American Legion Convention in Paris, as part of the Michigan delegation of ex-service men. Since May Captain Sparks has had his men drilling, in an effort to make them the best trained outfit ever to land in France.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Entertains Several Hundred Children

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, entertained several hundred youngsters at its annual children's outing held a short time ago. The little guests were taken from the Lodge Home for a sight-seeing tour through the beauties of Westchester County, winding up at Rye Beach for luncheon and an afternoon among the amusements of the park. This event is one which the youngsters of the community look forward to from year to year and always thoroughly enjoy.

Raleigh, N. C., Lodge Entertains Orphans at Ball Game

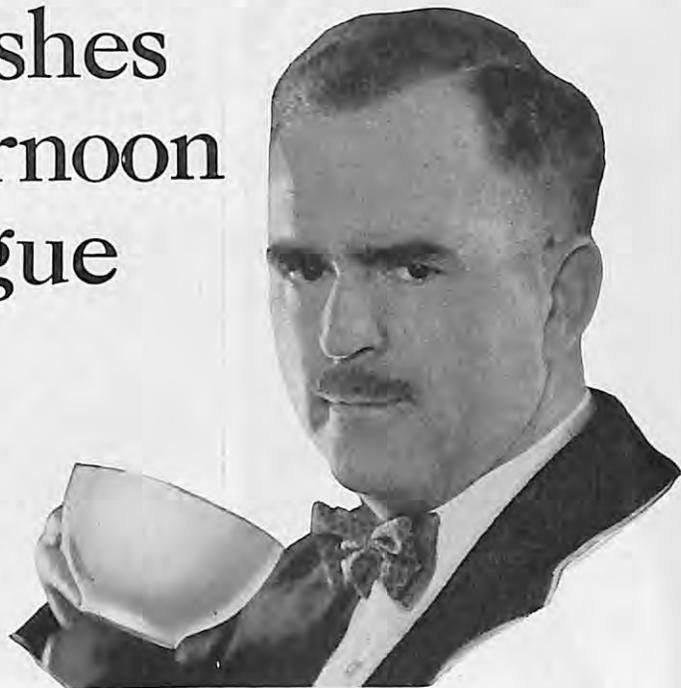
Some four hundred and fifty youngsters of the Methodist Orphanage were the guests of Raleigh, N. C., Lodge, No. 735, and the Raleigh Baseball Club at a double header at League Park a short time ago. The boys and girls of the party had a thoroughly interesting time at the games, and in the scramble for souvenir balls which followed. First the girls and then the boys were lined up and indulged in an exciting rush for the baseballs tossed among them.

Delaware, Maryland and District of Columbia Elks in Annual Convention

Meeting under the auspices of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, with its headquarters in the magnificent new Home of the Lodge, the recent convention of the Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia State Elks Association was one of the most successful that these Lodges have ever held. Wilmington Lodge had prepared a splendid program of hospitality, and performed its function of host in a most delightful fashion.

(Continued on page 64)

**This new Swiss food-drink
Banishes
Afternoon
Fatigue**



Picks you up when you're feeling "low". . . both mentally and physically. This 3-day test will convince you

Do you have "let-downs" during the day . . . times when your mind and body turn lopy and drowsy—in spite of yourself?

Seven out of ten people do. Thus they are handicapped by slowed-down energy and lack of pep!

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is a delicious new food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

Cause of loginess—How Ovaltine overcomes

Nine times out of ten, mental and physical "let-downs" are due to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both. Delicious Ovaltine instantly overcomes this trouble. This is why: **FIRST**—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of

Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Quick assimilation follows which is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Your mind clears and your body responds. You become alert, both mentally and physically.

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—and *absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" food-drink, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for sleeplessness, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is new zest to your work—to all your daily activities. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.* All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10c.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 63)

At the opening session, called to order by retiring President John H. Powel, the delegates and visitors were greeted by Gov. Robert P. Robinson, Mayor G. W. K. Forrest, Henry T. Bush, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and Exalted Ruler John A. Spahn. The city had been profusely decorated in anticipation of the meeting, and every out-of-towner was made to feel the warmth of a genuine welcome. By way of social diversion there were sightseeing trips on land and water, theatre parties, smokers, dances and concerts and, of course, a grand street parade. At the final business session Annapolis was voted the 1928 meeting-place, and the following officers were elected for the coming year. President, J. J. Levay, Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622; First Vice-President, C. K. Hartle, Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378; Second Vice-President, Edward Burke, Townson, Md., Lodge, No. 469; Third Vice-President, Charles F. Smith, Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817; Secretary, Howard Thompson, Annapolis Lodge; Trustees: J. A. Balderson, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15; J. P. Robbins, Sr., Wilmington Lodge; B. J. Shelton, Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63; Paul Paine, Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684; Dr. R. R. Nevitt, Salisbury, Md., Lodge; John B. Berger, Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Has Clearing House for Speakers

The officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association have sent a circular to all Subordinate Lodges in the State, requesting that they send in the names and addresses of members who would fill acceptably the position of orator on Memorial and Flag days, with the idea of establishing a clearing-house for speakers to which all Massachusetts Lodges may apply. The officers of the Association feel that, in addition to assuring adequate speeches on these important occasions, the plan will do much, by an exchange of speakers, to bring the Subordinate Lodges into pleasant and closer contact. The Exalted Rulers are requested to send full names and addresses of qualified members to J. J. Hourin, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, at the Beaumont Building, Framingham, Mass. At the same time they are requested to send in the names of four members who are good workers, from whom President James R. Flanagan may select his committeemen for the coming year.

Grand Lodge and St. Louis, Mo., Lodge Go to Aid of Tornado Victims

The response of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, to the urgent need of the victims of the recent tornado which laid waste a large area of its city, was instantaneous. On the evening of the disaster, it gave to the St. Louis Chapter of the American Red Cross a check for funds to be used for immediate relief, and opened its Home as a haven for refugees, with lodging and food free of charge, and as headquarters for the American Legion, Boy Scouts and the Ladies' Auxiliary of No. 9. The following morning members with their automobiles delivered food and hot coffee to those victims who had remained in their wrecked homes.

On the second day following the disaster, the membership of St. Louis Lodge was circularized for funds, clothing and personal assistance, and, at the time of writing, some \$3,000 had been paid into this fund, and it was continuing to mount with the receipt of every delivery of mail. Appeals for assistance were at once investigated, and clothing was collected and issued to the refugees as rapidly as possible.

On the following day a special meeting of the Lodge was called for the purpose of raising further funds from the members. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, representing the Grand Exalted Ruler, addressed the meeting, and stated that the Grand Lodge was contributing \$11,000 from its Emergency Relief Fund for the assistance of the tornado sufferers, and that this sum was to be distributed by St. Louis Lodge. A resolution was unanimously adopted authorizing the appointment of an Executive Committee of seven to have entire charge of the

distribution of the Relief Fund, and conferring upon it authority to appoint further committees as the occasion might arise, to carry out the details of distribution. At a meeting of the Board of Governors, called for the purpose of assisting the Exalted Ruler in the selection of the Executive Committee, the following members were appointed: Bernard F. Dickmann, Chairman; Jules Bertero, Secretary; Albert Von Hoffmann, Jerome F. Duggan, John L. Corley, Clarence M. Turley and Judge Frank B. Grodzki.

At a meeting held the next day the Committee decided to meet daily at the Lodge Home and a resolution, unanimously adopted, provided that every request for relief be investigated by a special committee of three, and that funds be paid out by the Executive Committee only on appeals for assistance which had received its approval.

This prompt, generous and efficient action in time of dire distress, of St. Louis Lodge, was a fine example of the best spirit of the Order and one which will be long remembered by the citizens of St. Louis.

Retired Actors Play Host to Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge

That gay, gallant and picturesque group of aging men and women, the residents of the Actors' Fund Home on Staten Island, recently played hosts and hostesses, to an invading band of friends composed of members of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, and the entertainers they brought with them. It was an event of certain spirit, tenderness, much music, song and a bit of the modern dance, all staged by Elks of No. 841 in compliment to those retired actors and actresses who are playing their final roles in the Actors' Fund Home. Exalted Ruler George A. Sternberg, many of the other officers and members, the Elks Quartette and a fine orchestra presented a program which was most enthusiastically received. Chief among the entertainers who gladdened the old-timers was Miss Norma Gregg, well known as a composer, who played and sang several of her own compositions. Miss Gregg has long had the interests of the residents of the Actors' Home at heart and was a prime mover in bringing about an exchange of visits between them and the Elks of Staten Island.

Some four weeks previous, the residents of the Home were guests of the Lodge. This, too, was a memorable night for every one concerned. From it, and the contacts made at that time, grew the determination on the part of the Elks to continue this happy association with these player-folks.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Sidney, Ohio, Lodge entered a handsome float which won second prize in the Shelby County Home Coming Celebration recently conducted in its community.

Information is requested by George D. Bostock, Secretary of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, concerning the whereabouts of William P. Roche, a member of Grand Rapids Lodge, who has been missing for some time.

A party of more than 100, consisting of members of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, together with their wives and friends, journeyed to Romney, W. Va., for a chicken and waffle dinner at the New Century Hotel.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge entertained the recent meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of California, South Central.

Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge netted a large sum at its summer carnival.

Six troops of Boy Scouts took part in a swimming meet arranged by the Big Brother Committee of Valejo, Calif., Lodge.

The eighth annual charity ball of Washington, D. C., Lodge will be held on November 17 at the Willard Hotel.

Officers of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, accompanied by a large delegation of members, journeyed by automobile to Oroville, for the opening day of the Oroville Fair, and to conduct a Lodge session for their Oroville members.



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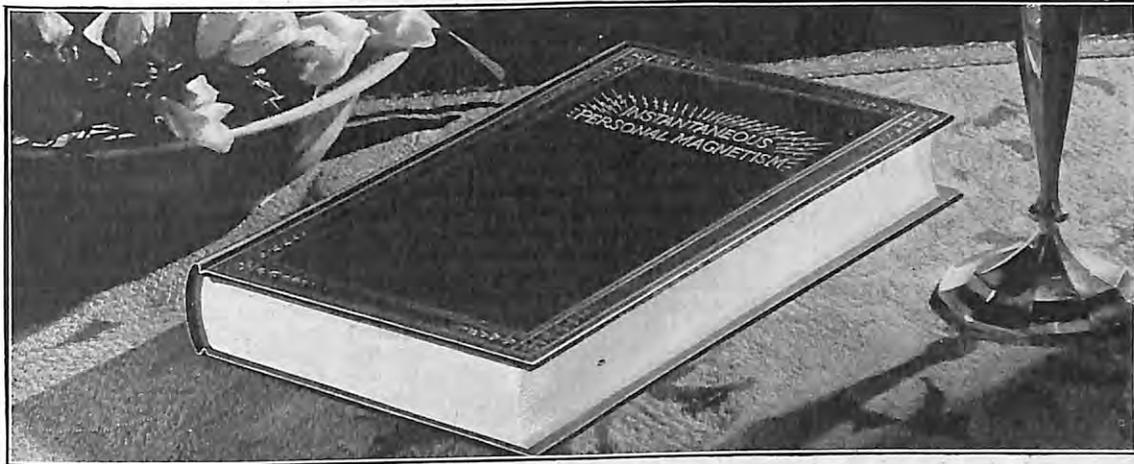
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The Indian Sign

(Continued from page 11)

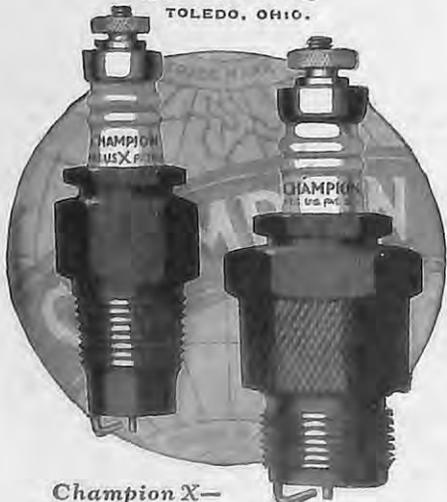


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he'll do it to-morrow. He has the Indian sign on Dave."

"Look here Bill——" Randolph had started. The name of that newspaper fellow had come to him—Bill Breck. "Look here, Bill, Dave is a friend of mine."

"So," had been the reply, "is he a friend of mine. Just the same, I'm telling you Bull has his number and will dominate him to-morrow, as he always has."

Higgins had not answered; he had stood silent, as though unconvinced.

"I tell you," Breck had gone on, "Bull has dominated Dave, not because he is a better player—he is not so good as a matter of fact—but because he has had his number mentally."

"Oh, I don't know," Higgins had objected.

"Well, I know. I've studied Dave Randolph. You fellows are swept off your feet because he is big and strong and fast and a good player. But I tell you now, little as I am, if I had the nerve, which I haven't, I'd look him straight in the eyes, call him any name I wanted to and then back him clean off this sidewalk."

Sitting now alone in the big arena Randolph recalled the surge of anger that had dominated him. He recalled how he had started forward, his hand reaching out to seize Breck by the collar and dare him to call him a name and to try to make him give ground through the majesty of his glance, or any other way.

THEN—he recalled how suddenly he had checked himself, how stealthily he had withdrawn deeper into the shadows as realization had come of the absolutely unqualified truth of what Breck had said. He attempted no casuistry with himself. He had bowed before the bitter knowledge that the penetrating mind of his classmate had read him utterly, stripped him bare and revealed what even he in his secret inner thoughts had refused to recognize—that he was a moral coward.

Cowering, skulking, he had waited until the two students had separated and disappeared. Then, like a man scourged by contemptuous thongs, had sneaked into his room.

Long into the morning hours, when he should have been sleeping, or at least resting, he had paced the floor, now cold with self-repugnance; now flaming into passion which he easily could have vented murderously. But over and above all was the fact, rage as he might, run as his emotions would, that he had dreaded and that he now dreaded, standing face to face with that big man from the north, dreaded facing his embattled eyes, dreaded the torrent of bitter personal abuse and sharply pointed badinage.

Why should he be afraid? This rival tackle was no stronger than he was, technically was not so proficient. What was it that inclined his eyes to lower, to look away when this man concentrated the intensity of his gaze upon him? What was it that moved him with the inclination when any man thus dared him?

Standing in the middle of his room, his huge arms raised above his head, his hands tightly clenched, quivering in an agony of poignant emotion, a sharp exclamation had come from his lips.

This would end. It would end upon that field to-morrow. He recited aloud the most sacred oath he knew that it should end. It was intolerable that he should feel as he did concerning any man. What was there back of those eyes of Bull Trenchard's that he could not look into them and be at ease, that he could not meet them and know the majesty of his own personality? He would kill the man who made this happen to him; he would gouge out those eyes; he would tear him apart with his bare hands.

Stalking to a mirror he had turned up the light, staring at himself, staring at the big chest and shoulders, at his columnar neck, at the square mould of his jaws.

"Pah!" Shaking his fist at the reflected image of himself in a gesture of repulsion he had walked away, ending up at his bed. Here, at length, after a period of travail that had wracked him to the core of his being, he had risen, standing in the middle of the floor, relaxed, warm, at peace. For he knew now that when he came out upon that gridiron next afternoon he would undertake a test which would prove once and for all

whether he was a slave or a master. How he would meet it he had no way of knowing. He knew only that he was eager to meet it.

Randolph's retrospect came to an abrupt end. He rose as though galvanically impelled, his eyes hard, unblinking, vacuous under the impulse of a plunging thought.

Bull Trenchard! Was this the Trenchard of the Chicago Consolidated Bank? Was this the man he was to meet at three o'clock this afternoon in an encounter whose outcome meant so much more than the winning or losing of a football game that there was no comparison at all? Which meant the downfall or continued integrity of a nationally important firm to the upbuilding of which his life had been devoted; which meant the well-being or disaster of men and families.

Randolph raised his hand to his forehead, thinking. Emmons had described Trenchard in effect as big, bullying, the man-eating type. That would fit the Trenchard of college days, the man who had kept him for two years off the All-America. It was he to a dot.

Thinking back again Randolph, defensively, called to mind the mood which had bulwarked him as he had run out upon the field that lowering November afternoon in the long ago, the eagerness with which he had scanned the opposing players, seeking Bull Trenchard that he might go up to him, stare into his eyes, snap his fingers under his nose while he told him that this day would see the final test of their manhood—and God help him.

He was never to know whether that mood was the froth of a spurious braggadocio or whether it was pure metal resolved in the alembic of his angered desperation. For Trenchard had not appeared on the field that day. He had been badly injured in a mid-week practice scrimmage, and the fact that he would be unable to take part in the game had been carefully concealed.

Randolph had known only that he had no sense of relief or reprieve in Trenchard's defection. On the contrary he had been sharply disappointed. He had made mincemeat of the substitute who replaced the injured man; indeed, time and again he had wrecked his entire side of the opposing line.

He had never played such a game and few tackles have ever played such a game. He had won his All-America. Just the same, he had not justified himself to himself and in the years that followed he had never tried to convince himself that he had. Bull Trenchard's absence from that game had been a calamity for him and he had never ceased to regard it as such because in the last analysis it had prevented the ultimate test, the absolute knowledge whether or not he had won over himself the most important victory he had ever tried to win.

And now, undoubtedly, after all these years, fate had called him to the issue so long delayed.

Bull Trenchard! Walking slowly from the stadium he felt a gone feeling in his stomach. He remembered he had eaten nothing since breakfast. That was the trouble, of course. He stopped in at a cafeteria, taking a cup of coffee and a sandwich. When he emerged the feeling had not disappeared.

He would not, he decided, walk back to the Loop. Making his way to a station he took one of the local trains. Glancing at his watch when he got out he found he still had nearly an hour. So he went to his hotel, calling up Derringer, who had nothing new to report.

Randolph stood a moment, hesitating. Then he walked to his bag, opened it and drew out the bottle of whiskey which Derringer had given him.

Ringling for a boy he asked for a corkscrew and when it had been brought he opened the bottle pouring a heavy drink into the tumbler which he had picked up from a glass tray on the table. He held the whiskey to his nose, savoring the pungency of the aroma.

Raising the glass slowly to his lips he caught sight of himself in the mirror above the dresser. He stood regarding the image with fascination as though it were some strange apparition.

Then his head went upward with a low exclamation. Deliberately he walked into the bathroom, emptying the whiskey into the wash basin. With equal deliberation he corked the bottle, dropping it into the yawning grip.

"No, old boy," he muttered, "you're going into this clean."

Sitting down in a chair he closed his eyes, his hands gripping the arms, straining to relive once more the emotions which he had known in his room the night before that game, the emotions which had lifted him out of himself and sent him out upon the field a berserker.

But this was not twenty and more years ago. He was no longer a youth with all the resiliency of youth, with all the elasticity of mood and emotion. Now he could feel no pronounced reaction; he could not honestly feel that he was reacting at all. His plight, as it seemed to him, was that of a man seeking to raise himself by his own bootstraps.

He could summon neither authentic rage, nor anything that satisfied him as approximating grim determination.

What had been the formula by which he had geared himself for that football game? Chagrin and shame probably; emotions rising from knowledge that his classmates knew his secret. Now there were no classmates before whom to make a showing. But there was his own self-respect. Evidently this was not enough. For when presently he rose, it was with a sense of defeat, of retreat from a task that seemed utterly beyond his power.

He glanced at his watch. Putting it in his pocket Randolph stood immobile for a minute. Then mechanically he picked up his hat and left the room. . . .

Fifteen minutes later he was ushered into Trenchard's private office. His step was firm, but he did not know just how he was feeling because he had in some way contrived to detach himself from emotion.

His first impression of the man he had come to see was that he was bigger than he had remembered him to be, more imposing. Accretion of weight, that is to say, fat, was in large part responsible, no doubt. At the same time Trenchard could not have been called an obese man who had utterly let himself go since college days, as so many athletes do.

If he remembered Randolph there was nothing in his manner to indicate that he did. He extended his hand without rising.

"Hello, Randolph. Now what is it you want? I can only give you fifteen minutes."

Randolph answered just as concisely but not with Trenchard's ungracious brusqueness.

"I called to ask that you give us until Saturday morning before you call our loan."

"I see. Why do you want that?"

"Because we believe we can give you the additional collateral then."

"You believe! What guarantee will you give that this will be done?"

"Merely my reputation and the reputation of my firm. You must be familiar with it. We've never handled anything but good issues and—"

"Acme, for instance. That was plain damned foolishness." Trenchard still had his rasping, barking voice and now huskiness had accentuated its disagreeable harshness.

"You think so?"

AS THOUGH dreading to put himself to the test Randolph had not yet met the man's eyes squarely. Now when he did this he was conscious of an acute shock. It was with difficulty that he controlled a tendency to panic.

Desperately holding his gaze level there came to him, whence or how he knew not, the suggestion that his plight was physical, not moral. He was facing the window, a huge square of vivid light and Trenchard was sitting with his back to it.

With a low exclamation he rose, walking to the other side of the desk so that he could return the gaze upon even terms.

"What's the matter with you?" Trenchard had turned and was regarding him uncertainly.

"Nothing. Except—I want to look you in the eyes!" For a moment the two men were eye to eye. Then a smile slowly established itself upon Randolph's lips, a grim smile.

He straightened with a little exclamation.

"And I was afraid to look you in the eyes!"

Somehow now he didn't care how this interview came out. Something bigger than the escape of a receivership was filling his mind. He had the consciousness of a miracle, a miracle so great that his blood seemed to sing as it raced through the veins of his head.

(Continued on page 68)

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The Indian Sign

(Continued from page 67)

The miracle was this: in facing Trenchard there had come to him suddenly as in a blazing vision the knowledge that the fight he had waged with himself in his dormitory so many years ago, that seeming victory he had won, still applied in all its pristine power to the man whom he now confronted. He was afraid of this man neither physically nor mentally. He had never feared him physically for that matter, but now he was not afraid of him in any way, was not diffident in his presence, not abashed, not confused. It required self-control to refrain from laughing in Trenchard's face. No wonder he had failed to gear himself in the hotel room. The gearing had all been done long ago and now the results were coming to hand.

"Trenchard, when you said our faith in Acme was foolishness you said something you didn't believe."

"What makes you think I didn't?" Trenchard shifted uneasily.

Randolph smiled. He was holding the man with his eyes, holding him as though he were in chains and the sense of power that filled him was as patent as anything he had ever known.

With a swift movement, as though a sudden thought had occurred, Trenchard leaned forward, took a slip of paper that lay on the desk in front of him, turned it blank side up and put it under a paper-weight.

Flashing upon Randolph's mind was an intimation that this movement was significant, that in one way or another that paper concerned him.

"What makes me think you don't believe our faith in that stock was justified?" said Randolph, after a delay in which he had been gazing thoughtfully at Trenchard.

"You heard me the first time."

"Look here, Trenchard," Randolph rose, stepping close to the desk. "You're not going to call that loan to-morrow?"

"Eh? What makes you think I'm not?"

"I don't think."

"You're right—you don't think."

"No, I don't; I know."

"Oh, you do! Randolph, I'm hard boiled. I want something better than your opinion of what I'm going to do. Where did you get all this knowledge?"

"Well, first of all you won't dare to break a reputable firm just for the sake of breaking it."

The frown of dubiousness left Trenchard's face. He threw back his head, laughing.

"So that's it!"

"Not exactly." Randolph's mind was working like lightning, leaping from point to point of speculation. He had the feeling that somewhere this man had a weak angle that would destroy him if he could only discover it. There was the feeling, as well, that what he wanted was absolutely within reach of his mind.

WITHOUT definite intention, following some subconscious impulse, Randolph glanced toward the paper on the desk, and as he did so Trenchard, as upon instinct put out his hand, pushing it farther back.

"No one," said Randolph, playing for time, "has to tell you that Acme is a sound stock."

"It isn't acting that way, Randolph."

Randolph moved still closer to the man, his voice low, savage.

"You're going to give me two more days on that loan."

"You're mistaken. Look here, Randolph, I haven't got anything particular against you or your firm. You're small fry. You just happen to be in the path of bigger game that—"

As though realizing that his vainglory was carrying him too far Trenchard stopped abruptly.

But he had said too much. Something clicked in Randolph's brain. He stood rigid, his nostrils quivering with the scent. Then suddenly light came, vividly, illuminating every dark corner of his mind. His hand went out suddenly, the forefinger stabbing into Trenchard's chest.

"You're licked, Trenchard; you're gone. You know you won't call that loan. I don't want any extension now. You'll never call that loan."

Trenchard half rose, than sank back into his chair. He was flushing darkly.

"Are you going crazy?"

"Far from it."

Trenchard glanced at the clock.

"Your time is up. You can get out now."

"That's funnier yet, Trenchard." Randolph's chin was settling down into his collar, the big muscles of his neck swelling.

"Trenchard, do you remember the time—I don't suppose you do—when we played football against each other?"

"I remember you all right, you quitter."

"Yes, that's what I was. But in the last game I was to play against you I came out on that field to show you who the quitter was. You didn't play. And it was good for you you didn't. Well, there's been a long lapse of time, hasn't there? But that game is on now. Before I leave this office you'll know whether or not I'm a quitter."

"Be careful there, Randolph."

Randolph laughed disagreeably, pointing to a row of push-buttons on the desk.

"If you're alarmed you can press one of those, you know."

"Damn you!" Trenchard rose to his feet. He reached for the memorandum he had placed under the paper-weight. He opened a drawer, dropping the paper in, closing the drawer. "Now," he said, "what is all this?"

"You don't have to worry about that brokerage slip. You poor yellow cur! I don't want to see it. I know what it says."

"You don't know all that you think you—" Trenchard's voice broke in an explosion. "I'll give you a minute to get out of here."

Randolph smiled easily.

"The joke is that in a minute you'll be pleading with me to stay. That brokerage slip is a memo from your broker that he can't pick up any more Acme." Randolph brought his hands together with a crash. "You bet he can't. Because—well, because I've got all there is outstanding."

Again Randolph's hand went out, his finger shaking in the man's face.

"Trenchard, you're the party who has been shorting this stock, raising all this hell. You're the one who has been flooding the market with it. All right, my man, I'm something of an expert in Acme and I calculate you're short about 100,000 shares, even beyond my collateral which you expect to own to-morrow."

There was a silence.

"I want a three-day extension," said Randolph, "or I'll go to your directors and every banker in the west and east and tell them what you've been up to, jockeying with moneys you hold in trust. Besides, I'll break you. Do you get that?"

For a full minute Trenchard stared at the wall. His hands rose, palms upward in a little gesture.

"Don't be a fool. You know that I can't give you any extension, Randolph. I have to protect the bank, haven't I?"

"Bunk, Trenchard! You are the bank."

"I've got to protect it, I tell you."

"You'd better protect yourself. If you want to cover your shorts in Acme you've got to do business with me."

Trenchard paced up and down the floor a minute. He paused in front of Randolph.

"What can I do?"

"You can put up collateral of your own to protect your bank on this loan of ours."

"I can like—" Trenchard's voice broke in angry crescendo.

"Think it over. And bear this fact in mind: you'd better get that Acme stock which you need to cover your short commitment at a fair price before I shoot it back to ninety or more; or maybe a hundred or more. It's all up to you. I'll be in my branch office until six o'clock. Do just as you like; you're holding the bag now. Good after—" Randolph broke off abruptly, staring thoughtfully at the man.

"Let's see. Oh yes, there's just one thing more." He measured the man, a wicked glint lighting his eyes. "I've just got to do this; it will complete the picture."

Drawing back his arm he launched a heavy blow with his fist, striking Trenchard in the chest, sending him hurtling down into his chair.

Randolph stood waiting a minute. Then as

Trenchard sat slouched, cursing softly, not attempting to rise, he turned to the door.

"Now," he said, "that football game has at last been played." He threw back his head smiling. "Now I can go through life with the wraps off."

Follow Through

(Continued from page 17)

playwriting—a little bit good at everything and no real good at anything."

I was furious, for a moment; then I noticed that her mouth had a bitter twist—and her eyes were wet. . . . I sat down beside her.

"Margaret!" I said. "I promise you—"
"Oh, you've promised me before!" She choked on a sob; and I slid an arm around her and kissed her. For an instant her lips clung to mine; then she gasped and broke away.

"No!" she cried. "I'd be ashamed—"
"I love you!" I said. "And you know it, damn you." She laughed.

"No, you don't; you only love the—the box I live in. The woman that lives in it—you just wish to God she didn't have a mean disposition, so you could enjoy making love to her. . . . Oh, I know I've been a fool. I've worked so hard I never had time to learn how to manage a man. I've bullied you and nagged you, because I wanted you to be somebody I could be proud of—but it didn't work."

"It will!" I vowed. "If you love me I can do anything—"

"Love you? You?" She laughed. "The box I live in is foolish about you, maybe; but I despise you. Pretty good at everything! No good at anything!" She was crying, now, and didn't care. "I'm so ashamed of you—"

I got up, and picked up my hat, and stalked to the door in a rage.

"I'll show you!" I shouted from the threshold, and went back to my room to spend the rest of the night working over the second act.

Next morning she was sent off to Hollywood to cover a big movie murder; and it was a week before my slow mind realized that the scene that night was the one thing above all else that ever happened to me that I ought to have followed through.

V

I DIDN'T have carfare to Hollywood, but I wrote her a letter. The trouble with that letter was exactly what had been the trouble with the play; I was so wrapped up in my idea that I didn't pay enough attention to the technique of getting it over to my audience. A rather wild letter, I'm afraid; she never answered it. So I went back to the play—working with my head, now, as well as my fingers—hoping it might mollify her when she came back; and then, as the weeks dragged on and she didn't write, I kept on working in a cold fury, just to show her.

About this time it began to dawn on J. K. Pollard that running a newspaper was not just the same as selling safety razors and bathing caps in a drug store. This Shottland knew the chain-store business, but what he was doing to the *Chronicle* began to show in the circulation and advertising; and while Pollard didn't know anything about newspapers he knew the difference between profit and loss. So one day we learned that Shottland had been sent back to the chain stores and the managing editor was running the *Chronicle*. We all knew that was only a stopgap till Pollard could think of something else; but what the next thing would be we couldn't guess till Marie Pollard got a desk in the city room.

Yes, old J. K.'s daughter; his only child. She'd been working for a year or so in the business office, and she'd discovered what her father had yet to learn, that the news department is of some importance in a newspaper. So she came up to the city room, insisting that she be treated like any other cub—said that was the only way she could learn. She started with three-line obituaries like anybody else, and presently was allowed to go out on little stories, and write two sticks which might get in the paper; but I'm afraid nobody could forget that this particular cub was the boss's daughter. If I succeeded better than any one else, that was only because her desk was next to mine.

(Continued on page 71)

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That girl's diary! "showed me up"!



"There," she sputtered, "read that and see if you can take your medicine like a man!"



— but when I met her again

WHEN Evelyn gave that party I naturally expected to receive an invitation. We had been good friends for so long. And yet when the night arrived most of our group went along—and I didn't. I wondered why!

The next time I called to see her I determined to find out. If she couldn't give me a good explanation I'd—I'd—anyway, I asked her point-blank. At first she dodged the question. "Just like a woman!" I thought. Then she became defiant. "All right, if you *must* know the truth, I'll give it to you!"

I Learn the Secret

In a moment she had rushed out of the room, returned with a small book, opened it and thrust it into my hands. "There," she sputtered, "read that, and see if you can take your medicine like a man!"

I was flabbergasted! *Her diary!* I read the hastily penned record. The last burning sentence came like a lightning flash—"I wish someone *would* give Jim a tip about his dancing!"

So that was it! Instantly I understood. I certainly did look foolish in her eyes.

All along I had been bluffing my way as a dancer and kidding myself that I was "getting by" with it. Now at last I realized that I hadn't fooled anyone but myself. They all knew I was a stiff, old-fashioned "walk-around"—they laughed up their sleeves when I tried to imitate the steps of really good dancers—and the pity of it was that I never realized how clumsy I looked on the dance floor—until that diary opened my eyes!

A Short-Cut to Good Times

The very next evening I wrote to Arthur Murray, world-famous dancing master. I knew that he charged \$10.00 a lesson in his studio, but I knew also that he had five lessons in dancing that he offered free. I asked him to send those five lessons to me.

When they came I followed the simple directions and diagrams, practicing before a mirror. What a fun-spoiler I must have been! The lessons showed me how many mistakes I had been making in dancing—how many unpardonable blunders I had been guilty of. I had been holding my partner wrong—leading wrong—pivoting wrong—doing the simplest steps incorrectly. And as for the modern style of dancing—I was utterly ignorant of it.

Yet in a few evenings I learned the modern Waltz—the modern Fox Trot, and many delightful variations of the *very latest* steps—all without music, partner or teacher!

On the Road to Popularity

A week later I attended a dance. What a triumph! I glided around the floor like an expert. I did the most difficult steps with the ease and precision of a professional. My dancing was a complete success. And, best of all, Evelyn was right there to congratulate me!

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Follow Through

(Continued from page 69)

She'd ask me a question now and then; and even when she didn't ask I'd show her a few of the short cuts and elementary tricks of the trade, as any other man of some experience would help out a beginner. I was still too much obsessed by Peggy Prince to think of Marie as a woman, and with a play that might make my fortune almost finished, it made no difference to me that she was the boss's daughter. But I couldn't help liking her—she never asked the same question twice; and I think she liked my treating her as if she were any other green kid.

Pretty? No, she wasn't. But a steady-looking girl, with the sort of face that you liked more and more as you knew it; and cool direct gray eyes, with the stuff in them that had made a multi-millionaire out of J. K. Pollard who started as a grocery boy. She was fat—chunky, rather; but she carried herself so well you didn't often think of that.

"And who cares?" Willis Bohack used to say when the paper had gone to press and Marie had gone home. "She's worth a hundred thousand dollars a pound, boys. Shottland's only a hired man. Whoever marries her marries the *Chronicle*, and the chain stores too."

Shottland knew that; it was no secret that he wanted to marry her, but he wasn't making much progress. I was glad of that; she was too good for Shottland. I don't know that I ever met a girl who was so likable and level-headed; and after the agonizing months with Peggy it was a relief beyond measure to talk to a woman who seemed to respect me.

There was more to respect, by that time; I was a better newspaper man. For I'd finished the play—and laid it aside. Somehow I felt that that play belonged to Peggy Prince as much as to me; and if she never came back (she'd stayed in the West for her vacation, and we knew other papers had made her offers) I'd not try to sell it at all. It was part of an episode that was finished; the thing for me to do now was to buckle down to newspaper business. So I did buckle down, working hard and talking to Marie Pollard in spare moments; and one day old J. K. called me into his office.

"Mr. Washburn," he rumbled, "I've been wanting to tell you how much I'm pleased with your work." (It was news to me that he knew anything about it, or about anybody else's work for that matter.) "You're a grandson of Dr. Thomas Washburn, aren't you? Great old gentleman, Dr. Washburn. . . . No, I never knew him; but I used to deliver groceries at his house when I was a boy." He handed me a dollar cigar, and bit the end off another before he went on.

"Washburn, I'm going to put you on the copy desk; and if you show the stuff you'll be night city editor in six months. If you keep on showing the stuff, no telling how high you may go. I've got to have men I can trust to run this paper; real newspapermen, but none of these old timers that have gone stale. I've had my eye on you for some time, my boy; you're the only one of the younger men that really knows how to take hold and follow through."

If that were true, I reflected, I owed it to Peggy—but if he knew it, I owed that to Marie. . . . But still it didn't occur to me to put two and two together, till a few days later he asked me out to his country place for the week end.

VI

IN THE meantime Peggy had come back, brown and healthy from a holiday in the mountains. When I greeted her that old inner shakiness came back suddenly; everything—and there was a good deal of it, now—depended on what she said to me. But all she said was a cheery—

"Hello! I hear you're on the copy desk now." Not a word about the play, even. . . . Well, I concluded, she'd diagnosed our case correctly. The boxes we lived in had felt one of those un-reasoning attractions that boxes made of flesh and blood do feel, but she and I had nothing to say to each other. Even at our best, we'd always been on edge when we were together; nothing like the absolute ease and unconstraint I always felt with Marie.

Pollard had three or four of his yes men

down for that week end; among them Shottland, who looked at me as if I were the boss's pet cockroach that he didn't dare step on. I had sense enough to realize that among yes men, the one most apt to be noticed is the one who says "yes" least often and most reluctantly (provided, of course, he never says "no"); so I got through Saturday evening pretty well, and next morning Marie took me off for a swim—the Sound lapped against their lawn.

That girl was a revelation in a bathing suit—not only the way she swam, which was like a fish, but the way she looked. Her body was all muscle—too stocky, but a magnificent piece of machinery; and her legs were beautiful. (This was in the old days, when skirts ordinarily hid them.) She looked splendid, and I couldn't help telling her so, as we sunned ourselves on the float after a race that had left me panting.

"Thanks," she said, absolutely unself-conscious as ever. "I don't often hear that but I know you mean it." I wanted to kiss her, then; but I didn't kiss her, because I wasn't sure I wanted to quite enough. Enough to suit her, I mean. It's a danger signal, when you feel that way. "I'm chunky," she said, "but I'll never be fat—not if work can prevent it. And after all I've got money, and you can't have everything."

"You've got more than any woman I know," I told her. (Her disposition alone was worth a million.) She was somber for a moment.

"I'd like to be as thin as Peggy Prince," she said, "and to write as well. But I'm not, and I can't; so I try to get a hundred per cent. out of what I've got. I may never be much of a newspaperwoman, but I hope to be a pretty good newspaper owner. That's something."

That was the way she was, you see. I never respected a woman so much in my life. I didn't feel weak and shaky inside when I looked at her; but I knew I'd enjoy kissing her, if it came to that. . . . No, it didn't come to that, that week end; but I spent all Sunday evening talking to her, and when we went back to town Monday morning old J. K. was positively fatherly. I'd guessed already that in everything that concerned Marie he got his cues from her.

I didn't tell anybody I'd been out there for the week end, and neither did she; but Pollard mentioned it to the business manager, who told the managing editor, who told the city editor, who passed it around. It didn't take Willis Bohack's remarks about teacher's pet to show me how I stood in the office. For we all hated Pollard as you can only hate a man who outrages your professional pride, and defiles your sense of decency, and cuts down your income at the same time. A kid copy reader who was his week-end guest was branded as a spy and a traitor. "Just for a handful of silver he left us," said Marlowe who did the City Hall. "Handful, hell!" snorted Willis Bohack. "A double armful, worth her weight in Liberty Bonds."

But that didn't get around to me till long afterward.

VII

PEGGY? Yes, she must have heard the gossip; but she was furnishing some gossip herself just then. The Pyro Syndicate had offered her two hundred a week to go to Paris. There was a loyalty on that old sheet that made us hang together in spite of Pollard, so she asked the managing editor what to do; and he mentioned the offer to Pollard as a matter of form; and Pollard astonished everybody by meeting it. Everybody but me; I knew Marie must have told him Peggy was worth keeping.

Well, Pyro raised him, and again he saw it. They raised again—

So, when I came down to the Yacht Club dock on Saturday—Pollard had asked me to join him and Marie on a week-end cruise up the Sound—there was Peggy. I cursed myself as that old shakiness came back at sight of her; but she was friendly and unconcerned.

"Sure I'm in the party," she said with a grin. "Pyro's offered me fifty a week more than Pollard will pay me, whatever that may be, so he tries the kind and gentle hand. It's a

(Continued on page 72)

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Follow Through

(Continued from page 71)

good sign. Maybe you and I and Marie can make a newspaperman out of him yet."

"I suppose you think—all sorts of things about me," I said hotly.

"Don't kid yourself. All I think about you is that you're getting to be a cracking good newspaperman. You've learned to follow through."

"Thanks to you," I muttered. She laughed. "Thanks to somebody else; I only annoyed you. Lord, what a misfit pair we'd have been! . . . Well, well, let's forget the brainstorm. Do your stuff now, Clive, and you may save the old *Chronicle* yet."

That's what you call newspaper loyalty; at least that's what I called it.

Shottland was there, making a party of five; and we played poker. J. K. was against it in the office but his yachting poker parties were famous. As a concession to the hired help, the limit was set at five dollars; that was stiff for Peggy, and murderous for me, but of course five dollars looked like five cents to the Pollards. Shottland was rich too, but he'd been poor more recently than J. K.; he knew that was big money for me but he didn't say anything. Anyway, his manner toward me had undergone a great and impressive change; he was jovial, but with an undertone of deference—the way you ought to treat the boss's future son-in-law.

That was a hard game; you had to have 'em. I could see that old J. K. disliked a man who played them close to his belt, and I suspected Marie did too; but there was no other place for me to play them. Even so, I went to bed Saturday night four weeks' pay to the bad.

Sunday morning found us anchored out in a bay about two miles off Roundport—a little town on the North Shore where a spur of the Long Island Railroad ended. We all put on our bathing suits for breakfast and kept them on all day. Marie and I spent the morning diving and swimming, while Shottland slept and J. K. argued with Peggy; and at lunch he announced that she'd agreed to stay with the *Chronicle* at three hundred a week. He was so happy he gave the crew shore leave for the rest of the day—they couldn't get into mischief, in Roundport.

"I ought to wire the Pyro people," said Peggy after lunch. "They were so sure I'd turn you down that they reserved passage for me on the *Mauretania*, sailing in the morning. I was to take the night train out of Roundport—there's only one, on Sundays. I'll go ashore and break the news, unless the crew took all the boats."

"They left the speedboat," said J. K. "But there's no use going ashore—the Roundport telegraph office is closed on Sundays. Break the news to-morrow. Come on, now—let's play some poker."

VIII

BY DINNER time I was four hundred in the hole, and it looked as if J. K. would have to take my I. O. U. I wanted to marry Marie, but this looked a little too much like selling myself into peonage. Shottland must have guessed how I felt, for after dinner he suggested:

"We ought to give the losers a chance to break even, Chief. Let's take off the limit." He and Peggy were the big winners; both the Pollards were under, but not very much.

"Not clear off," said J. K. "It wouldn't be fair. But we might—oh, kick it up to fifty."

Straightway Shottland began to stay, and raise, on everything, establishing himself as a good fellow who was throwing away his winnings to let the losers break even—if they could. But I couldn't, for the cards still ran badly; and very gradually Shottland eased off against the others to concentrate on me. It was an hour before I saw that he was out to sink me; whenever I was in a pot he boosted, and boosted, and boosted. Again and again I had to drop, for I didn't have them; and every time I slipped down a notch in J. K.'s estimation. Perhaps in Marie's estimation too. Before long I was more than a thousand in the hole, and I was furious.

Then at last the cards began to come my way. It was on my own deal that I caught a straight

flush, jack high. I let Shottland go on boosting, and when he finally called I had half my money back. On the next hand—Peggy's deal—I collected more. Two hands gave me nothing; but then J. K. dealt me four diamonds. Marie opened, only Shottland and I stayed; and I failed to fill my flush. When she bet five dollars I raised her—flushed with the turn of the luck and hoping to do things to Shottland; but he dropped and she raised me back.

I knew by that time she liked a man who played them hard; against her three-card draw I gave my busted flush three more raises. Then, as she kept on lifting me, I dropped. She eyed me rather coldly.

"You've got to have 'em in this game, Clive. . . . Pair of jacks opened." She tossed her hand on the table; and there was nothing in it but that pair of jacks. You had to travel fast, to keep up with these Pollards.

The next deal was mine; I drew to two aces, caught two more, and collected quite a bit of money from Mr. Shottland.

"Huh!" he said, suddenly tense. Then, with a forced grin—"Sell me another stack, J. K. They have no home. . . . Damn bad light, this."

We were playing on deck, under a drop light hung from an awning—still in our bathing suits on that hot night.

"Light enough," said Pollard as Peggy dealt. "Open for twenty."

Shottland kicked it up; by the time it got to me it cost a hundred to come in, and all I had was ace high. But it pays to crowd your luck and I needed the money; I took four cards and caught three aces. I was so excited—for this hand would put me ahead—that I dropped them in my lap. Pollard checked as I retrieved the cards—Shottland too. The girls were out. I bet fifty dollars, Shottland called, and tossed away his hand when he saw my aces. He shoved the rest of his stack over to Pollard.

"How much do I owe you, J. K.? Guess I'll not play any more."

"What?" Pollard stared at him. "Good Lord, what's the idea?"

"We've played too long," said Shottland with a hard icy stare at me; and like a fool, I did just what he wanted.

"What do you mean?" I demanded, lordly for the first time in months.

"Yes," Marie echoed softly, "what do you mean?"

"Well—" He shrugged. "I suppose it's all right to pick your hand out of your lap, in a friendly game; but when a man picks out the four aces he dealt himself on the hand before—The eye is quicker than the hand, Washburn, even in this light." And as the others stared at him—"Why, this fellow can do anything with a deck of cards! I've seen him myself, in the office. Miss Prince has seen him."

"I've never seen him," said Marie in cold fury.

"Naturally," Shottland observed. I jumped up and started round the table toward him, but J. K. stuck out a hand and grabbed me as I passed.

"Wait!" he commanded. "I've heard about your card tricks. Oh, yes, young man—I've got informants I can trust, even in the city room. If you've been running anything over on us—"

"Clive!" said Marie. "You didn't!"

"You know I didn't!" I said; but she didn't seem wholly sure.

"Of course he didn't," said Peggy Prince. . . . No, it was Margaret Monahan; I knew that when I saw her eyes. . . . "I gave him those four aces. Give them, I said. . . . He can't do card tricks—he's too clumsy. He gummied the one you saw in the office, Mr. Shottland—remember? But I don't gum them. . . . And you highbinders that think it's sport to take a fifty-dollar-a-week reporter and skin the hide off him—I gave you back some of your own medicine. You had it coming to you."

"Margaret!" I cried. "You're lying!" The Pollards stared; they were sure one of us was lying but they didn't know which. But I wouldn't let her take the blame. . . . She laughed in my face.

"Lying, eh? When I gathered up the discard

—like this—” Her stubby fingers shimmered like the blades of an airplane propeller. “I held on to your four aces—like this; see ‘em? And I counted down and put three of ‘em in the deck where they’d come on to you on the draw—like this; and the other on top, like this, for I knew you’d crowd your luck if you saw it. . . . Cut.” I cut; and somehow that ace stayed on top.

“But,” I flung at her, “Mr. Pollard gets that top card.”

“I dealt seconds—like this; and the ace to you—like this.” I stared; some hands are quicker than the eye. She grinned at me. “You get your education early on Tenth Avenue,” she said.

“You damned alley cat!” J. K. roared. She stood up, slim and lithe in a bathing suit as blue as her eyes.

“The end of a beautiful friendship, eh, boss? Well, the last train leaves Roundport at eleven-twenty; it’s ten-five now. Put me ashore in the speedboat, and hey, for Paris!”

“Paris?” he snorted. “Do you think Pyro’d hire you, when I’ve told this story? I’ll drive you out of the newspaper business—”

“NO, YOU won’t. Other papers hire reporters, not week-end guests.”

And off she went to her stateroom to change her clothes. I shoved my chips over to Pollard—they didn’t belong to me; but he only grunted.

“No money passes this week-end, Washburn.” He turned on Shottland. “As for you—putting this boy in the hole to tempt him to try his tricks—you’re fired. Hear me? Fired!”

Shottland walked off without a word; he knew J. K. would hire him back, day after tomorrow. Marie looked up from the heap of cards.

“She was right,” she said. “We deserved it. Dad, you’ve got to apologize to her.”

“I will not! She can go to the devil—and we’ll all go to bed.”

He stalked off, but we didn’t follow him; I was trying to think.

“Then I’ll apologize to her,” said Marie, jumping up. But three minutes later her bare feet padded past me again; as I looked up she said listlessly—“She wouldn’t talk to me.” Then she went over to the rail, and stood staring off into the darkness. I sat there till I heard the putter of the speedboat overside, and the click of heels on the deck. I sprang up, then, and headed Peggy off at the top of the ladder.

“Margaret!” I said. She dodged past me, and tossed her suitcase down to the man waiting in the boat. I followed her down the steps.

“You fool!” she flung at me. “I don’t blame you for being sore—but to try it when you couldn’t follow through—to gum it up that way—”

“You think I did?” I cried as she jumped into the boat. “Wait—”

“Go back to her!” she said, trembling. “I’ve given you one more chance, and damn you if you don’t follow that through. . . . Let’s go.”

With a roar, the speedboat was off. . . . I mounted the ladder slowly, and crossed the deck to where Marie leaned against the rail. She looked up somberly.

“Clive, why didn’t you tell me she was in love with you?”

“I thought that was all over,” I muttered.

“I knew I’d have to ask you to marry me,” she said. “I’ve got so much money I’d have to ask any poor man, who’s worth marrying. I don’t pretend I’m in love with you in the sick, crazy kind of way—things like that don’t seem to happen to me. I know you’re not in love with me that way, either. But I care more for you than for any man I’ve ever known, and I know you like me, and you and I together could do things with the old *Chronicle*. . . . Yes or no?”

“I’m sorry,” I muttered. “Half an hour ago I’d have said yes. . . . Give me a boat. I’ve got to go after her.”

“The crew took all the other boats,” she said. “And dad told the man in the speedboat to stay and see her off. Too bad—I didn’t know.”

“But that’s the last train!” I cried. “And she sails for Paris in the morning!” I thought a moment longer, then climbed up on the rail.

“No!” Marie gasped. “Are you crazy? You can’t swim two miles—you haven’t got the
(Continued on page 74)

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Follow Through

(Continued from page 73)

wind. Not in an hour, anyway—and that's all the time you've got. . . . I'll get dad to collect the crew and go back to town to-night—" I shook my head.

"This is my job—I've got to follow it through myself."
 With that, I dived off the rail.

IX

I'D OFTEN swum two miles—turning over on my back and resting when I got tired. But there was no time to rest to-night, and that water was cold; for a long time I thought I wouldn't make it. But once inside the harbor the tide took hold and helped me. A hundred yards from shore I had an awful fright as the speedboat roared past me, returning to the yacht; but evidently the man had skimped a few minutes, for I looked up to see the lights of the train still at the station, a hundred feet from the shore. It was still there when I came out on the beach, and a lighted clock in a steeple stood at eighteen past eleven. Two minutes to spare. . . . I looked back at the miles of water I'd conquered, and saw a figure standing knee deep in the shallows.

Even in the dim light I recognized her. I splashed down into the water and caught her shoulder; it was bare and cold and trembling.

"Marie!" I gasped, still short of breath. "You followed me in?"

"Never thought you could do it," she panted. "But you did. Good boy! Hurry, now—" She turned, but I held on to her.

"You're not going back?" I cried. "Two miles against the tide?"

"Don't worry about me—I've often done ten."
 "But you're chilled!" I protested. She laughed.

"Not me—I'm too fat. Just nerves, I guess, that makes me shake."

"Marie!" I said. "I ought to have told you this on deck, but my mind will hold only one thing at a time. I loved you too. I want her but I want you too—not the *Chronicle* or the money, but you. I'm going to her—but I had to tell you."

"Thanks!" she said with a breathless laugh. And then—"Clive! You know you've got to live with the woman you marry—a long time.

Do you think you could get along as well with her as you do with me?"

"I'll never get along as well with anybody as I do with you," I sighed. "She and I may make a dreadful mess of it—but I've got to try."

"Then kiss me good-bye, old timer, and forget about me."

She kissed me with wet salty lips, and turned back into the water.

"Don't worry about me," she called back, turning over after her first stroke. "I can swim, and—and things like that don't happen to me. Hurry, now, or you'll miss her."

Margaret was lying back on a wicker car seat, her eyes closed. I dropped into the seat beside her, dripping as I was, and kissed her as her startled eyes opened; and there was no more need of argument. . . . We get along well, considering the way we used to quarrel before we were married.

X

WELL, that's the story; you can see why I don't want it in the papers. . . . Oh! About the sledge-hammer.

Why, Peggy sat up suddenly, after I'd kissed her about the fiftieth time—we had the car to ourselves—and gasped: "My dear! The train hasn't started!"

So it hadn't; and it didn't start till they found a sledge-hammer that some careless section hand had dropped against the third rail. It had made a short circuit. I didn't have any money in my bathing suit; but I told the brakeman I'd give him five dollars if he'd take that hammer to town and give it to me next day when Peggy wasn't around.

Why? Because that train was supposed to leave at eleven-twenty, two minutes after I got out of the water. But it was eleven twenty-three when I came out of the water the second time after telling Marie good-bye. That farewell would have made me miss the train, if it hadn't been for the sledge-hammer.

I had to do it; Marie's been married for years—not to Shottland—and I don't suppose she ever thinks of me now; but I'd have felt like a skunk all my life if I hadn't gone back and told her I loved her too. But a thing like that is sometimes a little awkward to explain to your wife.

Annual Autumn Meeting

(Continued from page 39)

to give him, any great present or any great reward. In any event, they should not give to him an honorary life membership because of his service as Exalted Ruler and because of that service alone.

"If they want to give him a life membership let it be a paid-life membership where they raise the funds from the contributions of the members and not out of the Lodge Treasury.

"I believe there should be some legislation in regard to the payment of the expenses of delegates to the Grand Lodge Session. I think there should be some uniformity in the amount given. I know it breeds bitterness and disension when delegates get together at Grand Lodge meetings and find that one man has been awarded a very large sum by his Lodge, enough to take himself and his family to the convention and then to take numerous side trips, and another that he meets and talks with has been given less than enough money to pay his expenses and his hotel bill, if he wants to live under comfortable circumstances. Get the reaction of the Subordinate Lodges on that and see if we shouldn't have some legislation which will read into the laws a provision relative to Subordinate Lodge Representatives which is similar to that applicable to Grand Lodge Officers at the present time.

"I am interested in building new Lodges wherever we can. It seems to me there should be no great city, no city of five thousand or more in the country, without its own Elk Lodge. We should have Lodges in every city of size and importance. By doing so, of course, we will take certain cities out of the jurisdiction of

now established Lodges, but I think there is strength in the number of Lodges, that there is greater interest where each community which is of sufficient size to support a Lodge has a Lodge of its own.

"I want you to go out to the Lodges with a knowledge of your Order, its background, its beginning, its present standards and its look to the future. You can't enthuse yourself nor can the members of the Order enthuse unless you and they really understand Elkdom. In the beginning, of course you and I know, it was a protest against the social conditions and discriminations and prejudices which had grown up, and a few men sought to build an organization upon principles that would lift men above all of those prejudices and lines of distinction that keep men apart and group them into cliques, into false groupings. So, sociability was perhaps the first result that drew men of the same common thought into congenial companionship. The Fathers of Elkdom sought for the great human motives in life, for the great principles that actuated men, and they found the three great principles of Elkdom, Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love,—Charity, unselfishness; Justice, courage; Brotherly Love, the drawing of men into one family where the family spirit will exist, forgetful, overlooking the frailties, and building up the virtues.

"Where men joined together with those principles and those motives, good resulted not only to them but to the whole community. There was a better understanding. Then, they began to look around them and to try to assist not only the unfortunate in their own group but

the unfortunate and the under-privileged everywhere.

"Our organization at the time of the war heard the summons to a greater duty, and it moved up; moved up, and became not alone a local organization but a great national organization, an agency, an instrumentality. Formerly, you could find Elk club-houses stretched throughout the country. They were places from which the Good Samaritan went forth into the community to do good. And now, these Elk club-houses and Elk Lodges are the civic centers in every community, and Elks go out and teach the lessons of citizenship to those more recently to our shores. They joined with the Salvation Army and with the churches in work among the poor and unfortunate and under-privileged, and they are seeking to reach the children, the worthy children, of parents who are not gifted with the world's goods, assisting them to higher education, enabling young men and young women to get an education beyond the high school.

"In other communities, like in New Jersey, they work among the crippled kiddies, and it is a wonderful work. Out in San Francisco the Lodges have grouped the boys together. They reach out and assist them, not only as big brothers, but they are acting as mentors, trying to assist these young men and young boys who are the citizens of to-morrow in order that they may grow up to be sturdy young Americans, sound in body, alert, clean of mind, and actuated by the loftiest ideals.

"This work among the boys has so appealed to the members of the Order that there was adopted in the Grand Lodge a constitutional amendment which will be submitted to the Lodges at the first meeting in October. Each Lodge will vote upon it. If it meets with the approval of the majority of the Lodges, then it will be possible for the Grand Exalted Ruler to grant a permit to a Lodge to organize a body of Junior Elks or "Antlers," or whatever the name may be, and place legal approval upon the boys' work that has been carried along in California and many other States.

"What the disposition of the Lodges is, I don't know, but you can explain to them what the purpose is, along the line of my first official circular, and it is your duty to see to it that each and every Lodge expresses its opinion one way or the other and records its vote with the Grand Secretary.

"All of these things have been done in the past and it has brought the Order up to a proud position. No longer are we just social clubs. No longer are we the social club with a side endeavor along charitable lines. We are a great organization, functioning in every field of activity where we can do good to our fellowmen. There is nothing along the line of a good or a noble purpose that is outside the charter of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. We have merely entered the foothills of accomplishment. Under the leadership which has guided us in the past, and which I believe with the approval of the Order will go on as long as the Order exists, we are marching up the heights, up to the mountain tops, through which we will get a view of the greater and broader and finer horizon.

"Purposes and opportunities! We established an ELKS MAGAZINE some years ago. It was one of the greatest steps that was ever taken because now the Order has a mouthpiece and can talk to the membership and can talk to those outside. The public at large now knows the purposes of Elkdom and knows the great work in which we are engaged. The members of our own families understand the principles of Elkdom, indeed some of them better than the members themselves. As a result, there has been built up a great moral force among the relatives and friends of Elkdom and among the citizens of the United States, a force that sustains us in all our efforts and urges us on to greater and greater deeds.

"The magazine has made it possible for us to think of a second step, and that is the establishment of a great national fund, a central fund, built up out of the earnings of the magazine, using the income for purposes beneficial to the Order. The details of that will be touched upon by another speaker. A Committee has been appointed to make an investigation and make a report at the next Grand Lodge Session. Work

(Continued on page 76)

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Annual Autumn Meeting

(Continued from page 75)



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with that Committee. You know the needs of your community. You know the lines along which Elksdom should advance, the field into which Elk activities should enter in your communities. You know it better than any one from outside. Give the Committee the benefit of your knowledge and your suggestions. You can't carry on successfully in Elk work or any other kind of work unless the men who are to assist you cooperate with you in the work and get some thrill from the mention of it. They must be interested. With interest and with the enthusiasm that comes from it you get the activity that brings about the result.

"I am not interested so much in the particular work that the Lodges of this Order are doing or that the State Associations are doing, or the whole Order,—the particular activity, the kind of work,—but that they do something. In that I am interested. There must be some reason for a Lodge of Elks existing beyond the club, beyond the social contact, even beyond the charities of Christmas or Thanksgiving. Each Elk Lodge should write into the record some reason for its existence beyond these,—some useful purpose served, some portion of humanity benefited. Go out and carry the message to them. Tell them, and make them feel that they are members of a great organization; that if, in a certain community, it isn't great, they have themselves to blame. Potentially, it is the greatest of American organizations.

"Put the Lodges to work. Enthuse them. Get them to regard the Order as something more than just an organization. Try to make them feel that this thing that we call Elksdom is an urge that is within men, within their hearts and within their minds, stirring within them, prompting and urging them up from the things that are to the things that ought to be. It can't be described or bounded. There is no rule or regulation that you can lay down for it. Elksdom is something that a man must feel in his heart and be thrilled; something that his mind must look up to as a great ideal. Have every Elk feel this Elk urge and say with the poet: 'Out there in the sunshine are my highest ambitions. I can't reach them, but I can look up to them. I can admire their beauty and I can seek to follow in their lead.' That's my conception of the Order of Elks."

MR. MALLEY then introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission and Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Mr. Fanning told briefly of the rapid progress that has been made in carrying forward the decorative program for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building and said that the Commission expects the entire work to be completed well within the contract time. Discussing THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Mr. Fanning spoke, in part, as follows:

"So far as the editorial contents of the Magazine are concerned we can assure you that nothing is being left undone to make every issue better than the one before. There is, however, one phase of the Editorial situation in which we need the cooperation of the District Deputies and of the Subordinate Lodges. As we have frequently stated, THE ELKS MAGAZINE is eager to publish all the interesting, legitimate news of the Order that it can. But there are not enough of the Subordinate Lodges sending us their news. It is impossible for our Editorial staff to imagine what is going on in the fifteen hundred Lodges. We want to publish news of Subordinate Lodge activities, and we believe the Lodges want to be represented in our columns. But if they do, they must send us their news.

"Several hundred Lodges which regularly issue printed bulletins have put THE ELKS MAGAZINE on their mailing lists. But several hundred others have failed to do this. THE ELKS MAGAZINE should receive a bulletin regularly from every Lodge which issues one. We cannot publish the news unless it is sent in to us by the Lodges, or by members specifically designated by the Lodges to serve as our correspondents. In your visitations you can be of great service not only to THE ELKS MAGAZINE but also to the various Lodges if you will see to

it that each Lodge in your jurisdiction arranges some definite plan to send us its news, by bulletin or by letter, or both.

"It has been found necessary to have members' numbers in our files in order to maintain a correct mailing list for THE ELKS MAGAZINE. In our enormous mailing list there are thousands of names that are the same or so similar that questions constantly arise as to identity. There are many cases of four or five identical names (even as to initials) on the same Lodge list. One Lodge at one time had eight identical names on its roll. Lodge secretaries or individual members often use initials in sending in corrections, where we have the full Christian name on our list, or vice versa, which always raises a question. A slight difference in the spelling of a name has the same result.

"In such cases the member's number is absolutely necessary for identification. It is needed not only to prevent duplications, but also to make it certain that every member who is entitled to the Magazine receives it."

The next speaker called on was Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Commission, which was created by the Grand Lodge at the Cincinnati Convention last July. (Note: This was set forth explicitly in THE ELKS MAGAZINE for August, 1927, in the speech of acceptance of Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, the report of Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelov and in the magazine's own report of the work of the Convention.) Mr. Nicholson explained the purpose of his Commission and the idea behind the proposed Elks National Foundation plan.

He asked the District Deputies to carry to the Subordinate Lodges the message "that the Grand Lodge has taken the initial step in an activity that may prove to be the outstanding achievement of our Order's existence." He asked, further, that the Deputies secure expressions of opinion from Lodge officers and members relative to the practicability and the merit of the plan as well as suggestions for the establishment and the administration of the Fund. One point emphasized by Mr. Nicholson was that there is not now and probably never will be contemplated in connection with the raising of the Fund any assessment upon Subordinate Lodges or individual members of the Order.

The next speaker introduced by Mr. Malley was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell who, speaking on the general topic of Good of the Order, pointed out that the reputation of the entire fraternity rests, in any community, upon the local reputation of the Lodge and can be made or unmade by the character and actions of the Lodge. He spoke also of the Order's influence in promoting the spirit of tolerance and good-will.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, was the next to address the meeting. Discussing the relation of social and community welfare work to new membership, he said it had been proved time and again that the Lodge which is really active in its community need never want for members. He reported that his Committee, which had been charged by the Grand Lodge at Cincinnati with the duty of preparing a temporary ritual for the junior Elk organization, had completed this work and that the ritual is ready for use as soon as the Subordinate Lodges may have ratified the amendment authorizing the formation of affiliated junior units.

The new Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters, was next introduced, though he said he needed little introduction. He spoke briefly, assuring his audience of his desire to make the Grand Secretary's office as helpful, efficient and progressive as it can be. He requested the District Deputies to lay stress, in their visitations, on the importance of the office of Subordinate Lodge Secretary. "A good Secretary," said Mr. Masters, "makes a good Lodge, and upon the efficient management of his office more than upon anything else does the growth and development of the Lodge depend."

The Grand Secretary was followed, on the program, by Chairman Lawrence H. Rupp, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Mr.

Rupp spoke of the importance of every Subordinate Lodge voting on the Constitutional Amendment as required by statute and not only voting on it but making prompt return to the Grand Secretary of its action in the matter. He also pointed out that much unnecessary work and correspondence would be saved his Committee if Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges would consult the printed Digest of Opinions and Decisions when questions arise, before requesting an opinion from the Judiciary Committee.

The Grand Exalted Ruler introduced next Clyde Jennings, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, who gave a thorough description of the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va., and explained the policy of the Order and of the Board regarding its residents.

Mr. Jennings said, further, that whereas up to the present time it has been impossible to take care of all the applicants, because of lack of facilities, the Board is now in a position, due to the completion of the new wing, to take care of 100 additional residents.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach, Fla., was next called upon, to speak of the preparations already being made in Miami and throughout Florida, to assure the success of the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention which is to be held there. Mr. Sholtz assured his hearers that the weather in Miami next July would be as cool as in any city that could be named, and cooler than most.

MR. SHOLTZ said that the theatre in which the Grand Lodge sessions are to be held is artificially cooled. With regard to the railroads, he said the Convention Committee had already applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission to allow a rate of one and one-tenth fare for the Convention, a lower rate than has ever been granted before. As to hotel accommodations, he stated that, according to the Miami Hotel Men's Association, there will be available next July 60,000 rooms in hotels and apartment houses. Hotel rates have been guaranteed at \$2.00 to \$5.00 for single rooms and \$5.00 to \$8.00 for double rooms, all hotels the same. The city of Miami, said Mr. Sholtz, has already set aside in its budget the sum of \$88,600 for the entertainment of the Convention.

The next speaker was Grand Esquire Lloyd Maxwell, who talked of the big Convention parade and urged that Lodges planning to send delegations to Florida start making their plans now for entry in the parade.

Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum was then introduced and said a few words regarding a phase of the work of that body. "The Esteemed Loyal Knight," he said, "is the prosecuting officer of the Lodge. Sometimes he is a lawyer, and sometimes not. Appreciating the difficulties he may encounter, the Grand Forum is preparing and will shortly give to you a condensation of the procedure under our statutes, together with suggested forms of complaint and demurrer and answer, to make more easy the work of the Esteemed Loyal Knight and the officer of the Lodge, or the member of the Lodge who may be appointed to defend any Brother against whom charges may be preferred."

After urging all those present who had not already done so to visit the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building while they were in Chicago, Grand Exalted Ruler Malley administered the oath of office to his District Deputies. While their commissions were being distributed to the Deputies, he introduced the following to the gathering: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly; A. S. Cain, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Lester C. Ayer and Blake C. Cook, members of that Committee; E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Committee on Judiciary; Martin J. Cunningham, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal; William E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations and Louie Forman, a member of that Committee; Grand Inner Guard Edward J. McCrossin; Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris; Grand Tiler Curtis P. Brown and Andrew J. Casey, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Before the conference adjourned, E. Mark Sullivan, of the Committee on Judiciary, made a presentation address, on behalf of the District Deputies, of a mahogany desk as a gift to the Grand Exalted Ruler.



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\$5 to \$8 Shoes for Men



Our latest model with pleated fold tip and pinhole perforations. A popular style—correct for every occasion. In imported black or autumn brown calfskin.

A Good Reputation

doesn't just happen—it must grow with the years. The Douglas reputation for quality and value is the result of a half-century of honest workmanship and the use of the best materials to produce fine shoes. Douglas Shoes conform to a standard of style, comfort and service which is never relaxed. That is why they are America's Best Known Shoes. If Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, write for catalog.

America's Best Known Shoes

W. L. Douglas Stores in principal cities and shoe dealers everywhere are now showing new fall styles.

Men's Shoes \$5 to \$8 — Women's Shoes \$5 to \$7 — Boys' Shoes \$4 to \$5
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., 142 SPARK ST., BROCKTON, MASS.



The Douglas name and retail price is stamped on every shoe at the factory. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

\$351⁰⁰ CLEARED IN ONE DAY

So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from V. A. Marini of California reports \$11,275 sales in three months. Jacob Gordon of New Jersey "\$4000 profits in 2 months." Alexander of Penna. "\$3000 profits in four months." Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5 and 7 more by August 28. Iwata, bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane of Pennsylvania says "sold 8000 packages in one day." J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely. Crispette wrappers scattered all over town. It's good old world after all." Kellogg, \$700 ahead end of second week.



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Profits \$1000 a Month Easily Possible

Send postal for illustrated book of facts. It contains enthusiastic letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how and when to start, and all information needed. Free. Write now!

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is made entirely of the new patented ELASTEX webbing. This marvelous fabric adjusts itself to your size at all times without the aid of clasps, lacers or buckles. It's simple! Laundered perfectly. Individually tailored. On and off in a jiffy. A thousand dollars' worth of style and comfort for \$6.50, positively no extra charge.

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Please send free booklet "The Truth" and 2 weeks' trial offer.

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of the screen use this trusted eye beautifier

80% of movie stars questioned say that they use *Murine* to keep their eyes always clear and luminous, and to relieve eye strain caused by working under glaring studio lights and the brilliant California sun.

Used night and morning, *Murine* will keep your eyes free of irritating particles, relieve strain and promote a clear, bright, attractive condition. Contains nothing harmful. Try it!

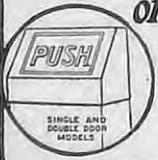
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\$1 box fifteen assorted. Designs in colors. Sentiment and ELK EMBLEM on each card, all Steel Die Stamped. Space for name. Send \$1 TODAY for trial box or ten cents in stamps for sample.

PILGRIM STUDIOS, 11 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

Edward Henry Harriman

(Continued from page 24)

Harriman, but without success. It was Evarts who arranged the meeting between Harriman and Sherman, and he was present during the conversation. He said that Harriman simply repeated to Sherman, in effect, what he had already said to him. He expressed his resentment at the incidents of the 1904 campaign, read parts of his letter to Sidney Webster, and said he had better uses for his money, though he was willing to help the cause out generally, and probably could.

All of this Evarts, at Harriman's request, told Mr. Roosevelt in December, at the White House. Roosevelt asked him, Evarts has said, what Harriman said of him, and the reply was that Harriman had said nothing about him, and nothing, in any case, about anything, that could not have been broadcast. Evarts denied emphatically, in answer to questions by the President, that Harriman had ever said anything about being able to buy legislatures or courts, and said Sherman must have misunderstood some remark if he had attributed any such sentiments to Harriman.

"I told him," Evarts has said, "that they had discussed campaign funds pretty thoroughly, and Harriman insisted that he could not see any use in making contributions, and that he could use his money more effectively in other ways."

That is probably the basis of the charge that Harriman made the statements attributed to him. And it is possible to see, too, how that particular statement, truculently made, could have been misunderstood. He had a brusque manner, and he probably hated turning down a request by Sherman, who was the pleasantest and most affable of men. It is the misfortune of men like Harriman that, when they are embarrassed and uncomfortable, they give an impression of calculated brutality actually remote from their true feeling.

However that may be, Evarts seems, in this conversation, to have come very close to persuading Roosevelt that Sherman had been mistaken. Roosevelt asked him if he thought Sherman could have been vindictive, and Evarts scouted the idea—rightly, as every one who knew Sherman at all will agree. Roosevelt then asked Evarts to see Sherman and get him to write to him, Roosevelt, that there had been a misunderstanding, and Evarts agreed, saying he would like to wait, though, until Congress had adjourned.

The delay was unfortunate, for, on April 2, 1907, the *New York World* published an incomplete copy of Harriman's letter to Sidney Webster, sold to it by a discharged stenographer of Harriman's. This enraged Mr. Roosevelt, and he immediately gave out for publication his letter to Sherman, already quoted—although three months earlier Evarts seemed to have convinced him that the very serious and infinitely damaging charges it made against Harriman were based upon misinformation.

None of Harriman's friends have ever forgiven Mr. Roosevelt for this action. Denunciation of a citizen by the President of the United States, in such terms as were applied to Harriman, is a grave matter; few men would be strong enough to survive so heavy a blow. And this denunciation was based upon the verbal report of one of three participants in an interview—Sherman, Evarts, who, with Sherman, heard the whole conversation, flatly and absolutely denied that Harriman had said what Sherman had said he had said—and told this to Roosevelt.

XV

EVEN now much of the play and counterplay of the secret forces and antagonisms that went on in this stormiest period of Harriman's career remain hidden and mysterious. There was, there can be no doubt of this, a definite, cohesive movement against the man, well-organized, ably led. Otto H. Kahn used to talk of the Harriman Extermination League, and the phrase is as good as any to describe the cabal against him.

They were important men. They were, most of them, rich men. They played a great part in American life. They had, in one way or another, clashed with Harriman. Most of them had suffered costly and humiliating defeats at his

hands. They had, through some of their number, the ear of the President of the United States.

We do not, always, in America, fully realize the power vested in the Presidency. Regardless of the checks and balances of the Constitution and the laws, a man of force, holding that great office, has at his command a power and authority as great as that of most autocrats.

Theodore Roosevelt, certainly, understood the latent powers of the Presidency. He was a master politician; no President has ever more completely controlled his party. He had a strongly developed sense of his responsibilities as chief executive; he never hesitated to couple responsibility with great authority, and he made, again and again, decisions upon that individual responsibility of his that a lesser and weaker man would have been glad to leave unmade.

Roosevelt was President in a time when great changes were taking place in the economic structure of America; when that structure was, in effect, being rebuilt. The era of great combinations of capital had come, and the rapid rise of what were then being called trusts was causing alarm and disquiet in many quarters. The nation had allowed these to spring up almost unchecked; now had come a flood of legislation permitting restrictive measures of all sorts.

Obviously, however, these laws could not be immediately and universally applied without wrecking the whole business and financial machinery of the country.

Some one, as Roosevelt saw it, had to decide as to the enforcement of the restrictive laws upon the statute books. Some one had to decide what trusts were good trusts, and should be allowed a certain latitude under those laws, and what trusts were bad, and must be at once restrained and dissolved. And who was there to make such decisions but Roosevelt?

There is in all American history nothing to parallel the picture of great business men passing to Washington to consult the President, with life and death for great industries hanging upon the nod of his head.

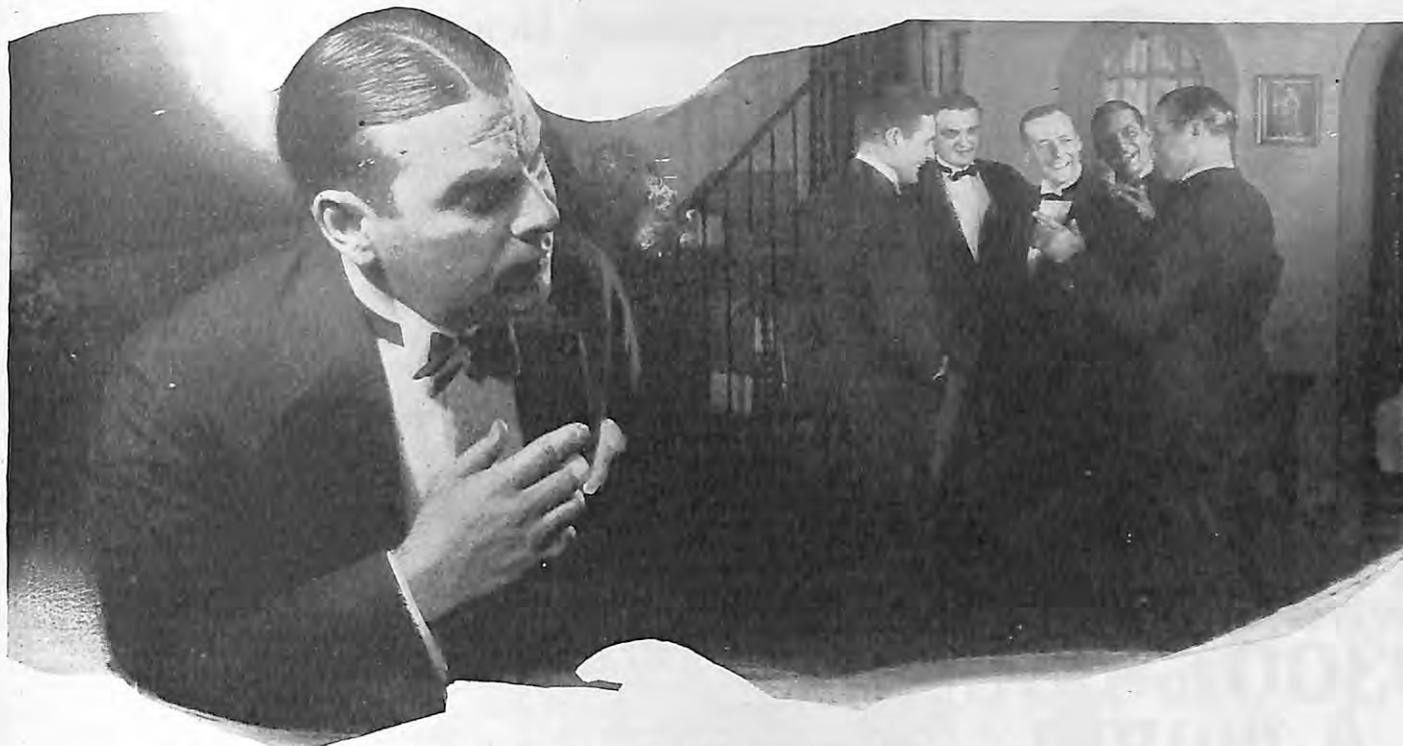
Charles S. Mellen was president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway in 1907. The road owned Sound steamers; under the Sherman law it was at least doubtful whether it could keep them. Mellen went to Washington—his sworn testimony as to this, given in 1915, when the directors of the road were on trial for violation of the Sherman law is on record—to find out. Did he consult the Interstate Commerce Commission? He did not. He went to the President, who talked to Commissioners Knapp and Prouty, and then said to Mellen: "I can not promise you any kind of protection if you break the law; but so far as I and my Administration are concerned, if you do not sell, you will have no trouble about those steamship lines." Later in the same year Mellen wanted more reinsurance—about his road's purchase of the Boston and Maine, this time. "I would buy it, if I were you," said the President.

It was well known, later, when the 1907 panic was at its height, that on one critical day there was close contact between Wall Street and the White House. The panic had begun with a crash of banks, and more were tottering to their fall. One night there was a meeting in J. P. Morgan's library.

Outside the doors of two trust companies lines of depositors waited all night, hoping against hope that they would get in, in the morning, and get their money. Without strong support that hope was doomed to disappointment. Interests connected with those trust companies controlled the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co. That control went, that night, upon an unofficial indorsement of the plan from Washington, to interests behind the United States Steel Corporation, and the trust companies were saved.

No criticism of Mr. Roosevelt is implied in the recital of these facts. His decisions may have been, they probably were, for the best interests of the country. Roosevelt was a great man, and his judgment, except when it was blinded by prejudice, as it too often was, was that of a fine, a brilliant, an altogether exceptional mind. The facts are set forth because they show the nature and the extent of his power and the authority he exercised. In theory

(Continued on page 80)



They Called Me a "Shrinking Violet"—

But Now I Can Dominate One Man Or An Audience Of Thousands!

A GAIN I was slighted—again I was left out in the cold while the bunch planned a little business deal! There I sat, moody and despondent, wondering why I never could make the grade—never could be accepted as one of the crowd.

If only I could conquer my terrible inferiority complex which actually made me afraid of my own voice—diffident and shy instead of self-confident, assertative and sure of myself like the rest of the crowd—men who, I knew were not one-tenth as clever nor as brilliant as I was—they only knew how to express their ideas better, how to talk fluently and forcefully.

As a boy I had been small for my age and rather delicate in health. The result was that the other boys soon found they could impose on me and I was powerless to resist. This constant bullying bred in me a feeling of inferiority which had made me abnormally timid and apologetic—I was afraid to talk, to put my ideas into words.

And now in business I was daily being penalized for my inability to speak up—to take my own part—to make others respect me, look up to me, admire me! In social life, too, I was afraid to mix with the crowd—and they, sensing my fear, treated me with a contempt I did not deserve. Several times when I had tried to speak at Club and Lodge meetings I had only been able to sputter a few vague phrases.

The irony of it all was that I positively knew I was brighter, more clever and versatile than any of my associates—that I had a natural ability for powerful speech. I merely did not know how to use my cleverness and brains, how to show off my good points. The climax came when I overheard the gang at the office refer to me as that "shrinking violet." It made me good

and mad—and I resolved to show them—to prove that I too could talk with ease and force.

In 20 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me into a self-confident, aggressive talker—an easy versatile conversationalist—almost overnight. I learned how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. I also acquired the ability to speak in public, forcefully and convincingly, at any time or place. My self-consciousness and timidity began to vanish.

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power—for I found that easy, fluent speech, and an assertative, aggressive manner were as necessary for business success as for social popularity. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words, to approach all types of people with ease and fearlessness. I can dominate one man or an audience of thousands. And no one dreams of calling me a "shrinking violet" now! I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few.

* * * * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Today, business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight

into a popular and much-applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple easy yet effective training.

Send for This Amazing Book

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 book is called *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to 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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Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet *How to Work Wonders with Words* and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....State.....

Edward Henry Harriman

(Continued from page 78)

R. C. Iddings
Pres.

We are ready for 100 Men who can earn \$300 to \$600 a month

WE HAVE, right now, open territory in which we want to appoint 100 additional Fyr-Fyter Salesmen. We have positions open that will pay from \$300 to \$600 a month—\$3,600 to \$7,200 a year. Previous selling experience will be valuable, but is not essential as we conduct our own course of expert training. This offer will appeal to the man who really wants to enter the selling field with the assurance of building up a steady and permanent business that will pay him an excellent income.

Big Earnings Possible

Fyr-Fyter Salesmen make unusually large earnings from the start of their work. L. R. Graham, of Illinois, made \$180 during his first week, and makes \$100 or more a week, steadily. A. H. Robey, of W. Va., makes around \$350 a month. L. D. Paine, of Iowa, earned \$150 in his first three days, \$4,507 in 217 days, and has had any number of days in which he has made \$50 to \$60.

Unlimited Market

Fyr-Fyter is a device which means fire prevention. It is not to be confused with the ordinary "fire extinguisher." It has the approval of the (Fire) Underwriters. Our products are used by Standard Oil, Ford Motor, International Harvester and many other of the largest concerns in the world. Thousands are in use today in factories, stores, schools, hotels, hospitals, theaters, garages, warehouses, private homes—wherever fire may start. This means that there is an unlimited market for Fyr-Fyter in every community—a market that offers unlimited prospects to our Salesmen.

Do You Want This Opportunity?

We want 100 more Fyr-Fyter Salesmen now to take open territory. It is a real opportunity that will appeal immediately to the man who wants to earn a steady income that will amount to from \$3,600 to \$7,200 or more a year. It is a distinctly high-grade proposition that will appeal to men who want to succeed in a big way. If you are interested in an opportunity that can easily pay you \$5,000 during the first year, fill out the coupon below and mail it to us immediately for the details of our offer.

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Kindly mail me full information about the positions you now have open.

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Address

Town State

the Interstate Commerce Commission was an independent body, responsible only to Congress; in fact it was a part of the executive machinery.

XVI

THE Interstate Commerce Commission moved against Harriman as early as November, 1906—before the actual crash of the explosion that revealed open war between Roosevelt and Harriman, but a month after Roosevelt had written his terrific letter to Sherman.

On the surface, at this time, the country was immensely prosperous. But below the surface there was rottenness; the props of business and of credit were dangerously weak. The great panic of 1907 was brewing.

Panics are, from their very nature, mysterious. Fear is always mysterious. Financial panics represent waves of lost confidence. Never was that truer than in 1907. No one cause can be isolated for that panic, of course. But the attack on Harriman was one of many causes, and not the least.

In theory the investigation begun by the Interstate Commerce Commission in November, 1906, was one into "The Consolidation and Combination of Carriers; Relation between such Carriers and Community of Interest Therein, their Rates, Facilities and Practices."

But in practice the investigation was confined to the Chicago and Alton, the Illinois Central, the Union Pacific, and the Southern Pacific. These were all, or at some time had been, Harriman roads.

It would be interesting, and revelatory, to go at length into this investigation. But space forbids such an excursion. The investigation, suffice it to say, became a man hunt—and a hunt that, in its ultimate purpose, failed. No illegal action, it had to be reported in the end, could be charged to Harriman. The report arraigned him severely, but it presented no basis for court action. The investigation led to action dissolving the actual merger between the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific, but here, again, theory and practice came into conflict, and, as usual, practice won. No way of making such a dissolution actually effective has yet been discovered.

In the struggle Harriman was, in a sense, the victor. He and his properties survived magnificently. But he won, or, rather, he escaped annihilation, at a terrific cost. To himself—his health was shattered and his life was shortened. To his interests—he was prevented, by a struggle for mere existence, from giving to constructive tasks that waited upon his leisure the attention they demanded.

Enough, now, of the phase of struggle and recrimination, of bitterness and financial and political and personal dispute and warfare. It is time, happily, to turn again to Harriman the builder, the man of vision, the Harriman who, when a thing had to be done, and he had made up his mind it could be done, let nothing keep it from being done.

XVII

First, however, there must be recorded a partial failure.

In the spring of 1905 Harriman's interest in the Far East, which was of long standing, was brought to a head. Kuhn, Loeb and Co. had played a great part in financing Japan in her war with Russia—the Russian Government had antagonized practically all of the great Jewish bankers of the world by its anti-Semitic policy, and had paid very dearly for so doing, and was to pay dearly again. Moreover, the Orient was a great feeder of traffic to his railways, and he still had his interest in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Starting with the notion of extending American influence in the Far East, there was growing, at this time, in Harriman's mind, the idea for a transportation line to girdle the world under American control. (Harriman's vision was not at all unlike that of Cecil Rhodes; it is interesting to speculate on what would have happened, and how history might have been changed, had those two ever come together.)

What Harriman saw was a line that should

carry on, through Japan from the terminus of the Pacific Mail, cross Manchuria, connect with the Trans-Siberian and come, so, to European Russia and the Baltic terminal of a new Russian-American steamship line across the Atlantic.

Japan, by conquest, had acquired the South Manchuria Railway from Russia. She lacked money to put it in shape; it was in bad condition. Harriman planned to secure its control, rebuild it, and make it the eastern end of a trans-Asiatic line. Then he planned to buy the Chinese Eastern from Russia, who had lost Port Arthur, and work out an arrangement for the use of the Trans-Siberian and the Russian Government roads from North Manchuria to the Baltic. Harriman planned to double track the Trans-Siberian and make it a really great property, physically comparable to the Union Pacific.

In August, Harriman went to Japan and opened negotiations. These progressed favorably, despite anti-foreign feeling and some rioting, and in October a preliminary agreement was concluded, covering arrangements for the South Manchuria Railway.

But Baron Komura, returning from Portsmouth, where he had negotiated the treaty of peace with Russia, was violently opposed to the scheme, and ultimately prevented it from being carried out, though negotiations went on for some time. Harriman never really dropped the plan; had he lived he might well have worked it out in another way. Even in 1908 he was working out plans that might have come to fruition, and a little before he died he was negotiating with Russian officials.

The whole course of history might have been changed had Harriman's plans succeeded. A double-tracked railway, efficiently operated along American lines, functioning in 1914, would vastly have strengthened Russia in the Great War. Japan could have supplied unlimited munitions; the fearfully costly adventure of forcing the Dardanelles to end Russia's isolation from her allies would have been unnecessary; the war might have ended in an Allied victory in 1915.

XVIII

IN 1906, in New York, Harriman was a storm center. He was hated, vilified, abused. But New York is not, and never has been, and never will be, all of America. Thousands of miles to the west, even in 1906, was a domain in which they neither hated Harriman nor feared him, but knew and understood him, appreciated him, admired him.

West of the Missouri was a great and growing country which owed to the work Harriman had done a great share of its prosperity. It had been starved for years in its greatest need, transportation, by the jealousies, the economies enforced by reckless and selfish financing. Harriman had swept through great Western railways like a clean and healing wind.

On April 18, 1906, San Francisco was shaken by an earthquake and almost literally destroyed by the fire that followed it. Water-mains were broken by the tremor; fires started in a hundred places and merged into a great conflagration that burned for three days and nights. The disaster is without parallel in modern times. Hundreds were dead; two hundred thousand people, in a population of half a million, were homeless; the city's whole business and market section had been wiped out. Sewers were destroyed; famine and disease threatened to complete what fire and earthquake had begun.

Harriman heard of the disaster in New York the day it came—April 18. He at once put the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific at the disposal of the city. And the next morning he left New York on a special train. He was in telegraphic touch all the way across the continent, directing relief work and special train movements. By his order food was bought in Los Angeles and Sacramento and moved in freight trains run on passenger schedules. And, again by his order, both roads were made free to all who wished to leave the city.

The disaster had come on Wednesday; Harriman was in San Francisco Sunday morning, and meeting with the Committee of Hundred that was in daily session at General Funston's head-

quarters. It was he who first suggested getting people to work at the task of cleaning up the city, and under his personal direction the work of transporting refugees out and supplies in was swiftly and completely organized. By May 23 the Harriman lines had brought in 1,603 carloads of supplies, at a cost of \$445,000 and taken away nearly 225,000 refugees, whose fares, had they been paid, would have come to more than half a million dollars.

They did much more than this sort of obvious work. It was Harriman who planned and had carried out the enormously useful scheme of finding, throughout California, work for mechanics and others thrown out of employment, as a temporary means of livelihood for them and their families until they were needed to rebuild San Francisco itself. Harriman thought of the tragic need of news, with the San Francisco newspapers out of commission, and the Southern Pacific organized information bureaus that acted as clearing-houses, so that scattered families were reunited and put in touch with one another.

Harriman was here, there, and everywhere. One night he and Vice-President Calvin, of the Southern Pacific, were on a ferry-boat, going back to Oakland, when a man neither knew came up to Calvin. His wife, he said, had died from shock; he had no friends in San Francisco; would Mr. Calvin provide him with transportation to his former home in the East for himself and his wife's body—he had only money enough for actual expenses en route.

Calvin, without inquiry, wrote the order for transportation and gave it to him.

"How did you know," Harriman asked him, "that he was telling the truth?"

"I didn't know," said Calvin, "but I thought it better to take the chance that he wasn't than to run any risk of refusing help to one who deserved it."

"Good!" said Harriman. "If you had not I would have taken the case out of your hands and given him the money myself."

Harriman, from the very first, took it for granted that San Francisco would be at once rebuilt. His optimism, his readiness to back his faith in the city's future, his inspiring confidence, did much to rally the spirit of the town. The Harriman Extermination League had small encouragement to found a San Francisco branch.

XIX

IF YOU like cantaloup, or, for that matter, almost any other choice and succulent fruit, you very probably know something of the Imperial Valley, in Southern California. The valley is a desert oasis on a huge scale; it is one of the world's greatest garden spots. It was that before Harriman became in any way identified with it, but that it remains so is due to him.

What is now the Imperial Valley was once a sea. It lies below sea-level, surrounded by the Colorado Desert; it was known, not so long ago, as the Salton Sink. It is, in effect, a vast shallow basin, and it once held the Gulf of California, which, in remote geologic time, extended east as far as Yuma, Arizona.

It was the Colorado River that, finally, separated the upper part of the Gulf of California from the lower, and turned it into a salt-water lake as big as the Great Salt Lake of Utah, about 2,100 miles in area. The Colorado carried vast quantities of sediment, and the deposit of this sediment accomplished this extraordinary piece of geologic building. In time the salt lake dried up, leaving an arid basin—the Salton Sink.

Then the Colorado changed its course, filled the Sink with fresh water, and flowed on to the Gulf through a new outlet. In time it changed its course again, and again the Sink dried up. This alternation has been repeated several times since the Tertiary Epoch—no one knows how often. Probably, the scientists think, this has happened about once in five hundred years. The only check lies in the study of the alternating layers of silt deposited by the Colorado at various times.

But from 1540 to 1902 the Sink remained just that—a hot, dry basin. It was absolute, unrelieved desert. To cross it was an adventure—and it kept the bones of many who failed.

In 1853 William P. Blake, a geologist and explorer, later to become famous, first traced the old history of the Sink and suggested that, with irrigation, it could be made fertile. Later

(Continued on page 82)



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Edward Henry Harriman

(Continued from page 81)

Dr. O. M. Wozencraft saw the same possibilities that had occurred to Blake, and took some steps toward reclamation, that came to nothing. Finally, after the failure of an attempt begun in 1893, C. R. Rockwood organized, in 1896, what he called The California Development Co., which planned to divert water from the Colorado, above Yuma, carry it through a canal, partly in Mexico, to the Sink and so begin the work of irrigation.

But not until 1900 did the work actually begin. Water was taken from the Colorado opposite Yuma, carried, in a main canal, south across the Mexican line, nearly parallel with the river, to a barranca, a dry former channel which must once have carried flood waters from the river westward. This was cleared and made a continuation of the canal. Then the canal was carried north again, into Southern California and so into the Salton Sink.

The California Development Company was organized to sell water; to promote colonization and provide a market for the water. The Imperial Land Company was formed, and the Salton Sink was renamed the Imperial Valley. Advertising sold stock and brought settlers; by 1904 there were 10,000 colonists; town sites were being laid out; a branch of the Southern Pacific had been built through the valley and 120,000 acres of reclaimed land were under cultivation.

The future of the Valley seemed assured. The soil was almost incredibly fertile; with good transportation the whole country was a market. But, though the irrigating ditches had been dug, and water flowed through them, silt came with the water, and threatened to clog the whole irrigating system. There was a water shortage, due to this, even in 1902-03, and by the summer of 1904 the situation was growing very serious.

To remedy this Mr. Rockwood planned to cut a new intake from the Colorado River about four miles south of the boundary, eliminating the part of the canal choked with silt and letting water directly into the free portion. This was done and the shortage was relieved.

But, unknown to Rockwood, unsuspected by any one, forces were even then at work to bring about one of the cyclic changes in course of the Colorado, and that intake, which was not protected by a headgate, represented, in fact, an opening through which the stream could be diverted once more into the old basin—now the rich and fertile Imperial Valley, sustaining 12,000 inhabitants.

Rockwood, as a matter of fact, planned a headgate, but it could not be erected without the consent of the Mexican government, and characteristic Mexican dilatoriness developed. That consent was not given until December, 1905—a year later. And by that time it was too late.

An attempt was made to close the new intake in March, 1905, by a brush-piling dam, but a new flood swept it away. A second dam was carried out a few weeks later, and by the middle of June the river was discharging a great volume of water through the intake, which it had widened from sixty feet to a hundred and sixty. Water was overflowing the main canal and gathering in the deepest parts of the Imperial Valley; for the first time white men were likely to see the Salton Sea of geologic history.

Now comes Harriman.

Even yet no one fully realized the actual danger in which the Imperial Valley stood of being buried under a new sea. But the California Development Company was in trouble, and, early in 1905, it asked Julius Kruttschnitt, general manager of the Southern Pacific, for a loan. The Imperial Valley, it said, gave the company much traffic, and was entitled to this help. Kruttschnitt refused.

But an appeal was made to Harriman in person, and he finally agreed, in June, against the advice of Kruttschnitt and others, to lend the company \$200,000 to pay off some of its floating debt and complete and perfect its canal system. But Harriman was disposed to be critical of the financial management of the company, and required that the Southern Pacific should have the right to select three of its directors, including its president, and that 51 per cent. of its stock should be placed in

trust as security for the loan. This was done, and Epes Randolph, of Tucson, a great engineer, forced by his health to live in Arizona, was made president.

Harriman had no idea at all of taking over the California Development Company. He lent a considerable sum to a shaky concern, and took measures to protect the investment by supervising its expenditure. There was no inkling of the real seriousness of the situation; it was supposed that the lower intake could be closed for \$20,000.

Epes Randolph, however, discovered the truth at once, on his first visit of inspection, and immediately telegraphed to Harriman that even \$200,000 would not save the Imperial Valley. To control the river would be a task of great difficulty, and would cost a sum not then to be foreseen, but one that might easily run to three-quarters of a million dollars.

As usual money worried Harriman very little. He wired:

"Are you certain you can put the river back into the old channel?"

"I am certain that it can be done," Randolph wired back.

"Go ahead and do it," Harriman replied.

And so began one of the epic struggles of the world—a struggle as dramatic, as tense, as extraordinary in the demands it made upon human courage, and will, and endurance, and skill, as any history records.

XX

THROUGH the greater part of the summer of 1905, Rockwood was left to cope with the situation his cutting had created. He had to relieve the pressure on the crevasse by encouraging, through the building of a dam, a silt levee or bar—diverting part of the main stream. When this failed Randolph sent H. T. Cory, his assistant, and an engineer almost as brilliant as himself, to consult with Rockwood.

Rockwood didn't think the situation was alarming. He didn't, he said, want to close the intake, enlarged though it was, altogether; that would shut off water and make trouble in the Valley. He didn't mind a certain gathering of water in the deeper part of the Salton Sink, which was a natural drainage basin. Cory was not convinced; it was playing with fire, in his judgment.

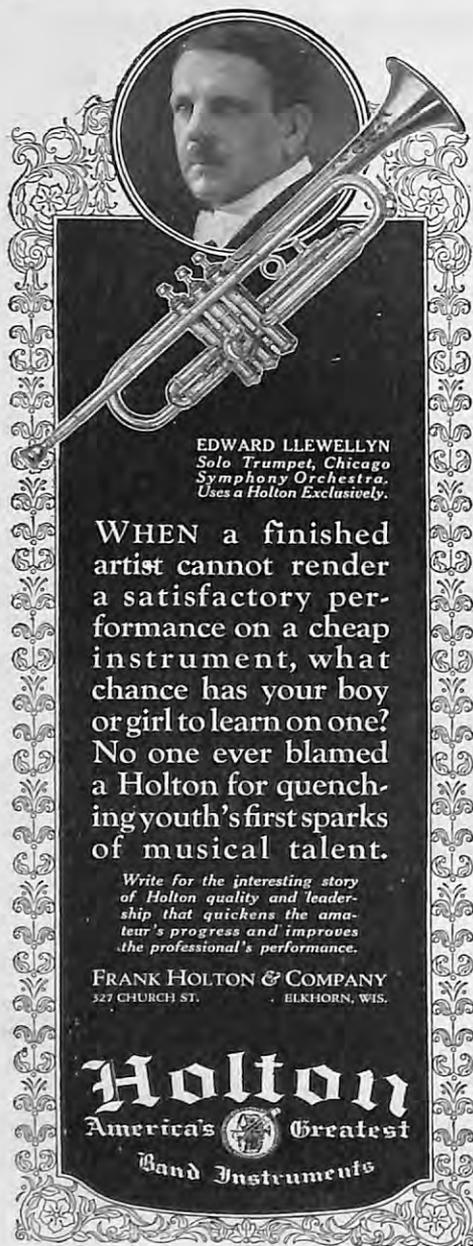
Randolph and Harriman agreed with him, and when, throughout August, the intake grew constantly wider, decided that the break must be closed. The Colorado River, near this intake, was bisected by an island, and it was considered that the channel west of the island might be closed—in which case the main stream, passing east of the island, would not enter the intake. So a barrier dam was built—at a cost of \$60,000, and would have checked the flow if it had not been carried out by a tremendous and unseasonable flood at the end of November. This flood, rising in the Gila, carried out the dam, and swept away, also, a large portion of the island.

The gap was now six hundred feet wide—it had begun at sixty feet—and most of the main stream of the Colorado was flowing through it. There was a new lake a hundred and fifty square miles in area, and the Southern Pacific tracks were awash in places. Now, for the first time, fear began to spread in the Valley. It was becoming plain that unless the river were controlled before the next spring's floods, sixty miles, at least, of railway would be submerged, the whole irrigation system would be wiped out, and the Imperial Valley would be in the way of becoming again a great fresh-water lake.

No plan was considered for controlling the river, however, that would shut off water entirely from the irrigating system, for water was as vitally necessary to the Imperial Valley, and as continuously necessary, as air to its inhabitants.

Two plans were proposed. One was to put in, at Pilot Knob, the site of the original opening, a new steel and concrete head gate, on a solid rock foundation, and to excavate anew four miles of silted channels, through which the whole low water flow of the river could be turned,

(Continued on page 84)



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I blushed with shame when she called my bluff

—too bad I had done so little worth while reading

I SEARCHED my mind hopelessly for some clue. Where *was* Penguin Island—what was it? Why had she suddenly brought it into this casual discussion of literature?

“Why, yes,” I said, after a moment’s hesitation, “the name is familiar.”

“So few people read Anatole France,” she replied. “Doesn’t he remind you a bit of Voltaire?”

I saw it was useless to try to bluff any longer. I could sense the difference between us. How uninteresting I must appear to this cultured, fascinating girl!

“To tell you the truth,” I said, ashamed of my pretense, “I have never read anything by Anatole France, and Voltaire is only a name to me. In fact, I know very little about the classics.”

I could see at once how disappointed she was in me. What a fool she must think me, for pretending to know about fine literature.

“You seem so well-read,” she said. “Surely you must be familiar with good books.”

“Yes, I have read quite a bit,” I said, “but haphazardly—without any definite plan. Whenever a book happens to come my way—a popular novel, or a play—I read it. I know that I’ve read many books, and yet whenever any one discusses literature with me as you did today—well, I’m lost.”

“I don’t read very much myself,” she remarked.

“Why, that sounds incredible! You can discuss all the classics—you must have read all of them.”

“All of them?” she replied. “There are *thousands!* I read only the very best selections from each.”

“That’s as much a puzzle as ‘Penguin Island,’” I laughed. “How could you decide upon the best without first having read everything else?”

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And then she told me, as best as she could, about the Master Classics. How the idea had been conceived. How the best authorities available had gathered into 12 volumes what is regarded as the best in literature. How they created a *planned course of reading* which gives only the finest and most significant of the world’s great books.

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City.....State.....

Reference or Occupation.....

Edward Henry Harriman

(Continued from page 82)

leaving the dangerous crevasse opening dry enough to be closed with a permanent dam.

The other plan involved a wooden headgate, north of the intake, and the excavation of a by-pass to carry through this the whole low water flow. Both plans provided continuous water for the Valley, and Epes Randolph, with Harriman's approval, finally decided to try both. An 850-ton floating dredge was ordered; work was pushed with all possible speed.

But that speed was not great enough. The steel and concrete headgate was not finished till the end of June; the dredge, the machinery of which was ordered in San Francisco, was delayed in completion until November—largely because of the San Francisco catastrophe in April. Both plans had to be abandoned for the time.

At the end of April the prospect was very black. Harriman was in San Francisco, and Epes Randolph joined him there, and, as he got the chance, told him how critical the situation was. The \$200,000 loan was spent; the river was still on a rampage and wholly uncontrolled. The crevasse that had begun as a cut intake of sixty feet was a quarter of a mile wide and the Colorado was pouring four billion cubic feet of water a day into what had been the Salton Sink.

Harriman was looking at the smoking ruins of San Francisco. He didn't know, no man could know, what the ultimate effect of this disaster would be upon his railways and himself. But he listened to Randolph.

"All right," he said, in effect. "Go ahead. Save the Imperial Valley. I will advance another \$250,000."

Randolph went back. Rockwood, meanwhile, had resigned, and Randolph made Cory chief engineer in his place. From April 19 the Southern Pacific fought the Colorado River.

IT LOOKED, by June, like a hopeless fight. The crevasse was half a mile wide. The river first spread out over an area of a width of about ten miles, and then, running down, gathered in separate rivers that found their way into the new Salton Sea through the old barranca. Calexico and Mexicali were partly flooded. The New Liverpool Salt Works were under sixty feet of water. In the western part of the Imperial Valley, 30,000 acres of cultivated land were ruined by the destruction of wooden flumes.

The new Salton Sea, now having a surface area of four hundred square miles, was rising seven inches a day. Five times, during the summer, the main line of the Southern Pacific had to be moved to higher ground. The whole irrigation system of the California Development Company was threatened by imminent destruction. If that happened the Imperial Valley would at once be without drinking-water, and its people must take to instant flight.

But Harriman, seeing things at their worst, was invincibly cheerful.

"That river can be controlled. Do it," he said.

Epes Randolph, Cory, and the others, went ahead to do it.

Every visiting engineer—and there were many—agreed about one thing. (Each had a different plan; they agreed only on this one point.) They all said a rock-fill barrier dam was out of the question, because, even if a brush mattress were used as a foundation it would break and let the rock through the silt, and because water, going over a rock-fill dam while it was building was sure to wash away some one rock at the top, increase the flow as other rocks went, and so, finally, create an uncontrollable breach.

But Randolph, who had stopped the Tombig-see in Alabama, with rock-fill dams and brush mattresses, many years before, went ahead in spite of them. First he built a branch railway from the Southern Pacific main line to the crevasse. Then he borrowed three hundred big side-dump cars that had been used at Lucin. He drew on every rock quarry within four hundred miles, and opened a new one 600 feet wide and forty feet high at Andrade, not far away. There was clay near by and gravel owned by the Southern Pacific forty miles away.



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Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has he permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

the new break; the other was to Roosevelt, as follows:

"You seem to be under the impression that the California Development Company is a Southern Pacific enterprise. This is erroneous. It (the Southern Pacific) had nothing to do with its work, or the opening of the canal. We are not interested in its stock, and in no way control it. We have loaned it some money to assist in dealing with the situation. What the Southern Pacific has done was for the protection of the settlers as well as of its own tracks, but we have determined to remove the tracks onto high ground anyway. However, in view of your message I am giving authority to the Southern Pacific officers in the West to proceed at once with efforts to repair the break, trusting that the Government, as soon as you can procure the necessary Congressional action, will assist us with the burden.

This pleased Roosevelt—as well it might. He answered promptly:

Am delighted to receive your telegram. Have at once directed the Reclamation Service to get in touch with you, so that as soon as Congress re-assembles I can recommend legislation which will provide against a repetition of the disaster and make provision for the equitable distribution of the burden.

Randolph closed the crevasse in fifty-two days. On February 10, 1907, the work was finished. Carried away three times during construction, two trestles of ninety-foot piles were finally thrown across the gap. Then train after train was brought up, for fifteen days and fifteen nights, laden with rock, and sweating gangs of men dumped that rock into the raging torrent.

It was punishing work, and it was work full of a constant, deadly danger. Two trestles had been carried out already. The piles rested in a soft and treacherous bed of silt; they might go out any minute, and carry trains and crews with them. But the work went on.

THE problem was simple, in a way. If a high enough rock barrier could be built the river would be stopped.

Randolph and Cory had dumped 80,000 cubic yards of rock into the crevasse. They had tied up the whole western end of the Southern Pacific for two weeks—practically nothing moved, in those fifteen days and nights, over a thousand miles of line, except the cars that carried rock, and went back to the quarries for more, again and again, in a cycle that seemed endless.

But they saved the Imperial Valley, and the Laguna Dam and the great bridge across the Colorado at Yuma. They went ahead, after the crevasse was closed, and for twelve miles they built up the west bank of the Colorado so that no flood could shatter it. They spent, before they were done, another \$1,600,000—in all, the work, from the beginning, cost more than \$3,000,000.

Once, during the crisis of the work, the settlers in the Imperial Valley offered to help. They could furnish five hundred horses, they said, and the men to work them, and they could take care of them. Harriman heard of that.

"Tell them we appreciate their offer," he said. "But—it's seeding time with them. They've got all they can do. We're going to close the break, anyway. Let them keep their horses and their men for their own work."

Of course, what those settlers offered by way of help would have been like a man with a pick against a steam shovel in comparison with the forces the Southern Pacific had arrayed. But for the settlers it was a big thing; it would have involved great sacrifices on their part. Later, when Harriman was dead, and Congress was bickering, and backing and filling, as to whether the Government ought to reimburse the Southern Pacific, an Imperial Valley farmer told that story to a committee. And:

"We do feel rather differently in that Valley toward Mr. Harriman from the way others seem to feel elsewhere over the United States," he said. "We believe that Mr. Harriman felt a very human interest in our troubles there."

In the end the Southern Pacific never got back, from the United States, one cent of what it spent. President Roosevelt telegraphed to Harriman, during the emergency, and spoke of arrangements to distribute the burden. A few weeks later, in a message to Congress, emphasizing the degree of the peril, and estimating

(Continued on page 88)

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Edward Henry Harriman

(Continued from page 87)

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the value of the threatened lands at from \$350,000,000 to \$700,000,000, he put it differently.

"The question as to what sum, if any, should be paid to the Southern Pacific Company for work done since the break of November 4, 1906, is one for future consideration. For work done prior to that date no claim can be admitted."

In 1908 a bill was introduced appropriating \$1,663,000 to reimburse the company, and was referred to the Committee on Claims. Mr. Roosevelt supported that measure, writing to the committee chairman:

"... I accordingly wrote an earnest appeal to the officials of the road, asking them to act. They did act... I feel that it is an act of justice to act generously in this matter..."

But it was not precisely generous for Mr. Roosevelt to ignore Harriman's personal part, as, after the danger was over, he always did. It was to Harriman, not to vague "officials of the road" that he telegraphed. No one but Harriman had either the authority or the will, in the crisis, to act, and Roosevelt was so sure of that that he did not hesitate to appeal to the man he hated and despised.

Again, of course, the old cry of Harriman's enemies rises. It was not he who tamed the Colorado—it was the engineers. To be sure. But it was Harriman who gave the orders; Harriman who satisfied himself that the job could be done, and, thereafter, stood firm against the tremendous array of engineering talent that urged the abandonment of the effort; Harriman who spent the money. Randolph, Cory, Thomas J. Hind, C. K. Clarke—those were the engineering chiefs on the ground. But every one of them has, again and again, insisted that the real credit was Harriman's. Napoleon, it may be well to remember, had to have a little help in winning battles.

Nothing happened about the payment. In 1908, and again in 1910, President Taft tried to push action, and the bill, cut by \$900,000 was finally reported out by the Committee on Claims. But a minority report denounced the proposed appropriation as a gift, and no action was taken, in the end—there was no vote, even.

XXII

THE last great thing Harriman did was to save the Erie, in the spring of 1908—a story already told. He played a great part in the strenuous days of the 1907 panic, from start to finish. He was always confident, always calm. He controlled, in one way and another, great sums of money, and he used them, in conjunction with Schiff, and Stillman, and the others of what might be called his party, to what seemed to him the best and most useful end.

Essentially his work was done by 1908. He carried, of course, the burden of a tremendous responsibility, even then. He was weighed down by multitudinous details; it was a vast labor simply to keep the machinery he had set up in motion. His work was done because he was not, as it turned out, to initiate again any great and striking enterprise. He still looked to the Far East; he still had, undoubtedly, in his mind, the dream of a more coherent and efficient organization of the country's railways into logical and non-competitive systems.

Harriman never retired. He never consciously and definitely saw himself as a man whose work was finished, of course; he simply did not have that sort of mind.

Few men have ever taken such punishment as came to Harriman after 1906. Even now the whole story is not known; it probably never will be known. The public attacks were bad enough. But all the time insidious, secret work was going on. Dangerous assaults threatened his interests on every side. His friends were warned to abandon him, because he was marked for destruction—the authority for this statement is no one less credible than Otto H. Kahn.

He never stopped fighting. He kept his temper and he kept his head. He answered no accusations. Even in the heat and fire of the Roosevelt controversy, he spoke just once. The day after Roosevelt's terrible letter to Sherman was published he made a brief statement which

he had given out for publication. As to the charges against him, he had only this to say:

"I am not responsible for what Mr. Sherman may have said to the President with reference to the conversation he had with me. All that I have to say is that I did not meet his urgent requests that I contribute to his campaign fund, and that the statements alleged to have been attributed to me by him were false. The President was assured of this fact by a mutual friend who was present at the interview."

They didn't beat Harriman. He stood up, small, silent, indomitable, through those years of villification and abuse. In the end the tide had begun, slowly, but very definitely, to turn. Men who had joined in the assault were changing. Public opinion was beginning to crystallize in his favor. That started in the West; San Francisco, the Imperial Valley, naturally, had their own feeling about the man. The Erie episode was sensational in its effect upon a great body of informed and intelligent Eastern thought.

But if they didn't beat Harriman, those enemies of his, they probably killed him. He died, at sixty-one, from gastric ulcers. When a man, for years, is carrying a burden of acute and constant worry, when he is so pressed, every moment, that leisure has come to be something known to him only by hearsay, he does not, as a general thing, live properly. His habits become irregular. Even if he takes his meals with fair regularity—and Harriman was casual about meals—he doesn't digest his food. He has annoying attacks of indigestion.

Harriman was a man who, if he was seldom actually sick enough really to have to give up, never was well, in any real sense of the word, in the last ten years of his life. For a long time, of course, he was actually a very sick, even a slowly dying, man. But the illness that finally killed him is obscure in its manifestations; it doesn't until the end is near, actually disable an active, impatient man; it doesn't, like some diseases far less serious, make so much apparent trouble that a man is forced to give his doctors a chance.

There is no reason to suppose that Harriman was not a happy man, even in those cruelly worrying years. He took a quite unusual and extraordinary delight in his family. His marriage, quite evidently, was one of those rare and happy matings that defy a man's biographers, because there is, after all, little to record about a truly happy marriage.

Visual memories of Harriman remain to me very vivid, very episodic, as they must remain to many who saw him during his final years.

You would see him in a witness chair, during an inquiry or a hearing, under the merciless cross-fire of some great lawyer, trying to entrap him, to betray him into some damaging admission, some error to be pounced upon. He would sit there quietly, never raising his voice, answering the questions almost before they came. They never trapped him. His mind seemed always to be a little faster than any mind that clashed with it. He was like a chess player in those hearings; he was always four or five questions ahead, as a chess player is always thinking of moves that are coming.

He would be nervous at those times, of course; he would have been much less than human had he not been. And he was very often impatient. You always felt that he was thinking of how much better he himself could have conducted such an inquisition.

He was, and yet he was not, an impressive figure. He was small, very small, really, in stature, and he must have been a figure of a nightmare for his tailor. He wore good clothes, of course. But Harriman was one of those men who can put on a new suit and succeed, in five minutes, in looking as if he has been sleeping in his clothes for a week. He never did find out how to wear clothes; they seemed to bother him, and annoy him.

He loved the water, and horses, and the place at Arden. He could drive a trotting horse, and drive it very well, and he would sit proudly beside his daughter as she sat tooling a coach and four—trying to look as if he thought a silk hat was the right thing to wear at such a time. I don't think he did think so; I doubt if

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he thought there was ever any occasion on which a man really ought to wear such a hat.

In his estate he took a tremendous and never-ending interest. It was a marvelous domain for a man to call his own. Millions of people, thanks largely to him, know that country now. They know the streams and ponds, the wooded hills, the trails and roads.

Harriman could look down from his heights across a valley that was almost all his. He could see his dairy herds grazing in lush meadows. He could look out, another way, and see the Hudson wandering through the great gorge of the Highlands.

He got a great deal out of Arden. More than it is easy for people less active, people who can not snatch the joys of leisure in the homeopathic doses enforced upon him, to understand. Vacations, in any real sense, Harriman never took. Even the trips to Alaska and Japan saw him constantly at work. But he got much more of enjoyment, of rest, of recreation, than do many men with far less of accomplishment to their credit. He knew much more of the real art of living than many of his contemporaries.

He ought to have given up some of his work in those last years; he should have turned over details to other men. James Stillman urged him to do that as early as 1905; Jacob H. Schiff, basking in the Egyptian sun, on a steamer on the Nile, in 1908, wrote him a remarkable letter of advice.

"The imposing ruins on the shore remind me," Schiff wrote, "how hollow everything earthly is; how we strive so often for naught; how short a time we live and how long we are then dead. Take my advice, my good friend, do not work so constantly. . . ."

In the spring of 1909, Harriman made the last of those great tours of inspection of his—a journey that took him over the newly completed Mexican lines of the Southern Pacific, to Mazatlan, in Sinaloa, on the Pacific coast of Mexico. He came back with an inkling, at last, of how gravely ill he was, and on June 1, on the dock, while he waited to board a liner for Europe, he dictated a letter to Governor Hughes, of New York, telling him of his plan to give 10,000 acres or so of his land and a million dollars of his money for a park.

He spent that summer of 1909 largely at Bad Gastein, taking the waters and resting. He had no idea that he was incurably ill; he was as full as ever of plans and hopes. He came home on August 24, and went at once to Arden, working daily, though he was now in constant pain and very weak.

On September 5, he collapsed, quite suddenly; on the 9th, very quietly and peacefully, he died. And, in a sort of dull wonder, America realized that one of its great men had gone, just as she was beginning to understand his greatness.

THE END.

The Reading Room

(Continued from page 18)

romances—(We stop here to take a breath) this gallant account of a young English officer among the Arab tribes is without doubt the greatest.

At the beginning of the war, Lawrence was rejected as physically unfit for military service. He was, however, useful, because of his knowledge of the East, in the British Intelligence Service in Cairo.

It was in his stuffy Egyptian office that—like some mysterious juggler of fate—this young man of twenty-eight conceived the idea of unifying the Arab desert tribes who were in some sort of haphazard revolt against the enemies of the Allies, and of leading them—a great and trained army—to victory.

A dream! A gorgeous, Olympian dream! An Arabian Nights plot for a drama with millions of fatalistic, half-wild riders of the wastes as players; and as stage settings, deserts and Old Testament cities, the tents of Arab chieftains and some of the most famous battle-grounds of the world.

And it was a dream that came true! Through it all, this young man (who has since refused all honors and withdrawn not only into silence but into obscurity) rode at the side of Kings and Generals; dressed as an Arab, the guiding spirit of the whole campaign, the person loved and trusted above all others by the tribesmen.

(Continued on page 91)

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"Don't spoil the party!"

.. someone called when I sat down at the piano

—a moment later they
got the surprise
of their lives!



I WAS just about to enter the room when the sound of my name caught my attention.

"It'll seem like old times to have Dan with us again!" Bill was saying about me.

"Maybe it'll seem too much like old times!" came the laughing rejoinder. "You'd better lock the piano!"

"Nonsense! He won't have the nerve to play after what happened the last time!"

"That was a shabby trick. I almost wish we hadn't pulled it. . . ."

How well I knew what they were talking about! Yes, it *was* a shabby trick they had played on me. But, looking back, I really couldn't blame them.

Let me tell you about that last party. Jolly, informal—all the guests old friends of mine. I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing some popular numbers.

But before I had played more than two or three pieces I noticed an unusual stillness. I stopped playing, turned around, and saw—the room was empty!

Instead of entertaining the party, as I had fondly imagined, my halting, stumbling performance had been a nuisance.

Burning with shame and indignation I determined to have nothing more to do with the "friends" who had let me make a fool of myself—when suddenly it occurred to me that there was a way in which I could turn the tables.

Carefully avoiding the "crowd's" parties, I had bided my time until I was absolutely certain that I could put my plan over. At last, tonight, the moment had come.

Calmly walking into the room I pretended not to notice the guilty expression on Bill's face as he welcomed me. Every one seemed overjoyed to see me again—obviously glad that I had evidently forgiven and forgotten last year's trick.

Suddenly I turned to Bill and said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned, old boy. I feel just in the mood. . . ."

Instantly the friendly atmosphere changed. It was amusing to see the look that spread from face to face. For a moment no one spoke.

Then, just as I was sitting down at the piano, some one called:

"For heaven's sake, get away from that piano! *Don't spoil the party!*"

That was my cue. Instead of replying I struck the first bars of "Sundown." And how! Easily, smoothly, with all the verve and expression I had always longed for!

Gone was the halting, nerve-racking hesitation that had formerly made my playing a torture to the listeners. No wonder the guests gasped with amazement. Fascinated, scarcely believing their ears they drew nearer. When I finished they loudly clamored for more. Time and again, when I would have stopped, they eagerly insisted on "Just one more, please!"

How I taught myself to play without a teacher

When they finally allowed me to leave the piano I turned around and said:

"Just a moment, folks! I want to thank you for what you did for me last year!"

The eager, laughing faces turned red with embarrassment. One or two of the boys murmured an apology. Seeing their confusion, I continued:

"I mean it! If you hadn't opened my eyes, I'd still be a dub at playing. I went home mighty angry that night, I'll admit. But it taught me a lesson. And believe me, folks, when I think of the real pleasure I get out of playing now, I'm only sorry you didn't pull that trick sooner!"

Before letting me go home that night Bill cornered me and said, "Listen, Dan, I want an explanation! *How did you do it?*"

I laughed. "Why, I just took advantage of a new way to learn music, that's all!"

"What do you mean 'new way'? Didn't you take lessons from a teacher?"

"No! *I taught myself!*"

"What!"

"Absolutely! You've heard of the U. S. School of Music, haven't you?"

"That's a correspondence school, isn't it?"

"Yes. When that trick showed me up last year, I sent for one of their free demonstration lessons. Well, it proved to be so much easier than I had hoped for, that I sent for the complete course. And believe me, I'm mighty glad I did! There wasn't any expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons came by mail, I didn't have to set aside valuable hours to study. I practiced only in my spare time, a few minutes a day. And the course is thorough! Why, almost before I knew it, I could play *anything*—ballads, rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz!"

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The Reading Room

(Continued from page 89)

As for the telling of this astounding adventure, the very spirit that carried off such brave stuff is flung into the words in which he recounts those marvelous days.

An absolutely indescribable charm hangs over the book. Youth at its bravest, humor at its brightest, keen, flashing mentality at its top-most moment!

Fellow Creatures

LET'S break away from all these "far-away" books, fascinating as they are, and take a look at some folks whom we know real well.

Alfred Smith, for example! There's a book about him by Henry F. Pringle that—no matter how one leans politically—is full of rich, human material, and is exceptionally free from bias.

The biography is the story of "battle" and human nature, and the rough, necessary, lively, stinging things out of which American politics are made.

Of a very different nature, naturally, is the delicately and gently told story of the career of George Arliss, beloved actor of two countries: England and America.

A grace of life, an elegance of thought find expression in these pages. The man who, as "Disraeli," and the Rajah of "The Green Goddess" and the "aged sinner" in "Old English," charmed countless audiences by his luminous and mellow art, now gives us (it certainly is the day of biographers!) the record of his faithful years in the theatre.

We recommend this delightful history to all who have a vague notion that an actor is a man from a different world than the one that most of us live in.

True—in this volume we learn some secrets of that mysterious place known as "back stage," and see the workings of dramatic genius without the footlights to dazzle us—but for the most part it is simply good human stuff— anecdotal, busy ambitious, kindly—in a word, totally delightful.

Oh, yes, I'd forgotten—it is called "Up the Years from Bloomsbury"—and from that you can, of course, guess that he begins with his little-boyhood (when he joined an elocution class as first step toward a noble career) and works down and up and across until this very month when he is staying at the same hotel in New York that this reviewer is also living in.

As he goes through the foyer the people stare and smile and bow—as is proper.

And only a few days ago we, ourself, rode up to our own floor in the elevator with him. He never, much as we hate to admit it, even guessed our importance, or doubtless he would have said: "I say, will you put a few kind words about my little book into THE ELKS MAGAZINE?"

Have you come across Jim Tully's "Circus Parade"?

No story of wandering days with a big circus through the South, no such vigorous history of strange circus folk—painted, screaming ladies, wild animals, liars, thieves, hangers-on, each grasping life in raw pieces and more or less pulling it apart—has ever been told.

The "Circus Fair Association"—(a real body of citizens, if you'll believe it)—are furiously mad at the ex-hobo, ex-pugilist author for the violent colors in which he has painted his days under the White Top. But the book has been a shouting success throughout the land so the C. F. A. may jolly well weep in vain.

Then there is that story of Annie Oakley—the lady whose unerring shots in Wild West shows, and the like, were heard around the world.

Annie Oakley died a year ago, an old lady, leaving strange yarns to be told (Mr. Courtney Ryley Cooper took up the task) about the two million times she had fired her rifle during her career as markswoman—of the cigarette she shot from between the Kaiser's lips. (Yes, really, that's in the book!)

Will Rogers has put his pen to good use in the introduction and so altogether let's lend the little book a hand!

About that intimate biography of Queen Mary

of England, by Kathleen Woodward, a former factory girl, we have nothing but words of praise. It is human, alive, honest, interesting. It is full of nice, warm, kindly glimpses of the great lady who wears England's crown, and it leaves each of us an enthusiastic booster for Royalty.

Miss Woodward tells us that the Queen whistles, loves to do it, has a passion for whistling, in fact.

And strangely enough only to-day a crudely disillusioning person came along and (with no connection at all with the book about the Queen) told us that whistling was one way of conquering a double chin.

Now you can put two and two together, if you care to.

Fiction

ON THE fiction shelves of our Reading room are some great tales just now.

"The Sentimentalist," by Dale Collins, who wrote that splendid thriller, "Ordeal," a couple of years ago.

This new yarn is a breathless tale of tropic seas, life aboard a trading brig, of a crude captain, an abandoned baby found in a canoe alongside the brig one dark night, and of *Tina*, whom the captain gets to come and live aboard his ship as nurse for the "kid" whom he refuses to give up. They are a pretty sinful lot on the *Hirondelle*, but—

Well, you go ahead and read the rest of it yourself.

"The Grandmothers," by Glenway Wescott, won the 1927 Harper Prize Novel award, and it seems to have been an admirable book to bestow such honors upon.

The very young author has used a "trick" in the telling of this romance of an American family. He takes a photograph album, and one by one turns the pages, gathering up his characters, recounting their parts in the family saga, filling up all the empty spaces with fine, penetrating writing, and a true dramatic sense.

Whether this volume achieves the popular success accorded to the other Harper Prize novels we can not be sure, but this we know, it is well worth devoting an evening to, and Mr. Wescott is to be closely watched from now on.

A peach of a mystery story—if you don't mind my vulgar way of putting it—has just come to this desk.

"Murder at Mansions," by R. E. Young, and it is all about the killing of a man in a theatrical boarding house where every one is trained, of course, to assume a mask at a moment's notice.

Not so good for the Inspector when he comes along to solve the problem.

A cheap tale, but one with a good deal of suspense to it.

And "Coaster Captain," by James B. Connolly, our old sea-faring friend, carries us down to New England once more, and the waterfront of Boston. Then, "once aboard the lugger," we go out to sea, and come to grief further on in Mr. Connolly's pages and finally are discovered on a life-raft on the wide Atlantic.

Just a word or two and then we'll let you go—to play golf or whatever else is waiting for you on the other side of the door of the Reading room.

We want to call your attention to D. H. Lawrence's little book, "Mornings in Mexico"—a delicate and remarkable piece of work, wherein the writer catches the flavor and soul of a strange Southern land and its people by the most delicate approach to both that land and its people.

"What Can a Man Believe?" is Bruce Barton's latest.

Every one comes up against questions of faith, of God, of that spiritual craving that is part of us.

This book will help a lot. Get it quickly and turn to it some night when the house grows quiet and a few smoldering embers of a late autumn fire burn in the chimney place—bright, wise, friendly and just a little sad, too—the only companions that now remain with you in the Reading room.

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Why Some Investments Are Unprofitable

By Paul Tomlinson

MANY investments have proved unprofitable in the past, and many no doubt will prove unprofitable in the future. There are reasons for this state of affairs, of course, and it may surprise many people to learn that according to the best opinion the fault rests in the last analysis with the investor, the man who buys securities. Just as it takes two to make a fight, so it requires at least two to complete an investment transaction—a seller and a buyer. If there were no one to buy unprofitable securities, automatically the sellers of such investments would disappear, their means of livelihood taken from them.

In the first place it may be well to mention briefly the reasons why investments exist. Bonds and stocks and mortgages are sold in order to raise capital, for without capital there would be no business or industry, and lacking these, modern civilization is unthinkable. Properly conducted there is no more constructive business in the world than the marketing of securities. The investment banker who underwrites an issue of bonds or of stock makes capital readily available to some enterprise which it is taken for granted is supplying something needful to the people of the country; the people who buy these bonds or shares of stock are in reality, of course, the source of supply of the capital, and without their dollars the enterprise could not grow or extend its usefulness; indeed it might not even be able to exist. By the sale of such securities the enterprise is aided, work is made available to numbers of people, and the country as a whole reaps a benefit; by the purchase of such securities the investor provides an income for himself and his dependents, to say nothing of protection against hardship and want. Under ideal conditions everyone is benefited, and everyone makes money.

Why is it, then, that many investments prove unprofitable? In the first place because the investments themselves are of the wrong kind, and in the second place because there are people who will buy the wrong kind. Allowing for natural mistakes, which are bound to occur in all human undertakings, there are many so-called investments which should never find purchasers. It is this kind with which we are concerned at present.

Unprofitable investments can be sold for one reason, because a large percentage of the investing public is not possessed of the knowledge which is necessary in order to judge of their merits or demerits. There are people unable to tell the difference between a stock and a bond. There are people who think that shares of stock pay interest; that payments on preferred stock are definite obligations on the part of the issuing corporation. There are people who think that anything called by the name of bond is absolutely safe. Others believe that if stock sells at a low price per share it is on that account a cheap stock. How many people are acquainted with the procedure by which securities come into being, and by which they are sold?

Lack of knowledge is probably the main cause of unprofitable investments. Moreover, most people seem to think there is something rather disgraceful about this lack of knowledge, with the result that they do not admit it, and they hesitate to seek the help and advice of those who do possess it. They invest their money without knowing what it is they have invested in, and when the results are unfortunate it is human nature to try to find someone other than themselves on whom to lay the blame. A man who speculates in Wall Street, and loses, is very liable to blame Wall Street, and say it is a wicked place and ought to be done away with. Which is just as reasonable as to say that because people lose money speculating in wheat, or cotton, or cattle, no one should be permitted to grow wheat or cotton, or to raise cattle. Wall Street, generally, and the New York Stock Exchange, in particular, are more eager than anyone else to have the public



acquire at least a rudimentary knowledge of finance and investing. The legitimate investing business is the largest loser of all when money is lost in the wrong kind of investments, for this money would otherwise come its way.

Another reason why investments are unprofitable is because many investors are greedy and avaricious, and want to get too much for their money. Something for nothing, or a lot for a little, always has an appeal. To accumulate a fortune without working for it, to make easy money—these are lures that lead many an otherwise sane man to financial ruin. The fact that every once in a while someone does accomplish one or the other of these things makes it all the more difficult for the rest of us to resist the temptation of trying to do likewise. This avarice, of course, is largely based on lack of knowledge, for the man who is experienced in the business of investing will seldom assume as large risks as the layman; he knows that the long shot wins as infrequently in the stock market as it does on the racetrack, and that the possibility of one big winning scarcely compensates for a number of practically certain losses. High yield, generally speaking, is the compensation for large risk, and too frequently the investor considers only the yield and shuts his eyes to the risk. And curiously enough it seems as if the people with little to lose are the ones who are more often willing to risk losses. They reason possibly that having little their best chance of acquiring much is to take a "flier." Experience has shown, however, that this reasoning is faulty.

The fact that there are dishonest dealers in stocks and bonds is another reason why investments are unprofitable. Of course there are, and unfortunately probably always will be, dishonest people in most lines of business, but so far as investments are concerned this kind of person could not operate for a single week if it were not for the ignorance of many investors, and their avid desire for easy money. The dishonest dealer promises things that no one having much information about investments would believe for a moment, but given victims who lack knowledge and who are greedy for gain his task is simplified immeasurably. What experienced investor, for instance, would believe such a statement as "next week the price of this stock is going to be advanced ten points"? What experienced investor would buy any stock or bond without a thorough investigation? Knowledge of investing, as a matter of fact, need extend no further than this: that when any investment is offered it should not be purchased until some qualified and reputable expert has recommended it.

Through lack of knowledge, and through avarice, investors become gullible. They believe what they are told by dishonest dealers because it is a pretty story, and because they want it to come true. There are certain questions that should be put to every person trying to sell securities, questions which the dishonest seller will always avoid, and which the honest salesman is delighted to answer. If, for example, a corporation has only one million dollars worth of property which it can pledge as security for a bond issue, the size of the issue obviously is a matter of importance; a \$500,000 issue should be perfectly safe, but one of \$2,000,000 would not be highly regarded. If interest on a bond issue amounts to \$50,000 a year, and earnings are

no more than this amount, the bonds would scarcely be considered the right kind of investments for widows and orphans. The value of stock is dependent upon funded debts which outrank the stock in the corporation's capital structure, upon the corporation's surplus, upon earnings, upon its marketability. A few questions on these pertinent points will frequently forestall the possibility of your becoming the owner of unprofitable investments.

People are liable to be too optimistic about their investments. They think too much about the nice things that can happen, and too little about the unfortunate happenings that can also take place. All bonds are not safe, nor do all stocks continually advance in price. The mere ownership of securities does not presuppose profits. And as most people are obliged to work pretty hard for the money they have available for investment it is really astonishing to see how careless many of them can be when they come to investing it. Further, once invested, they seem to think that there is nothing more to be done. As a matter of fact a bond or a share of stock does not look after itself any more than a gasoline engine, or a radio, or a business. A man in business who will watch it constantly and strive constantly to keep it running smoothly and profitably will frequently take his profits and buy securities to which he hardly gives a thought. Securities, it should be remembered, represent an interest in a business, and when a man buys into someone else's business besides his own it seems only reasonable for him to keep in touch. This means time and work, but when a man has given his time and has worked hard to accumulate capital, he is very foolish not to use every effort to keep it.

Conditions in the business world are constantly changing, and as business conditions change, securities cannot help but be affected. It may prove desirable to sell one thing and buy something else; it may be that there is some conversion privilege to take advantage of; there may be a profit to take, or a loss. For example, one of our railroads has outstanding an issue of bonds which up to October 1, 1927, were convertible, \$1,500 par value of the bonds into ten shares of common stock; before that date the issue was quoted at around 135, but immediately after that date the price fell to around par. The man who owned some of these bonds and who put them away and forgot them lost, actually or on paper, \$350 on each \$1,000 bond. Another railroad has an issue of convertible bonds which sold at 122 before October 1, and fell to below 90 right after that date. It pays to keep in touch with investments; when they are ignored they may prove to be unprofitable things to own. People with many investments sometimes employ trust companies to look after them; others list their holdings with some investment banker who will keep his clients posted on all developments which may affect them.

It would not be fair to say that all the blame for investments being unprofitable can be laid
(Continued on page 94)

Investment Literature

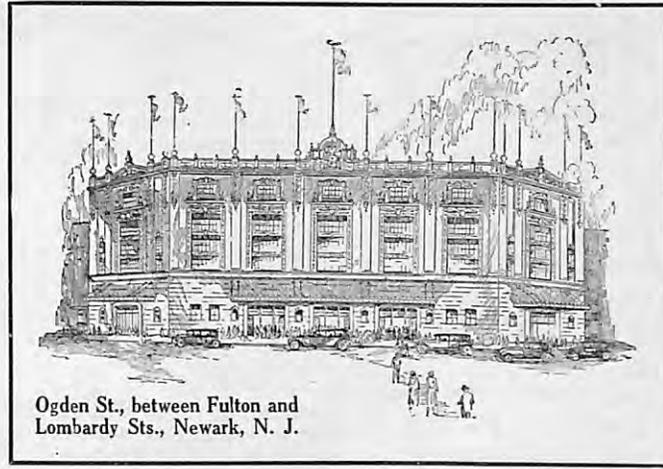
"How to Build an Independent Income" (1927 Edition). Describes plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"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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Why Some Investments Are Unprofitable

(Continued from page 93)

at the door of the investor, but in large measure the fault is undoubtedly his. He may not possess sufficient knowledge to judge accurately of a security's worth, but there are hundreds of investment banking houses with their branches scattered throughout the country, and they can supply the knowledge the investor lacks. If a man is too greedy for profits and takes longer

chances than he should, it is no one's fault but his own if his investments prove unprofitable. No one needs to buy from a dishonest dealer, or from any dealer for that matter without finding out something about him. No one need believe all he is told. Finally, if a man loses a thing because he fails to take proper care of it, whose fault is that?

Football Coaches

(Continued from page 29)

private life early. But the contrary seems to be the case as far as the business is concerned.

There is the venerable Alonzo Stagg, for instance, who has been teaching the young idea how to buck the line for thirty-four years, and this is longer than John Joseph McGraw has been in professional baseball. There is Glenn Warner, who has been at it for thirty-three years, and John W. Heisman, who has been at it for the same length of time. Fielding (Hurry Up) Yost has been at it for about thirty-one years. Gil Dobie, the grizzled and saturnine, is a mere beginner. He has been at it for only about twenty-three years.

From this point of view the longevity of the football coach is better than that of a baseball manager. I am making this comparison between the managing of a purely amateur sport and a purely professional one, because there is, after all, much similarity between the work of a football coach and a baseball manager. Also the chances of failure would seem to be about even.

The football coach labors under a disadvantage that is not entirely theoretical. He has to take the material as he finds it. Oh, yes, I know that the scoffers maintain that the larger universities have scouting systems quite as effective as the scouting systems maintained by the big-league baseball clubs, and that the system is aided by wealthy alumni seeking out likely candidates for the dear old U. Admitting that there is something of the sort, it could not be as effective as the baseball-scouting systems.

In baseball they can take them, no matter how dumb they may be, off the diamond. But in the colleges there are limitations. There are the academic requirements which stop many a likely football candidate.

One thing that the football coach has in a superlative degree is something that a baseball manager rarely can get. He has the college spirit with him. A baseball manager collects some languid young business men who are to play in the name of a city they never have seen for a cash consideration. You can not get all that there is in a young man for a cash consideration. A million young Americans during the World War endured things they would not endure for any amount of money, for a matter of sentiment, the biggest matter of sentiment in the world, as a matter of fact.

But it does not matter in football that the spirit is strong, if the back is weak. From the point of view of the coach he does not want young men to die for the dear old college. He wants them to live and to win some football games for the dear old coach, else the dear old alumni will be starting a drive to oust the dear old coach and bring in a successor who will bring home the dear old bacon to the dear old alma mater.

A coach's bread and butter depend upon victories, and he gets more bread than the head of many an academic department, and perhaps a better brand of butter than is served on the table of the college president. They like a coach to be a good moral influence, and to have ideals in keeping with the ideals of the college, but also he must win football games. Otherwise they will get another coach who will not only be a satisfactory moral influence and chockful of high ideals but who also will develop a team to knock the traditional rivals quite horizontal, as it were. Despite all illusions to the contrary, the coach not only builds the varsity football team and drills it in practice but he becomes the field general in action. I know that the understanding is that the student captain or quarterback is to handle the strategy when the whistle blows, and that certain provisions have been made with a

view to preventing the coaches from interfering while the game is on.

ONCE I was all for the coaches being excluded, even from the grandstands, to make sure that they did not take command through signals to the teams in the field. I was convinced that this destroyed the purpose of the game, or what is claimed to be the purpose of the game. Football, so we are told, is to develop initiative, quick thinking and the capacity for accepting responsibility. With a professional coach controlling the field strategy, this is eliminated.

I have been converted to things as they are in this regard only recently, and because the reason of it was made apparent through one of the coaches, even when I was set the other way. Let us suppose that the football captains are in charge. One of them tries some strategy. It fails, therefore it is not strategy. It is boneheadedness.

His fellow students will not tell him in so many words that he made a bonehead out of himself, and that he is responsible for the defeat of the team. The newspapers will, and it will be superfluous. The boy will feel it without having it rubbed in.

He will feel that his whole college career has been blighted and that he is a disgrace to the university. These boys are at a sensitive age, so let the coaches take the responsibility. They are older, and they are paid for it. Besides, it is all in their day's work, just as taking responsibility for strategy, successful or disastrous, is part of the every-day work of the baseball manager.

I was present at a meeting of football coaches where Tad Jones of Yale rose and proposed that the coaches keep their hands off their teams while games were being played.

"We are not supposed to interfere," said Jones with charming frankness. "But you know and I know that we all do it. Let us agree to stop it, and the only way we can stop it is to pass our words of honor that we will discontinue the practice."

The coach opposing him, Gil Dobie, I think, was equally frank. "The football game is more than a contest between two teams of students," he said. "It is a contest between all of the resources, all of the brains and all of the traditions of the two colleges. I would feel that I were not earning my money if I did not use all of my football knowledge and everything else that I have to help win that game."

The coaches got nowhere in the matter. They never will, perhaps. I hope that they never will until the students and the alumni can take the game of intercollegiate football with less intense seriousness. I can not see that coming in the very near future.

The qualities that make a good football coach are the qualities that make a good baseball manager, and those qualities are the same that would make a leader of men at any game in the world. I believe that many of our baseball managers would have made great captains of industry, great statesmen, and great generals of armies, if they had been turned into those other fields. The same applies to the football coaches.

First a good football coach must know football; then he must be able to handle his men through their respect and devotion to him. He is not altogether in the position of working things out on maps. He must have the personal contact with his men so strongly that they feel his presence from afar off and can almost hear his voice in their ears, leading them or driving them through, as they hit the opposing line.

The perfect tribute to a coach was paid to

Percy Haughton by one of the members of a Harvard team long since passed into gridiron history. This man said, "we trusted him and believed in him so thoroughly that we would do anything he told us to do. If he had led us to the edge of a cliff and had said, 'jump,' we all would have jumped without question, feeling that he had his reasons and that he would have caught us somehow before we hit the bottom."

There is no set type of football coach. The rank and file of football coaches are made up of some varied and interesting personalities, and all that I have met are men of character and fitted for the responsibilities connected with their work. All in all I should say that the general run of football coach, because of his human understanding, is at least as wholesome an influence over his pupil as the general run of college professors.

OF COURSE the different football coaches have their different ways of getting results. Some lead and some drive. Some students can be led and some may have to be driven. You can not drive those who will not be driven.

Mr. Glenn Warner, who used to coach the Carlisle Indians, learned something from his pupils. When he first took charge of the Indians, everything seemed to go wrong. He put the squad through an extra hard practice. Then he dismissed them with a tongue-lashing.

On the following day Mr. Warner was on the job early, feeling certain that his words would have had considerable effect. The time passed, but not one of the Indians appeared for practice. Naturally, Mr. Warner made inquiries. Finally, one of the squad spoke for all of them.

"We play football for fun," he explained. "If it is to be made into work, we do not care to play football."

A method that might have been effective with the pale-face student was all wrong with the redskins. A football coach who suggested at a white university that after all a football game was only a football game would have been convicted of levity toward one of the highest aims of college life, and he would not be given any more football teams to be ruined by his disregard for the serious things in life.

Of course, there are as many ways of handling a football team as there are football coaches. But there are two distinct schools. There is the pessimistic school, of which Mr. Gil Dobie of Cornell is the doleful exponent. Before a game he assures his men that the chances are against them, and that the best they can hope for is to keep down the score. To the newspapers he announces that one-half of his team is crippled and that the other half is ill. The gloomier Mr. Dobie on the eve of battle, the more certain he will win.

When the victory, that Mr. Dobie pretends is impossible, materializes through the gloom it comes as a joyous surprise. This is one brand of football psychology. It used to be the predominant brand, but modern coaches are getting away from it, and some very successful ones. Young Mr. Meehan, who has given New York University a football team that has made them realize that there is a New York University, is one of the optimists. So is the successful Robert Zuppke of Illinois, whose pupil, Red Grange, gathered no little notoriety.

"I tell them that they will win, and they do," says Mr. Zuppke. It sounds simple enough.

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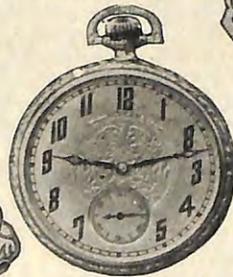
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