



The Elks

Magazine

JULY
1923



In this issue: Fascinating Fiction and Informative Special Articles by Vivian Drake, James H. Collins, Sam Hellman, Edward Mott Woolley and others

20 cents
a copy

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

*Beauty and Dependable
Quality in Your
Home Equipment*

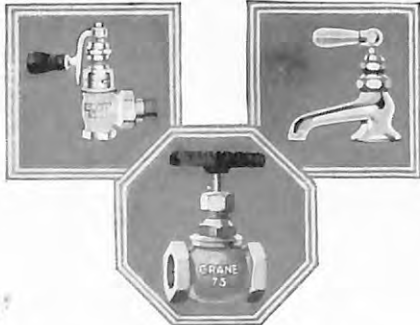
Beauty and enduring quality in Crane sanitation equipment are coupled with a gratifying economy evidenced in long life and low maintenance cost. It is an established fact that Crane products are low in cost in the long run.

Whether for use in the small dwelling or in great town and country houses, office buildings, hotels and clubs, Crane heating and sanitary systems, once installed, are in to stay—and to satisfy.

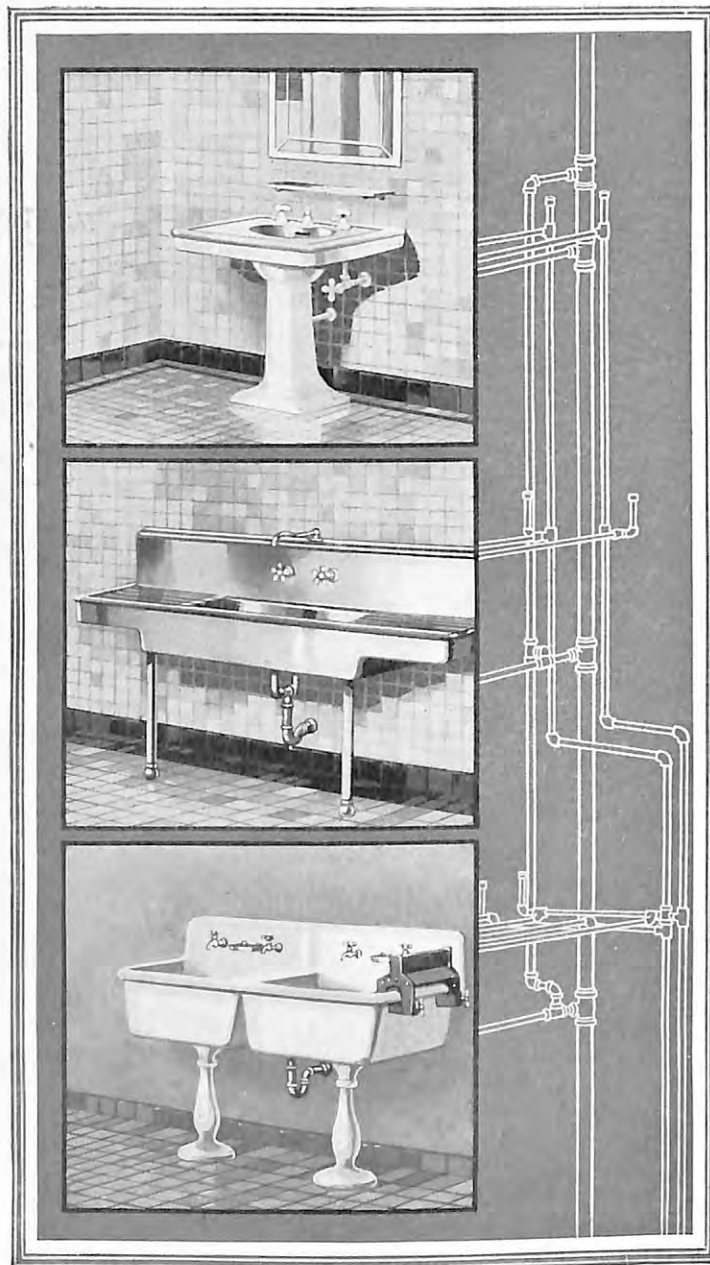
This exacting Crane standard of design and quality is also reflected in the valves, fittings, piping and allied specialties supplied for many of the large industrial power, heating, refrigeration, oil and gas installations throughout the world.

Radiator Valve No. 231

Triumph Faucet



Globe Valve No. 1-B



CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty Cities

National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City

Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga and Trenton

CRANE, LIMITED, MONTREAL. CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO

CRANE, PARIS

What would you pay yourself—honestly?

CONSIDER yourself, for the moment, president of your company—and into your office steps the man in the mirror.

You—the president—are seeking an Auditor—or a Traffic Manager—or an Attorney for the Corporation—or a Superintendent of Works—or a District Sales Manager—or a Managing Director. The salary is attractive. And the man in the mirror is applying to you for the position.

Could the man in the mirror PROVE to you—by his answers to your rapid-fire questions—that he was the man you should HIRE for the job? Could he even prove that he had the right to ten minutes of your time?

Or would the interview be one of real embarrassment—one he would find himself anxious to terminate as quickly as he could?

One other question: On the strength of what the man in the mirror actually KNOWS about business, what would you, the president, honestly feel justified in PAYING him?

* * *

These questions are not mere pleasantry.

On the contrary, they are the most important questions any man can ask himself in business; because the answers—if a man is HONEST with himself—will show him exactly where he stands in point of earning power.

And the ATTITUDE he takes toward BETTERING his situation will measure accurately his expectation for the future.

How Men Are Selected for the Bigger Jobs

It would be a wonderful thing if every man in a salaried position could spend a period of several months on the OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE—and himself interview the candidates for jobs, do the hiring and firing.

He would quickly perceive that business ability is weighed and measured almost as coldly as grain or potatoes.

"What have you got?" "How much do you want?" "How much would I have to pay for the same goods somewhere else?"

These are the questions which pass through the mind of EVERY business

man when he considers an applicant for a position.

He may ALSO think, "I LIKE this man—he is the son of an old friend of mine; so I know that he comes from good stock"—But the UPPERMOST question in his mind is always, "How can I employ this man—and at what figure—so that he will make money both for himself and for the company?"

The value of any one of us—so far as business is concerned—is gauged by the law of SUPPLY AND DEMAND—always has been, always will be.

And any man who hopes to BUCK that law and really GET ANYWHERE in business—is foredoomed to failure.

How to Gain a Favorable Hearing with the President

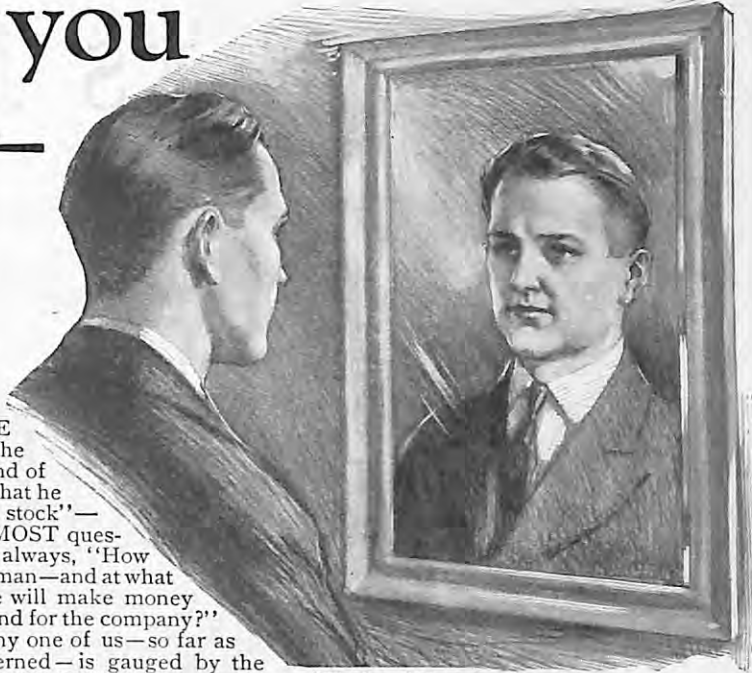
During the past fourteen years more than 400,000 ambitious men, enrolled with LaSalle Extension University, have fought these questions out with themselves in the quiet of their own homes—and have made up their minds to GET the knowledge and understanding of some specialized branch of business which will entitle them to a generous hearing in the president's office—and a handsome salary as a result.

Pursuing different lines, the vast majority have progressed—each in the measure of his native ability and persistence—to a point where they now have to offer the specialized brains which business greatly demands and must have to grow and prosper.

Charles S. Jones, for example, took the path of Higher Accountancy. When he started, he was earning \$100 a month as bookkeeper. Three years later, on the letterhead of Henry & Jones, Certified Public Accountants, he writes:

"My income is a trifle in excess of \$8,000 a year, and I am just beginning to grow. I can hardly find words to tell you of the inspiration that the course has given me. I have recently enrolled for your full Law course and expect to complete my business education with LaSalle."

H. G. Williams, of San Antonio, Texas, matched his training in Law against opportunity and won this signal victory:



"The benefit I received from the study of the course has been immense. After passing the bar examination and receiving my license to practice law, I was appointed Assistant District Attorney, my earning capacity in three years having increased over 300%."

B. T. Bailey, a Wisconsin man, took the path of Traffic Management. He writes:

"My salary has advanced 50% in the last year. If I could not get another course just like the one I have finished, I would not take \$5,000 for it."

So, in EVERY specialized branch of business endeavor, LaSalle-trained men have carried themselves to a point where they can honestly face themselves in the mirror and say: "You have proved that you are entitled to a bigger job! You know the PRINCIPLES—for you have mastered them by solving the ACTUAL PROBLEMS of that bigger position. You are experienced—competent—capable. And if such a position does not appear in the organization with which you are now connected, you may safely look elsewhere. For you are—in every sense of the word—a COMPE-TENT AND EXPERIENCED MAN."

Which Man Are You?

To the man who is not afraid to challenge the man in the mirror with some very personal questions—and who, when he gets the answers, has the stamina to ACT ACCORDINGLY—LaSalle has a message which may mean thousands and thousands of dollars to him—indeed, may lift his entire future from mediocrity to real achievement.

The man for whom this message is intended KNOWS what he should do to take advantage of it—AND HE WILL DO IT.

The man this message could not help will ALSO know—and will NOT do it!

But perhaps, after all, that is as it should be—for LaSalle could hardly benefit him greatly—and the business world must always have its routine low-pay men.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 7328-R

Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me

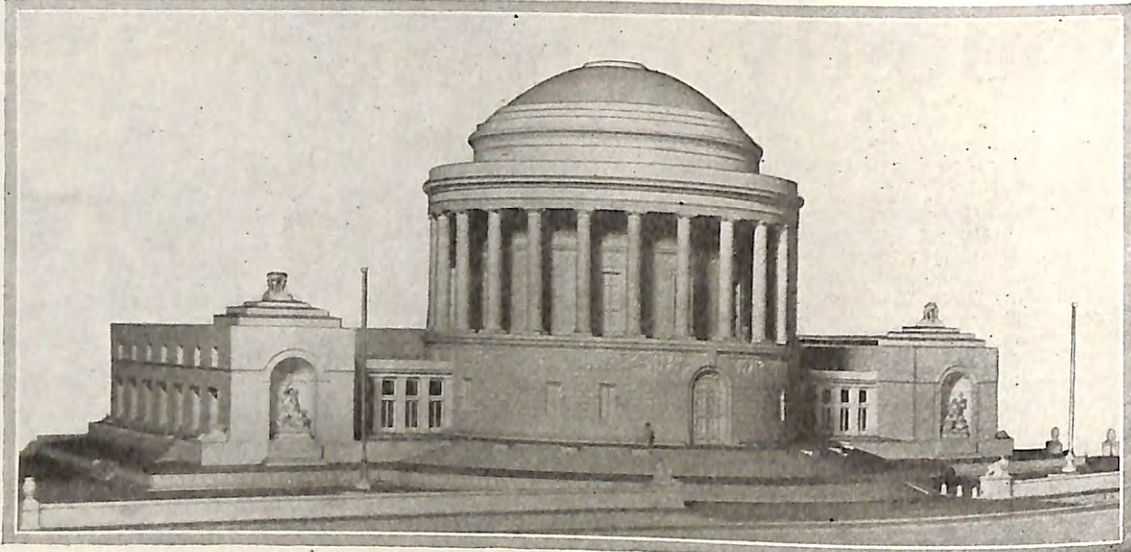
- | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for positions as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management Efficiency: For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employees and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice. | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship: Training for Sales and Advertising Executives, Solicitors, Sales Promotion Managers, Salesmen, Manufacturers' Agents and all those engaged in retail, wholesale or specialty selling. | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management: Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers. | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish: Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc. | | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men. | | | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants. |

Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Two

Number Two



Photograph of the model of the accepted design for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building to be erected fronting Lincoln Park and Lake Michigan in Chicago

MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Features for July, 1923

This Is Our Day, a poem by Richard Le Gallienne <i>Decoration by Franklin Booth</i>	4	The Garden of Terror, Part III—a mystery serial by Anna McClure Sholl	29
Twenty Knots To the Bishops, a story by Vivian Drake	6	Editorial	34
<i>Illustrations by Donald Teague</i>		<i>Decoration by G. H. Mitchell</i>	
Grandfather Did Without, an article by James H. Collins	10	Denver Elks Blaze a Trail, an article by Charles E. Lounsbury	36
<i>Illustrations by O. F. Howard</i>		The Elks and Young America. An Outline of Problems To Be Considered at Atlanta	37
And Don't Spare the Horses, a story by Sam Hellman	13	The Influence of True Sportsmanship, an article by Hon. John K. Tener	38
<i>Illustrations by Albert Levering</i>		The Summer Camp of Laramie Lodge, an article by Donald A. Laird	39
Strategy Camp, a story by Edward Mott Woolley..	18	Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order.	40
<i>Illustrations by W. C. Nims</i>		Directory of Subordinate Lodges, for the year 1923-1924	44
Men Who Have Revolutionized Sport, an article by Walter Trumbull	21	Different Kinds of Securities, by Paul Tomlinson.	68
Behind the Footlights and on the Screen	25	Cover Design by Angus MacDonall	
Off For Darkest Africa!—book reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn	28		

2*

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

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission: John K. Tener, Chairman; Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, William M. Abbott, Rush L. Holland, Frank L. Rain, William W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler (ex-officio)

Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director

Robert W. Brown, Editor

Charles S. Hart, Business Manager

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U.S.A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y.

Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address, it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please allow four weeks' time.

Copyright 1923, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America

Watch for the Girl in!
the Orange Tau.



She'll be at Atlanta to give you a free sample of delicious Beeman's Pepsin Gum. You'll love its tempting flavor. Good for digestion, too.

As delightful in your own home town as at the convention. Get it at your club cigar stand or wherever chewing gum is sold.



BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum



American Chiclé Company

This Is Our Day

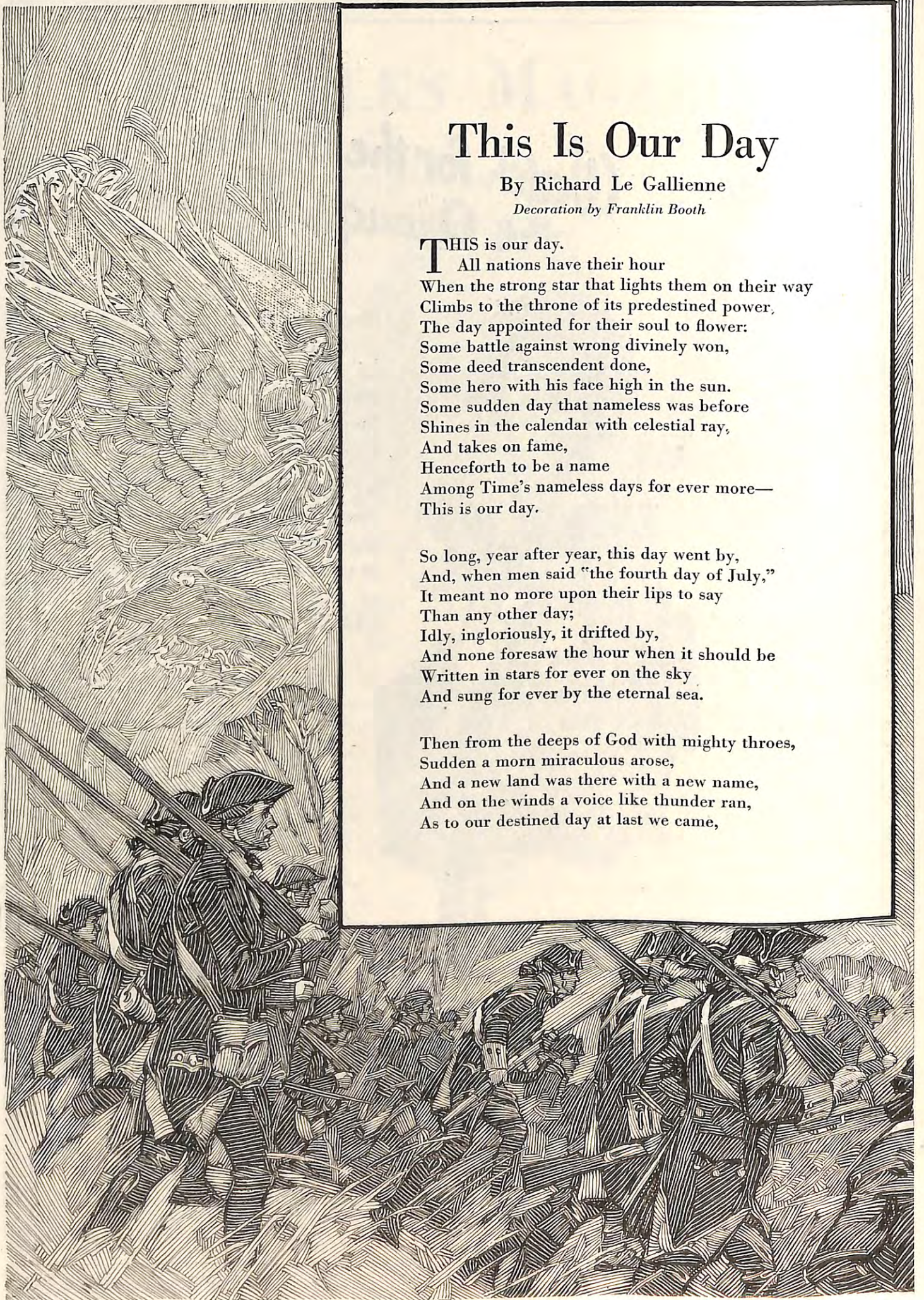
By Richard Le Gallienne

Decoration by Franklin Booth

THIS is our day.
 All nations have their hour
 When the strong star that lights them on their way
 Climbs to the throne of its predestined power,
 The day appointed for their soul to flower:
 Some battle against wrong divinely won,
 Some deed transcendent done,
 Some hero with his face high in the sun.
 Some sudden day that nameless was before
 Shines in the calendar with celestial ray,
 And takes on fame,
 Henceforth to be a name
 Among Time's nameless days for ever more—
 This is our day.

So long, year after year, this day went by,
 And, when men said "the fourth day of July,"
 It meant no more upon their lips to say
 Than any other day;
 Idly, ingloriously, it drifted by,
 And none foresaw the hour when it should be
 Written in stars for ever on the sky
 And sung for ever by the eternal sea.

Then from the deeps of God with mighty throes,
 Sudden a morn miraculous arose,
 And a new land was there with a new name,
 And on the winds a voice like thunder ran,
 As to our destined day at last we came,

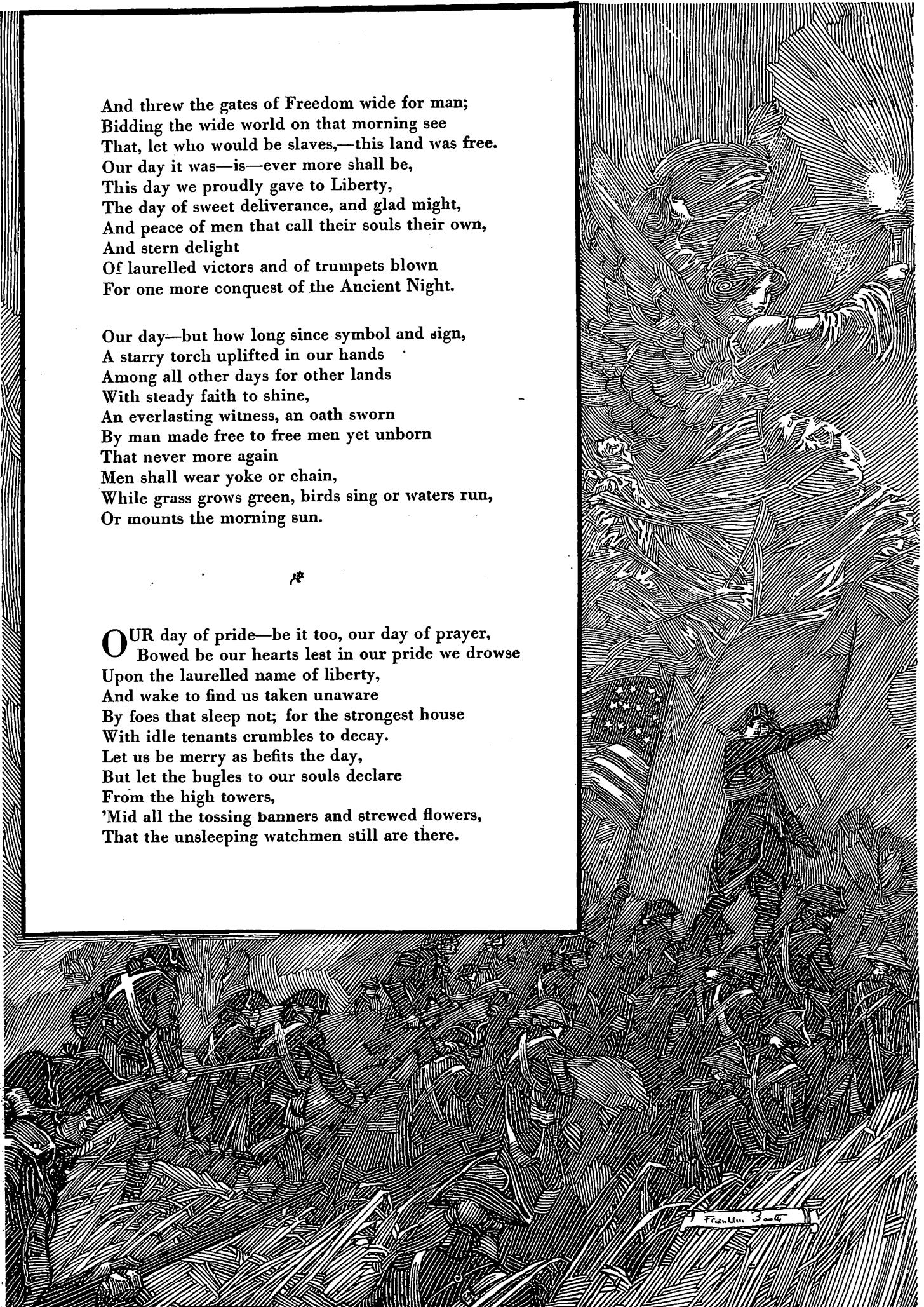


And threw the gates of Freedom wide for man;
 Bidding the wide world on that morning see
 That, let who would be slaves,—this land was free.
 Our day it was—is—ever more shall be,
 This day we proudly gave to Liberty,
 The day of sweet deliverance, and glad might,
 And peace of men that call their souls their own,
 And stern delight
 Of lauelled victors and of trumpets blown
 For one more conquest of the Ancient Night.

Our day—but how long since symbol and sign,
 A starry torch uplifted in our hands
 Among all other days for other lands
 With steady faith to shine,
 An everlasting witness, an oath sworn
 By man made free to free men yet unborn
 That never more again
 Men shall wear yoke or chain,
 While grass grows green, birds sing or waters run,
 Or mounts the morning sun.

✻

OUR day of pride—be it too, our day of prayer,
 Bowed be our hearts lest in our pride we drowse
 Upon the lauelled name of liberty,
 And wake to find us taken unaware
 By foes that sleep not; for the strongest house
 With idle tenants crumbles to decay.
 Let us be merry as befits the day,
 But let the bugles to our souls declare
 From the high towers,
 'Mid all the tossing banners and strewed flowers,
 That the unsleeping watchmen still are there.



A Story You Will Never Forget, by a New Writer Whose Name You Will Remember



For an agonizing moment they swayed over space, he with one arm around her, and hanging desperately to a stanchion with the other hand

Twenty Knots To the Bishops

By Vivian Drake

Illustrations by Donald Teague

TO ONE whose memory has been, to say the least, well nourished, and is yet very tenacious, there crowd many queer sidelights and picture-like impressions, and occasionally secrets of men and these almost inevitable concomitants of Romance, women. A lifetime in a trade strange to you, but well loved by me, has given me a somewhat unusual point of view, I suppose, so that I pass some human aberrations with a shrug of my shoulders, where you might be indignant or sympathetic, and, on the other hand, pause and exclaim before plays of vice and humor the comedy and tragedy of which might not at first sight, perhaps, be apparent to you.

Of all the strange adventures which I have beheld encompassing other men's souls, in this queer trade of mine, do I remember first Charley Hansen's; for he played the devil and hell—pardon my manner of speech, if you will—with his career, and the woman, and before he was through did the oddest thing a man ever did to a girl, and odder still, his extraordinary act was the only thing to do, under the circumstances.

I am a ship's doctor; in fact, I happen

to be the Commodore Doctor of the Atlantic ferry, for, as I have said, I have followed my trade for many years, first in queer little ships which would, maybe, make you laugh, up until the time when, as this incident of Hansen's was about to commence, I stood idly at the gangway of the largest and fastest of all the fleet that swing backwards and forwards, fair weather or foul, across the Atlantic, the *Aritania*. We were at our long pier in Hudson River, and it was about half an hour before sailing time. All the customary rush and hurry, of course: passengers hurrying across the white gangway, passengers plaguing the stewards and officers for cabin numbers and the rest of it, passengers crushed up against the bulwarks waving to the crowds of relatives and friends on the covered pier, speckled with sunlight and the shadows from our funnels eighty feet above; Immigration officials, Customs men, the usual detectives and policemen at the gangplank; baggage porters, the Company's agents from down-town, the Mail officials; and the whole atmosphere charged with the intense excitement which prevails every time our big ship clears for Europe.

All very kaleidoscopic unless you are on duty. As ship's doctor I am free to do as I please, naturally, and so I stood on "C" deck overlooking the gangway, listening idly to the chatter, and passing a word with Charley Hansen, the Senior Second, who was in charge of the gangway.

THE stream of passengers thinned out, and the last of the species—the sophisticated international magnates who stroll abroad with five minutes to spare—had apparently embarked. An Embassy courier hurried on board, passing a greeting to Hansen and me, and there was a lull. Far above us our deep, full-throated siren burst out in a prolonged roar, and the sailors began clearing the passengers away from the gangplank lashings. The stewards were shouting up and down through the crowds, "All ashore not sailing"—"Any more for the shore," and so on. A minute or so later a distant hail floated down from a megaphone on the bridge:

"Unship, midship gangway!"

Hansen shouted back, "Aye, aye, sir!" and swung himself up on the broad top and

hung outboard while he gave orders midships. The ropes were loosened from the decks and the heavy gangway had just begun to move, when I became aware of a commotion on the pier. A shore official sprang forward and tried to intercept some one racing for the gangway; and at the same instant I saw it was a woman. I saw her deliberately throw her full weight against the man as he tried to stop her, and then spring by him onto the by now swinging gangway. She rushed up it, and stopped dead at the end, which was fully four feet from the ship's side; underneath was sixty feet of space before she would have hit the water, and then she might have been crushed like an insect by the enormous hull. She and Hansen made an extraordinary picture as they faced each other across this space. His broad back was half turned to me, and the sun fell on his black curly hair where his cap was pushed back, and the line of his jaw reminded me of a Rodin. The girl was of middle height, of a magnificent figure—strong shoulders and deep breast, and with hips that must have been strong as steel. Her head was thrown back to look up at Charley, and I saw a face of uncommon beauty, of fine color, but strong and vibrant with the intensity of the moment, and dark eyes which glittered with the exultation of life and power; a splendid creature, if ever I saw one. She was extremely well dressed and carried a little expensive dressing case. I took all this in mighty quickly, you will understand.

"PULL back that gangway!" Her voice rang out at Hansen with the most superb command. It took my breath away. I saw his jaws close tightly.

"No! You're too late, madam," he replied harshly. A man was scampering up behind her to hold her back.

"Then I will jump."

"You won't!" he bit back at her. For a moment, oblivious to the huge crowds on the ship and on the pier, these two glared at each other and forced each other's will, each supremely intent on victory. It was all very quick. The shore man was getting nearer. Then, without any warning, or the slightest appearance of fear, she made a magnificent leap straight against Hansen. She landed almost full against him and the shock of her onset nearly threw him from the rail. For an agonizing moment they swayed over space, he with one arm round her and hanging desperately to a davit stanchion with the other, while she, comprehending the danger perfectly, slowly strained her body inboard. Then they recovered and she leaped onto the deck. Hansen, white with passion, leaped after her.

"How dare you force your way aboard, ma'am? You might have been killed!"

"You should have pulled the gangway back!"

"Orders had been given to unship it, and you were too late."

"Oh! Your orders! But enough, Mr. Officer; I am on board and you have your duty to perform."

With the utmost insolence she strode away. Hansen looked after her with a peculiar expression and returned to his gangway. As for me, the picture of that unusually strong-bodied and strong-minded girl defying the commanding male tickled my imagination.

I mounted three decks to the bridge, where I am a privileged guest—but only that, of course. I delight to stand up there when we are leaving the dock, for it is a ticklish business and there is plenty of

action. Our Captain, a gray-headed and amazingly efficient man, despite his gold braid and his title (he is a Sir), stood on the port wing of the bridge, towering above the water, watching the longshoremen cast off our ropes. Nearly a quarter of a mile aft the Staff Captain, on the stern bridge, was directing the stern lines. A strong wind whistled over the river, humming through the rigging, and the bright sun lit our four high funnels, each the size of a big house, and the long line of boats, ventilators, and contrivances that fill the boat deck. The very size of the *Aritania* makes one catch one's breath; the colossal solidity and strength of her beautiful lines. By heavens, she is a ship!

The Captain turned his head slightly.

"Stand by, port and starboard engines! Rudder midship."

The two officers on duty repeated the command, the boys at the telegraphs swung the big handles round, and we heard the answering clang of the reply.

The Captain paused, judging the situation. Now, taking a fifty-thousand-ton liner out of a narrow dock is not child's play. Do you so much as touch the pier head and you may do thousands of dollars' worth of damage, such is the tremendous momentum of the ship. So you have to take her straight out in the cross tide, and wind and turn amid the shipping.

"We're all ready, pilot!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Siren; slow astern, port and starb'd!"

Our siren commenced its deep roar, the bridge vibrated under our feet, and the dock begun to slide past. People the size of monkeys yelled and gesticulated far below us on the dock, handkerchiefs waved, and we drew out into the river, while the traffic made way for us respectfully.

"Fully astern, starb'd; helm starb'd ten!" The Captain is a study in authority. calm, cool, he takes his ship out onto the high seas, the weight of three thousand lives on his sturdy shoulders, a small empire under his command; and as he stands erect and reliant upon the high places, you realize that responsibility is fitly held. His curt orders ring along the big bridge, are repeated, and the large mass under his feet moves ponderously, irrevocably, as he wills. For good or for bad, his decision is taken and can not be undone. Few men realize, it has seemed to me, that a lifetime's care and training and wisdom alone fit a man for the lonely authority of the bridge; for the sea gives no second chance.

"Stop!" Our engines rest and for a minute we swing quietly into mid-river. "Slow ahead, helm midships!" To sea! How I love it, the never-ending thrill of it. From that moment we are full ahead, at twenty knots—hail, storm, wind, fog—still twenty knots, from Ambrose Channel to Bishops Rocks, we drive through it, whatever it may be. While men play cards and order drinks below, up here the gale may drive rain and hail before it so that the officer of the watch comes below after his four hours with little trickles of blood all over his face, half blind, numb from the intense cold, exhausted with the strain of driving her through foul, blinding weather—but always twenty knots, day and night for six days, no matter what the weather, until we steam into Southampton water as punctually to our schedule as an express train. You thought there is no Romance in big ships? Ah!

SANDY HOOK was just abeam when Hansen came up on the bridge and made his report.

"Who the blazes was that woman who jumped aboard?" demanded the Old Man.

"A Miss Lamar, sir; said her car broke down, and so on. Her passport is all in order, the purser says, and she seems all right."

"All right! The damned fool, she might have killed herself. Port five! Did she apologize?"

"No, sir; she was infernally impertinent about it."

"Um! These dam' women."

Hansen came back and talked to me in low tones.

"Did you see it, Doc?"

"The jump?"

"Yes."

"I did. Your eye hasn't much power, my boy. She just leaped at you."

He grunted. "You know, I was so mad I nearly dropped her, but when I caught her she stared at me, and was so damned cool, that I held on. Good-lookin' girl, too."

"Quite," I answered dryly. He glanced at me, and became interested in a Dutch freighter we were passing.

Queerly enough, but I had a sense of something definite having started between him



The black eyes flashed hard and he stiffened all over. "Go to your cabin this instant, Mr. Hansen!" I said



and that girl. To my mind, you could not jar too such splendid looking creatures as the girl named Lamar and Charley Hansen together in an intimate clash of wills, and not expect something to fizz. It had to. There is something elemental in such a meeting, for it so rarely happens, and is rarely so devoid of frills.

I'd known the boy for a long time. He was well educated, joined the company early and was a fine officer. But he had a queer heritage, and I often watched him with, maybe, a little anxiety. I disliked the arrogance of the Lamar girl—and the sea is no place for an *affaire*, if you happen to be the second officer of a famous liner, on duty. I was fond of Charley, and in no mind to tolerate interferences to his career—however attractive.

I did not see her again until the forenoon of the second day out. We were rolling a fair amount, but she was striding up and down the promenade deck, evidently in great spirits. I reflected it was like her. I spoke to her on one of her turns.

"Excuse me, Miss Lamar; but I am the ship's doctor, if you will permit me to introduce myself?"

"OF COURSE!" she said, and thrust out her hand, which seemed to me a little unusual. I noticed it was very firm.

"I witnessed your peculiar method of boarding the ship yesterday," I remarked.

"Did you disapprove?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"So much unnecessary trouble."

"What do you mean?"

"If you'd stopped to ask, you'd found a tug which is always kept beside the dock with steam up, when we sail, to bring off late passengers."

Two such splendid animals can't be put near each other, even if one wears gold lace and responsibility, without a spark resulting

She really looked crestfallen, to my sincere pleasure. At the same time, her expression was not what you might term pleasant. I pressed the point.

"Furthermore, you risked your life and the life of one of the ship's officers."

"The latter being the most valued, of course," she snapped.

"Yes, absolutely, to us."

"Ah! Your long experience of living has given you frankness, Doctor!"

I began to take in the fact that she was hard—as hard as nails. Her mouth smiled, but her eyes were cool, deadly cool. The kind of woman who is a little reckless—of other people's feelings. However, I know my age, thank God.

"And your considerable experience brutality, my dear young lady."

"But you are an elderly man!"

"I am grateful for your penetration, my child."

"Not all penetration; Mr. Hansen happened to mention it, as it happens."

"Oh! You have met Mr. Hansen again, then?"

"Yes, we had a long talk this morning."

I sniffed danger in the wind.

"You were scarcely enjoying each other's company yesterday!"

"That may be; but he interests me."

"I trust he is conscious of the honor," I retorted.

"I hope he will learn to be," she answered sweetly. "Don't you think he was very obliging in catching me, Doctor?"

"Yes—much more so than I would have been."

"Would you have prevented me jumping, Doctor?"

"Assuredly," I answered.

She leaned toward me quickly. "Ah! You think your will is stronger than mine?" We looked each other squarely in the eye for a moment.

Damn the woman!

"When I was Hansen's age it was," I answered lamely. With a hearty laugh she turned on her heel and walked away. In this extremely brief colloquy we were able to understand each other tolerably well.

MY YOUNG assistant surgeon rolled up to me.

"Good morning, sir; I see you know the ship's acrobat."

"Slightly, my lad, devilish slightly."

"Really, sir? Hansen seems to be more fortunate. I saw them walking up and down this morning, must have been an hour or more. She's very rich, I believe. Has the forward starboard suite on 'B' deck."

I strolled down to my cabin, tired of tattle about a young fool of a girl. A lot of people wanted to see me, as usual, and get a patent cure for seasickness, and I settled down to give my well worn precepts concerning dry biscuits and walks on deck.

Our third day out showed up a rising sea—regular North Atlantic winter weather. I noticed the glass in the wardroom falling, and the usual signs of dirty weather ahead. We were driving into it, of course, and the decks were wet and pretty deserted. I took a turn or two up and down the bridge with the first, had a chat with the Old Man in his cabin, and turned out down the boat deck. Under the lee of number ten boat, I saw Hansen and the Lamar girl deep in conversation, standing close to each other, face to face. He had to bend down a little

to her in the wind, I suppose, but they looked distinctly intimate to me—Hansen especially seemed oblivious to the world.

Such is the extraordinary sense of time and routine which the iron discipline of the sea makes a part of one's very body and soul that I experienced an instinctive shock at seeing him there. Without conscious notice I instantly remembered that Hansen was Second Officer, that from time immemorial second officers have always taken the eight to twelve watch, and that it was some time past eight. Now, it is unheard of for an officer to be even a minute late on watch, on any ship, but on the *Aritania* it was—well, staggering. You may not conceive it is very important, but it happens to be so, and need be so. The navigation of a great ship is not a haphazard affair, but a most minutely and carefully planned business and it proceeds with the relentless precision of a fine chronometer.

I FELT really angry. I continued my course down to where they were standing. They both looked at me dourly when I came up to them, especially the girl; she looked volumes. I ignored her and addressed Hansen.

"Morning, Charley," I said quietly. "Changed your watch?"

He looked sharply at his wrist watch—it was nearly a quarter past eight.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, and, without another word to the girl, doubled up the deck toward the bridge, with an angry but scared look at me as he went. I looked at the girl. She was astounded and white with anger.

"Doctor Hough," she exclaimed, "you have the strangest effect on your colleague's manners!"

"Miss Lamar, I doubt if it is news to you, but Mr. Hansen's duties necessitate

his being on the bridge of this ship from eight o'clock until twelve each day and night. It is very serious for him to be late."

"Are you, then, responsible for his performance of duty?"

"You are fully aware of my position, madam. Also, sarcasm means nothing to me."

"Or courtesy."

"My extreme age, ma'am."

"Tell me," she looked at me intently, "why do you dislike me?"

"I dislike no one, my dear young lady, but—"

"How astounding!"

"—but I am occasionally amused by the children."

She looked at me viciously.

"I trust you find some children interesting, Doctor!"

"Oh! quite, but they all require slapping, you know, even if they don't actually get it."

"You never find any too lusty to handle, I presume?"

She turned to go. "You have an interesting taste for metaphor, Doctor Hough, but I confess I am not intrigued by it." She looked at me with the most insolent contempt, secure in her youth and strength. She was used to power, to having what she wanted, and I judged she happened to want Hansen. She also intended that no one should interfere with her whims. For the moment I detested her heartily; I realized that her emotions were a little passé, her experience maybe a little extensive for her age, and her temperament as calculating as Catherine of Russia's. A damned handsome and unpleasant girl.

We parted, and I went below, annoyed by the whole proceeding, and by the fact that Charley Hansen should come near making a fool of himself. He was old enough to

know a good deal better. If the Old Man had happened to be on the bridge or the boat deck there would have been hell to pay, and none knew it better than Charley. You can not, you must not, forget the time at sea.

Of course you will say it was absurd to

think that a man and a girl wouldn't talk together without there being anything else to it. But my experience of life, more particularly my experience in my profession, has taught me otherwise. We doctors are apt to see a good deal of sex psychology, one way or another. And you don't put two splendid animals near each other, even if one wears gold lace and responsibility, without a spark resulting.

The fourth day's run passed by without any incident, and I scarcely saw Miss Lamar. The weather was becoming heavy, and I had a good deal to do. The next afternoon an extraordinary incident occurred.

ABOUT tea-time I went forward on "B" deck to attend a passenger who was feeling pretty ill, and on my way back chanced to walk down the stayboard alleyway. It was quite deserted. I was half-way down it when I was electrified to behold Charley Hansen step quickly out of one of the cabins. We saw each other at the same instant.

I was so astounded that I stopped dead in my tracks—I could scarcely believe my eyes, for when they saw Charley Hansen step out of Miss Lamar's cabin, they saw that the second officer had thrown away his career and ruined himself completely in his profession. We stared at each other for a moment, and then I strode up to him. I would have struck the young fool. He stood with his hand still on the cabin door.

"Go to your cabin!" I commanded.

His black eyes flashed hard and he stiffened all over.

"Confound it, what d'you—"

"Go to your cabin this instant, Mr. Hansen!" I repeated. There was something in my voice which daunted him, for after a moment he lowered his defiant eyes, glanced at the four gold rings on my sleeve, and sullenly tramped off. The alleyway was still deserted. I stepped quickly into the cabin and shut the door behind me. It was the sitting-room of one of the best suites on the ship. Miss Lamar had half risen from the settee; she was dressed in a beautiful silk tea-gown of some sort, and her hasty rising when I entered her cabin caught some part of it on the square arm of the settee and tore the thin stuff half down her shoulder. She glared at me with fury and tried to pull her dress about her.

"Leave my cabin this moment! How dare you burst in!" she cried. Her voice was positively thick with rage, and her face was not pretty to look at. I would not have believed such a change possible.

"I am a doctor, madam, and old enough to be your father," I replied harshly; "be good enough to sit down."

"I do not need your services, Dr. Hough, nor do I wish to say anything to you."

"But I intend to say something to you. I would not have thought you so unused to having a man in your cabin when so lightly attired, ma'am."

She turned like a flash and pressed the button for the steward. I sat down on the

(Continued on page 59)



She must have spoken, for Hansen leapt to the head of the ladder. I saw her lips moving . . . and Hansen stood closer, towering over her

Grandfather Did Without

By James H. Collins

Illustrated by O. F. Howard



YES, Grandfather did without an automobile, electric light, trolley cars, the telephone, the airplane—everybody knows that.

But we are going to take a little longer slant on Granddad—set him back, say, a hundred years, and see what he lacked in drudgery-savers and comforts all around us to-day. So much with us every day, in every way, that some hypercritical people pooh-poo them as material, ugly, vulgar. There are intellectual dudes in the world who think a steam-shovel crass, you know, but a laborer working with pick and shovel—ah! how direct, how simple, how picturesque! However, these fellows have never had to take their daily dozen with a pick and shovel. If you want to get the right idea, ask the fellow who runs the steam-shovel.

There are the aniline dyes that Grandfather had to get along without. They are probably more belittled and scoffed at by the dilettanti than any other present-day convenience. In the good old days of the honest something-or-other dyes, they assure you, there was beauty, art, durability in fabrics. But aniline dyes have spoiled everything, made them cheap, garish, flimsy. The devil they have!

Granddad lived in a world pretty much without color. There were a few brilliant dyes to be had if he could bring them from far countries—indigo for blue, madder and cochineal for red, fustic for brown, Brazil wood for yellow, and the imperial purple of the Phoenicians, made from a snail-like shellfish caught in the Mediterranean. But more often Grandmother went out into the woods and gathered berries, roots, leaves, bark and other makeshifts that grew close at hand. Probably she dyed Granddad's homespun clothes with butternut bark—and his clothes dyed him a rusty brown if he got caught in the rain.

Solomon in all his glory never basked in color as we do. These despised aniline dyes give us hundreds of delicate colors unknown before Perkin found the first aniline mauve in 1856. As for his paints, books, newspapers, wall-paper, leather and the like, Granddad lived in a world mostly black,

THE world is full of a number of things that Granddad never dreamed of. If you want to get a slant at your world from his standpoint, there are two ways: through the thrill of the next really new thing that comes along, like your first flight, or radio; or wait until some every-day convenience that you have always had breaks down

white and drab. To-day, with nearly one thousand colors, in ten thousand shades, we not only revel in a butterfly environment, but use color in unsuspected ways. If you have something to sell, for example, it can be dressed up like Solomon in a pasteboard carton or lithographed tin. In their development of aniline dyes, the Germans paid particular attention to making them cheap enough to use on the commonest materials, and something in human nature impelled people to brighten up the common things of every-day life like children given a box of paints. Color is applied not only to the clothes we wear, but to the toys we play with, and even the candies, ices and cakes we eat—for there is a rainbow of harmless aniline colors for use in food permitted under Uncle Sam's pure food laws.

The fisherman, miner, lumberman and farmer each demands a different color in his rubber boots! Granddad never had a pair of rubber boots. He never had a toy balloon—the nearest he came to it was a pig's bladder in hog-killing time. And Grandmother never had a hot-water bag, although her copper warming-pan filled with hot embers did take the chill off the sheets. Each person in the United States uses to-day more rubber than all Europe when its one function was rubbing out pencil marks, and Priestley misnamed the stuff. For our per capita consumption now exceeds four pounds

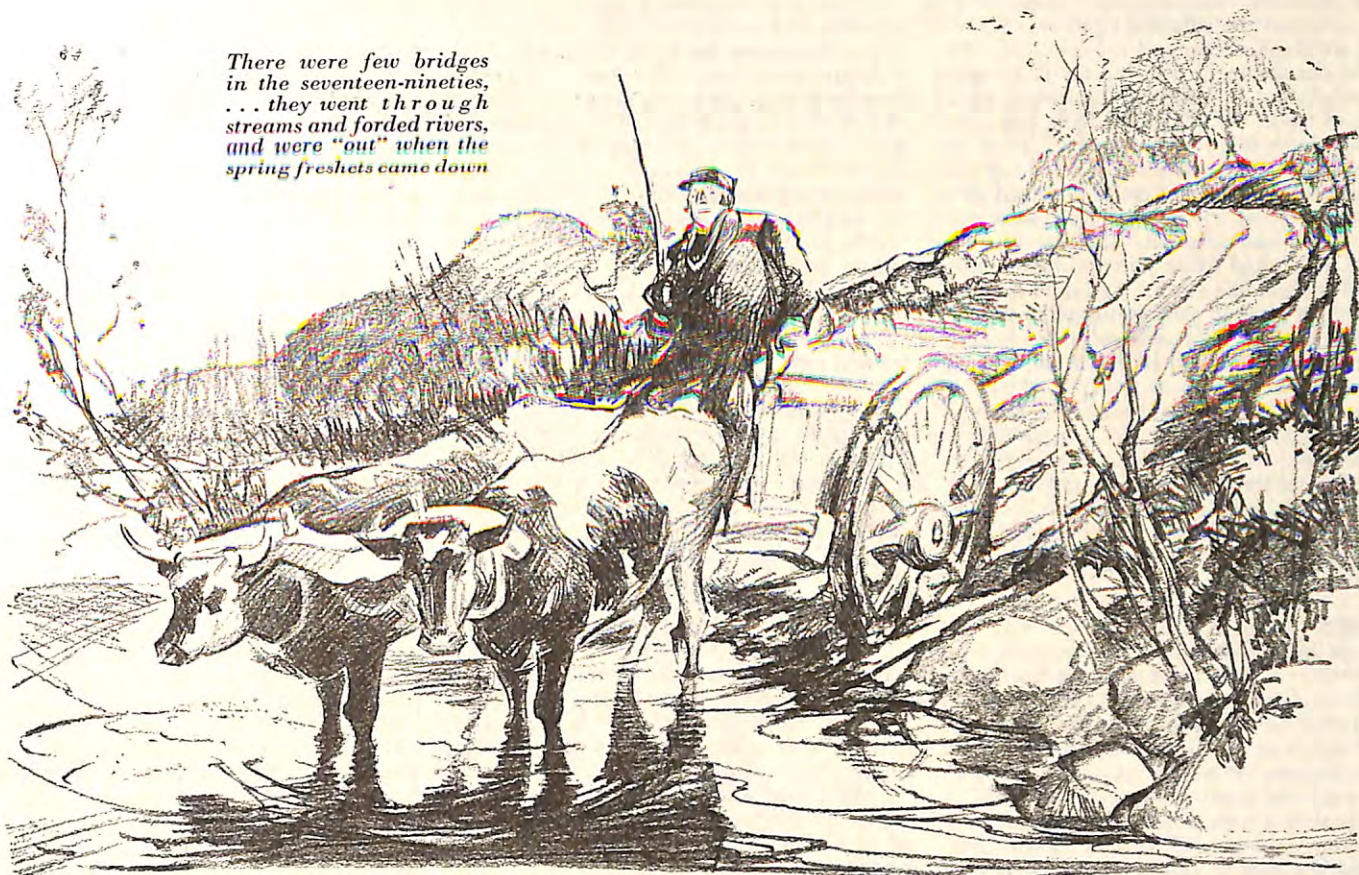
a year, about half going into automobile tires. Rubber is so much with us every day that we forget its wonders—we wear it, walk on it, ride on it, sit on it, play with it, wash with it, snuggle up to it on cold nights. But our grandchildren will use it in many new ways. Since John Bull began growing plantation rubber in the East Indies there has been a problem to find ways to utilize the abundance. It is predicted that we will use rubber for paving and highway foundations. Rubber paper is a comparatively new product, made by mixing a fraction of one per cent of rubber with wood fiber, giving a sheet that may be folded thousands of times without breaking, of great tensile strength, and admirable for wrapping goods to be protected against dirt and moisture, such as food and export shipments. Rubber wallpaper is coming. The world may burn its feather beds and hair mattresses, for rubber water beds can be brought within the means of everybody and are wonderfully comfortable. Every armchair will have its water cushions.

“**R**UBBER snow” is the latest marvel in this country. Heretofore liquid latex taken from the rubber tree was coagulated over a fire or by chemicals, and the rubber manufacturer got it in slabs and sheets tough and dry as shoe leather. To make it soft, he had to tear it up with machinery, injuring the quality. Now, American rubber experts have found a way to bring the liquid latex to this country in tank steamers and coagulate



What granddad had was largely of his own design. His father taught him certain short cuts in doing work and neighbors made helpful suggestions

*There were few bridges
in the seventeen-nineties,
... they went through
streams and forded rivers,
and were "out" when the
spring freshets came down*



it by a process so much better that they've got an entirely new kind of rubber, stronger and more uniform. Instead of using chemicals, the liquid latex is sprayed into a chamber of heated air, which evaporates its water and turns the rubber particles into a fine white powder that falls as snow, and can be worked up in any form desired, being stronger because uninjured by the chemicals heretofore used for coagulation.

Grandfather had a hired man. But never one strong enough to lift four or five tons for every pound of his weight. That kind of hired man is very common nowadays, and he is just as willing to tackle a fifty-cent job as a fifty-million-dollar contract. Dynamite is his name, and our world would look queer indeed without him.

A few times in history, human muscle has been cheap enough to use in building works like the pyramids, the great wall of China, the rock temples of India, and the Maya ruins of Central America. But generally nations have got along with simpler structures for lack of man-power.

DYNAMITE is our concentrated Chinese coolie and Egyptian fellah, working at their wages. It constructs the equivalent of a pyramid every week in cities like New York, digging tunnels, subways, foundations, and is far safer than the motor-truck. With a crowbar and a few sticks of dynamite the farmer can dig ditches, make holes for setting trees, clear boulders out of fields and roads—there are a hundred farm chores, for Dynamite is the handiest fellow.

His knack at odd jobs is particularly interesting.

Just before the whistle blew, a drive shaft broke in a machine shop. It looked like several hours' hard sledging and drilling to get the old pinion off, and the boys had counted on going to the fair that day. A stick of dynamite mudded against the pinion loosened it in a few seconds.

There was a sand-bar threatening to close a harbor, growing on a hard-clay foundation.

Dynamite broke up the clay and the current washed away the sand—how would Pharaoh have tackled a job like that?

A railroad traffic block caused by cinders frozen in dump-cars. It took two men half an hour to thaw and break the stuff out of each car with picks. But a stick of dynamite emptied a car in two minutes.

An old wooden bridge to be torn down when a new steel bridge was finished—a big job of sawing and lifting if done by hand. Several charges of dynamite exploded at the right places broke up and cleared out the old structure.

But it is in its steady every-day job like mining and quarrying that dynamite does most of its useful work. Granddad used powder sparingly for such work, and his forefathers used freezing water and swelling soft wood wedges to supplement elbow-grease. Coal, iron, copper and other materials that we use in such enormous quantities would be prohibitive in cost without explosives.

In 1921, more than 14,000,000 pounds of dynamite and kindred explosives were shot off—and with practically no severe injury to any one—to make something else Granddad knew in a very small way, if at all. That was cement, the material of what has been patly called the "new stone age." Our per capita consumption has now passed a barrel of it yearly. Cement is a very old material, for the Romans made something like it by mixing volcanic ashes and lime. But, carelessly, the recipe was lost for many centuries, until an English bricklayer in 1824 patented what we now know as "Portland cement," so called because it resembles a building-stone quarried on the Isle of Portland, England. There is economy in having your building-stone in such form that it can be poured instead of hewn, and without cement many modern building jobs would be next to impossible. Skyscrapers in Chicago stand on concrete legs that go down a hundred feet or more through clay to bedrock—picture the cost and difficulty of building such legs of stone or brick. Tunnels are lined more

easily with concrete than masonry, and where leaks are caused by springs, the cement gun makes them waterproof. We couldn't begin to afford so many fine motor highways were it not for the concrete bridges and culverts that carry them over streams. If Granddad had any roads at all back in the seventeen-nineties, there were few bridges, for they went through streams and forded rivers, and were "out" when the spring freshets came.

LIKE dynamite, the farmer is using more and more concrete every year. It is another cheap, quick, willing hired man, ready to build big things like a silo, or little things like concrete fence-posts.

One of the most interesting economies of cement is in saving space. Some years ago a new general post-office was built in London on land worth then about six shillings a year per square foot. By building with reinforced concrete the walls could be made thinner than with brick or stone, and fifty thousand square feet of space were saved, equal to \$15,000 a year rent. Then, the great tensile strength of concrete makes possible daring feats of engineering. In this post-office there was a roadway used for hauling mail. There must be no columns or obstruction. With great cantilever beams made of reinforced concrete, the engineers swung their building clear of the roadway so that columns were unnecessary.

Grandfather had a mixture of guncotton and ether that was used to form an "artificial skin" over wounds, and called "collodion." The first photographs were "daguerreotypes," made on a plate of burnished copper coated with a thin film of sensitive silver. Photographers soon learned that collodion was better, coating a black iron plate with it, making the "tin type," and later the glass plate, making a negative. Something cheaper than ivory was needed for billiard balls and a manufacturer offered \$10,000 for a substitute. A young American printer, John Wesley Hyatt, began experimenting

with dried collodion, and back in the seventies patented the substance now so common that we think nothing of it—celluloid. The world seemed to be waiting for just such a material, and it was quickly turned to all sorts of uses. After billiard balls came celluloid plates for artificial teeth. Then the celluloid collar—people were so tickled with the idea of a collar that could be wiped clean like a slate that wherever those collars went they advertised celluloid. But the man who wears a celluloid collar now wants it camouflaged to look like cloth. Celluloid is a substitute for glass in your automobile top, for tortoise shell in your spectacles, for bone in your pocket-comb, for ivory, wood, leather, rubber, amber. It is so easily worked that thousands of little knickknacks can be made of it cheaply, and so it has a multitude of minor uses. And one major use—for without celluloid there would be no movies. How people do “kick” about the movies! But how much harder they would kick if suddenly dropped back into Granddad’s pictureless world!

THEN, Granddad’s landscape was not spoiled by old tin cans, for until 1810 there was no such thing as a tin can in the world—and not enough of them to offend esthetic people until after our Civil War. Today, American canners turn out something like 5,000,000,000 new cans of food a year, to become old tin cans all over the world as soon as they are emptied. But it was really Grandmother who did without in this matter, for she had to do cooking that is now done for the present-day housewife in big canneries. She had to do some of it, at least, but nothing was known of canned salmon, pineapple, sardines, tuna fish and a half-hundred other food articles which are the invention of canners. There was no home canning, remember—the only way of keeping food from one season to another was by drying, salting, pickling and cooking in sugar or sometimes fat. The process of canning or heating and sealing food in glass bottles was perfected by Nicolas Appert, a Frenchman, who in 1809 got a prize from Napoleon of 12,000 francs for his method, and the tin can was invented by an Englishman, Peter Durand, in 1810. The American tin can today puts fresh fruit, vegetables, fish, meats and ready-cooked dishes in the kitchenette, brings the tropical pineapple to people in the corn belt, provides milk for babies in countries where a dairy cow would be a zoo animal, and does other marvels that we accept as commonplace because we are too close to see them.

Another term of reproach—“cold storage.” Popularly thought of in connection with the egg. Whistler said there is no such thing as a tolerable egg. Most people think a cold-storage egg intolerable, though it may be much fresher than the “fresh-laid” egg that brings half as much again. Yet cold-storage warehouses continue to grow in num-

ber and size, because a larger and larger proportion of mankind depend upon mechanical refrigeration for fresh meat, fish, fruit, dairy products and other food. When the housewife finds fresh peaches at the grocer’s in February at ten cents apiece, she buys and serves them without thinking of cold storage. Yet without the developments in marine refrigeration whereby fresh Australian mutton and Argentina beef are eaten by English textile workers in the Midlands, this out-of-season treat could not have been brought from Chile or South Africa. The season for our own apples, pears and other fruit would be much shorter without cold storage. Butter and eggs would cost more in winter, and our whole dietary would be upset and revert back to Granddad’s simple scheme of eating fresh fruits and vegetables during the few weeks in the year when he could get them locally, and living on potatoes, salt pork and flapjacks the rest of the time.

Why not think of ice-cream instead of eggs? Without mechanical cold, we couldn’t afford to eat the enormous quantities of frozen desserts we consume. And it is applied not only to food, but used in other ways. In boring a deep well, or driving a tunnel, water often makes trouble until it is frozen by a blast of cold air. In making blast-furnace steel the quality is affected by variations of moisture in the air—so they simply freeze the moisture out by passing the air through big refrigerating coils. Flowers are sometimes wanted for certain occasions, as lilies at Easter time—the florists bring them to the blossoming point, and then they are held in cold storage until the right moment. And so are seed potatoes—et cetera.

The only magnet Granddad had was a toy. The idea that it would ever be a useful tool could hardly have occurred to him. Actually, it is a whole kit of tools. There are the big lifting magnets that pick up steel rails and pig iron, and handle mixed scrap hard to shovel. A barge loaded with barbed wire and nails sank in the Mississippi, but a water-proof lifting magnet salvaged the whole cargo—it was an odd sight to see it come up with a half-dozen kegs of nails and

two or three reels of barbed wire sticking tight. Then, there is the magnetic chuck. Suppose you want to grind or polish a lot of small steel disks, the size of a quarter. They are hard to clamp, but the magnetic chuck will hold twenty or thirty as though in a vise. Magnets are used to separate particles of iron and steel from substances as different as emery and wheat, heading off trouble. Nobody wants iron or steel in flour, of course, but there is also danger that such particles may cause fires in grain mills. And there is the solenoid or “sucking magnet,” which operates every time an electric elevator moves, and comes pretty near being indispensable in our skyscrapers.

IN THE long winter evening, Grandmother sat knitting a stocking or weaving homespun cloth. Maybe Granddad smoked and watched her, but more likely he was cobbling shoes, one of his favorite indoor winter sports. Now, certainly the idea could never have occurred to either of them that some day there would be a tremendous battle between Grandmother’s knitting needles and her loom. But such a battle began twenty-odd years ago, and is raging now, and is thoroughly typical of unsuspected material-progress being made all around us every day. Power looms made woven cloth abundant and economical, but though the first knitting machine was invented long before, in Queen Elizabeth’s time, power knitting lagged behind power looms. Knitting was done by hand until seventy-five years ago, and for comparatively few garments, such as stockings, gloves, mufflers, caps and the like. But inventors began devising machines. At first knitting simply an endless tube which could be cut into lengths and feet fashioned in one end for stockings. Then machines that knitted the feet and shaped the leg and wove underwear, at first bag-like separate garments but steadily working toward the shapely union suits of to-day. The first machine garments, too, were wide mesh, but knit goods became finer and finer, competing with woven fabrics, until the battle was on. The knit goods people invaded the outerwear field, making jerseys, jackets, sweaters,

waistcoats and even overcoats. The weavers retaliated by invading the underwear field, making athletic suits and fine woven undergarments of silk. The rivalry as to who should make your necktie or gloves, the weaver or the knitter, has been like big pushes in an endless war, with the general outcome that the public has a wider selection in neckties and gloves, wears more, and often saves money. The last bulletin in this war announces a remarkable advance by the knitters, who are jubilant over a new machine in England which will knit a fine mesh cloth to be cut up for garments, so closely resembling woven fabric that it takes an expert to tell the difference—and turned out of the machine at the astonishing rate of a yard a minute.

In schoolbooks, there used to be a story of a
(Continued on page 66)



Grandmother gathered roots and berries to dye the homespun clothes

It Isn't only the "Fall-Guy" Who Tumbles in a Steeplechase And Don't Spare the Horses

By Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Albert Levering



The rural lads was compelled to do their investing in three-card monte

OUTSIDE of maybe bean-bag and hide-and-get-sick and them kinda pestimes they is hardly any sports in which I ain't had a pie-finger some time or the others in my long careers of taking candy from the all-day suckers. While I has done pretty good for my favorite selfs, so far not figuring as no dependant on nobody's income tax cheater, don't grab off no ideas that I ain't had no black Fridays.

I'm thinking right now of one glummy fish-day that had the ace of spades in a coal-heaver's deck looking like a washed-out Albumen. It was back in the nifty nineties when me and Harry Simms and the Professor was working state fairs, carnivals and other amusements of the simple peasantry out in the corn belt. In them days the arts of almost making the apple-knockers almost rich almost overnight by se'ling 'em bilked-edge stock in a hole in the ground that almost had oil in it hadn't been Columbed and the rural lads with a yen for soft smack-ers was compelled to do their investing in three-card monte, the shells and other conservative set-ups like that.

It starts innocent enough. We was playing a stock show near Beatrice, Nebraska, and after a hard day's work prying the Joshes loose from the mortgage money the three of us with a coupla other come-alongs drifts over to the hotel for a little stud. In the lobby we runs into Gil McIntosh, a guy that's brung a nag for the races, and he horns into the party.

The boys acts like they is giving me a benefit. Everything works for father. The game ain't more'n an hour in the discard when I got about all the loose jack they is in sight and from then on I'm betting real mazum against maybe paper. The prize goat's McIntosh. He loses heavy and plunging to get it back almost develops writing cramps marking down dollar signs and vowels. Gil's known all over the silo circuit as a square bimbo, so I lets him go as far as he likes with his readers. Finally I fills up an inside straight against three bullets showing and McIntosh gives up.

"If it ain't for the fact that I bought the deck myself and dealt the hand and besides watched you close," says he, "I might be the least, least little bit suspicious. What does the bad news add up to?"

"Three grand," I tells him, "but don't let that keep you out nights. I'll give you a wait for an age."

"No," comes back Gil, shaking his head, "I got a rule not to let no gambling debts run

over twenty-four hours and I wouldn't break it even for you. I'm shy on iron men right now, but I'll fix you up in the morning."

McIntosh ain't around the next day, but they is a note from him, the which says:

"I ain't had no luck rounding up no dough, the cuckoos around here being so tight they wouldn't pay a thin dime for a reserved seat at a cyclone, so I'm slipping you Sister Sal and hitting the grit for Chi. The mare's easy worth three thousand sinkers and is got it over the rest of the dogs at this show like an airdome roof. I've wisied the boy at the stables that she's your'n."

"Here's a kettle of pretty fish," says I, passing the message to Simms, without no comments. "Now that I got it, what does it do with me?"

"Well," comes back this bozo, "what are you yelping about? A horse is what you is supposed to get outta stud, ain't it?"

"Maybe," I answers, "but I don't remember nothing being said last night about

the game being for stable-stakes. I guess I can peddle the nag, though."

"Your guesser needs winding," says Simms. "In first place, I figures Gil's just leaving the steed with you for securities until he can rake up some leaves. In second place, McIntosh musta tried to get rid of the skate hisself from the way he talks about the tightness of the wads around here."

Just about that time the Professor breezes along. His real monicker's McGillicuddy, but he gets the fancy handle from the line of educated blah he pulls in putting over his grift, which is the giving away, for what he calls an 'insulting sum,' of a kinda snake oil that'll cure anything a-tall you ain't got. I helps him to the news.

"Congratulations," says he. "You are the owner of a noble quadruple. Through the ages—"

"Getting back right quick to Sister Sal," I cuts in, "what do you think I oughta do with her? You know something about horses, don't you?"

"**T**HEY is an open bookstore to me," comes back the Professor. "In my younger days—"

"Yeh, I know," I jumps in. "I've heard all of them bed-time tales before. Ever see this nag of Gil's?"

"Often," says he. "A rare beast."

"She may be rare," I admits, "but something tells me I been well done. How much you think I can get for her on a quick trade?"

"Come on," cuts in Simms, "let's go over and take a look at the baby. Maybe the boy at the stables is got a idea which he ain't using to-day. Anyways, if you is going to sell the mare you oughta see what you is peddling and not try to get rid of no pig in no poker."

"That's how I got this pig," says I, "but I guess you is right. Let's go."

"I'll join you later," says the Professor.

"Pretty Peggy is ailing."

"What's the matter with her?" I asks.

"Too much night life?"

"She didn't sleep good," he answers, serious like a guy talking about his favorite wife, instead of a rattle-snake the which Pretty Peggy is. At that this cuckoo thinks more of that reptile and its little side-kick, Sweet William, the gilly monster, than most one-eyed goofs does of their good glim. He uses 'em in his ballyhoo to draw the come-ons and totes 'em around in his pockets when they ain't engaged in the otherwise.

"Why don't you slip her some of that oil?"



The kid says he knows my reputation

inquires Simms. "Ain't I heard you say it was good for everything that was wrong with man or beasts all the ways from flat feet to sweaty hat-bands?"

"They ain't nothing like them the matter with Peggy," says the Professor. "I figures maybe she got hold of a bad fly—"

"Or maybe," I suggests, "she's cutting some wisdom teeth. Come on, Harry," I yelps, "let's beat it before he breaks our hearts."

SIMMS and I hunts around in the stables until we finds the place where Sister Sal is parked. She's an eye-ful to look at, a big black rangy gal, that sizes up fast enough and husky enough to give a good count of herself in any kinda race. I introduces myself to the boy and he says yes he knows me by my reputation and that McIntosh has give him written orders to turn the mare over to me.

"I has fixed up everything," the kid spills. "I had 'em change the name in the entries and all you got to do Friday is climb on him and collect."

"Collect what?" I asks. "Climb who?"

"You knows the horse is in the jumping stakes, don't you?" The boy looks surprised.

I makes him explain. It seems like Sister Sal is a hurdler and the gang running the fair has fixed up a race of jumps for get-away day. They is four thousand smackers in it for the winner and from what the boy tells me I've already got the dough spent.

"That's nice," says I. "Who's gonna ride her?"

"You, of course," he answers. "It's an owners' race."

"Not this owner," I comes back. "Know anybody that wants to buy a horse, cheap and quick?"

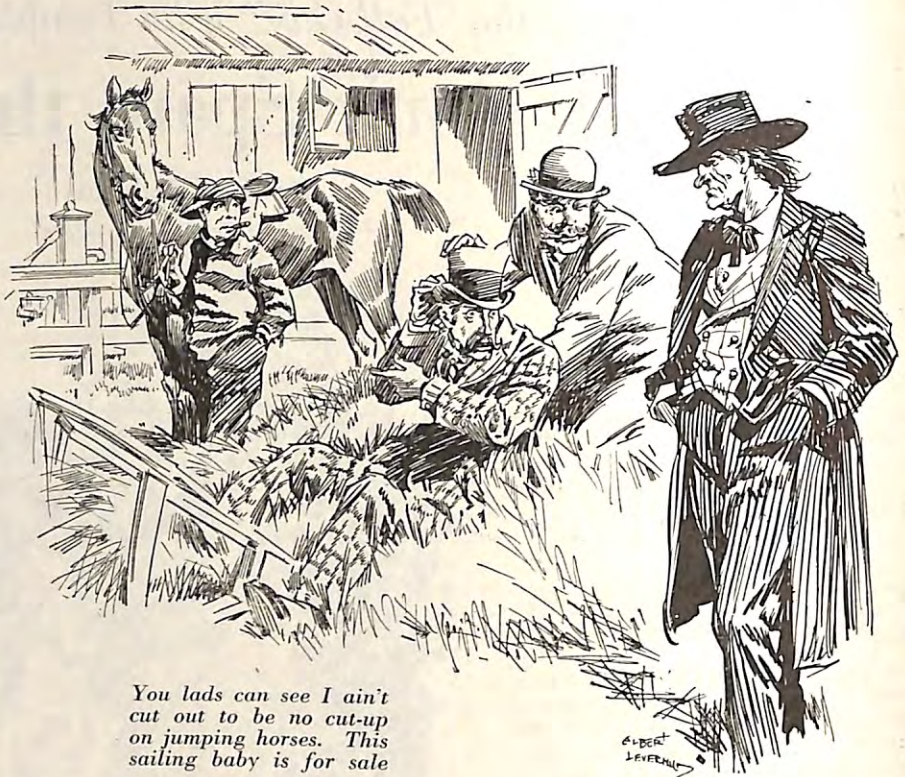
"It's too late now," answers the lad. "You can't make no change in entries after noon to-day and noon has done went."

II

Me and Simms argues all the way back to the hotel. I'm for getting rid of the mare for anything I can get and letting the race go up the spout; but my ideas of passing up a shot at four grand without no struggles makes Harry act like I was suggesting some crimes such as murder or treasons or going to work. Me and him has been splitting our take-ins, so he figures he can talk free to me.

"You big yellow stiff," says he. "You can ride a horse, can't you?"

"Yeh," I admits, "but it's gotta be tame and without no spirits. How long do you think I could stick on the back of a nag that was taking fences on the fly? I don't know nothing about handling these jumping babies and I ain't wild with no desires to have Sister Sal bounce me on my conk and then lay down on me for a rest."



You lads can see I ain't cut out to be no cut-up on jumping horses. This sailing baby is for sale

"How can you even think of them things," comes back Simms, "when they is four thousand dollars in sight? Listen here, bo: they is three days yet before the race and even you can be learned something in that times. With all his bull the Professor knows a lot about nags and between him and the boy at the stables you oughta get hep to enough of this hurdling hop to get by. From what the kid says the mare's as good as in now." "Yeh," I cuts in, "and I'm as good as out. I've seen pictures of them kinda races in England and they is always some bird being bounced outta the saddle and landing on his kisser."

"Where do you get that stuff?" says Simms. "I been over there, ain't I? Them pictures you seen is of fox-hunters and the ideas of that sport is for the bimbo to slide off his nag and fall on the fox. How in hell did you imagine they caught them lads?"

"I kinda thought it was done by dogs," I replies.

"Naw," growls Harry. "They only use dogs in England when they goes shooting grouches over the moors. I'm glad you bring this up, because you can see now they ain't no dangers in no hurdle race. The things they jumps over in them events ain't but a coupla feet high and they is duck soup for any horse that ain't got the blind staggers in all four hoofs. Now is you satisfied?"

"You can call it that," says I, "if you don't know the meaning of no oaths, but I'm willing to give it a think over."

"All right," agrees Harry. "Let's see what the Professor has to say about it."

It's been raining hard all day and the yokels being under cover they ain't been nothing and nobody for a honest lad to do, so we finds McGillicuddy loafing in the lobby looking about as happy as a yegg that's just been invited to take a seat and some currents at Sing Sing.

"How's Pretty Peggy?" I asks, cheerful.

"Not so good," says the Professor, mournful. "I'm afraid she ain't so long for this world."

"Well," I remarks, bright, "this ain't such a hell of a good world for snakes, nohow. They been getting a raw deal ever since they busted up the show for Little Eva. Howsomever, if you can keep her alive until

Friday maybe she and me will double up in a croak act."

He looks up curious and Simms tells him all about Sister Sal and finishes up by asking the Professor if he knows anything about jumping horses and if he will learn me what to do.

"Certainly, certainly," says he. "In my younger days I was in the army out in the Indian country and General Custard says to me one day, 'McGillicuddy, is they anything that can be done with a horse that you can't do?' 'General,' I answers, 'I'm a modest man, but if I tried to be modest I'd be lying.'"

"Think you can show him the trick?" asks Harry.

"It'll be simple," answers the Professor.

"IT AND me both, I guess," I cuts in. "I'll be a sport, though, and take a chance. Maybe the other bimbos in this race ain't such muchers."

"In a pinch," says Harry, "we may be able to fix it so they won't be such muchers even if they is, eh, Professor?"

"Possibly," he comes back.

I ain't hep and they don't say nothing more. Simms and McGillicuddy was traveling around for a long time before I gets into the game and they ain't let me into everything they knows.

"When do we open the training camp?" I inquires.

"How about to-morrow morning?" suggests Harry, "when they ain't nobody out on the track?"

"That suits me fine," says I. "I ain't in no moods to be no laughing common stock. If they is any spills coming to me, I wanna meet 'em in privacy. I don't aim to provide no ha-has for the hee-haws."

"You don't need to worry about no falls," remarks the Professor. "If you sees yourself headed for a flop all you has got to do is to turn a kinda half-summerset in the air and land on your shoulders, which won't hurt you none worth mentioning any. Besides, my boy, don't forget that the Blackhawk Snake Salve will cure—"

"Anything," I cuts in, "but snakes."

"You remind me," says McGillicuddy, "of my duty. I must go up and look at Pretty Peggy. She may be rattling for me."

We climbs in the hay early and at five bells A. M. we is up and about. The Professor looks a lot more cheerful.

"She's much better to-day," he tells us.

"And the gilly monster?" I asks.

"Sweet William seems worried."

"Peggy musta had something catching," says I, "cause I don't stack up so chippy this morning. Me and my fodder ain't working in cahoots."

"Nerves jumpy?" asks Simms.

"Well," I answers, "if they is they is the only thing about me that feels that way."

"FORGET it," says Harry. "Faint heart ne'er won forelady. You acts like you expects to be bumped off. This hurdling stuff's a cinch, ain't it, Professor?"

"Quite so," he comes back. "They is, of course, always a outside chance of an accident—"

"Didn't I tell you," cuts in Simms, "the chances is always outside. Inside the track you is as safe as a mother in her baby's arms."

"Some safe," I mumbles, "and some combination."

"You must remember," says the Professor, "that even a fractured skull will lend itself to the healing powers of the Black Hawk—"

"That's the kinda loan that don't draw no interest from me," I tells him. "On the square, fellers, ain't this a damn-fool stunt? I ain't no springer no more and the other birds in this race has been riding jumping horses from the times they was as high as the knees of a grasshopper. The only chance I got is to make a sucker outta myself and I'll be lucky to get outta the mess all in one piece. You guys can laugh, but just the same I'd rather be laughed at than cried over."

"You might get a shot at both," grins Harry. Then he talks a little sense and bulls me into trying it a coupla times over a low hurdle with stacks of hay around it. "If you don't like it after that we'll call the works off."

We rouses out the stable boy and tells him what's what. I can see that the kid thinks we is a bit loose in the rafters, but he leads out the nag. They ain't no regular hurdles in sight, but Simms finds a saw-horse laying around and we take that out on the track with us along with a load of hay. In a few minutes we got everything set.

First the Professor has me ride Sister Sal on the flat, which I done all right.

"Great," says Harry. "You act like you is glued to the saddle."

"I may be glued to the saddle," I comes back, "but I ain't stuck on the job."

"Now," cuts in McGillicuddy, "we'll have the boy show you how to jump."

The kid gets a flying start for a coupla hundred yards and shoots at the saw-horse like it ain't there. When he is right near it, he slows up some, leans over and just naturally shoves the plug over. On the other side he pulls Sister Sal's head up and that's all they is to it.

"Ever see anything softer 'an that?" asks Simms.

"I seen a guy walk on a tight-rope once over Niagara Falls," says I, "and it looked like a cinch. But they was a trick about it."

"What was that?" inquires Harry.

"The bird that done it," I tells him, "knew how."

"Well," comes back Simms, "he had to learn the stunt, didn't he?"

"Yeh," I admits, "but not in no three days."

"Come," says the Professor. "You try it now."

After I gets on the mare, him and the stable-boy fills me up with a lotta hop about what I should do. Them two and Simms sticks around the hurdle while I goes back for the take-off. I'm feeling about as cool and cocky as a guy tied to a keg of night-rate glycerine in a burning building on the fire-department's day off, but what mind I got left is made up to jam through with it and let the chaps fall where they may.

"Let's go, Sis," I yells to the nag, "and, baby, watch your step."

Off we starts on a run. My eyes won't pay no attentions to nothing excepting that saw-buck planted out there in front of me. Boy, the way that thing grew! It ain't but a little shaver about two feet high when I first pipes it, but every time Sister Sal goes ahead a foot that hurdle goes up forty. They is not much time for no thinking. All of a sudden I sees the Woolworth Building with the Singer stacked on top of it and hears a lotta yells about "spurs," "push him over" and the so-ons.

I tries to remember the stuff that was told me, but all I can think of is a engagement I got for two weeks ahead and wondering if I'll be outta the hospital in time to keep it. At that, they musta been one idea about jumping in my head. The skate comes to a kinda stop, I does something and the next thing I knows we is sailing over the saw-buck.

So good, so far. Flop! The mare slides out from under me and I'm flat on my back in the hay. I ain't hurt any, but I've got

such a woozy feeling I don't know where I is right away. Simms helps me up on my dogs.

"Didn't I tell you to pull the horse's head up when you goes over?" asks the Professor.

"I has no doubts," I answers, "that included in them nine hundred and eleven tips you gives me was one to them effects—"

"You done grand," cuts in Simms. "You shot through the air graceful like a swine—"

"A swan, you mean, don't you?" suggests McGillicuddy with a frowns.

"No, he don't," says I. "You lads can see now that I ain't cut out to be no cut-up on jumping horses. This sailing baby is for sale."

"Forget it," yelps Harry. "You don't expect to be no bear-cat on one try, does you? Rome wasn't bilked in a day. How about it, boy," he asks the stable kid that's just come back with Sister Sal, "ain't he done pretty good for a first shot?"

"Sure," says the lad. "All he got to do is to hold the mare's head up, and he won't have no troubles. Besides, this gal don't hardly need no rider. She could pretty near go around by herself."

THEY finally soft-soaps me into trying again and this time I manages to stick for the route. I'm beginning to get hep to the trick stuff and in about a hour I'm getting to like it.

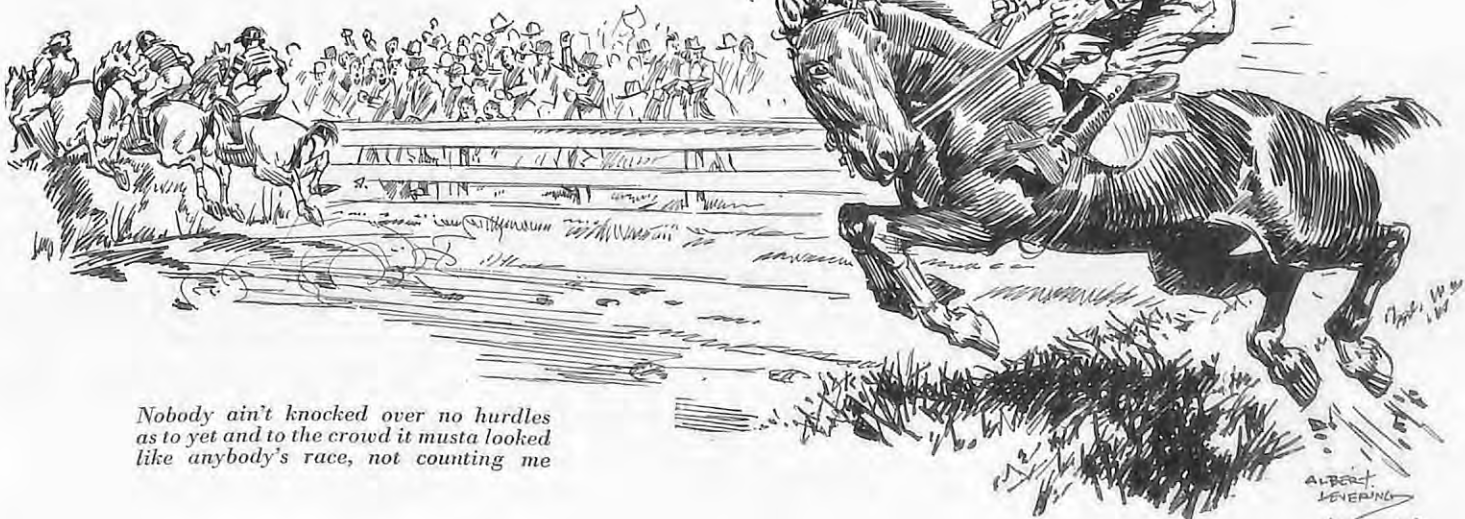
"Well," says Simms when we is leaving the track. "it's easy, ain't it?"

"They ain't nothing about no horse that I don't know," I comes back. "When I was out in the Indian country General Custard says to me—'My boy, I ain't seen nobody that is so good in a saddle like you.' 'General,' I answers, 'I'm a modest man, but I ain't seen nobody with better eyesights than the one which you has.'"

"Come on," growls the Professor, who ain't got no more senses of humours than his snake has toe-nails, "let us away to the hotel. Peggy will be getting alarmed."

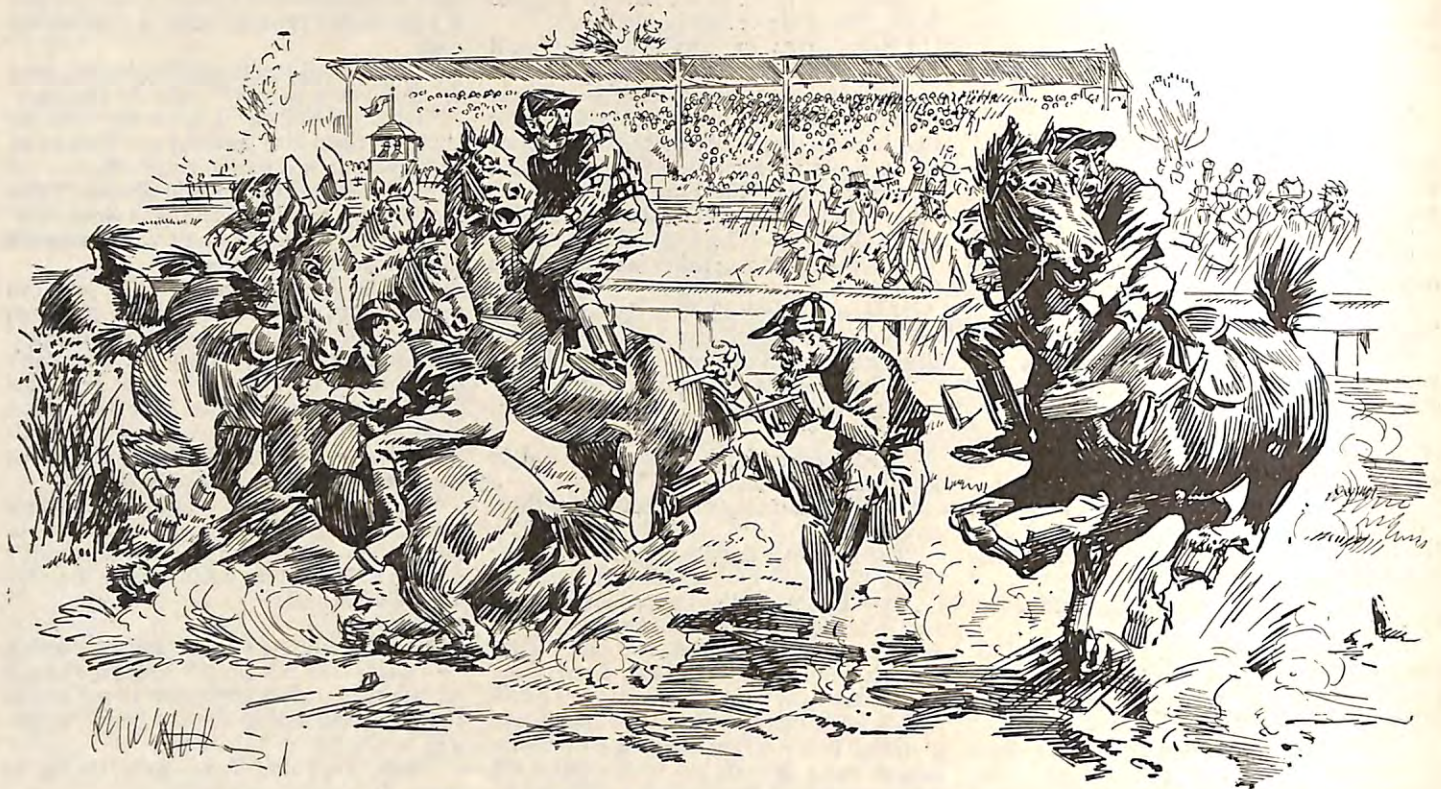
"Don't worry," grins Simms. "She's probably having a swell time playing with her rattle."

The Professor don't like no kidding about his pets and walks away with a grouch. I don't see him no more until the next morning when we goes out to the track again. This time he brings Peggy along for an airing. Sister Sal catches a look at the reptile and I never seen nobody so scared in my life.



Nobody ain't knocked over no hurdles as to yet and to the crowd it musta looked like anybody's race, not counting me

ALBERT LEVERING



"Ditch the worm," I yelps, which McGillicuddy does. It takes about a half a hour to get the nag quieted, after which I goes through my practise jumps without no hay around and does noble even if I says so as should.

"YOU take the hurdles all right," says Simms, "but you ain't got no more speed than a snail stuck in cold molasses. Let her out, let her out."

I tries my best and while it looks to me like we is making the course in zero flat Harry ain't satisfied. We stays on the track most of the morning and comes back the third day for a final work-out. The Professor and Simms ain't so happy when we finishes up, the ideas of them cuckoos being that I ain't getting out all the speed they is in Sister Sal.

"If you lads ain't satisfied," says I, peevish, "ride her yourselves."

"You do the riding," comes back Harry, with a wink to McGillicuddy, "and maybe we'll do the winning for you."

"Meaning what?" I asks. "Gonna break the legs of the other nags in the race?"

"Is you trying to insult us?" inquires the Professor.

"How do you do it?" I wants to know.

III

Even with all our secrecies the dope gets peddled around that they is a ham without no trainings gonna ride Sister Sal in the Owners' Stakes, and while they ain't no argument that the mare is the class of the bunch, they is betting ten to one against me grabbing off the grapes.

"What they is really wagering," explains Simms, "is two to one on the horse and twenty to one against you, which makes the total odds ten to one."

"Getting anything on?" I asks.

"Coupla hundred smackers," he answers.

"On me or Sister Sal?" I fishes.

"Not either," answers Harry. "I'm playing the Professor right on the nose."

"I don't get you," I returns. "What the hell's he got to do with this race? Is he gonna get in with Pretty Peggy?"

"Don't wear yourselves out asking questions," comes back Simms, "but if you does like he tells you—"

"Listen here," I cuts in. "They ain't gonna be no fouling or no dirty works pulled by me. These lads here maybe don't know such a much about three-card monte and them kinda brain foods, but horses is something else again different. They'd spot any slick stuff in a minute and my life wouldn't be worth a thinker's damn if I was even caught dreaming about cheating. That goes for you and the Professor, too. The boys around here is sorta rough when ready and you gotta remember we ain't so popular right now. I hears they was some talk the other days about barring me from the race."

"On what grounds?" asks Harry.

"Because of the rotten company I been seen in," I tells him.

"You shouldn't walk around by yourself so much," says he. "Get that cheating stuff outta your head. The Professor just wants to tell you how to handle the nag. I gives you my word he ain't gonna ask you to do nothing off the colors. You wanna win, don't you?"

"Yeh," I admits, "but not with hooks or crooks. Honest and safe, that's me."

"Mostly safe," sneers Simms.

"More'n mostly," I comes back, not wanting Harry to get no ideas that I was catching religion or turning over a new leaf.

I don't see nothing of the Professor in the morning, but in the afternoons when me and Harry goes down to the track we finds him in the stables waiting for us.

"Here's your colors," says he, handing out a mess of blue and red silk. "You and Gil's about the same size and they oughta come near fitting."

"You mean I gotta dike out in that lay-out?" I asks.

"Ain't you never been to no races?" Simms talks like he's disgusted.

"Sure I has," says I, "but I didn't know no owners had to dress up like no masked balls."

They don't argue with me no more, but just naturally rips my citizen's rags offa

me and rigs me out in the jockey junk. I takes a laugh at myself in the mirror.

"Do I look as foolish as I think?" I asks.

"No," snaps Harry, "you think a whole lot more foolish. Now listen to what the Professor's got to tell you."

They ain't nothing that McGillicuddy tells me that sounds anything like being shady. He just tips me to take it easy early in the race and to be careful about going over the jumps.

"They is five horses in the run," says he, "and the chances is that a coupla them will put themselves outta the money by working the rush act. In most of these jumping contests, that I has seen, some bimbo that is loafing 'way back and playing it safe comes in at the finish and cops the gravy-bread. You just go slow and when you sees a skate or two piling up over the hurdles and messed up in general, that's the times for you to cut loose."

THEY is a lot more to the Professor's speech, but the main ideas is what I has told you. By the time he gets done we is about ready to duck out on the track. The stable-boy leads the nag and I never seen a prettier piece of horse-flesh in my lifes. The gal's just quivering to go. So'm I, but different reasons is responsible.

The yokels is all out for the race. They musta been five thousand of the lads on the course. They ain't many seats on the place and most of 'em is stacked against the railing that runs all around the track, which is a half-mile baby. They is six sets of them hurdles with grass and stuff stuck on top of 'em to make 'em look like regular jumps out in the wild open spaces.

We draws for positions and I gets the outside, which is plenty good enough for the kinda race I'm figuring on running. Down goes the flag and off we goes. The cuckoo by the rail takes a long lead and jips along like he ain't got more'n a block to go instead of a mile and two bits.

The rest of us owners sticks behind for a little while, but when we gets near the first hurdle, which is about two hundred yards from the take-off, the three birds along-



They is yells of "kill him," "lynch him," and other bright little cracks like that, and I'm scared like a stiff, but not McGillicuddy

side of me oozes out in front and leaves me holding the hind-spot without no competitions. All of us takes the jump without no troubles and I got a mind to cut loose with everything that Sister Sal's got when I thinks of what the Professor told me and holds my horses. However, I don't let myself get too far behind figuring that, maybe, if I get the breaks, I might cop on the stretch.

ABOUT half-ways around, the other three boys catches up with the leader, me still being about thirty yards in the rear. So far everything has been going lovely. Nobody ain't knocked over no hurdles as to yet and to the crowd it musta looked like anybody's race, not counting me. We is working on the last quarter and I'm beginning to think that the junk McGillicuddy pulled about some baby always piling up in these kinda races and making it soft for the slow and careful lads is the bunk, when things begin to start happening.

The four plugs ahead of me is running side by each, the gray on the rail being, maybe, a head to the good. They is going hell-bent for the last jump when I throws all cushions to the wind and gives Sister Sal the office to step on it. Which that gal does.

Compared to what the mare does now she musta been walking slow the first three-quarters. She just gives a kinda stretch and before I knows it she's near enough to the other nags to bite their tails off. We is all about ready to take the hurdle at the same times, me figuring that I'm as good as in and kinda happy that I is going to grab off the persimmons on the square, when blooey, blam, blah!

The horse on the rail next to the howling mob suddenly shies and turns quick across the front of the rest of us. It's too late for me to pull up or do anything. The next thing I knows I'm on the ground all mixed up with a mess of kicking hoofs. Everybody in the race, including the hurdle, is down and balled up in one grand snarl.

I staggers to my dogs kinda dizzy, wondering who threw the brick, when I notices a milling in the crowd and sees the Professor

wiggle out on the track, cross to the other side and drop down on his knees. He gives a low whistle, reaches down into the ditch and comes up with Pretty Peggy. I'd 'a' known that damn reptile if I'd 'a' seen it at a midnight convention of all the rattlers in America.

A million ideas hits me at the same time, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and ninety-nine having to do with a quick get-away and one of 'em with the wild-eyed stunt pulled by McGillicuddy. Remembering how Sister Sal acted when that snake was sprung on her the day before, I'm wise right away to what's happened—the Professor's loosed Peggy onto the track, figuring on scaring the leaders into a tumble and making it soft for me.

Some of the gang's wise, too. They begin whooping and yipping and in a coupla seconds they is all around us. The mare's on her pins by now and I starts to jump her for a sudden dash, but the mob's so thick they ain't no chance, and then I decides it wouldn't be right to leave the Professor to make faces at the music by himself.

They is yells of "kill him," "lynch him," and other bright little cracks like that, and I'm scared like a stiff, but not McGillicuddy. He's leaning against the rail, petting Pretty Peggy and crooning to the worm and not paying no attentions to nothing. They is tears in his eyes.

The picture of this long-haired bimbo sobbing over a snake has a funny effect on the crowd of hicks. Within a coupla feet of us they stops and pretty soon they is quiet, looking at each others like they is bashful or something. The Professor lifts his wet eyes and raises a hand.

"Gentlemen," says he, "leave me alone with my griefs. I fear she is dying."

For the first time I notices that a big chunk has been kicked outta Peggy's middle. McGillicuddy holds the snake so the lads can see the slash and then begins a sobby spiel about how much the reptile has meant to him, what pals they has been for years and other boo-hoo hop. I can't tell whether the gang thinks he's dippy or not, but any-

ways they listens without saying nothing excepting one bimbo.

"I seen him take it outta his pocket and shove it on the track," yelps he. "He done it on purpose."

"**O**H," THEN wails the Professor, "that Peggy should die in the shadows of a disgrace. You wrong her, men. For shame, to talk so about one who has devoted her life to curing you of rheumatism, cholera, malaria, paralysis, measles, colic, scarlet fever, dandruff, heart-disease and winter-itch—and think of it, gentlemen, all for the insulting sum of one dollar—"

"Can it," I hisses.

"I ain't saying nothing against the snake," cuts in the wise apple-knocker, "but you and that friend of your'n is damn crooks. I seen you—"

"For what object?" asks McGillicuddy. "No, you is wrong. I tried to keep her back. The poor thing's been ailing lately and I brought her here for some fresh air. She craved the beautiful sunshine and climbed outta my pocket, unfortunately for my dear friend here"—pointing to me—"who might have won the race."

That's a good stroke, the mob having seen me about to cop on the stretch, but it don't quiet that know-it-all bozo, who keeps up his mean cracks.

"Hush," says the Professor. "You are scoffing at death. Ah, gentleman, you should have seen the home life of Peggy—the mother with her young. How the little ones would await her coming, their tiny mouths open for the tid-bits she brung. You men, which have had mothers, will understand. And now the children weep in vain—"

I got to hand it to the Professor. It ain't so much the words he uses as the English he puts on 'em that makes 'em go over so big. Before he gets done with his sad yarn about the orphan rattlers I'm nearly ready to cry myself and the corn-huskers is hit harder 'an me. Even the wise guy is squelched.

At the end of the spiel McGillicuddy kneels, puts the snake on the ground and covers it with a handkerchief. Then he bows his head.

"It is over, gentlemen," says he. "Pretty Peggy has passed beyond."

The act's a knockout. The crowd shuffles away like they has been at a real funeral and pretty soon we is left alone with our dead, alone, excepting for that bird that done his best to sic the mob on us. He's looking kinda mean and I'm all set for a new shot of grief when he opens up.

"Professor," says he, "I got the neuralgy real bad. That snake oil of your'n good for it?"





*Philosophy Reveals the Art of
Making Income Bloom Where
None Has Grown Before*

Strategy Camp

By Edward Mott Woolley

Illustrated by W. C. Nims

"YOU frighten me!" exclaimed Mrs. Bob Wallington. "Bob—what is the matter? Your face is dreadful!"

Bob tossed his hat indifferently to the brown velvet cushion on the window-seat in his new stucco house on the Parkway. Faintly an appetizing fragrance reached him from the kitchen, but it failed to arouse a glimmer of response.

"Bob! Have you had a telegram? Has something horrible—"

"Sorry I wear my thoughts on my face," he answered, glumly. "It doesn't happen to be a telegram, Dora; nor anything exactly horrible. I'm tired. Suppose we wait until after dinner before we talk— No, no; don't be frightened, honey. It might be worse."

He sat down wearily in the Sheraton chair in his little reception hall, and reached for his pipe. Bob seldom smoked just before dinner.

"I'll not eat a mouthful until I know, Bob Wallington!" Mrs. Bob was both solicitous and incisive. "You've had bad news—about something!"

"Yes, news," he admitted, when the pipe was going. "If you really must have it before dinner— Well, my pay has been cut."

Mrs. Bob's face relaxed. "Is that all, Bob? I thought somebody was dead, or you'd lost your position, or—"

"No, that isn't all," he informed her. "My pay has been cut a thousand dollars, Dora, and there'll be no bonus this year. That means another thousand off my income. We're left with a salary of \$2,500 a year."

To Mrs. Bob, either \$2,500 a year or \$3,500 was a mere hazy intangible sum, without definite focus. Like most brides of twenty brought up in the security of a well-financed home, a thousand dollars a year more or less was of small consequence. Three months of married life, lived in the flush of the first extravagance, had taught her nothing except that Bob was very clever, held a fine position with the Sales Corporation, and could attend to all bothersome

matters such as income and debts.

So Mrs. Bob laughed. This news was much better anyway than some horrible telegram.

"Well, we can live on \$2,500 a year, can't we?" she asked, ingenuously. "It won't be so hard. Bob—don't look as if the world had come to an end!"

Bob's face brightened. "You're the best sport in the family," he said. "A fellow needs a wife like you, Dora, to keep him from letting down. I'm a poor soldier. Yes, we can live on \$2,500 a year. . . . If that were all, Dora, we'd snap our fingers. But the trouble is—debts."

"Now, Bob!" Dora was half-comic, half-serious, raising a finger before his lips as she sat on the brown velvet window seat beside him. "Why in the world worry your tired head over our debts? As if we were the only people so afflicted! I forget how much we owe—I suppose it's a few thousand dollars. What's a few thousand, anyway? In a year or two everything will be all right again, and—"

"We owe ten thousand dollars, Dora, besides a lot of scattering bills. Ten thousand!"

"But we've got the house, Bob!"

"We can't keep it unless we make the payments—that's the trouble. The other two thousand a year would have done it."

"Tell them you simply can't," advised Mrs. Bob, thoughtfully. "If you can't you can't—that's all there is to it. I'll go and see them myself—"

"Dora," broke in Bob, fondly, "they'd let us off for you if they would for anybody. But, honey, people who hold mortgages must be paid."

"It was nothing but my stupidity that got me in so deep," he went on. . . . "All we really own is the lot—just the ground, Dora; and that's worth only two thousand dollars. Not a single board in our ten-thousand-dollar house is really *ours!*"

"And yet we've got the house anyway!" Mrs. Bob argued.

"It's funny that we've got it," he an-

swered. "It's queer how people can buy things without money. But the real estate folks fixed it so they could get it back. Dora, do you realize that we've got to pay six hundred dollars in interest alone this year, and another six hundred on the second mortgage, and four hundred on what they call the floating debts—those last extras, you know. And a few hundred more for taxes and insurance and the finishing touches on the yard! What'll we live on?"

Mrs. Bob suddenly smelled something burning in the kitchen. She was gone like a flash.

BOB sighed. Dora was everything within her sphere, but in his sphere she was quite as helpless as he was in hers. This was his job. He was to blame for it. A fool he had been—a stupid, blundering idiot! A fine tragedy he would make of their life together if he couldn't finance their partnership better than this.

A twelve-thousand-dollar house, he reflected, and ten thousand due on it, with no way to pay! A first mortgage of six thousand and a second of three thousand. True, the second mortgage originally was intended to be only two thousand, but the house and settings had cost a couple of thousand more than contemplated—it was always that way. So a thousand had been added to the second mortgage, and the other thousand was just "floating." They had trusted Bob Wallington—knowing what a fine job he had—and here he faced a two-thousand-a-year cut in income.

"Fine jobs—illusions!" Bob muttered to himself. "Only gamblers take the fool chances I did. Twelve-thousand-dollar home and no cash. Oh, boy—you infant financier!"

"You're muttering like a crazy man, Bob Wallington! Forget your debts and come to dinner." Dora's voice brought him back.

During dinner they said nothing about mortgages or incomes, but afterward—

"Bob, would it be so dreadful if we gave up this house?"

Bob was smoking his pipe. The evening was cool, and the log-fire was cheerful.

"Only—only because of you, Dora." He hesitated. "It would break your heart."

There was a solemn pause before Dora answered:

"I wonder if it would." She seemed undecided and rather pathetic. Bob saw her feel furtively for her handkerchief.

"Bob!" Dora spoke very softly, after a long silence.

"Dora!" There seemed nothing to say. Very hopeless was the situation.

"Bob, you remember that wonderfully cute little house out on Crooked Road?"

"Yes—the bungalow we wondered about, three miles out?"

"The tiny one, with the wing you called a 'lean-to.'"

"White with green trimmings, Dora? Impossibly small, but rather fetching. We never could live in a place like that."

"No-o." Dora was doubtful. "No; we couldn't get half our furniture into such a place—could we?"

Bob sat up suddenly.

"Furniture! Great Snakes, Dora! I forgot the furniture when I figured up our debts. We bought three thousand dollars' worth, didn't we, and paid only a thousand dollars on it!"

Bob groaned as he added, "We owe twelve thousand instead of ten!"

"Mercy!" said Dora, aghast. "I'd forgotten it, too."

Bob reached savagely for his tobacco.

"I wish we could find out who lives in that Crooked Road house, Bob." Dora ventured this observation after her husband was enveloped in a fresh smoke screen.

"What difference would it make?" he demanded.

"Nothing much, Bob—only we—we might find out how they did it."

"Did what?"

"Lived there. How they lived in such a tiny house, Bob. How they—lived."

Another long silence. The significance of Dora's suggestion slowly sank into Bob Wallington's brain, and waves of humiliation surged through him. After three months of marriage, she accepted him as a failure. Three months, and she conceded him to be a financial fool—which he was. He had no defense.

"Couldn't we go out there Sunday—and ask them?" said Dora. "Of course it may seem rather funny, Bob—complete strangers." A smile shone through her distress. "But you're not afraid of them—are you, Bob? You're not afraid of anything."

"Not when I'm fighting for you, Dora—for you!" Bob was suddenly fired with valor; all his languishing was gone. "Dora, I'm ready to face the music, and the sooner I do it the better. We've got to make a new start. We'll go out Sunday and meet our unknown friends of the Crooked Road bungalow."

II

NED RUTHERFORD and his wife were spending a quiet Sunday afternoon in their white-and-green bungalow on the Crooked Road. Ned was dozing in an easy-chair over the Sunday paper, and Mrs. Ned yawned into a book. Their two girls, ten and twelve, were cutting pictures from the funny supplement. The dog and cat were asleep on opposite sides of the open fireplace. A contented household indeed.

The interior of the bungalow seemed larger than its exterior justified, and the living-room, running the full length of one side, had a commodious comfort. An open door gave a glimpse of something beyond that hinted of appetites. And clearly, this did not account for all the space in the bungalow. A rather artistic wing, which Bob had called the lean-to, was not at all in evidence from the living-room. Then manifestly there were other rooms. Somehow the bungalow seemed to suggest hidden surprises, such as disappearing couches and tables, and perhaps concealed dens and nooks—maybe beds.

The south façade of the bungalow, facing Crooked Road, was so toylike in style and size that passing strangers invariably smiled with pleased indulgence. But the house was hopelessly little, they said, for practical living. It was only from the ravine, running down to Crooked River at the rear, that a fair estimate could be had of the bungalow.

Small at best, to be sure; but not so juvenile as its front indicated.

One odd feature connected with the bungalow, however, neither Bob nor Dora had observed, for the reason that it was scarcely observable from the road. This was a small painted signboard hanging over the latticed doorway and obscured by vines. And now as Bob and Dora came up the walk, having alighted from a jitney at the corner below, they paused in surprised curiosity over the inscription:

STRATEGY CAMP

"What a funny name!" exclaimed Dora. "I wonder where the strategy comes in?"

A moment later Ned Rutherford opened the front door.

"Beg pardon," said Bob, a little embarrassed. "I—I'll have to explain. My name—our name—is Wallington. We—we came out here on a rather odd errand. You see, we go past here in the jitney once in a while, and we've always admired your bungalow."

"We're not trying to buy it," apologized Dora. "Really, we haven't money to buy anything."

Dora was resolved to make this clear at the start. They would travel under their own colors. So they found themselves in the living-room, with introductions duly accomplished.

"The fact is," explained Bob, abruptly, "we've got in rather badly with the housing problem. We bought a house—at least we gave an imitation of people buying a house. It's a big house—"

"Not so big," assured Dora. "Only seven rooms."

"I mean big in proportion to our means," agreed Bob.

"The mortgage—I mean all the mortgages—is the biggest thing about it," Dora put in. "Maybe I should say *are* the biggest thing. I always get mixed on grammar. Anyhow, the mortgages are plural."

"We had the house plastered with them," croaked Bob, dismally.

"You may have noticed our place," added Dora, inquiringly. "It's on the Parkway—the new stucco house near Washington Street, where the jitney runs. It's real architecture—"

"WE HAVE noticed it, often," said Mrs. Ned, and she looked at her husband as if to express some unvoiced thought. "And we've spoken of it, too—wondered who lived there."

"How funny!" Dora was always vivacious. "We've been wondering about each other! Perhaps, after all, it wasn't so impertinent of us to come here for a little advice. We thought that people who lived here would be living within their means, and could tell us something about doing it. We know so few people who really do."

"It's gally of us, I know," Bob supplemented, "but we've got to give up our own house and start again. We thought maybe in a year or two we could get a toy house somewhere, and get down to brass tacks."

"We've been married three months," volunteered Dora.

Ned Rutherford and wife were too polite to say that these unique Sunday visitors had arrived at the parting of the financial ways sooner than most brides and grooms.

"We've passed the honeymoon period ourselves, you observe," said Mrs. Ned. "We built Strategy Camp sixteen years ago, when we were married, and we've lived here ever since. For several years we walked a quarter of a mile to the trolley, to get to town. Then the jitneys came, and besides we got an automobile."

"I'm ready to face the music. We've got to make a new start!"



"I'd thought about getting one—" said Bob.

"Oh, we'd picked out the duckiest blue Skidno roadster," broke in Dora, with a sigh.

"But we bit the dust," confessed Bob. The easy frankness of this pair of financially disillusioned birdlings was a bright spot in a dull Sunday afternoon.

"We came down with a sickening thud last Thursday," Bob went on. "The president of our firm took a knife and nearly sliced my income in two. Since I've come out here for advice, I might as well make a clean breast of it. I owe ten thousand dollars on a twelve-thousand-dollar house. Can you beat that for financing?"

"You forget the furniture again," reminded Dora. To Mr. and Mrs. Ned she added:

"My husband is always forgetting that we owe money on the furniture."

"Two thousand dollars," said Bob, grimly. "Dora, tell them the rest of it—the whole truth."

"We owe three hundred and sixty-five dollars on my fur coat—but that can go back," Dora acknowledged, with a little wail. "And fifty-two dollars on Bob's dress-suit and tuxedo, and—"

"Let them have that, too," broke in Bob.

"And a hundred and sixty-five dollars for coal, but of course it's all in the basement yet."

"I can sell it for two hundred and fifty anyway," exulted Bob.

"And the water bill is past due," Dora went on, marshaling the debts in solemn procession; "and the decorators—"

"I heard yesterday we'd be saddled with a special assessment pretty soon, for paving," Bob reflected aloud.

NED RUTHERFORD concealed a laugh with a rather loud and impolite sneeze.

"You need a little strategy," he said. "I guess you came to the right place to get it. You know this is Strategy Camp. We named it that because we'd made up our minds to practise the philosophy of Strategy Cash. Ever hear of Strategy Cash?"

"No," said Bob and Dora together. "What's that?"

"Not many know about it," Rutherford answered. "I got it from old Tom Longhead, who accumulated a million in the little town where I lived as a boy. I didn't know how he'd made his money until I went back home to get married—then he told me."

"At our wedding," Mrs. Ned interpolated.

"Listen," said Rutherford. "I'm thirty-eight years old. I was married at twenty-two. Before I had that talk with old Longhead I really intended buying an eight-thousand-dollar house we liked in town. Of course we didn't have the money, but we had the same idea you folks have. Old Longhead's philosophy saved us. We came out here and built this place for three thousand—land and all.

"We liked the house, too, but the best of it was the strategy cash that kept accumulating—the five thousand dollars for which we'd have gone in debt if we'd bought the other house. It took us four years to save that five thousand—and then I was just twenty-six. In twelve years more, which brings us down to the present, that five thousand dollars has become ten thousand."

Dora's eyes opened wide, and Bob's were astonished.

"Strategy cash philosophy!" said Rutherford. "Money doubles in twelve years at six per cent.—you've heard of that, I suppose."

"I never realized it," said Bob. Dora, beyond her depth, said nothing.

"But that isn't all." Rutherford was

emphatic. "It cost us only a thousand dollars to furnish this bungalow, not counting some tables and couches I made. We would have paid two thousand to furnish the house we thought of buying in town.

"Look here!" he interjected. "Don't think I'm stressing the mere fact that I saved a thousand dollars on furniture. That isn't strategy cash. It's what I did with the thousand afterward that counted. Now you'd scarcely believe it, but that thousand dollars to-day is three thousand!"

"Of course you've got to save the money first or get it some other way, before you begin the strategy," he made it clear. "But the strategy lies in making all those items of cash, big and little, converge toward a purpose. Making your savings work—see? Bonds, mortgages—knowing how to do it! Investing, reinvesting, piling it up. Gathering little sums into big ones; making the big ones bigger."

"We estimate that we cut at least a thousand dollars a year from our expenses just because we're here in this little 'camp.'" Mrs. Ned took up the strategy cash philosophy. "People don't expect so much of us—the money we've got doesn't stick out. We don't have to keep up with so many people—clothes, for instance. And if we have a little dinner it is ultra-informal. Tuxedos or swallow-tails would look funny here, wouldn't they? An orchestra would be funny, too. Very few flowers are enough for us, and in summer we grow them. And then we've never thought of having a caterer."

"And our coal bill is less than half," said Rutherford. "The upkeep of this place is a fraction of what the other house might easily have cost us. And when it comes to taxes, we chop off another big chunk of outgo, for strategy use. The strategy lies in the future income, not the mere savings, remember, though the two are associated."

"Take the cost of maids," said Mrs. Ned. "We've had them here at various times, but maids would have cost us thousands of dollars more if we lived in the other house."

"If you're interested in mathematics," Rutherford suggested, "I could show you some pretty problems in strategy cash, worked out. The thousand dollars a year we eliminate through the mere 'atmosphere' here at Strategy Camp—not counting maids—has netted us, together with interest during the sixteen years, about twenty-seven thousand dollars."

"On top of the thirteen thousand or so you've already mentioned?" demanded Bob, incredulously.

"Some forty thousand in all," said Rutherford. "The income on forty thousand at six per cent. is two hundred dollars a month. Of course we've got more than that—we've done some straight saving from salary, you know."

Bob groaned. "I'll be some piker when I'm thirty-eight," he predicted.

III

GLOOM lay heavily upon the house of Robert and Dora Wallington on the following evening.

"Those real estate folks act very mean about it," Bob said for the twentieth time. "Old Shylock handed me all the back-handed compliments he could think of. If I couldn't make the payments I must expect the inevitable. He didn't understand how a man who was any good should have his wages cut in the middle. I had talked so big that he was fooled. Instead of buying a twelve-thousand-dollar house I should have gone into the woods and built a low cabin—that's what he said. He wouldn't

listen to extending the payments. He is going to take back the whole property, lot and all, as 'liquidated damages.' He won't leave us even the land."

"The old skinflint—he can't have it!" spoke up Dora. "The lot at least belongs to us."

"The only alternative, Dora, is to sell—and sell quick," said Bob. "The place is easily worth twelve thousand. But the dickens of it is that people aren't buying just now. I went to five real estate offices and got the same story. And the first payment and the interest come due next Friday."

"The thirteenth!" cried Dora.

THE gloom was deeper than ever. Dora's spirits had suffered a reaction. In the midst of the silence the doorbell rang sharply. They had been sitting by the light of the fire and now neither moved.

"Don't go to the door," said Dora. "I simply can't have company to-night. We'll pretend we're out."

The bell jangled again, insistently. A pause—and it rang the third time.

"It must be a telegram," said Dora, sitting up apprehensively. "Nobody but a messenger boy rings the doorbell like that. Somebody's dead—"

Bob went to the door, first switching on the lights. Rutherford and his wife stood in the doorway.

"We'd about decided you weren't home," was Rutherford's greeting. "You didn't expect us to return the call so soon, I suppose. But it's our turn to ask a little advice."

"Come in and I'll give you all the advice you want for what it's worth, *nothing*," gloomed Bob.

Inside, Mrs. Ned cast the same curious glances about the stucco house that Mrs. Bob had bestowed on Strategy Camp. It was really inviting, was this home of the Wallingtons, however much beyond the Wallington pocketbook. Mrs. Bob's sense of the artistic was in evidence in the rich but plain harmonies of the furnishings and decorations.

"A dream of a living room!" was the verdict of Mrs. Ned. "And a music nook and baby-grand!"

"The nook isn't paid for, but the baby-grand is," allowed Bob. "Dora's Aunt Elizabeth gave her the piano for a wedding gift—which accounts for the lack of a mortgage on it."

"If you'll come up-stairs I'll show you something else that isn't mortgaged," said Dora; and she and Mrs. Ned disappeared in the upper regions.

"A wonderful necklace!" agreed Dora's visitor. "Your husband's wedding gift?"

To be sure. Quite in keeping with Bob's financing all through, Mrs. Ned was thinking. This infantile pair had launched on the tempestuous matrimonial sea without chart or destination. No wonder the stormy waters of debt and want were already engulfing them. . . .

"Now for the advice," said Ned Rutherford. They were all in the living-room, before the fire. "We came down here to ask your opinion concerning a certain adventure we are considering. Let us take a hypothetical case:

"Assume that a certain newly married young couple are living in a quite desirable new house which has become too much for them to carry. In fact, a house which always was an impossible load for this very pleasing young couple.

"And assume," he went on, "that this same pair of young persons has become

(Continued on page 58)



BROWN BROS.

Men Who Have Revolutionized Sport

By Walter Trumbull

Fred W. Thayer, who revolutionized baseball for catchers and umpires, by inventing the mask

Major Abner Doubleday, adapter of the English "rounders" into American Baseball



BROWN BROS.

COMPETITION is something which goes back to the forefathers of the human race. Any time that one of our prehistoric ancestors descended from a tree he was apt to find himself an active competitor. And he had to be pretty active, for the other entrant in the sprint was likely to be a saber-toothed tiger.

Now while hunting is a recognized sport, being hunted is a vastly different thing. Those early citizens of the world used to hunt birds and smaller animals as food, and it may be that they got a certain degree of amusement out of it. But the first real sportsman was the individual who deliberately went out to hunt an animal which was larger and stronger and fiercer than he was himself.

Man probably started by throwing stones or other missiles from a tree-top, but this was more in the nature of a defiant gesture than anything else. In the first place he couldn't get much of a stance in a tree-top, and in the second place he had to be almighty careful what he threw at. Many of the animals of that day were large enough to pull the tree up by the roots and, after attending to the thrower, use it for a toothpick. So the inventors got busy.

First they turned out the knife. But that wasn't any good. To use the knife they had to get within arm's reach, and if they did that the family lawyer read the will to the heirs immediately afterwards.

By tying the knife to a stick a longer reach was obtained, but it still wasn't long enough. Then it occurred to some bright young fellow that he could increase the range by learning to throw the thing. Thus the spear came on the market. This gave the gentleman of the period an estimated offensive radius of about forty paces, or four tiger jumps. It was an improvement, but it wasn't enough. If a man hurled his spear and missed, he had to depend upon his sprinting ability as before. And a single spear might not do much damage if it hit. But it did enable the users to leave the trees and visit the open spaces with some chance of seeing their relatives again.

The next step forward was in the nature of a fortuitous accident. The tribe had camped in the open, when one of the dressier members decided that he needed some new belts. Securing a long, narrow piece of hide he held the ends in one hand and started for the tailor-shop. The loop of

hide, trailing behind him, scooped up a round stone. The man moved his arm in a jerk to dislodge the weight, but the stone clung. Carelessly he started to whirl the thing and the exercise amused him. He would see how fast he could whirl it. This was quite fun!

As he got it whirling at top speed one end of the strip of hide slipped from his hold. The stone shot with incredible velocity farther than any one could throw a spear.

It hit a cousin of the hurler's on the side of the head and dropped him for a permanent count.

Of course the man never would admit that it had been an accident. He never had liked the cousin and, anyhow, as he pointed out, the victim could have chosen no more glorious death than that of a martyr to science. So the first user of the sling got other stones and made many experiments as to distance and direction. These were not wholly appreciated by the tribe, who had to lie behind protecting embankments while they were going on. It takes time to convince the conservative of the value of an invention.

But pretty soon everybody was using a sling. It had greater range than the spear, and it was capable of more shots than one. In fact, it was the first repeater. Its disadvantages were that ammunition was sometimes hard to get and heavy to carry, and that it could not be used from an ambush in the trees or underbrush. You had to have room to swing it.

At last came the inventor of the bow—and he was a revolutionizer of sport. The bow could be used practically anywhere and arrows were light to carry and could be launched almost instantly. Driven through the eye or to some other vital spot, an arrow might be depended upon to make any beast considerably less of a menace.

AS TO how the inventor worked out the problem of the bow, we know nothing. Probably again it was an accident. But we do know that he did it back in prehistoric times, and that it was used in war by the English as late as 1590 and by the Chinese at Taku in 1860. But it was the short bow which twanged its way through the ages. Not until some time after the Norman conquest did some other inventor of South Wales produce the famous long bow. As the first Bowman revolutionized the sport of hunting, so he revolutionized the game of war.

It would be decidedly more accurate to say that he again revolutionized the game of war, because the original inventor of the bow of course influenced war as much as he did hunting. The Egyptians are the earliest users of the bow of whom we have any record—and they were a mighty people. But it finally came to the point where such armor was devised against the short bow



BROWN BROS.

An early photograph of A. G. Spaulding, player, publisher, and the man who introduced baseball to the rest of the world



Martin J. Sheridan, famous all-around athlete, who revolutionized the style of discus throwing

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

that the defense had the edge on the offense, and it lost much of its value. Then came the Welsh with the long bow made from the yew-tree, which was capable of driving a shaft through four inches of oak. That changed the style of fighting.

It also made possible the feats of Robin Hood, who probably had little idea that he one day would be commemorated by Douglas Fairbanks in moving pictures, and was the foundation of the modern sport of archery.

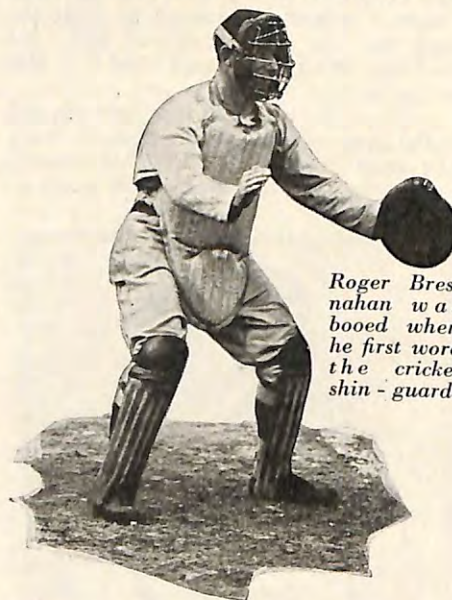
NEXT to climbing, running was undoubtedly the first branch of athletic sport known to mankind. As we already have pointed out, the loser's end of a sprint in the early ages was a harp and a halo. The winner's reward was a full meal. But as man evolved methods of defense other than his speed and climbing ability, and gradually began to work on the offensive, cross-country and forest running became the vogue.

All primitive peoples have made great use of runners. Extraordinary stories are told of runners in ancient Peru and of those among the American Indians. The Persians had some great long-distance men. It is said that Persian couriers employed by Turkish Sultans often ran from Constantinople to Adrianople and back, covering about 220 miles in two days and nights. Phidippides ran from Athens to Sparta, 140 miles, in thirty-six hours. The unknown soldier who ran from Marathon to Athens with news of the victory, and then fell dead after delivering his triumphant message, is famous. In certain districts of India where there are no railroads runners are still employed to carry the mail from village to village. These resemble their remote ancestors in that they sometimes are forced to indulge in exciting sprints. Many of them wear bells around their necks to frighten away the tigers, so the postman's ring in that part of the country has considerable meaning.

Among the most famous of runners are those who took part in the ancient Olympic games. Several of them died after winning their races, but as they were always crowned

with the victor's olive wreath as part of the funeral ceremonies, we presume that their relatives gained much honor from their endeavors. Some will tell you that the spiked running-shoe represents the only advantage of the modern runner over the competitors of ancient days. This does not seem to us to be true.

In the first place, we know more about the muscular and nervous system than did the ancients. We know more about diet and training. At the Olympic games the races were run on sand. We have cinder-tracks with banked turns. No record has come down to us of the time made at the Olympics, because no time was taken in those days. They didn't have any watches. We doubt whether any Olympian ever ran 100 yards in twelve seconds. In



Roger Bresnahan was booed when he first wore the cricket shin-guards

BROWN BROS.

many of their races the starter seems to have given the signal by dropping a handkerchief or some other object. The difference between this and starting at the crack of a pistol is great in itself.

Another thing is that the Olympians apparently had very little running form. The artists of the period were very fond of decorating vases with pictures of runners. They show them using their arms more or less like propeller blades, and we are told that they often shouted as they started. There is one small vase at the Acropolis in Athens which shows a man with his hands clenched and his elbows close to his sides, but judging from the evidence he was an exception to the rule.

Considering the age of sprinting, it seems strange that the innovation which practically revolutionized it came into existence comparatively few years ago. At Cedarhurst, Long Island, on May 12, 1888, there was a youngster entered in the 100-yard dash by the name of Charlie Sherrill. He was a slight, nervous, highly strung boy from Yale, but well known as a sprinter, as he had won the amateur championship of America the year before by running the

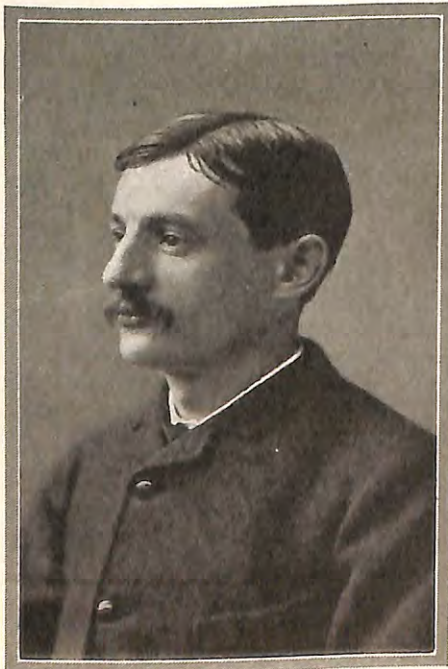
100 in 10 2-5 seconds. In those days the runners stood at the mark straight up and with corks gripped in their hands, but Sherrill crouched, placing the tips of his fingers on the ground. The starter, who we believe was Mr. Turner, warned him to get up as he was about to start the race. Sherrill told him that he proposed to start from the crouching position. The starter probably believing that the Yale man was doing a little clowning or hippodroming, protested, but Sherrill insisted.

The reporters, naturally, were at the finish line and the next day most of the papers said in their accounts of the meet that Sherrill apparently had stumbled at both the start of the 100- and the 220-yard dashes, but that he had won anyhow. They considered this most remarkable.

There always are myths as to how any new thing in sport began. There has long been a vague story concerning some Australian professional who used to go from place to place, betting on himself and as a handicap would let his opponent use the standing start, while he started from his hands and knees. But so far, certainly, as this country is concerned, Charles H. Sherrill, diplomat, former Minister to the Argentine and member of the International Olympic Committee, is the man who in his youth revolutionized sprinting and made it possible later on for such men as Owen, Wefers, Sears, Parsons, Loomis, Kelly, Duffey, Drew, Craig, Crum, LeConey, Paddock, and many others, to break even time.

That meet on Long Island was the beginning of the crouching, or as it is often called, the "four point" start. Its advantages were so manifest that before long it was adopted by sprinters all over the world, and it is the start which is used today. They may have learned a little more about it since Sherrill's time and polished it up a little, but it is the same old start.

The Irish always have been great athletes. Among the first athletic gatherings of which any records have come down to us are the Tailtin Games of Ireland, held about 1829 B. C. It was in these sports



A portrait of Jacob Schaefer, taken in the days when he made runs of 1000 in billiards so easily that balk lines had to be introduced to give his opponents a chance

that Setanta, son of Lugh of the Long Arm, won the all-around championship without ever being extended. Setanta was an Ulster lad and, just as Babe Ruth has won the title of the Sultan of Swat, he won another name for himself.

King Conor was feasting with Cullan, the smith, in the days previous to prohibition, when along came Setanta, who had been bidden to the party. It was well along in the evening and Cullan had loosed a fierce hound which he owned, to guard the house. The dog, said to have been somewhat the size of a bull calf, attempted to make a meal off Setanta, but the youth grabbed him and beat his brains out on the doorstep. King Conor was filled with admiration at such evidence of strength, but Cullan bitterly bewailed the loss of his dog. Setanta was so touched by the misery of the smith that he asked him for a whelp of the hound, that he might train him to a likeness of his sire, and said that in the meantime he himself would take over the job of night watchman. This was considered such a generous way of making amends that in commemoration of the deed Setanta was called Cuchulain—the hound of Cullan—and by that name he is known to fame.

But Cuchulain might not have had as easy a time winning his championships if he had lived a few thousand years later. While he was waiting around for the whelp to grow up he probably threw some of the smith's hammers about a bit, but Cullan may have objected to such use of his tools, for the thing used by strong men to throw in the games of that age was a wheel with a fixed axle attached.

Finally a stone was substituted for the wheel, and in the Scottish highlands they eventually returned to the smith's hammer.

The present style of hammer is a lead ball with a flexible wire shaft and loop handle. The length of the handle is four feet and the whole hammer complete weighs sixteen pounds. The hammer is thrown from a seven-foot circle. But it was not always thrown in that fashion. Up to 1886 it was thrown from a stand. Contestants whirled it around their heads and heaved it without

Alvin Kraenzlein of the University of Pennsylvania, first man to clear hurdles without changing his stride. His low-hurdle record, made in 1898, stood unsurpassed until this year

any impetus of the body. Gradually they came to take one turn in order to take advantage of the circle.

Then an American boy worked out the double turn, which started the breaking of all records.

Robert Edgren was born in Chicago, where his father was a professor at the university. We believe that the elder Edgren taught Greek and it may have been some early instruction on such matters as the ancient Olympic Games which implanted the love of athletic exercise in the son. At any rate Robert Edgren loved sport almost from the time when, as a very young child, he was taken to Monrovia and later, when the family moved again, to Oakland, California.

John Flanagan who, following Robert Edgren's lead, changed the hammer

throwing



PAUL THOMPSON

He took the diagram with him, showing just where his feet should go, and went out to tell the hammer about it. Then there was a little trouble. His feet did not act as per the diagram and the hammer seemed to be entirely out of sympathy with the scheme. Edgren whirled the hammer around his head and made the first turn, then whirled it around his head again preparatory to making the second turn. That second whirl was the whole trouble. Every time he attempted it the hammer either pulled him over or tried to tear his arms out of their sockets. Finally he tried the two turns without the second whirl. Then he had it!

About this time or a little later, Edgren began to work with Tom Carroll—a professional coach and trainer—and between them they developed the wire handle. Edgren first used the double turn in the East at the Intercollegiate championships at Mott Haven in 1895. It came in for considerable criticism. The conservatives tried to talk him out of it. But when he commenced to throw beyond existing marks, they admitted there might be something in his quaint theory.

IN 1897 an Irishman arrived in the United States who from his build might have been a direct descendant of Cuchulain. But this lad was no Ulsterman. He came from Tipperary and his name was John Flanagan. And, oh boy, how he could heave a hammer—and he did it with a double turn. Where did he get it? From reading a San Francisco newspaper, sent him by a friend, describing a throw by Edgren—which had broken all records—and his method of throwing. Flanagan said that before he mastered the double turn the hammer pulled him all over his part of Ireland. Flanagan also got from Edgren the loop grips, which had been worked out by Tom Carroll. It was this same Carroll who later taught Al Plaw the triple turn, with which he electrified the athletic community. Everybody's doing it now, and some day a man may come along



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Hon. Charles H. Sherrill, former Minister to the Argentine and now a member of the International Olympic Committee—originated the crouching start in 1888 when a sprinter at Yale

The year 1893 found him a freshman at the University of California. Much of his life has been spent in university atmospheres. This was the year that he first began to throw the hammer. He never had seen anyone throw the hammer and hadn't the slightest idea how they did it, but he didn't let that bother him. At first he stood with his heels against a line and threw it over his shoulder. Then he heard that in the effete East, where the record holders were, they were throwing it from a circle. It was said that the circle was seven feet in diameter and that the best men turned around as they threw.

This was the information for which Edgren was looking. He took pencil and paper—they have been with him ever since—and started to figure the thing out. He drew a circle and marked where his feet would rest before and after throwing. What worried him, was that, as near as he could figure, he was going to use only half of that seven feet. He proved the correctness of his theory by experiment. Then he figured some more. He wanted those extra feet with the extra impetus they would give. On paper it worked out well. All he had to do was to take one more turn. Simple, wasn't it?

who will whirl as long as a pinwheel. But it was Bob Edgren first and John Flanagan—later a New York policeman—second who showed the boys how to spin.

Another Irishman came over—this time from County Mayo—and adapted the turn to the discus. This was Martin J. Sheridan, one of the greatest competitive athletes who ever lived. Three times he won the Amateur Athletic Union all-around championship. He could play well any game that he tried. Sheridan was also on the New York police force.

The man who revolutionized hurdling was A. C. Kraenzlein of the University of Pennsylvania. Up to his time hurdlers had bent the knee and turned sideways as they cleared the hurdle. Kraenzlein, with his long stride, simply acted as if the low hurdles were not there, and in clearing high hurdles he merely lifted his front foot a little higher. He ran the hurdles as if he was running a dash. His is the hurdling form of the present time and, although it was in 1898 that he made his record, his time over the low hurdles was never bettered until Brookins of Iowa did it this year. Wendell and Bob Simpson equaled it, but that was all.

A considerable number of years ago a boy lived in Kokomo, Ind., the town made famous in literature by George Ade. The boy's father and mother had one peculiarity—they didn't like horses and were afraid of them. But the boy himself spent most of his time around the livery stable. His name was Tod Sloan.

Tod came East and followed his natural bent. He worked around the race courses as a stable-boy and sometimes was permitted to exercise the horses. After a time some one—to the best of our recollection it was Father Bill Daly—took an interest in him and enabled him to become a jockey. In those days a rider sat straight up in the middle of the horse's back and rode with a long rein. It was the old hunting-seat. Sloan figured that the middle of the horse's back was the weakest place for the animal to carry weight. It was like the part of a bridge which stretches between two supports. The first thing which he did, therefore, was to move the saddle as far forward as it would go to put the weight on the shoulders.

But this didn't satisfy him. He shortened the stirrups and didn't sit in the saddle at all, but crouched forward and

gripped with his knees, taking hold of the rein close to the bit. Thus he put the weight where the horse could carry it best and actually supported the horse. It used to be said that a horse could run faster with Tod Sloan on its back than it could with nobody on it. In later years when Sloan tried to come back he always maintained that his failure was due to the fact that he had lost the strength in his knees which enabled him to sit a horse as he did.

Sloan's success was phenomenal. He went to England to ride, and was greeted with hearty British laughter. They inquired whether he was trying to put his knees in his mouth, and compared him with a monkey on a stick. After he had made monkeys of their best jockeys, the joke lost much of its humor. All jockeys adopted the Sloan method—but they were not all Tod Sloans. And there have been few of his caliber since. Many think him the greatest jockey who ever sat a horse.

In a discussion which we once had with John T. Doyle, who has followed sport as closely as any man for many years, he insisted that the man who really revolutionized boxing was John L. Sullivan. He argued that before the time of Sullivan fighting was largely a matter of endurance, and that one man beat another by wearing him down or making him exhaust himself. In most of the old fights the loser was conscious, but helpless, when the mill was stopped. Sullivan perfected the knockout blow. He used to go around the country offering an amount of money to any man who could stay four rounds with him. There is considerable in that argument.

Others undoubtedly would say that Corbett had a greater influence on the ring. He proved the efficiency of footwork, and showed what boxing skill could accomplish. A new crop of ring men grew up after his pattern.

But we should be inclined to give credit to the man who taught the efficiency of combined hitting and boxing. This really would lead us back to Jem Mace. When Jem Mace quit boxing in England, he went to Australia. In Sydney he taught Larry Foley what

he knew, and Foley in turn taught Peter Jackson, Fitzsimmons, Creedon, Hall and Griffo. Those men, first and last, had a tremendous influence on the game. Some could box and some could hit, but most of them could do both. And there is not a champion in any class to-day who does not to a greater or less degree combine boxing and hitting.

The man who in his prime upset theories of tennis was Maurice McLaughlin—Mac the Red, the California Comet, most beloved by the crowd of any player who ever smashed a ball. There had been good net players before the days of McLaughlin—Bob Wrenn, for example—but they did not depend wholly upon an overhead game. Their theory was more to play the other man out of position and go to the net for a sure kill, or at least when the moment was favorable. But McLaughlin's defense was his attack. His ground strokes were poor. At the top of his game he did not need them. He raced in after his terrific serve, not sometimes, but always. Dempsey, it has been said, is easy to hit, but suicide to miss. McLaughlin left room to pass him, but if you didn't pass him the next thing to do was to duck. He hit every ball as hard as he could—and when he hit a ball he flattened it.

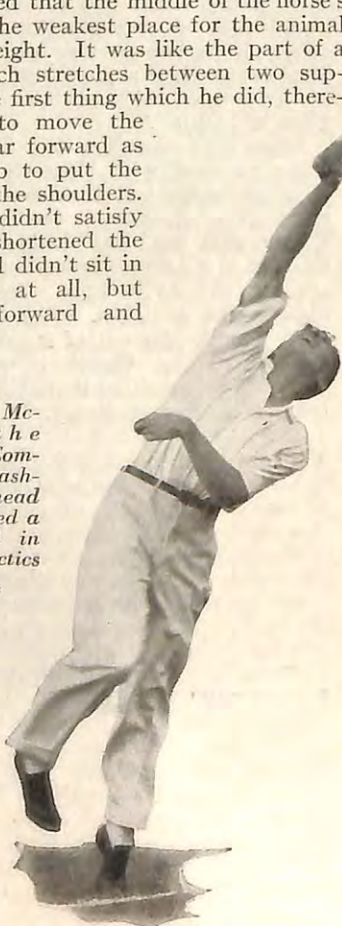
We have seen McLaughlin kill a high bounding ball when he was actually outside the back line. If you tried to toss them over his head he simply leaped into the air and socked the ball before he came down. In his great match with Norman Brookes—one of the most exciting matches ever played—McLaughlin once served a ball which actually tore the racquet from his opponent's hand.

Human beings have been swimming more or less ever since one of the sons of Noah dove off the Ark to take a hawser ashore, but in no other sport have greater strides been made within a comparatively few years. The trudgeon, a fairly natural stroke, had long been used by speed swimmers when in the Samoan Islands—where mothers lay the baby in the ocean instead of a cradle while they go to cut the bread-fruit or finish a little job of tattooing—a man put a kick in it with fine results.

A Samoan by the name of Alick Wickam took this stroke with the extra kick to Australia. There he taught it to a resident swimmer, (Continued on page 65)

Maurice McLaughlin, the California Comet, whose smashing overhead attack started a new school in tennis tactics

PAUL THOMPSON



PAUL THOMPSON

John L. Sullivan may be said to have revolutionized ring tactics by developing the knockout punch



BROWN BROS.

Heffelfinger of Yale, one of many men who have contributed new plays and methods to football



Laurette Taylor
and
Lynn Fontanne

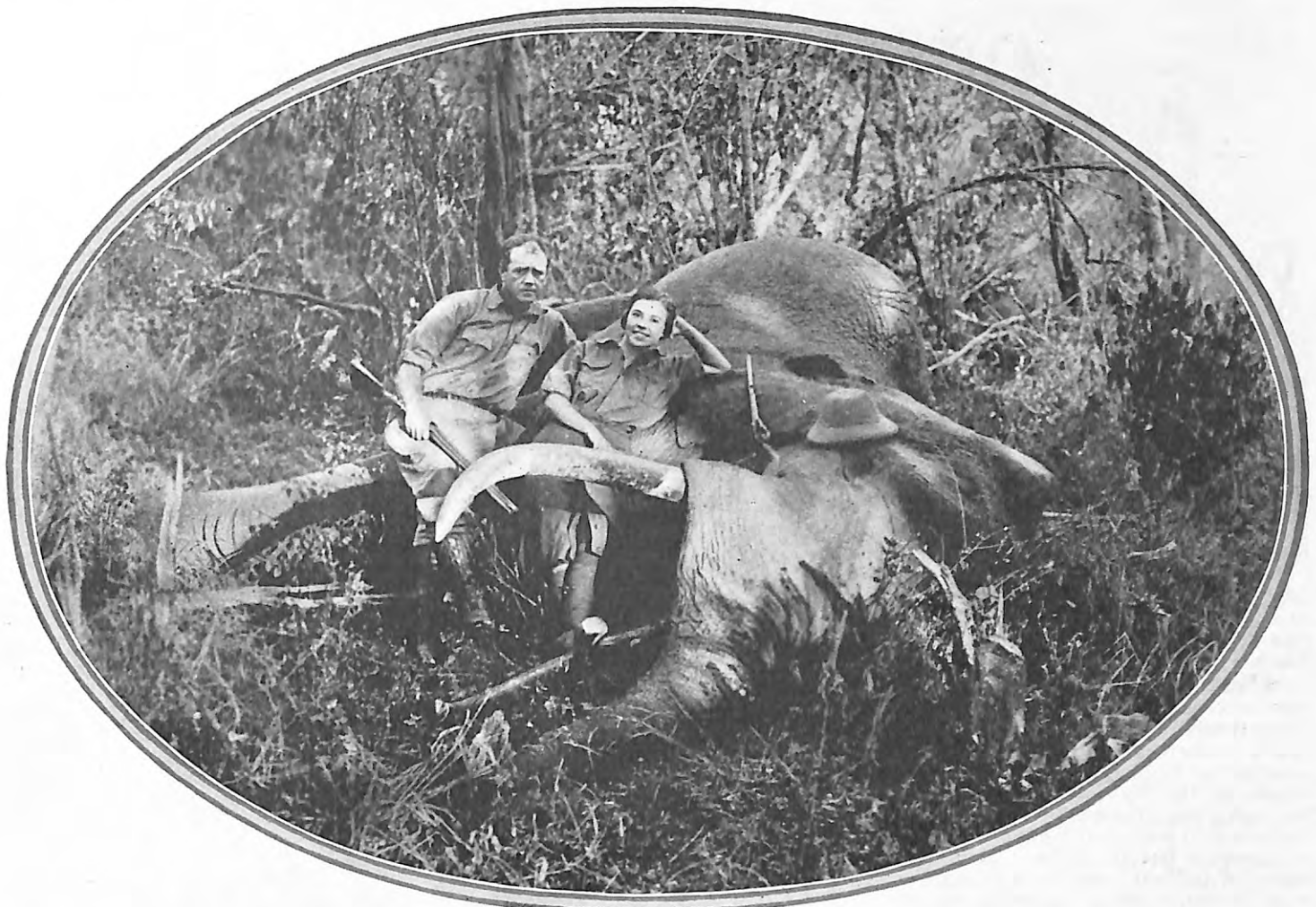
"*SWEET NELL of Old Drury*" by Paul Kester is a revival of one of those dashing plays that flourished in the nineteenth century that hadn't much merit as dramatic creations but were splendid vehicles for genuine romantic acting. In an unusually excellent cast Laurette Taylor is delightful as Nell, the orange girl of Old Drury, who captivated the facile fancy of his majesty King Charles II, and Lynn Fontanne brings to the part of Lady Castlemaine, Nell's rival and a great lady of the court, the skill and brilliance she displayed a season ago in "*Dulcy*"

RICHARD BURKE



Lillian Gish
in
"The White Sister"

MISS GISH has recently returned from a sojourn of nearly six months in Rome, where she made all the scenes for "The White Sister," her first picture with the Inspiration Film Co. The play is a dramatization of F. Marion Crawford's novel of the same name, a version of which was seen here some years ago when Viola Allen made famous the rôle to be enacted by Miss Gish. Ronald Colman, who was last seen on the legitimate stage with Ruth Chatterton in "La Tendresse," will play opposite her



Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson with one of the finest prizes of their expedition into the heart of the dark continent, from which they brought back the remarkable set of pictures "Trailing African Wild Animals." This fine specimen was brought down by Mrs. Johnson near Paradise Lake with a single shot



Don Barclay (left), who provides much of the merriment in "Go-Go," a comedy by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard with lyrics by Alex Rogers and music by C. Luckyeth Roberts. Its quick succession of skits are presented in a rapid-fire manner that is sure to be popular through the hot weather

The pleasantly cynical, meddling Lord Grenham about whom revolves Frederick Lonsdale's comedy "Aren't We All?" is played by Cyril Maude with all the charm and spirit of his very potent personality. The keynote of this elderly hero's character is a determined amiability that survives all vicissitudes—even to his capture by the determined widow



Off for Darkest Africa!

By Way of a Few New Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn

WE'RE bound for the dark continent this month—for many excellent reasons.

For one, the fact that in an early issue of our Magazine begins a fascinating novel of South Africa by Francis Brett Young. This story is sure to quicken the appetite for more African stuff. Africa as yet has not been overdone by the authors. It's a big continent, as continents go; it can stand a good deal of being written about, and personally we find it a thrilling place to prow—north or south, the Gold Coast or the baking towns on the Red Sea—when we're in search of an hour's unequivocally entertaining reading.

Then, the books for this month seem to fall into line, fit next each other in an amazing and friendly way. For example, take "Studies in North Africa," by Cyril Fletcher Grant, and then pick up Sabatini's "The Sea-Hawk." Leagues, literary leagues, apart, yet on any book-shelf these two volumes should reside cheek by jowl in amity. One is history, infinitely interesting, with some spirited chapters on the buccaneers and corsairs of the Barbary Coast. Here are facts lying like strange Oriental jewels deep in the rugged rocks that are the foundation of Europe's history to-day. Here is a source of brilliant romance, a treasury of magic names, a well of inspiration for any thirsty imagination.

Sabatini's vigorous tale of love and sea-plundering is, we're sure, the result of his having steeped himself in just such accounts somewhere, some time, and of filling in the chinks with his own most successful brand of extravagant romanticism.

As these two books stand together, you can't help laughing a bit at sight of their deceitful covers. "The Sea-Hawk," a fabulous yarn if ever there was one, shrieks forth its mighty story in vivid sentences. Yet—a book bound in dull black. Rather neat lettering of a restrained red proclaims its title and the author's intriguing name.

On the other hand Grant's "contribution to historic literature," a really important volume, appears in a delicate and heavenly blue cover with a gay, not to say gaudy, yellow backbone, quite upsetting all respectable ideas of how a book of reference and enlightenment should look. Shouldn't the censors have something to say about such things?

Pilgrim's Rest

By Francis Brett Young

BEHOLD a book of such a modest tannish-greenish binding that you would never in the world imagine it was a tale of struggling and feverish existence in South Africa, a story of the mines, of strikes and desperate chances, of crude externals and gentle loves! But that's what it is.

There are many readers, saddened, perhaps, by the thought that romance usually seems to ride only in the stirrups of the unbelievably young, who will take this book to their hearts. Jack Hayman, the hero, is no longer in his twenties, nor yet, alas, in his thirties. Yet one gets from him the complete image of vitality and power,

adventurous spirit and fresh perceptions. A good many actors get away with this "prime of life" stuff to the sound of deafening applause, so Mr. Young's South African book man should be sure of an appreciative audience.

Hayman, Englishman, who fought in the Boer War and who has since lived in Africa prospecting for gold, battling with fever,

Books Reviewed This Month

Studies in North Africa, by Cyril Fletcher Grant (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

The Sea-Hawk, by Rafael Sabatini (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston)

Ponjola, by Cynthia Stockley (G. P. Putman's Sons, New York)

Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks, by Daniel Henderson (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

Pilgrim's Rest, by Francis Brett Young (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

Ebony and Ivory, by Llewelyn Powys (American Library Service, New York)

Prisoners of the Red Desert, by Captain Gwatkin-Williams (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)

living isolated, indomitable sort of years, comes at last to the point of wanting a little better than that out of life. He wants to be successful, to feel the contact of civilized people, to have a home, a family, to be once more a European and not a half savage!

It is strange that in books when anyone's spirit stands up like that and reads its own emancipation proclamation that events invariably begin to *move*. Without any pushing, things happen. It's as if the whole world had just been waiting to get the hero started.

However, Jack Hayman has anything but an easy time during his rehabilitation. That's because Mr. Young, knowing the rules of the game, puts two or three obstacles in the way of every desire—and sometimes four. Conflict! That's the word for this necessary element in novels and dramas, and there is conflict to burn in "Pilgrim's Rest." Hayman has to make an "honest to God" man's fight for his place in the sun, and at that some of us might not think much of the place. However, Mr. Young has a real instinct for Africa, for the lonely, fascinating mining posts deep in the Kaffir country. He manages, also, the delicate task of bringing to them the people of all people who should rightly live there. People with hearts stout enough to withstand fear and souls big enough to thrive on frontier hardships. People, in a word, who have been hurt a little by the world. *Pilgrim's Rest*, a mining camp, is such a place, but Hayman only wins his way to it at the very end of a stormy and dramatic book. Most of the story is laid in Johannesburg, with its teeming activities, its labor troubles, its many

facets of life—good and bad. It seems indeed a rough man's battle-ground, this South African city. Jack Hayman comes to it looking for fresh opportunities, and here he has the one great love affair of his life.

There is no slackening of interest, no diminuendo in the swift march of Mr. Young's events, nor any slighting of details which could only have been learned by acute personal study of the actual work, and the management and politics involved in the operation of the gold mines in the Rand.

Many people come and go in the pages of this interesting book—all of them alive and some of them uncannily like the folks one would meet in Connecticut or Missouri or Oregon. What's a mere matter of geography, anyhow!

Undoubtedly the most charmingly written pages in the book concern the trip taken by Hayman and his Beatrice, partly by train, partly by ox-wagon, across the veldt to their new home. This is the end of the book and a thing well worth reading with its peace, its deep African nights, its camp fires, its scarlet flowers, the voice of some affir boy singing!

Studies in North Africa

By Cyril Fletcher Grant

WHY the dickens couldn't someone have given us a book like this when we were ploughing with agony through ancient history and contemporary geography (if there is such a thing). We would have thought we were reading a dime novel and not resented education at all.

Candidly, we personally have come to an astounding age with but the haziest and most distasteful ideas about the early history of North Africa, the Roman sway, the Punic Wars, the Byzantine invasion. It just couldn't be put properly in our head—that is all. The only outstanding episodes that survive our early schooling were provided by one Mr. Shakespeare with the help of one Mrs. Cleopatra.

Now comes Mr. Grant and makes all clear. It is history and travel done over with dashes of extraordinary brilliance. Dates are forgotten. Hannibal, Hamilcar, Scipio, Cato seem no more ancient than Washington, and, if you'll pardon us, a good sight more interesting.

Think of taking up this book and coming smack across the story of the wedding of Cleopatra Selene, daughter of Antony and Cleopatra, and Juba II, young King of Numidia!

He built the city of Cæsarea and reigned over a country that included the whole of Morocco and most of Algeria. On a little plain between the hills and the sea you may still see the scattered ruins of the capital whose only African rival was Carthage and which vied with Rome itself in glory and beauty.

There is the story of Hannibal's march to Rome by way of Spain and France—the rocks which he split with vinegar, his enormous army, the deep passes in the Alps, filled with his elephants, not to mention two-thirds of his army! Here's history!

(Continued on page 56)

"I SAW a tall man in a black mask come out of father's room. The door opened slowly—oh, so slowly! I tried to call out—just as in a nightmare. Then he came out—and I didn't know anything more!"



The Garden of Terror

By Anna McClure Sholl

Illustrations by Harley Ennis Stivers

For synopsis see page 52

Part III

CARROLL was visibly staggered. He kissed Miss Lucy's hand and, keeping his eyes on her, said to the doctor in a low voice: "They never told her, did they, doctor?"

"No. Agree with her! She'll think less about it if you agree with her."

Miss Lucy was offering her trumpet; and Carroll spoke into it, his voice slightly unsteady. "Glad to know about Thecla."

"Go on worshipping at her shrine, Carroll. You'll be the dark horse some day—to all these others. I happen to know—things."

Her face became quite elfin.

"Yes, dear lady," Carroll said.

"It'll all be made up to you for your patience; and think—think what it will be to be loved by Thecla Falcon."

Such incredible good fortune could make even Miss Lucy's eyes large and shining. Calvert was glad it was his friend distinguished for such honor and not himself. Carroll bowed his acknowledgment and

turned a haggard face to Eulalie. Her own was tender.

"Thank you, Carroll," she whispered. "Poor boy—that was hard. Of course, dear old Aunt Lucy—she doesn't know."

"Maybe she's right, Eulalie."

"What do you mean, Carroll?"

"May I see you alone?"

"Certainly."

Merton, miserably jealous and ashamed of his jealousy, watched them cross the hall into the library. Eulalie was glad of this moment alone with Jayne. She had always liked him, wished she could show him the way to Thecla's favor—liked him more than ever now because he was Merton's friend; and Merton was coming steadily along the dark avenues of her fears and the strange jealousy of a sister, lovely, but too powerful. She wanted Merton as she had never wanted anything in her life. A strange fancy had seized her. If only Carroll could be at peace with Thecla. Something unfinished between them there must be or she would not haunt this poor boy—so hungry for her he could stretch out arms even to the dead.

"Yes, Carroll," she said bravely. "What is it you want to tell me?"

"I want to ask an incredible thing of you, my dear," he answered, the wide boyish blue eyes gathering her in as so near of kin to the shadowy, adored and absent woman.

"Yes, Carroll," still smiling bravely. "We're all a little tired and nervous, Carroll; but I'd understand anything, I think. I want to be like her in that way at least."

"Dear—dearest sister. Listen, little Eulalie, this is the incredible thing! Don't, I beg of you, drive her away between you for the sake of a pack of silly servants; don't make her feel your fear and terror."

She was silent. Her fair pale face beneath the pale gold hair was all mother to him, as if she pitied him beyond all words.

"Don't you see," he went on, "that she came back because she broke my heart and had no chance to tell me—riding straight to death—that she was sorry. Oh, if you knew the comfort—just to see her in the twilight—her eyes gentle, no word spoken to me—but that perfect infinite tenderness—if you knew what this means to me you

All at once a slight noise behind him caused him to wheel about sharply, and there—standing in the opened door of her hanging closet, stood Thecla Falcon! Terror held him for an instant

wouldn't send her away by your crushing fear."

"I am not afraid of Thecla, Carroll," she answered, "except—"

Oh, she knew she was afraid—of that enchanting shadow slipping between her and Merton—that strong, sane creature—sane enough to touch lightly even these horrors. The man who came directly to her on the terrace, with his authority and his strength and his almost feminine appreciation of those odd moods of women which make them enigmas at times even to those closest to them, and Merton had seen it himself—would not deny that.

Carroll, with a lover's ability to detect love, gazed hungrily through the window toward the spot where the blue flowers lined the marble steps to their destination. "She's all I have," he murmured. "And you'll soon be happy, dear. I know old Merton, safe as the everlasting hills—and with dash and charm, too, when he chooses, when he's not too indifferent, the old rascal, to use it. Think of his walking in here that day; and he—adores you—do you know it yet?"

"Where everybody's adoring somebody it's hard to tell," she answered lightly. "I know he protects us all from our own—fancies."

He caught her wrist. "Look here, Eulalie. The other night in the gardens. You saw her, you know you did!"

"I saw something strangely like Thecla—yes."

"Don't drive her away, I beg of you."

"Carroll—if she wanted to come—she'd come, and you know it. But I am glad there's peace between you. Boy, you can't keep it up, you know. That way madness would lie. We're talking in incredible terms of incredible things; but since she made this—effort to see you, be content. After all, the dead should rest."

"Eulalie—there's so much to be made up. Do you know that I never even kissed Thecla?" he said in a low, tragic voice. "And God knows how I wanted to. She used to say—the embraces of the spirit were far beyond those we now know—and I called it nonsense. But she was right. I'm glad for a look from those eyes."

"Carroll—make your peace with her. Say the old vows, and tell her you both see clearer now, and let her go."

"If only once I could touch her hand again!"

"Poor boy."

He looked at her, half-called to earth by her beauty, ethereal, lambent and touched with dawning love. "Merton's lucky," he thought, "but I am luckier." Aloud he said: "Eulalie—don't drive her away. I—I need her."

"Yet she was never—kind to you!" Eulalie answered, a slight challenge in her voice.

"What's kindness compared to truth?" he said. "This world's fed on lies. What it wants are souls to drive it on to some vision—not see that it has a cushion at its back. Some people



are always running with a cushion. She made you hear the wind."

They were silent and both listened to the wind rising outside. It would ride the hills later and bring the old moon out of some deep mountain lake and toss the high pines until all their harps mourned. "Carroll," Eulalie whispered, "this universe is sweet. God makes wonderful people. How much more wonderful He must be Himself. Can't you think of Him to-night, and forget Thecla just a little while?"

HE STOOPED and kissed her cheek.

"She went so early to Him," he sighed. "And what is this we see—is it her spirit, Eulalie?"

"I don't know! I don't know! But don't try to keep it here—that presence."

He shook his head doubtfully; and then a Carroll she knew better than this one spoke. "My Airedale Princess Pat has a litter. Do you want a puppy, Eulalie?"

"Oh, Carroll—yes! I love Airedales."

"I'll pick you out the best—and they're jolly little beggars."

Desmond appeared in the doorway. "Oh, beg pardon, Miss."

"Come in, Desmond."

"We're all going to stay, Miss Eulalie."

"I am glad, indeed! I hoped you would stay, Desmond."

"Thank you, Miss. We want to ask you a favor."

"What is it?"

"After Mr. Merton Calvert goes will you see that your sister's room is occupied? We will all feel less nervous if there is some one in that room."

"Certainly, Desmond. I'll occupy it myself if necessary!"

The butler turned away—hesitated—turned back. "I think I ought to tell you there was a suspicious character on the place to-day; a young man who stood a long time down in the lane, as if watching for some one. One of the gardeners told him to be off."

"Why—what harm was he doing?"

"Beg pardon—he was just watchin'—and we don't like that here."

Eulalie saw Carroll's face whiten and sharpen with ill-concealed jealousy. "What did the fellow look like, Desmond?"

"Jim said he looked about twenty-eight or -nine years old and sort of unhappy—a good-lookin' chap if he'd had any occupation," Desmond added scornfully.

"Drive away such loiterers," Carroll commanded. "Miss—Miss Eulalie must be protected."

Eulalie smiled. "Don't drive away any one, Desmond—man or woman."

The butler went away looking puzzled.

"Carroll, you want her here," Eulalie went on. "You must have sympathy with





others who may want her here, too. I am beginning the care of this place to-morrow—on the lines Thecla taught me. Let us get as quickly as we can out of shadows.”

He sighed. “I’ll do the best I can. I’ll bring over the pup to-morrow. The little rascal will bite your heels and worry all the furniture, and hang out his pink tongue and whimper like a baby when he’s out of your sight. But you’ll love him. Thecla could train a dog better than any man I ever knew—just by the voice.”

They went back to the drawing-room, found Merton walking restlessly. “Have you settled the affairs of the universe?” he said with some asperity.

He was sorry for that speech later as he sat in Thecla Falcon’s room and watched the soft swaying of the long silken curtains in the fresh mountain air, that brought a scent of apples from the apple orchards where the fruit lay piled. The greenish Walter Gay “Interior” shone like emerald enamel. “What an outdoor place this room is after all,” he thought. “That red lacquer looks as if it had been ripened by the sun. It must smell of apples.”

Thinking of Eulalie all the colors in the room deepened and through a chiaroscuro of his moods of jealousy of pain and wonder she moved dreamlike. Then his thoughts passed to the inevitable problem. He had an inclination to open the door of the hang-

ing closet and touch the dresses; recreate Thecla in mauve, or azure, or the strange ethereal reds she fancied. How lonely she could leave hearts! Even his beat wildly sometimes at the music of her name. But how was he ever to win Eulalie with a divided devotion? Yet he knew that he suffered in that drawing-room when she and Carroll were talking in the library. He wanted to stride across the hall and say, “Eulalie’s pale magic is mine. You can’t have Thecla and Eulalie, too.”

She was like a dawn arrested—and he wanted day to come.

A knock at the door. To his “come in,” Hortense responded in her regalia of floating cap-ribbons and crimped apron borders. Her dark, passionate eyes took a smoldering look at the room. Reading her thoughts he remarked, “I’ve been careful not to disturb anything.”

She flushed and lifted a small chin rather disdainfully. “You couldn’t. She’d put it back again. Desmond tells me Miss Eulalie will take this room when you go. I don’t want that—you might as well hang a pearl where a diamond has been.”

“Hortense, be careful!” he warned. “What is your errand? What have you come here for?”

“Because I adored her,” she said. “I am only a lady’s maid—but I used to wish I could maid Miss Thecla in a royal court.

She belonged among kings,” she added oddly.

Sharp stinging tears were actually in her eyes. “It’s her room yet. They can’t take it from her.”

He moved uneasily in his chair. “What are you trying to do—demoralize this household again?”

“THEY see her—because they want to see her,” she answered. “They were restless when she was away—every one from Miss Lucy down. Because, sir, you see, she never left any one out. Knew the names given the gardener’s children—and God help him, he has eight!”

Calvert’s mind went back to a question he wanted to ask. “Hortense, is that little observatory out there used at all?”

“Yes, sir. Some of the garden tools are kept there. They trim the boxwood beasts from there.”

“I thought as much. I thought I saw some one come out.”

“Oh, yes—Jim—likely.” Her eyes were directed to the Leonardo drawing. “Few have the courage to smile in this hard world,” she said.

A verse of Rossetti passed through Calvert’s mind. “Her eyes prayed—and she smiled.”

“Miss Thecla’s smile was like no one else’s,” Hortense went on as if it relieved her



to babble of her dead mistress. "It seemed to come from her eyes—and from the lips only a little. It coaxed the soul out of you."

"Well, Hortense—did you come to say this?"

"Yes, sir, and to ask you to stay here."

"I can't stay here forever. I have just one purpose in remaining—to protect your young mistress."

"Which one?" she said coldly, pivoted on her French heels, and apron edge and fluttering ribbons disappeared.

"Singular woman," he commented.

Another knock.

"What next?" thought Merton.

The doctor entered. "Well," he said, "I've gotten Miss Lucy off to her room. Poor excitable little creature—she still thinks Thecla's here. Wanted to come in and say good-night to her. But I wouldn't stop the lift until it reached the third floor."

"Extraordinary!" ejaculated Merton.

"Oh, I don't know," the doctor said musingly. "Thecla possessed that power. It's worth all the riches and beauty in creation; though she had beauty enough—God knows!"

"What was its secret?"

BUT the doctor shook his head. "I don't know, except that people would come to her nervous and embarrassed—and go away strutting, as if to say, 'God made me young and beautiful. I've just discovered it.' After all, it isn't bad to give people confidence in themselves; instead of robbing them of confidence, as seems to be the human conspiracy."

"But she put Eulalie out."

"I think it was subjective—Eulalie's own doubt of herself. It couldn't be quite magic match magic between them. I had a theory Thecla went to give Eulalie her chance," the doctor smiled grimly; "but since she's come back—" he gave a short laugh, lit his dreary black cigar that was villainously strong, and puffed and puffed. "Do you know Michael

Angelo's 'Creation of Adam'—and the Almighty giving the electric spark of life through Adam's languid forefinger stretched to the finger of God—poor Adam, sleepy with all the work before him the long centuries to come—and under God's shadowy drapery Eve and her brood; as if Adam couldn't really be alive without her. When this house settles down into a honeymoon, we won't be—troubled."

"Give Eulalie time—" Calvert remarked. "Naturally she wants the place to herself before she can make her plans."

"Look here," said the doctor. "I don't think this room is any place for a man who wants to make a bee-line for his girl."

"I am going to stay here until I see—Thecla again—" Calvert answered firmly. "I am going to solve this mystery. I don't believe in ghosts, neither do you, doctor; but something has us, beyond calculation."

"Stay—but keep your head—your nerves," warned the doctor, and, getting up abruptly, said good-night.

Calvert settled himself to a book he had brought up from the library—a thin volume of a modern poet; but so much

greater was the appeal to his imagination of his actual surroundings, that the tossed, fantastic words of the would-be Keats bored him to death. He flung the volume down with a slap on the table, leaned back in his chair, sniffed the air suspiciously. Not roses!

He looked around for the offenders; discovered them at last in a window-ledge—those velvety, heavy, ruby roses that smelled like Omar's garden. "I wonder if this is Carroll's silly work," he jerked out. "Well, I follow Thecla's example." He tossed them from the window. "She can pick them up from the grass if she feels like it."

The light from the window showed a patch of green and the roses lying there a crimson tangle. He watched a while, but no white hand reached through the night to pick them up. All at once a slight noise behind him caused him to wheel about sharply, and there—standing in the opened door of her hanging closet—stood Thecla Falcon.

She wore the red and purple dress—and her marvelous eyes and faint smile he saw before he saw the dress. As he looked at her she drew the door to.

Terror held him an instant—such terror as seizes the untutored savage in a dark forest. Then he dashed forward, opened wide the door. Nothing! only the lines of dresses, the nearest to the door swaying a little from the violence of the gesture with which he had disturbed the scented air. He beat upon them to discover an intruder, but his knuckles felt the walls through their folds. Baffled, indignant and with a creeping sense of horror he could not throw off, he stood among those dresses that told a hundred tales of work, of festivity, of dances in the dawn and tea-drinking in the dusk.

His forehead felt damp and cold; and he realized he was

shivering—with fear, with expectancy? How could he tell? Softly he went into the room, seated himself—hoping, longing that she would come again and recreate the intense response of his nature to her incomparable charm. Then his thought strayed back to the roses; and he went down through the silent house and out into the gardens. He knew just where to find them.

Crossing the lawn to the patch of light from her window, he picked them up carefully, and when they were gathered in a bunch, held them, mused over them as if they must yield up the secret because once she had loved them. Turning to go in again, he started violently. Eulalie stood there in a long black cloak—as still as a statue.

"Eulalie!"

He held the roses towards her mechanically, but she shrank back. "They do not belong to me," she whispered.

"I found them in her room—threw them out—then I repented. I suppose it is some of Jayne's doings," he said, a note of apology in his voice. And then he beheld a triumph of her personality—the first definite outline of a womanhood that might prove as enchanting as her dead sister's. It was as if with his sharpened vision he saw her beating down wave after wave of her jealousy—making herself marble against that sea. She did not speak till she had conquered, as if she would match herself in every way to a new requirement.

"Take them," she murmured, "take them in out of the night—and please never cast them out again. They are memories of her."

He had the mind to confess his own overthrow. "Eulalie, I saw her!"

"Where?" she half whispered, glancing over her shoulder.

He told her what had happened.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

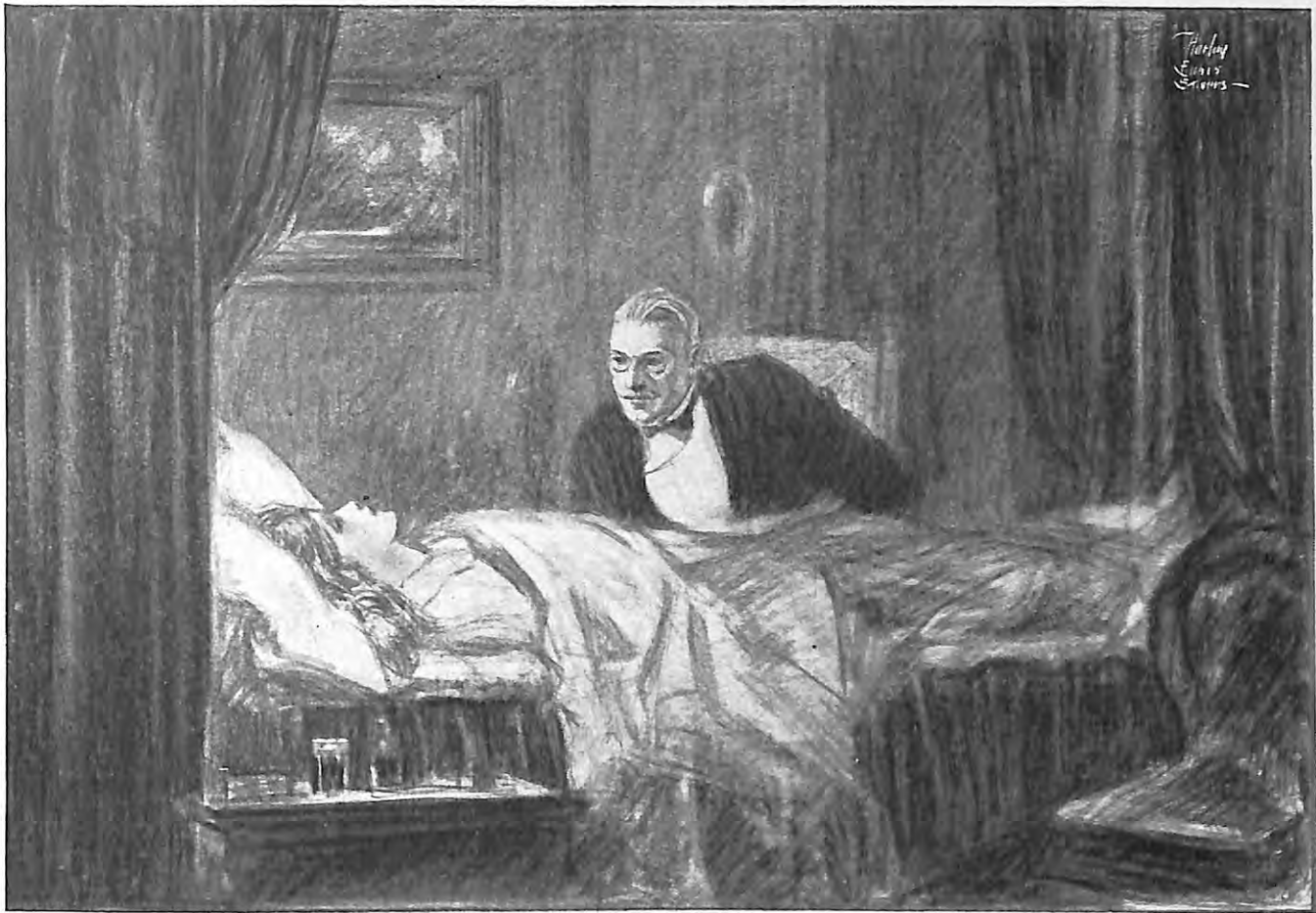
"Quite. She wore the same dress. She glided into the closet, drew the door after her—it took some courage to open it."

"And no one was hiding behind the dresses?"

"Absolutely not. I went around all three walls."

Hortense ascended the steps. "You thought it was my lady, didn't you, Mr. Calvert?"





"Where did Fleming put your things?"
 "In the small shallow closet—there was nothing in there."

"This seems the proof, doesn't it?" she said with a wan smile.

"She looked perfectly substantial—that's the terrible part of it."

"Merton," her voice was thrilling, sweet—it seemed to come from a distance, although she was close by him, "you must feel—her extraordinary charm."

"I do! Eulalie."

"Yield to it. Don't fight it."

She spoke like a fatalist: wan and tired from a battle too hard for her. She could not fight for her heart's desire. Both glanced at the lighted window above them—and saw a face looking out.

He clasped Eulalie in his arms. "Don't look," he commanded; but he looked steadily at the magical face of the woman he had seen for the first time beneath her own portrait. She began to smile. He could not bear that.

"Oh, don't go back to that room," Eulalie cried. "I'll have Desmond change you at once. Merton, it's haunted. We've both seen her now."

She had drawn out of his arms, and now stood shivering on the terrace, a black, slim figure much at a loss to know whether the house or the grounds held less terror. The wind loosened her hair and tossed it down over her shoulders—at the ends it curled a little and ran to a chestnut hue; but it made her look for an instant like the Venus of Botticelli—the wide blue eyes, the parted lips, the heavy, honey-colored hair, the air of fatigue, as of one weary of love before even loving. How tall she was! He had not realized that Eulalie was so tall.

He knew her desperate problem—to be a living woman—of greater magnetic quality than a dead one; and he began to see why she had been obscured—too strong a sense of duty! As well create flowers from formula

He had found her unconscious in the hall and had carried her to her bed. He sat beside it for the rest of the night. . . . He did not question her, though the medicine he gave her when she came out of her faint did not at once send her to sleep

as magnetism from an over-consciousness of duty!

"Eulalie," he smiled a little, "if she's in an enchanting world, there's no law keeping us out—is there?"

She wanted to step into it—the dreaming eyes of her youth opened at last by reason of this challenge. "I think her secret was she knew life was enchanting—and I only have hoped it was!"

"It is—it will be. Come along with me!"

She faced him. "I want you to take lessons of the real teacher—whoever she is!"

And she was gone! He glanced half-fearfully to the window of Thecla's room, and the light from the reading-lamp shone in a blur of reddish violet through the thin silk curtains. But no predominating face smiled its secret. He began to think he had imagined it all—evoked the girl from all those tributes to her seductive personality. And yet his heart told him that Eulalie—just twenty—could go even further in seven years than Thecla. He wanted to blot out that ghost.

The thorns of the roses hurt his hands a little. What to do with the things! He might have reasoned out that every one knew them and would recognize them. A low whistle at his ear startled him for a moment. Wheeling about, he saw the good-natured face of Teck, who came roaming out of the night as if scenting mystery.

"Did I give you a scare, Mr. Calvert?"

"One more or less doesn't matter," said he, with a shrug.

"You've said it—seen anythin' lately?"
 "Oh, yes, I see something every day," Calvert said wearily.

"It's gettin' on your nerves a bit."

"Not solving the problem is getting on my nerves," remarked Calvert.

"I am on the track of the man who frightened Wendell Falcon," affirmed Teck. "I think the clue lies there. Get him and you get the secret."

"Wrong!" Calvert gave back. "It lies in a grave!"

The Irishman made the sign of the Cross. "Lord! she was too lovely to be human. I know one thing—that maid Hortense hates Miss Eulalie. I think she hates her for livin' with Miss Thecla dead!"

"SHE'S the least dead person I know!" Calvert commented.

"Watch Hortense. She's a bold piece," Teck challenged vindictively. "And she twists Murphy about her finger."

"I'll watch that ghost till I catch it."

Teck glanced at the flowers. "Them's unusual roses," he said admiringly.

"Quite. Somebody left them in her room. Suppose we put them on her grave."

Teck looked as if he longed to be excluded from the excursion. "Suppose you pay the dead lady that tribute," he said gaily.

"Oh, well, if you don't want to go with me—all right."

He started off in the direction of the burial ground. He had gone as far as the marble steps which led into the little enclosure, when he saw a figure standing there—at the foot of the long flight looking up at him. A cold perspiration broke out on him. He tried to take the next step—couldn't.

"Take your roses," he said in a harsh, violent tone and dropped them on the ground.

(Continued on page 52)





EDITORIAL

THE imminence of the Annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, which convenes in Atlanta, Ga., on July 10th, prompts the suggestion that every member of the Order should recognize the importance of the sessions of this legislative body from year to year, not only to the fraternity as a whole but to himself as an individual Elk.

While it is true that, with a few exceptions, only Past Exalted Rulers are members of the Grand Lodge, entitled to a voice in its deliberations and a vote upon its actions; and while its enactments usually affect the general membership indirectly through control of the Subordinate Lodges; yet not infrequently they have a very direct bearing upon the duties and privileges of the individual members of the Order as such. It is, therefore, highly desirable that they should acquaint themselves with matters which are likely to be, or ought to be, considered; and should make their views thereon known, so that the Grand Lodge may act with the fullest knowledge possible of the ideas and wishes of those whom it represents.

And this suggestion applies with added force to the Representatives of the Grand Lodge and to its members. It is their definite duty to inform themselves as to the business affairs of the Order; to study its problems, its needs and its opportunities; for upon them rests the direct responsibility of legislating with reference to these matters. Without this information, and a careful digest of it in advance, they can not give to the business of the Order that intelligent consideration which it deserves; nor can they reasonably expect to contribute anything of material value to Grand Lodge deliberations.

This does not mean that each member should plan, or definitely prepare himself, to seek the floor during the sessions in order to express his opinions upon all questions that may be under consideration. Nothing could be more undesirable. But it does mean that he should avail himself of the sources of information that are provided so that he may act independently in the exercise of a deliberately formed judgment, and not merely follow the lead, more or less blindly, of others who are charged with no higher degree of responsibility than is he. And he should take part in the discussions when he can really add to their value.

Generally those matters of importance which are to be considered by the Grand Lodge are outlined in the reports of its officers and committees, which are accessible in printed form to all members promptly upon their registration. And failure to read and study these reports carefully is a dereliction of duty which will render those thus negligent less capable of properly performing the very service for which they are present.

It is, of course, impossible to anticipate all the questions of moment that will arise. But one of the functions of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is to present to the entire membership, from time to time, advance information concerning those matters of importance which are known to be under consideration, so that the sentiments of the Order as a whole may be properly reflected in Grand Lodge action. This is a service in supplement of the official reports and is a preparation for their better understanding. But its full value depends upon the intelligent and loyal cooperation of the members themselves.

A concrete example is presented in the case of the current activities of the Good of the Order Committee. At the last session of the Grand Lodge, several propositions were submitted relating to the suggested creation of a Junior Elks Organization. This necessarily involved the consideration of a change in our Constitution and a departure from the long established policy of the Order. The importance of the suggestion was obvious and it was deemed wise to make a canvass of the views of the entire membership.

The several propositions were, therefore, referred to the Good of the Order Committee, with instructions to make a full investigation and to report definite recommendations to the next Grand Lodge Session.

This action was announced in the August issue of The Magazine. And in the December number, at the request of Chairman Malley, an invitation was extended to all Elks to communicate their views to the Committee. In the April number the general trend of these expressions was reported and members were again invited to give the Committee the benefit of their suggestions.

It will thus appear that every member of the Order has been afforded an opportunity to express himself on this important subject. A large number have availed themselves of this opportunity.



And it is to be confidently anticipated that, thus enlightened, the Committee will be enabled to report and the Grand Lodge to act in a manner that will truly represent the prevailing sentiment of the whole membership.

The Magazine has thus proved its value as a medium through which this character of service can be rendered. It is, indeed, the only effective medium for such service.

It is confidently hoped and believed that THE ELKS MAGAZINE will continue to be an educational influence that will insure to future Grand Lodge sessions a membership equipped with fuller and more accurate information as to the business affairs of the Order, and its activities generally, than has been possible in the past. And it is inevitable that the Order will profit accordingly.

THE COMMUNITY

THE word "community," as defined in the dictionaries, has several distinctive meanings; but, as it is most generally used in our current language, it refers to that group of people who are so situated with relation to each other that they have common interests and enjoy adequate facilities for association with each other and for concert of action.

It was but a few years ago when the word thus applied embraced a very limited area, except in cities and towns and their closely built suburbs. A neighbor was a person who lived within a mile or two at the furthest. Means of communication, even by mail, were so limited that local news traveled a leisurely gait; and personal contacts were only occasional. A ten-mile trip into the country was a real journey; and, conversely, "going to town" was a real event.

To-day the word implies a more extensive territory and a correspondingly larger number of people. The extension of the rural mail delivery, the establishment of the parcel post, the telephone, the construction of permanent roads in all directions, and the universal use of the automobile, have indefinitely expanded the range of all personal associations and activities. The ten-mile journey has become a little spin on the highway. The visit to town is a mere daily incident. Families are neighbors, within an hour's run, though thirty miles apart.

The significance and value of this is found in the broader scope of every agency for uplift and betterment and civic service. They are no longer

restricted to municipalities and their immediate environs. They appeal to, draw strength from, and directly serve, a tremendously enlarged "community." And therein lies an opportunity which Elk Lodges should recognize and seize.

It is true that a Lodge can be established only in a city having a population of not less than five thousand white people. But its jurisdiction extends to a point midway between it and the nearest sister Lodge. And under modern conditions there is an available membership in the suburban territory, which can easily and conveniently take an active part in Lodge affairs. This field should be diligently cultivated. And with the added strength of this membership the Subordinate Lodge can more effectively extend its sphere of usefulness so as to serve, as it should, all the interests of its *true community*.

VISIT THE ELKS NATIONAL HOME

THE maintenance of the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va., is one of the most important activities that the Order of Elks has ever undertaken. The Home itself, with its splendid equipment and fine appointments, is unique and distinctive. Magnificent in proportions, beautiful in design, and in an admirable setting of scenic beauty, it is an establishment of which the Order is justly proud.

Under the management of the Board of Grand Trustees it has been consistently maintained as a real *Home*—not as an institution. And the happiness and contentment of the brothers who are resident there bespeak the wisdom of their administration.

Every member of the Order, and particularly every Grand Lodge member, who can arrange to do so, should pay a visit to the Home and learn at first hand what is being accomplished there for the comfort and well-being of those who have sought its sanctuary.

It would be easy and inexpensive for many who will attend the Grand Lodge Session at Atlanta so to arrange their itinerary as to enable them, with entire convenience, to spend a few hours with the brothers at the Home. They would be well repaid by the pleasure and inspiration they would themselves receive and by the knowledge they would acquire of the splendid provisions there made for our aged and indigent members. And their pleasure would be more than doubled by the consciousness of the happiness they would afford to those brothers by this fraternal attention.

Elks of Denver Blaze a Trail

With a Charity Circus on a Business Basis

By Charles E. Lounsbury

THIS is a story concerning a number of paradoxes. One of which concerns the old adage that all authors are supposed to wear long hair and live in an ethereal state of dreams. Another of which has to do with the ancient belief that when a Lodge wants to raise money, it should put on some sort of an amateur affair and trust to the good standing of the Lodge and the good-will of the people at large to put it over. Inasmuch as Denver Lodge Number 17 B. P. O. Elks has smashed both these precedents a little while ago, the story is worth telling.

For many years Denver Lodge Number 17 has had a pet charity—a straggling bunch of tents out on the Golden road near the Colorado capital, where, some time ago, a victim of tuberculosis, Frank Craig, established a little colony for fellow sufferers. Difficulties harassed the enterprise from the start. There was little money to be had for a struggling affair of this kind; too many other big charities were calling—and demanding. Craig Colony was forgotten in the shuffle. Then along came "Billy" Wheadon, white-haired, genial secretary of the Elks Lodge in Denver.

"Billy" became interested in Craig Colony. Soon the Elks as a whole were interested in the place. On cold, winter nights, after the usual smokers at the Lodge, all remaining food was packed up and taken out to the colony. Gifts of clothing and money were made. But as an institution the place remained only the straggling tent colony which it had been at the start. Then somebody got a big idea. Why not put up an Elks Building at the colony? To act as the nucleus for the starting of a real institution, following a number of the principles involved in that tremendous undertaking, the National Jewish Consumptives Relief Association.

That was more than two years ago. At smokers, by private subscription, by this, that and the other means, money was raised. The building was started. Then suddenly there came the end of the road. Practically every means had been exhausted, and only two-thirds of the fund necessary had been raised. No more seemed to be forthcoming. Following which another idea was born. Other Lodges gave indoor circuses—why not the Denver Lodge of Elks? The person selected to put on the show was Courtney Ryley Cooper at Denver, the author, circus man and writer of circus animal stories, many of which have appeared in *THE ELKS MAGAZINE*. But about that time Cooper had a few ideas of his own.

"This must be a straight business proposition," he said. "The Elks aren't in existence for just this one thing alone. Of course, the reputation of the Lodge is good enough and big enough to overwhelm any adverse comments from persons who may say in the future that they helped the Lodge put up that building at Craig Colony. But what's the matter with doing the thing on a

straight business basis, of going into the show game really and truly for a week, and putting on the kind of a show that will make folks forget that there's any charity connected with it?"

And so there came into being the Inter-



HERE is Courtney Ryley Cooper, circus man of many years' experience and a former associate of Buffalo Bill. An Elk himself, Mr. Cooper organized the Elks-Craig Colony circus by means of which Denver Lodge recently raised a substantial sum for the benefit of its pet charity. He is widely known as a writer of thrilling and authentic circus and animal stories and his contributions to this magazine have been warmly welcomed. "Tonnage Preferred," one of his humorous elephant stories, will appear in an early issue

national Productions Company, with an entire staff, from Cooper as director general, Edward A. Joyce as general manager, on down through the list, even to a circus equestrian director and circus band-leader. The biggest building in town, the Auditorium, was rented for the week of March 19. An advertising campaign came into existence with regular circus paper, and with billboards flaring forth with 24 and 28 sheet stands all over town. There were regular press agents, regular concession men—a whole circus organization began its work, just as a circus organization would work on the road. Tickets were sent forth to the various members of the Elks Lodge for sale—but not along the regular lines. For a letter went with them which said:

Make no apologies for this show. Don't let any one argue that you are asking them for charity. This is to be the biggest indoor circus that ever has been seen in Denver, and it is a straight business proposition. You are selling tickets to a tremendous amusement proposition, run along business lines—to an entertainment which will be the talk of Denver. There is no begging connected with it, no asking for donations. The show will be worth every cent that is asked for it.

Upon that basis, the preparations for the circus proceeded. And this in spite of the fact that Denver had already seen three indoor shows of the ordinary type during the year. The Elks show was the fourth within eight months. And Denver was skeptical. But Number 17 held to its purpose.

Where other shows had given from five to eight acts, and these of the usual sort, Cooper as the producer began pulling the thousand and one strings which he held through an acquaintance of some twenty years in the circus business. From Peru, Indiana, came the junior herd of elephants from the Sells-Floto Circus. Lucia Zora, the greatest elephant trainer in the United States, was persuaded to come forth from retirement, as well as Albina Hines, from the Barnum and Bailey Circus. From the winter quarters of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus came the Nine Flying Wards, the biggest aerial act in existence. Clowns were gathered from six circuses. Homer Hobson, and the four Riding Hobsons were loaded out of Chicago, horses, ring stock and all, and hurried to Denver. The whole interior of the big building was transformed into a circus big-top, with

a regular hippodrome track, stages, regulation circus ring, and above all, a special lighting arrangement which threw 24,000 more watts of light than ever had been known in the civic Auditorium.

Instead of the usual five or six or eight acts, the program called for sixteen numbers upon two stages, a ring and a hippodrome track, with, at times, as many as fifteen persons in three acts working at once. Costumes were purchased, to transform the Glee Club of the Elks Lodge for one week into an aggregation of clowns, starting the show as old-time shows were started, with the traditional clown song, not sung by one clown, however, but by forty.

SO THE preparations went, all through the list. The band rehearsed under the leadership of a regulation circus band-leader, with the tremendous organ of the Auditorium filling in with calliope notes, just as a compressed air calliope fills in with a regulation circus band. There were not to be just "pieces" played helter-skelter—but that band must work exactly as a circus band works, with cues for this, that and the other thing, and with the regulation "chords in G" at the end of every act. From Chicago came Leo Hamilton, former assistant equestrian director of the Sells-Floto Circus, to be the equestrian director of this show, and to follow instructions that the whole thing must move "on the whistle," just as any big show would move. Spot-lights, sun-light arcs, color-wheels and every lighting requirement of a big indoor presentation of a circus, such as is given in the Coliseum by the Sells-Floto Circus, or in Madison Square Garden by the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey organization,

(Continued on page 64)

The Elks and Young America

*An Outline of Some Problems to be Considered
by the Grand Lodge at Atlanta in July*

IN THE early part of February the Good of the Order Committee sent out a questionnaire to all the Subordinate Lodges and to all Grand Lodge Officers. The many replies which were received have been very helpful to the Committee. The meeting of the Committee in New York on February 15th was largely attended and the suggestions made by men prominent in the Order have been of very great assistance to the Committee in the consideration of the problems before it.

It is hoped that the questions presented to the Subordinate Lodges through the Committee Questionnaire have been discussed at the Lodge meetings and that the delegates will appear at the Atlanta Convention well informed in regard to the sentiment in their respective Lodges. The delegates to the Grand Lodge and the Grand Lodge members are urged to read again this questionnaire of the Good of the Order Committee, to talk over the important questions referred to therein, to get the viewpoint of their fellow members, and to go to the Grand Lodge Convention with well thought out opinions upon the following subjects:

1. Should our Order organize a junior branch for boys and young men under twenty-one years of age?
2. Should our Order take up the Boy Scout movement?
3. Should our Order establish recreational parks and playgrounds and otherwise encourage and assist in the physical training of children?
4. Should our Order establish Elk scholarship foundations?
5. Should our Order establish a home for the children of Elks?
6. Should our Order specialize in work for crippled children?
7. Should our Order take up correctional and reconstructional surgery generally?

The form in which these different propositions will come before the Grand Lodge Convention and the importance which the Committee attaches to the sentiment in various Lodges throughout the country for and against the different plans were clearly brought out in an address delivered by John F. Malley, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee, before a gathering of all the District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, from which the following is quoted:

"I am glad you are here as representatives of different Lodges because you not only represent your Lodges, but your own thoughts and ideas reflect the community thought, the thought and the best opinions in the communities in which you live and in which your Lodges are located.

"I want to appeal to you for assistance because the mission that has been assigned to me as Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee is a large one and one that can't be dealt with adequately or in a comprehensive manner by any one man or by the three men who compose the Committee. The best that we can do is to act as a clearing house of ideas, to gather from men like you in Massachusetts and similar

groups in the other States the best Elk thought at the present time.

"What are we aiming at in the Order of Elks? What would you do if you had the power and you had at your command an organization of 800,000 strong; if you could name the great purpose to which that organization should devote its energies in the future—what would you say?

"I want you to turn over in your minds that thought, and, if you have any idea, to give it to me. Write me about it. I don't care whether it is a thing that can be worked out, or not. It is a thought. It is a germ. It is a seed. It may be from what you write that there will be, after certain processes, worked out the great scheme which finally will be reported to the Grand Lodge and will be accepted by the Grand Lodge as the program for the future guidance of the Order.

"The Grand Lodge realizes that some of the Subordinate Lodges live up to the ideals of the Order and that they speak in deeds in their communities; that they are everything that Elk Lodges should be; but they realize also that many fall far short of what Elk Lodges should be. There is need for leadership; there is need for plans; either a plan of a great work for the Order to take up and to dictate to the Subordinate Lodges, or a wide, diversified and versatile plan that each Lodge may choose from. There is no idea of getting up some expensive scheme or undertaking that will place great financial burdens upon the Subordinate Lodge. That is not in mind at all—but a plan that will guide the forces and powers that we now have.

"It has been suggested to the Grand Lodge that the time is ripe for forming organizations that will encourage the youth of America. All through our Order you will find that the thing that appeals to the true Elk is something that has the human touch, and I, in analyzing the different plans that have been suggested, find that all are aimed toward the youth of America—our young men. So, in certain sections of the country, they have formed Junior Elk organizations and have had a sort of Junior Lodge and a ritual for that Lodge, and have tried to bring together the boys, and, in some places, the girls—sons and daughters of Elks. The movement started because they wished to give the young people some social life in the community. Do we want to take that up? Do we want that to become part of our national program? It may appeal in one community and it may not appeal in another.

"What I want to find out is—What is the consensus of opinion throughout the country? How do you think a scheme like that would fit in your community?

"There is the suggestion that we should form an organization similar to our own, no matter what we call them—Junior Elks or not—but that we should have that junior branch.

"Now I am aware of constitutional objection to all this, but there is no constitutional objection that cannot be removed if it is the will of the Order. If the members wish to change our constitution in any respect they have it within their power to do so.

Whatever scheme we decide upon, we want to reach the best result and then we shall formulate our laws accordingly if there is a legal obstacle.

"There are very serious objections that have been raised to any junior organization of this sort. Certainly, unless the Elk Lodge in a community has the best of manly men, men of outstanding character, men who are themselves governed by high ideals, they would be very poor instructors, tutors or mentors for the youth of the community. Then again, children, young boys, must be very carefully handled or they get the wrong idea of values.

"Recently I have been in touch with one of the officers of the Boy Scout organization. He wrote to me because in certain districts, certain communities, the Elks have become what I term 'Angels' to the local Boy Scout organizations. They have bought them a 'hunting-ground,' a place where the local organization may go during the summer, or winter, or fall, whatever is the proper time, and use that as the great outdoor vacational or recreational place. And he spoke commending the Lodges. I am trying to find out what his idea is and what assistance he thinks an organization like ours can give to an organization such as his and have him answer some of the objections that are raised in certain sections of the country to the Boy Scouts.

"There is the suggestion that we establish in all the different communities in which there are Elk Lodges recreational parks. That is one of the propositions that have been referred to my committee, as have the Boy Scout and the Junior Elk propositions I have just been speaking about, for study, investigation and report. That is why I weary you with some of these details, because I am obliged at the coming Grand Lodge Session to make a report, and to tell you and your representatives and the representatives of Elks from all over the country what we think of these different propositions.

"**T**HE recreational park idea has been taken up by the State Association of New York. In certain financially strong Lodges in New York State they propose to purchase parks, which they will fit up as athletic fields for their community. In others, where that would be too expensive a proposition, they have taken upon themselves the duty of interesting the municipal government and the town government, that the city or town may establish recreational parks and playgrounds, and they will take one or more of them and call them the Elk Playground, or give them some other name that will clearly indicate to the community that the Elks have taken that particular playground under their patronage. There will be appointed by the Lodge of Elks an instructor, one who is competent to instruct boys and girls in games and sports. They will, through the Lodge, furnish that playground with the proper equipment. We have had a number of interesting conferences with an officer of the Recreational Society. He is an expert in this work and has placed at our disposal all the statistics the Society

has been gathering for a number of years. I hope to be able to show in my report just what expense it would involve on the part of the Grand Lodge and on the different Subordinate Lodges to carry on this work.

"Think that over! Decide whether that would be necessary and beneficial work in your community. There are certain things that fit in one community and not in another. There are certain big-town propositions that are not advisable or practical for small towns to undertake.

"There is also the scheme which I personally believe in, and that is the Elk Scholarship

plan. I have talked with you about that on other occasions. You know about it. It may be that it will develop into certain national scholarships throughout the country—Elk scholarships given out by districts, very similar to those given out by the Government by Congressional Districts to West Point and Annapolis.

"The individual Lodges may take up any one of these schemes before it becomes a Grand Lodge proposition. It may be decided that everything should be left to the individual Lodges. None of the things I have mentioned may develop into more than

optional work on the part of the Lodges, but, on the other hand, some one of them, the one that is most appealing and most beneficial to the youth of the United States, the thing that is regarded as the greatest work for the people of this country, may be taken up by the Grand Lodge. Out of all the thought and consideration that will be given matters of this kind now and during the next few years, there may come the great idea, the great work which an organization such as ours, nearly a million strong, will deem worthy of its greatest efforts."

The Influence of True Sportsmanship

"Strong races and strong individuals rest on natural forces. Physical exuberance, surcharge of arterial blood, a strong heart and a bounding pulse—these are the basis of the powers that make men and nations great. In the last analysis great human achievement rests on perfect physical health."—EMERSON.

IN THE early history of mankind the physical achievements of the individual counted perhaps for more than they do to-day. Preeminence in battle necessitated a development of physique and an endurance which distinguished the warrior and the hero. The conquering nations of antiquity were renowned for their personal valor and the individual development of their citizens.

To-day to the casual observer there would seem little necessity for the encouragement of athletic prowess in the individual. War has become largely a matter of powerful engines and the coordination of factors which in times of peace are used in industrial enterprise. In the general result the individual is lost sight of. No modern Horatius holds the bridge and saves his country. Great battles are no longer decisive. Our mechanical production in the past fifty years has moved forward at an astonishing pace. We manufacture millions of dollars of machinery and it in turn does the work of innumerable thousands of workmen. Statisticians and economists tell us how rapidly the world is growing richer through the development of its material resources. All these are astonishing changes, but after all the important point is, how do our men of to-day compare with those of a hundred or a thousand years ago?

Looking back over that stretch of years by such light as history and literature can cast upon those distant days, we discover that while there have been economic changes and changes in government, human nature is just about the same. There is remarkably little difference between the urchin who scrawled with a piece of chalk caricatures of the popular athletes of the day on the walls of ancient Rome and the youngster who stands before the bulletin board on his way home from school, cheering as the baseball scores are announced inning by inning. The populace who thronged the amphitheaters and cheered the gladiators were after all remarkably similar to the crowds that throng the bleachers or the grandstand. The lapse of two thousand years has not made the multitude any quicker to cheer a plucky adversary or a skilful and victorious athlete. The crowds who watched the Olympic Games on the plains of Greece seven hundred years before Christ were quite similar in every regard to those who watch our games to-day.

By Hon. John K. Tener

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

We ought to gather something from this fact, for it is a fact, that the love of athletics and sportsmanlike play is an integral part of human nature. Who can say that it is not one of the best of the qualities that go to make up mankind? The spirit which is fostered and cultivated by athletics finds its way into other channels of life. For this very purpose we teach our boys to play games which bring them in competition with their fellows. Sports are governed by self-imposed rules and there is no evading the penalty of transgression. The man who has met his fellows in the field of sports can better judge of their honesty than through almost any other association. In the working world a man may commit offenses against decency and fair play and his acts may appear desirable in the eyes of the multitude if success and an immense return of wealth accrue to the transgressor, but in the world of sports nothing hides the naked ugliness of dishonesty; no glamour attends anything unfair or unmanly. Can we estimate the value of such influences upon the mind and character of the coming generations, or better impress upon them the principles of fair play, of loyalty, of meeting victory modestly and defeat gallantly, than through the sports they most enjoy?

There is another side to athletics and another reason why we should do our utmost to stimulate and encourage athletics generally. It can not be doubted that, in our satisfaction with the civilization resulting from our great progress in mechanical efficiency, we are losing sight of the inevitable loss to all of us as individuals. "The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet . . . he has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun . . . his note-books impair his memory, his libraries overload his wit . . . and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber."

To devote the intellect and energies of the race to developing greater mechanical aids to industry and to luxury, without providing for the deterioration which follows the use of such adventitious aids is to invite the fate we have seen befall a powerful and ambitious nation relying on its machine-made efficiency for supremacy of the world. Races and individuals develop physically and morally only through hardships and struggles against great odds. How then are we to preserve the morale of our nation if some antidote is not provided for the increasing softness and luxury of our national life? It would appear that the answer lies in widening the opportunities for the pursuit of sports; providing more

playgrounds for the children, that they may early meet and contend with their fellows in surroundings which are physically and morally stimulating.

There was a time within the memory of some of us when the opportunities for exercise in the out-of-doors was easily at hand for nearly every one, but within the past generation our cities have expanded with such amazing rapidity that many thousands of young people are growing up in environments which offer little opportunity for outdoor life. The economic pressure becomes constantly keener and it is more and more difficult for them to find the time and opportunity readily to devote to sports. I like to see crowds around the score boards waiting for the baseball returns because I am jealous of the popularity of the game and like to see an interest manifested in it, but I love more to see the crowds of boys playing the game on a vacant lot. The trouble is in these big cities of ours there are so few vacant lots. More frequently we see insistent signs, "No Ball Playing Here." We need more playgrounds for the boys and the right kind of influence and training to get them started on the way toward square, manly sports.

While the individual, in these days of mechanical industry and machine-made war, seems perhaps to cut a small figure, yet in the aggregate, which is after all the collective character of the individuals, a high standard of health and efficiency makes for the success or failure of a nation.

Athletic sports are the greatest aids to physical development, and the spirit of the contest molds the character, ever urging one to play up and play the game; to hold and fight through life for principle and right while chance of victory remains. The memory of games "won in the ninth" helps many a man through difficulties in after years. I can see a ball-player at the plate and the cheering, jeering thousands in the stands. He has one chance to win. He must not fail. With a summoning of his determination and a centering of his energies he throws all of himself into the needed base hit which gives his team the game. This is the man who in later life will carry a forlorn hope through to splendid victory.

From the beginning of recorded time sports have played a prominent part and have been a force for good throughout the world. Old and young find delight in them, either as spectators or participants. Should we not therefore, as Elks, encourage, foster and promote outdoor play, not only for ourselves but for the masses, that opportunity may thus be given for the recreation of mind and body and to learn those principles of Anglo-Saxon sportsmanship which are so essential in the building of character?

The Summer Camp of Laramie Lodge

By Donald A. Laird

WINDING down through Telephone Canyon, in Wyoming, one emerges on the edge of the plain below to behold in the dim distance majestic mountains eternally capped with snow. Heavy on the western horizon they hang, like some gigantic storm cloud of ominous portent.

Secluded away in these mountains, and yet accessible on well graveled roads, the weary tourist will find the Elks' Summer Home sponsored by Laramie (Wyoming) Lodge No. 582. Tucked away in the Medicine Bow Mountains amid the grandeur of the forest primeval, the glories of canyons, and the rugged beauty of the God of Nature, is Deep Lake. Here is the site of the new Elks' Summer Home.

The United States Forestry Service, through the supervisor of the Medicine Bow National Forest, has made it possible for the Laramie Lodge to secure a tract of land around Deep Lake. Here the club-house is nearing completion—one of those rambling mountain lodges built with native logs, generous fireplaces out of mountain boulders, and a steep roof to withstand the snows of the mountain winters for years to come.

Streets bordered by tracts of land one hundred feet on each side are available to any member who wishes to build his own summer lodge on the allotted section of the mountain.

Architects, some time ago, drew up plans for the central club-house and the general scenic treatment of the surrounding grounds. All buildings will be of logs. The club-house will be completely modern. The individual lodges will be as modern as the owners wish, but they must be constructed in accordance with certain sanitary specifications. The club-house will cost several thousand dollars. The individual lodges will cost about \$500 for a roomy building sufficient for comfortable living quarters of the average sized family.

All nature seems to be at her best in this region, especially during the summer months—not only in the sunrise and sunset. There is in the ruggedness and boldness of country's contour a something that appeals to all men. Within a stone's throw of Deep Lake there are canyons entrancing in their beauty. There is the thrill of the glacier higher up the mountainside.

It is a man's country!

Fishing? Deep Lake and twenty-four others near by are well supplied with fish. The gamiest and most delicious trout seem to be found only in the mountain. And apparently there is no end to them. That is well taken care of with the State fish hatchery at Laramie and the federal hatchery twenty-four miles to the west at Saratoga.

Imagine that you have seen the dawn tints on the mountains. Then imagine



PHOTO BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

that you grab your rod and cast into Deep Lake from the shore or walk a mile down the mountain stream for the breakfast fry. The second cast and *swish-h-h*, a silver flash in the water where the fly struck, a rapid unwinding of the reel, and the battle is on. The line tightens, the rod bends double. A little more play, then you tighten the line and draw the prize closer to the waiting net.

This excitement of catching the legal limit of trout before breakfast will never pale. But it may prove too much for the average mortal. By way of diversion, and to quiet the excited nerves, golf may be played, or the women folk can use the tennis courts in friendly combat.

When evening comes, and the last lingering caress of the sun has played through the pines, the family gathers 'round the flickering logs on the hearth, if the night is chilly, or in the glow of the electric table lamp, while the head of the house relates several times, with countless added details each time the story is repeated, just how he caught the "big fellow."

In a lull in conversation a sudden chill of the marrow seizes the gathering. Somewhere on the mountain is heard a long,

piercing, weird cry. The screech of grinding brakes and a hundred lost souls could not equal it. . . . The following morning the passing ranger stops at the club-house to tell, among other things, how he has set a trap for another mountain lion.

It is open season all the year 'round for mountain lion, bears, and coyotes. There are not many of them around, and they all shun man, but they are to be found and the diligent hunter is rewarded with pelts to be proud of. It is an ideal deer country. Elk, too, are plentiful, though it is illegal to kill them.

One is not isolated at Deep Lake. There is the central club-house and the neighbors, each with his log house approved of by the committee in charge. Two hours' ride down the mountainside, on roads maintained in splendid condition by the Forest Service, past Brooklyn Lake, through the old mining village of Centennial which was named because of the gold rush in 1876, out onto the plains across the old Overland Trail and the city of Laramie is reached.

Here the old and the modern are blended. One passes sedate ranch houses in the drive from Centennial. The old Overland Trail and the landmarks that guided the pioneers are visible, and in the center of this is the University of Wyoming.

In this region selected by Laramie Lodge for its summer home are real living, real rest. Here will be found beauty, sport, comfort, in a climate that is always cool and never too chilly in summer; health in a climate that is oftentimes a physician's prescription, pleasure that is never interrupted by rain.

And tucked away high up in the mountains, on the shores of Deep Lake, the Elk has his cabin for his family, a real club-house, and the conveniences of the city, plus the joy of living. No Elk would want more, nor be content with less.



PHOTO BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE



Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales Of the Order

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

FOUR thousand Elks, 250 troops from Forts Crook and Omaha, and 1,000 High School boys and girls and six bands were in line for the gigantic parade which preceded the cornerstone laying ceremonies for the new building of Omaha (Neb.) Lodge, No. 39. There was a special luncheon at noon in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, who came from Charleroi, Pa., to preside at the ceremony. Five hundred guests were present and addresses were made by Mr. Masters, Hon. James C. Dahlman, Mayor of Omaha and a member of Omaha Lodge; and the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, John H. Killian. Former Congressman Albert W. Jefferies was the chief orator when the cornerstone was laid in the afternoon before a great crowd. Every Lodge in Nebraska and many Iowa Lodges were represented at the dinner given in the evening to the visitors. Grand Exalted Ruler Masters praised Omaha Lodge for its high achievements, and after-dinner speeches were made by Judge William J. Conway, of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Hon. Frank L. Rain, of Fairbury, Neb., Past Grand Exalted Ruler; Fred C. Robinson, of Chicago, Ill., Grand Secretary; Hon. J. U. Sammis, of LeMars, Iowa, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; and James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler at the Atlanta Convention this year.

The new million-dollar home of Omaha Lodge will rank with the very finest Lodge buildings of the Order. Omaha Elks are pushing work on the structure and expect to celebrate next Christmas under its roof.

A Kindly Act Which Fittingly Observed "Mothers' Day"

A beautiful and kindly act, which fittingly observed "Mothers' Day," was performed by members of Albuquerque (N. M.) Lodge, No. 461, when they raised a fund for a poverty-stricken old lady in their community, enabling her to return to her daughters in England, who are unable to send her the passage money. "Our Mother," as the Albuquerque Elks called her, was 65 years old and, when fortune smiled on her, was known for her self-sacrificing and charitable acts. When she left the city on

her long journey eastward, she had, in addition to her tickets, \$50 in cash and a new trunk—all gifts from the Lodge. Arrangements were made with a former resident of Albuquerque, now living in Brooklyn, N. Y., to entertain the aged mother at his home until she set sail for England.

Big Radio Set Donated to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.

A big radio set, with a receiving radius of over 3,000 miles, given to the Massachusetts State Elks' Association by Medford (Mass.) Lodge, No. 915, has been presented to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. C. F. J. McCue, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, sent a radio expert with the instrument to the Home to install it properly, so that music and entertainment from all parts of the United States will be available now to the members of the Home Lodge.

Grand Chaplain Rev. John Dysart Greeted by Flint (Mich.) Lodge

Rev. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain of the Order of Elks, has so long been associated with Dubuque, Iowa, that it is difficult to place him elsewhere. Dr. Dysart has, however, moved from Iowa and settled at Flint, Mich. Early in the spring, a call was extended to him to become the rector of St. Paul's Church and he accepted it and began his work there recently. Dr. Dysart's leaving Dubuque was the occasion of a delightful courtesy shown him by Dubuque (Iowa) Lodge, No. 397. For many years Dr. Dysart had installed the incoming officers of Dubuque Lodge, and after officiating in this capacity on April 4, he was presented by the Lodge with a beautiful phonograph. After locating in Flint, the Grand Chaplain was the guest of honor at a reception and banquet tendered by Flint (Mich.) Lodge, No. 222. Among the guests present were Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary; William W. Mountain, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; Judge C. N. Brown, District Deputy Grand Exalted

Ruler, Michigan, East; Hon. John J. Carton, Member of the Grand Forum. After a delightful dinner, the Exalted Ruler of Flint Lodge introduced the Toastmaster of the evening, Rev. J. Bradford Pengelly who, in his delightful and witty manner, kept the evening's program moving in a most happy vein. In addition to the addresses, a most enjoyable musical and specialty program was presented, making the entire evening a delightful one for the large gathering of the members of Flint Lodge and their guests. Dr. Dysart has been most cordially welcomed by the citizens of Flint as well as by the parishioners of St. Paul's Parish, and is looking forward to a very successful and useful career in his new field.

North Carolina Elks Hold State Convention at High Point

High Point (N. C.) Lodge, No. 1155, was host to the North Carolina State Elks' Association on the occasion of its annual reunion and convention. The Association has now a 100 per cent. membership and has been of great assistance to the Lodges in coordinating the work being done throughout the State in the field of Social Welfare work and other community activities. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Henry W. Maston, Winston (N. C.) Lodge, No. 449; Secretary, T. B. Kehoe, New Bern (N. C.) Lodge, No. 764. (Re-elected).

Alaska Lodge Invites Elks to Take Part in Great Celebration

Anchorage (Alaska) Lodge, No. 1351, extends a cordial invitation to Elks throughout the United States to visit the "Farthest North" Lodge and to take part in the celebration which will mark the completion of the Government Railroad and the dedication of the McKinley National Park on July 10.

Grand Exalted Ruler Masters Guest of Chillicothe Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters paid a visit to Chillicothe (Ohio) Lodge, No. 52, on his recent trip through the Middle West. An elaborate reception was

given the chief executive of the Order, and visiting delegations from Jackson, Portsmouth, Circleville and Columbus swelled the gathering. Mr. Masters was entertained at dinner at the Warner Hotel by a Committee of Past Exalted Rulers of Chillicothe Lodge and later he attended the regular Lodge session. The occasion was the first exemplification of the ritual by the new officers of No. 52 and each acquitted himself with honor. After complimenting the officers and the Lodge, Mr. Masters gave a forceful address on the meaning of the Order of Elks, its aims and principles, its progress toward a high goal and the help that Lodges such as Chillicothe were giving toward the attainment of the ends sought. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by the Hon. John G. Price of Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 37. At the conclusion of the meeting, Past Exalted Ruler Addison P. Minshall presented Mr. Masters with a handsome silver loving cup on behalf of the members of Chillicothe Lodge.

Hoboken Lodge Has Large Band. Radio Concert Given

One of the best trained musical units in the East is the 70-piece band of Hoboken (N. J.) Lodge, No. 74. This band voluntarily performs many real services in the community and cooperates with many local organizations. Recently the band assisted in a benefit for the S. Rankin Drew Post of the American Legion in New York City, and was the means of stimulating interest in the activities of that Post. Many Elks throughout the country who own radio sets, heard the Hoboken Band a short time ago, when it broadcasted a special program of classical music from the powerful WEAJ Station in New York City. Hundreds of letters from all parts of the United States were received by the Lodge as a result of this concert in the air.

A New Lodge Instituted At Augusta, Kans.

Augusta (Kans.) Lodge, No. 1462, was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James A. Cassler of McPherson, Kans. The ceremony was conducted by the officers of El Dorado (Kans.) Lodge, No. 1407, and many were present from Wichita (Kans.) Lodge, No. 427, and other surrounding Lodges. No. 1462 was instituted with forty-eight members. Sidney E. Patterson was elected first Exalted Ruler and H. O. Mangold, Secretary.

Arkansas State Elks' Association Meets at Texarkana

The Arkansas State Elks' Association has closed a most successful convention. The meeting was held at Texarkana, the local Lodge providing an excellent welcome to the many visitors. The Association elected the following officers: President, Dr. Leonard R. Ellis, Hot Springs; Treasurer, B. L. Lunn, Little Rock; Secretary, A. W. Parke, Little Rock. Next year the Arkansas State Elks' Association will meet in Little Rock.

Asbury Park Lodge Greets New Jersey State Elks' Association

The Tenth Annual Reunion and Convention of the New Jersey State Elks' Association was held this year at Asbury Park. It was one of the most successful meetings in the records of the Association. Large delegations from every Lodge in the State attended and the great variety of enter-

tainment provided the visitors by Asbury Park (N. J.) Lodge, No. 128, will be remembered long. In addition to the annual banquet given at the New Monterey Hotel, one of the interesting features of the Convention was the Grand Street Parade. The uniformed Marching Clubs, Drill Teams and Bands from the forty-nine Lodges of the State took part. Special prizes were awarded for the best decorated float, the best band, the most unique costume, etc. On the closing day of the Convention, the New Jersey Elks officiated at the planting of a Memorial Tree and the dedication of a Tablet to commemorate the memory of the members who made the supreme sacrifice during the World War. The ceremony took place in Library Square. All the bands merged and played together in a single unit under the leadership of the noted Band Master, Arthur Pryor. Members of the American Legion and other patriotic bodies cooperated with the Association in this impressive event. The business sessions of the Convention were highly successful in bringing the New Jersey Lodges in line for another year of laudable activities, notably in the field of Social and Community Welfare Work.

A New Lodge Instituted At Webster, Mass.

Webster (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1466, was instituted by the officers of Worcester (Mass.) Lodge, No. 243, who also officiated at the initiation ceremonies. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Charles F. J. McCue; President of the Massachusetts State Elks' Association, John P. Brennan, together with Town and State dignitaries prominent in Elk activities, were among those who attended the initial opening. Delegations from three States, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, witnessed the birth of the new Lodge. The Lodge has already acquired a Home and now is off to make its mark in the community.

Building to Begin Shortly on New Home of Wichita Lodge

Plans are being drawn for the proposed new six-story \$600,000 Home of Wichita (Kans.) Lodge, No. 427, and the contract for the building will be awarded before Fall. The project has been financed, and actual construction work awaits only the completion of plans and specifications. The Lodge has set a goal of 2,000 new members to be initiated prior to taking up quarters in the new Home. The first "New Home"

class of 216 was recently initiated by degree teams from McPherson (Kans.) Lodge, No. 502, and Hutchinson (Kans.) Lodge, No. 453. The new structure will be situated in the down-town district, and will be the most up-to-date Club in the city, equipped with gymnasium, swimming pool and other desirable and attractive features.

New Lodges Instituted at Cape Girardeau, Mo., and Madison, N. J.

Cape Girardeau (Mo.) Lodge, No. 1464, was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Carroll Smith. The first Exalted Ruler is C. A. Vandivort. Louis Kreuger is the first Secretary.

Madison (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1465, was instituted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George L. Hirtzel, Jr., who acted for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard P. Rooney. The Lodge was instituted with sixty-nine members. Adolph J. Hoffman was elected Exalted Ruler and Frank H. Buck, Secretary.

Birmingham Lodge Celebrates New Home with a Large Housewarming

The celebration of the completion of its handsome new Home, held in the form of a "housewarming" by Birmingham (Ala.) Lodge, No. 79, was a brilliant affair in every respect. Several thousand people from all parts of the State were shown through the new Home. The parlors and reading rooms on the lower floor were profusely decorated with flowers and the ballroom brilliantly arrayed in Elk colors. Refreshments were served to all visitors and the Lodge's orchestra furnished an excellent program of music during the evening.

Fatal Summons Comes to Edward W. Miller

The sudden accidental death in Milwaukee of Hon. Edward W. Miller, United States District Attorney for the Eastern half of Wisconsin and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Wisconsin, East, came as a shock to his many friends throughout the country. Mr. Miller was a resident of Marinette, Wis., and a member of Marinette Lodge, No. 1313. He was prominent in the Order of Elks and a dominant personality in public life. Mr. Miller was born in Florence, Wis., on August 8, 1884. He was graduated from the Marinette Business College in 1904 and from the University of Wisconsin Law School in 1907. As a lawyer he was very successful, having been selected on various occasions by different circuit judges to act as special prosecutor in important criminal cases. He was for eight years Marinette County's District Attorney. Mr. Miller was appointed United States District Attorney for the Eastern half of Wisconsin by President Harding on recommendation of United States Senator Irvine L. Lenroot. He took office on February 27 of this year. Mr. Miller was very prominently identified with the Order of Elks in Wisconsin, being a Vice-President of the Wisconsin State Elks' Association as well as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Wisconsin, East. The funeral was held in Marinette. A large delegation of members from Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46, was present. Flags were flown at half mast and the whole city publicly mourned the loss of one of its best beloved citizens. In the evening Marinette Lodge held a Lodge of Sorrow which was attended by many representative Elks from all over the State.



Public Ceremony Conducted by Princeton (Ky.) Lodge Well Attended

The Mother's Day services of Princeton (Ky.) Lodge, No. 1115, which were held in one of the local churches, were largely attended by the public, some coming from out of town to witness the ceremony. This was the first observance of the day by Princeton Lodge and it was so successful that the members have resolved to repeat the ceremony on an even larger scale next year.

Goldfield Lodge Observes "Boy Day"— Hundreds of Youngsters Entertained

Goldfield (Nev.) Lodge, No. 1072, observed "Boy Day" by throwing open its Club-house all day to the boys of the community. A grand parade in which hundreds of boys took part was followed by a program of athletic contests to which the Lodge contributed the prizes. After this event came a spirited ball game between the Goldfield and Tonopah High School teams. In the evening, there was a special entertainment given by the Lodge in the assembly rooms which was attended by boys and their fathers. "Boy Day" was such a brilliant success and created such good feeling throughout the community that Goldfield Lodge will make it an annual event.

Grand Exalted Ruler Made to Feel "At Home" by Philadelphia Lodge

In order to make Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters feel at home at the banquet given in his honor following the laying of the corner-stone for No. 2's \$3,000,000 Club-house, Philadelphia Lodge erected, in the banquet room of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, scenic reproductions of certain sections of Charleroi, Pa., where Mr. Masters has his home. Mr. Masters arrived at the rotunda outside the banquet room in the Ritz-Carlton to find himself entering what appeared to be the railroad station at Charleroi, and it was a good reproduction. When he entered the room, there was the main street of the town and in the most conspicuous place was the very attractive store which bore the name "J. Edgar Masters." To make the scene even more realistic, a Charleroi newspaper, of even date, with a large picture of the guest of honor, was distributed, and a street quartet and other features enlivened the dinner. Not the least of the effect came when Philadelphia Lodge's itinerary to the Grand Lodge Reunion at Atlanta was distributed in pamphlet form by a uniformed trainman.

Beautiful Tribute Rendered to Mother Lodge by Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 22, recognized "Mother's Day" by presenting to New York Lodge No. 1 a handsome basket of white carnations decorated with purple ribbon, upon which was inscribed in silver: "To the Mother Lodge, 'Mother's Day,' from Brooklyn No. 22."

Corner-stone for City Health Center Building Laid by Alameda Lodge

Alameda (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1015, had the honor of being selected to conduct the laying of the corner-stone ceremonial for the new Alameda City Health Center building. This Health Center, one of the few of its kind in the United States, is an institution in which the whole city is vitally interested.

The welfare work it performs is extremely valuable to the community, and the selection of Alameda Lodge came as a result of the close sympathy and cooperation existing between No. 1015 and the men and women directing the activities of the Health Center.

Lowell (Mass.) Club-house to Be of Italian Renaissance Design

Plans have been laid by Lowell (Mass.) Lodge, No. 87, to begin the construction of their new Club-house in the Fall. The building will be three stories high, of the Italian Renaissance style, finished with red tapestry brick and white stone trimming. The interior also will be in Italian Renaissance style with the exception of the basement, which will be of either Colonial or Spanish Mission type. The first floor will have two entrances, one leading directly to the upper floors, and the other to the office vestibule. In this large entrance vestibule will be the steward's office and other offices. The first floor will also contain the main lounge, library, grill room, kitchen and serving room. The second floor will hold the main Lodge-room, with a seating capacity of 800, and seven anterooms. In the basement will be the rathskeller or large banquet room, baths, and the heating and ventilating systems. The new building will stand in Warren Street, near Central, and will be one of the finest architectural developments in the city for a number of years.

Bristol (Pa.) Lodge Features City's Industrial Advantages

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Bristol (Pa.) Lodge, No. 970, has issued an elaborate, illustrated broadside pointing out the unusual industrial possibilities of Bristol. The broadside, which is being distributed throughout the district, is in no sense a boosting prospectus or a bit of insidious advertising propaganda, but a carefully prepared statement of facts, compiled and arranged for the enlightenment of the whole community. Every feature of Bristol's industrial potentialities is treated and special emphasis is placed on the natural resources of the region, the prosperity of the citizens and the high standard of living enjoyed throughout the district.

Ensley Lodge Will Cover Wide Field Of Welfare Work in the Community

The initiation of the first class of new members since the inauguration of a membership campaign by Ensley (Ala.) Lodge, No. 987, was followed by a banquet, which many out-of-town visitors attended. The event was only one of numerous activities being planned by the Lodge. The Club-house will be thoroughly renovated, re-furnished, and the use of the building will be offered to various local agencies in connection with welfare work and entertainments. Ensley Lodge is also planning the establishment of a playground in the center of the city to be equipped with the most modern apparatus.

Gloversville Lodge Plans \$5,000 Bathing Pool for City Young

The membership of Gloversville (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 226, has accepted the recommendation of its Social and Community Welfare Committee and voted unanimously to build a municipal outdoor swimming pool in the New Darling Athletic Field for the benefit of the youth of the city. The present plan is for a concrete pool about 30 feet

wide and 100 feet long, with a depth of four feet at one end and eight feet at the other. The pool will be especially equipped with sanitary intake and drainage. The approximate cost of the pool will be about \$5,000, and Gloversville Lodge expects to raise this sum by a series of top-notch baseball games in which a semi-professional home team will represent the Lodge. Any additional amount needed after the games will be given by the Lodge. The pool will not be exclusively for the use of the school children, but will be open to working boys and men during the evenings.

California State Elks' Association Will Hold Meeting in Eureka

The California State Elks' Association will meet September 18-21 at Eureka, on the shore of Humboldt Bay, 290 miles northwest of San Francisco. Eureka (Calif.) Lodge, No. 652, which will entertain the Association, is in the center of the world's greatest redwood forest and is the most Western Lodge in the United States. Roads to Eureka are beautified by mountains, valleys, forests, streams and lakes, so those going to the Convention by automobile will experience the delights of California September travel over highways unusually rich in interest.

Poughkeepsie Lodge Produces Show— Tidy Sum Raised for Christmas Fund

Taking their parts with the ease and skill of professionals, the minstrel troupe of Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 275, presented their performance at the large local theater for two nights before capacity audiences. It was the largest and most elaborate amateur production witnessed in the city. The net proceeds, which amounted to nearly \$2,500, are for charitable purposes and will go into the Lodge's Christmas Fund to provide gifts for kiddies.

Alabama State Elks' Association Elects New Officers

At the final business session of the Alabama State Elks' Association, held at Florence, Ala., the following officers were named: President, Dr. J. H. Tippett, Dothan; Secretary, H. M. Bagley, Birmingham; Treasurer, C. L. Haley, Florence. Montgomery was selected as the Convention City in 1924. The next meeting of the State Association officers will be held on the second Tuesday in May, 1924.

Seventy Elk Mothers Entertained By San Bernardino Lodge

The mothers of seventy members of San Bernardino (Calif.) Lodge, No. 836, were given a great ovation on the occasion of the observance of "Mother's Day" by the Lodge. A special banquet was arranged and artistic place-cards suitably inscribed greeted the ladies at the table. There were musical selections by the orchestra and speeches by some of the sons. One mother responded with a brief address that went to the heart of every member. After the banquet, the mothers were the guests of the Lodge at the Strand Theatre.

Haverstraw Lodge Holds Impressive Flag Day Services

Nearly 1,000 children took part in the Flag Day exercises conducted by Haverstraw (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 877. The program was the most interesting and successful

ever held under the auspices of the Lodge. Lieutenant-Governor George R. Lunn was the guest of honor and delivered the address of the day. Supreme Court Justice Arthur S. Tompkins presented the prizes to the winning students in the Essay Contest on the subject of "The American Flag," the competition being open to all the children of the Grammar and High Schools in Rockland County. Many other prominent men of the State were present and took part in the services.

New York State Elks' Association Holds Convention in Albany

The annual Convention and reunion of the New York State Elks' Association, held at Albany, was one of the most successful, largely attended and enjoyable ever held by the State body. Every past President and each of the five Vice-Presidents and every Committee Chairman of the Association were on hand. While the delegates were assembling for the opening ceremony in Albany, New York Lodge, No. 1, at its regular meeting, elected Governor Alfred E. Smith to membership. Approval was secured from Grand Exalted Ruler Masters, who attended the Albany gathering, to have the Governor initiated at the Convention, and the ceremony took place very fittingly at the State Capitol in the Assembly Chamber, over which Governor Smith formerly presided as Speaker and where he has since been twice inaugurated as Governor. The business sessions, which were held in the Assembly Chambers of the Capitol, brought forth many interesting and stimulating reports. Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1, aroused the delegates to a state of enthusiastic appreciation when, during the presentation of his report as Chairman of the State Elks' Association Playground Committee, he referred to the law recently enacted and approved by Governor Smith which permits the State Land Commissioners to transfer unappropriated State lands to the municipalities in which they are located for the nominal consideration of \$1.00, provided they are improved as parks, playgrounds or recreation centers. Mr. Hulbert said there were hundreds of plots of varying sizes available of which details were being secured. An appropriation of \$500.00 was made to enable the Committee to follow up this work.

Many special entertainment features marked the three days of the Convention. There was a grand minstrel performance on the steps of the State Capitol; automobile sight-seeing tours; a sail down the historic

Hudson; a street parade with bands and floats, participated in by the 72 Lodges of the State. A thousand dollars in prizes were distributed for the largest delegations, best appearances, largest band, etc. All through the Convention, Albany Lodge, No. 49, kept open house for the delegates and provided an endless round of unusual entertainment for the visiting Elks and their families.

Boy Scout Council Assisted By Irvington Lodge

Irvington (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1245, is actively engaged in assisting the Boy Scout movement in that city. Recently a Boy Scout Council was organized, and the present efforts of the Lodge are directed toward the enlargement of the membership, and rendering the Scouts financial and moral support in their wonderful work. Irvington Lodge, which is interested in many other phases of community life, has just celebrated its twelfth anniversary. The event was a noteworthy one in that it marked the last social gathering of the members in their present Home.

Ground will soon be broken for the new Club-house, which will be ready for occupancy in the early Autumn.

Salt Lake City Lodge Bond Issue Subscribed in Two Days

It took exactly forty-four hours and forty-five minutes for the Elks of Salt Lake City Lodge (Utah), No. 85, to sell \$90,000 of six per cent. building bonds for the completion of their new Lodge building. There was keen rivalry between the various bond teams up to the closing of the books. The winning team sold bonds to the total of \$46,000. Subscriptions were received from members on the Coast and other places in the territory from Omaha, West.

Enlargement of Boise Lodge Under Way—Four Stories to be Added

The plans for enlarging the Club-house of Boise (Idaho) Lodge, No. 310, which were drawn up some time ago, are now being executed rapidly. The specifications call for a four-story addition to the already splendid Home of No. 310 to cost over \$100,000. More than half the necessary financing has been accomplished, and the rest is in easy sight through the sale of bonds to the membership. This improvement will give Boise Elks one of the most complete Homes in the West.

All the Pleasure of a Summer Resort Found at This Elks' Country Club

Members of Fort Wayne (Ind.) Lodge, No. 155, are again enjoying the unusually recreational facilities offered by their beautiful Country Club situated on the St. Joe River three miles north of the city. This year many improvements have been made on the grounds and the buildings. The baseball field has assumed big-league caliber, the tennis courts have been put into championship condition, and new lockers have been installed. This ideally located Club-house with its large swimming pool, its sweeping lawns and sport fields give every member of Fort Wayne Lodge and his family the opportunity to enjoy all the pleasures of a summer resort without the necessity of a long and tedious journey.

Delta Lodge Shows Rapid Growth. A New Building Considered

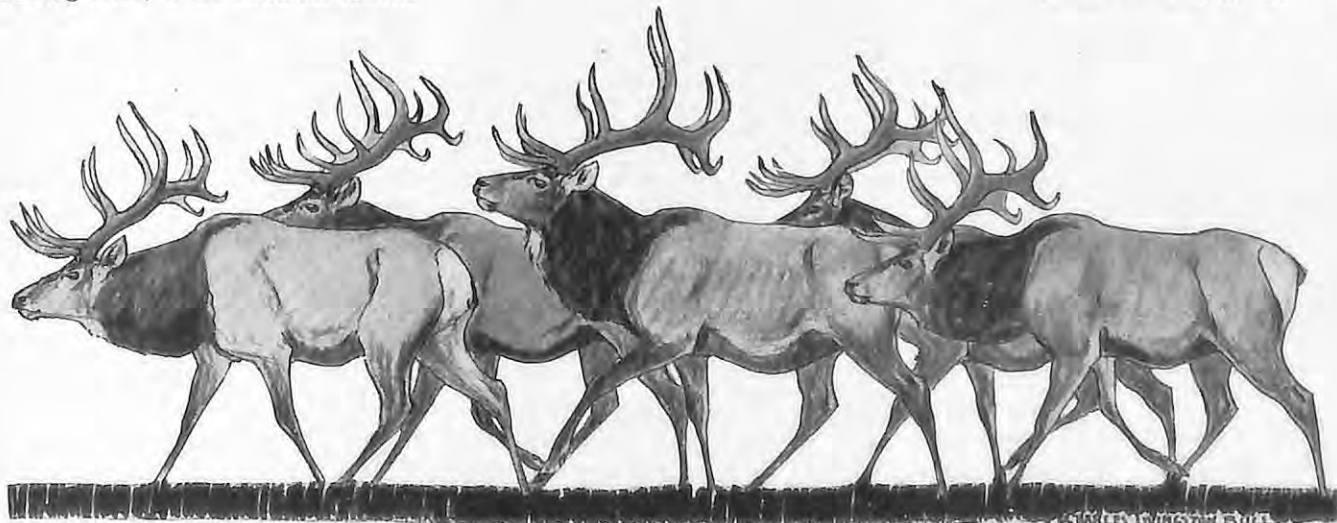
The rapid growth of Delta (Colo.) Lodge, No. 1235, has made the necessity of a new Club-house evident to the membership and a committee has been appointed accordingly to procure plans, specifications and estimates of cost for a new building. The findings of the committee will be submitted to the Lodge and also a plan for financing the project by the membership. At the present rate of growth, Delta Lodge will have a thousand names on its roster by the end of the current Lodge year and will be in a position to build and to support one of the best Club-houses in the State.

Newburgh Lodge Considers Project For New Building

The New Building Committee recently appointed by Newburgh (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 247, is working out plans for erecting and financing a new Club-house on property already owned by the Lodge. The specifications, which the membership has under consideration, call for a structure that will be up-to-date in every detail and afford adequate facilities for the Lodge's growing membership.

Great Body of South Dakota Elks To Attend Atlanta Convention

South Dakota Elks and their families and friends will travel to the Atlanta Convention in a solid vestibuled train which will be designated throughout its long run as the "McFarland Sunshine Special," in honor of James G. McFarland, of Watertown (S. D.) Lodge, No. 838, who is their
(Continued on page 69)



Directory of Subordinate Lodges

For the Year 1923-1924

Compiled by Fred C. Robinson
Grand Secretary, Chicago, Illinois

- Aberdeen, Miss., No. 620*—George J. Leftwich, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Frank Ransom, Secretary.
- Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1040*—C. A. Bremer, Exalted Ruler; Grant H. Mountain, Secretary.
- Aberdeen, Wash., No. 503*—M. B. Lytle, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Maxey, Secretary.
- Abilene, Texas, No. 502*—W. D. Girand, Exalted Ruler; L. P. Novakoski, Secretary, Box 253.
- Ada, Okla., No. 1275*—O. Green, Exalted Ruler; J. T. Koff, Jr., Secretary.
- Adams, Mass., No. 1335*—Rupert B. Daniels, Exalted Ruler; Ralph B. Jones, Secretary.
- Adrian, Mich., No. 420*—Emery B. Root, Exalted Ruler; Fred H. Tag, Secretary.
- Agana, Guam, No. 1281*—Wm. H. Notley, Exalted Ruler; Lawrence A. Sullivan, Secretary.
- Akron, Ohio, No. 303*—William H. McCormick, Exalted Ruler; Thomas S. Heffernan, Secretary.
- Alameda, Cal., No. 1015*—Homer R. Spence, Exalted Ruler; William Higby, Secretary.
- Alamosa, Colo., No. 1207*—J. E. Harron, Exalted Ruler; B. T. Poxson, Secretary.
- Albany, Ga., No. 713*—I. G. Ehrlich, Exalted Ruler; R. L. Kearsey, Secretary.
- Albany, N. Y., No. 49*—Edward N. Scheiberling, Exalted Ruler; Edward P. Hanlon, Secretary.
- Albany, Ore., No. 350*—P. A. Young, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Bowersox, Secretary.
- Albert Lea, Minn., No. 813*—H. E. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; C. M. Laite, Secretary.
- Albion, N. Y., No. 1006*—Edward Whittier, Exalted Ruler; R. Pollo Stillman, Secretary.
- Albuquerque, N. M., No. 461*—Chas. E. Twogood, Exalted Ruler; Frank A. Stortz, Secretary.
- Alexandria, Ind., No. 478*—L. S. Mahoney, Exalted Ruler; P. H. Martin, Secretary.
- Alexandria, La., No. 546*—J. W. Rudisill, Exalted Ruler; A. D. Baldwin, Secretary.
- Alexandria, Va., No. 758*—William E. Moore, Exalted Ruler; George H. Railing, Secretary.
- Alhambra, Cal., No. 1328*—Harold G. Cogswell, Exalted Ruler; P. O. Prince, Secretary.
- Allegheny, Pa., No. 330*—George P. P. Langfitt, Exalted Ruler; H. P. Staving, Secretary.
- Allentown, Pa., No. 130*—Alfred L. Ochs, Exalted Ruler; Fred D. Kutz, Secretary.
- Alliance, Neb., No. 061*—H. D. Shallenberger, Exalted Ruler; Percy H. Cogswell, Secretary.
- Alliance, Ohio, No. 467*—H. P. Rosenberg, Exalted Ruler; George Sheets, Secretary.
- Alma, Mich., No. 1400*—James Naylor, Exalted Ruler; William A. Howlett, Secretary.
- Alpena, Mich., No. 505*—August L. Wheadon, Exalted Ruler; H. Joachimsthal, Secretary.
- Alton, Ill., No. 746*—Richard Wilder, Exalted Ruler; F. P. Zimmerman, Secretary.
- Altoona, Pa., No. 102*—Howard K. Jacoby, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Storm, Secretary.
- Altus, Okla., No. 1226*—Charles H. Welch, Exalted Ruler; Ned Thomas, Secretary.
- Alva, Okla., No. 1184*—O. L. Hayden, Exalted Ruler; E. Westling, Secretary.
- Amarillo, Texas, No. 023*—R. E. Underwood, Exalted Ruler; E. L. Otto, Secretary.
- Ambridge, Pa., No. 083*—Connell Dignam, Exalted Ruler; Harry Schwartz, Secretary.
- Americus, Ga., No. 752*—C. F. Marshall, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Morgan, Secretary.
- Amsterdam, N. Y., No. 101*—Kuno B. Schotte, Exalted Ruler; Herman T. Wessell, Secretary.
- Anaconda, Mont., No. 230*—James Hudson, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Clinton, Secretary.
- Anacortes, Wash., No. 1204*—G. E. Anderson, Exalted Ruler; Wallace Mattice, Secretary.
- Anaheim, Cal., No. 1345*—H. H. Benjamin, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Wallop, Secretary.
- Anchorage, Alaska, No. 1351*—J. J. Delaney, Exalted Ruler; F. A. Martin, Secretary.
- Anderson, Ind., No. 209*—E. R. Watkins, Exalted Ruler; F. F. Barr, Secretary.
- Anderson, S. C., No. 1206*—Raymond E. Cochran, Exalted Ruler; J. Frank Gaillard, Secretary.
- Annapolis, Md., No. 622*—Charles H. Shearman, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Thompson, Jr., Secretary.
- Ann Arbor, Mich., No. 325*—Harvey Mills, Exalted Ruler; Ernest E. Gwinner, Secretary.
- Ansonia, Conn., No. 1269*—John G. Prendergast, Exalted Ruler; George F. McNamara, Secretary.
- Antigo, Wis., No. 062*—F. T. Lynde, Exalted Ruler; F. J. Dvorak, Secretary.
- Apollo, Pa., No. 386*—F. T. Shockey, Exalted Ruler; Ralph W. Whitlinger, Secretary.
- Appleton, Wis., No. 337*—Heber H. Pelkey, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Tennie, Secretary.
- Ardmore, Okla., No. 648*—William Chisholm, Exalted Ruler; Julius H. Kahn, Secretary.
- Argenta, Ark., No. 1004*—Charles T. Ryan, Exalted Ruler; Percy H. Machin, Secretary.
- Arkadelphia, Ark., No. 1140*—W. N. Adams, Exalted Ruler; Jas. B. Lowdermilk, Secretary.
- Arkansas City, Kans., No. 056*—W. H. Lightstone, Jr., Exalted Ruler; John N. Floyd, Secretary.
- Arlington, Mass., No. 1435*—H. Wesley Curtis, Exalted Ruler; Francis L. Dalton, Secretary.
- Asbury Park, N. J., No. 128*—Samuel Metzger, Exalted Ruler; James J. Carroll, Secretary.
- Asheville, N. C., No. 1401*—P. R. Terry, Exalted Ruler; W. O. Wolfe, Jr., Secretary.
- Ashland, Ky., No. 350*—Albert Yungkau, Exalted Ruler; Henry D. Shanklin, Secretary.
- Ashland, Ohio, No. 1360*—F. G. Mikusinski, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Gardner, Secretary.
- Ashland, Ore., No. 044*—E. C. Payne, Exalted Ruler; J. Edw. Thornton, Secretary.
- Ashland, Pa., No. 384*—Franklin C. Kull, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Rich, Secretary.
- Ashland, Wis., No. 137*—Jay U. Maylott, Exalted Ruler; L. W. Pool, Secretary.
- Ashtabula, Ohio, No. 208*—D. C. Reed, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Beeen, Secretary.
- Aspen, Colo., No. 224*—William R. Wheeler, Exalted Ruler; F. Stanley Watt, Secretary.
- Astoria, Ore., No. 180*—Chas. M. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Clinton, Secretary.
- Atchison, Kans., No. 647*—Edward E. Batty, Exalted Ruler; John E. Henderson, Secretary.
- Athens, Ga., No. 790*—P. S. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; Frank Postere, Secretary.
- Athens, Ohio, No. 073*—Alex M. Moore, Exalted Ruler; E. O. Huggins, Secretary.
- Atlanta, Ga., No. 78*—L. F. McClelland, Exalted Ruler; B. C. Broyles, Secretary.
- Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276*—Eugene G. Schwinghammer, Exalted Ruler; Geo. B. Stoddard, Secretary.
- Atlantic, Iowa, No. 445*—H. R. Malone, Exalted Ruler; John J. Rapp, Secretary.
- Attleboro, Mass., No. 1014*—John P. Fagan, Exalted Ruler; Virgil Blackinton, Secretary.
- Auburn, N. Y., No. 474*—George W. Daley, Exalted Ruler; Charles A. Dayton, Secretary.
- Augusta, Ga., No. 205*—E. Foster Brigham, Exalted Ruler; John A. Rox, Secretary.
- Augusta, Kans., No. 1462*—Sidney E. Patterson, Exalted Ruler; H. O. Mangold, Secretary.
- Augusta, Me., No. 064*—Francis J. MacNichol, Exalted Ruler; Walter G. Thomas, Secretary.
- Aurora, Ill., No. 705*—N. H. Millard, Exalted Ruler; C. M. James, Secretary.
- Aurora, Mo., No. 607*—A. E. Johnston, Exalted Ruler; C. M. Reid, Secretary.
- Austin, Minn., No. 414*—Martin A. Nelson, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Scallon, Secretary.
- Austin, Texas, No. 201*—Henry Wendlandt, Exalted Ruler; C. B. Anderson, Secretary.
- B
- Bainbridge, Ga., No. 086*—Joe Lane, Exalted Ruler; Alva C. Welch, Secretary.
- Baker, Ore., No. 338*—Connie J. Grabb, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Levens, Secretary.
- Bakersfield, Cal., No. 266*—Rollin Laird, Exalted Ruler; James Egan, Secretary.
- Balboa, Canal Zone, No. 1414*—Arthur W. Goulet, Exalted Ruler; Mace M. Jacques, Secretary.
- Ballard, Wash., No. 827*—C. W. Casler, Exalted Ruler; Dwight S. Hawley, Secretary.
- Baltimore, Md., No. 7*—John Freund, Exalted Ruler; Charles R. Klosterman, Secretary.
- Bangor, Me., No. 244*—Edward J. Conquest, Exalted Ruler; Walter I. Brown, Secretary.
- Bangor, Pa., No. 1106*—Nathan H. Hazen, Exalted Ruler; R. F. Yahraes, Secretary.
- Baraboo, Wis., No. 688*—Vern R. Harding, Exalted Ruler; Adolph Andro, Secretary.
- Barberton, Ohio, No. 082*—Arthur B. Casselberry, Exalted Ruler; Edw. A. Jacobs, Secretary.
- Barleesville, Okla., No. 1060*—Chas. E. Carpenter, Exalted Ruler; Cecil J. Prashaw, Secretary.
- Batavia, N. Y., No. 050*—Philip G. Weiss, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Homelius, Secretary.
- Bath, Me., No. 034*—Stanley M. Brown, Exalted Ruler; Joseph F. McCabe, Secretary.
- Baton Rouge, La., No. 490*—Wm. G. Randolph, Exalted Ruler; Louis J. Ricoud, Secretary.
- Battle Creek, Mich., No. 131*—Ralph W. Shulters, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Neale, Secretary.
- Bay City, Mich., No. 88*—Willard E. King, Exalted Ruler; T. C. Hughes, Secretary.
- Bayonne, N. J., No. 434*—Jules Menell, Exalted Ruler; John F. McCarthy, Secretary.
- Beardstown, Ill., No. 1007*—Ledru G. Schaeffer, Exalted Ruler; Edwin S. Knight, Secretary.
- Beatrice, Neb., No. 619*—F. E. Klein, Exalted Ruler; H. C. Pagels, Secretary.
- Beaumont, Texas, No. 311*—J. T. Booth, Exalted Ruler; Sam S. Solinsky, Secretary.
- Beaver Falls, Pa., No. 348*—R. K. Calvin, Exalted Ruler; H. B. Chandley, Secretary.
- Beckley, W. Va., No. 1452*—H. M. Gilgore, Exalted Ruler; Ralph G. Hess, Secretary.
- Bedford, Ind., No. 826*—George M. Rariden, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Been, Secretary.
- Bellaire, Ohio, No. 410*—E. L. Scott, Exalted Ruler; Russell Heathefington, Secretary.
- Bellefontaine, Ohio, No. 132*—Guy I. Morse, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Zoz, Secretary.
- Bellefonte, Pa., No. 1004*—B. J. Beezer, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Armstrong, Secretary.
- Belleville, Ill., No. 481*—Harry K. Pilkington, Exalted Ruler; Wilbur E. Krebs, Secretary.
- Belleville, N. J., No. 1123*—George F. Pond, Exalted Ruler; Henry Gemeinhardt, Jr., Secretary.
- Bellevue, Ohio, No. 1013*—W. R. Mowery, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Schuster, Secretary.
- Bellingham, Wash., No. 104*—Robert E. White, Exalted Ruler; G. Ed Rothweiler, Secretary.
- Beloit, Wis., No. 864*—R. S. Dailey, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Perkins, Secretary.
- Belton, Texas, No. 1131*—Harry M. Bowen, Exalted Ruler; Ghent Carpenter, Secretary.
- Bemidji, Minn., No. 1052*—J. A. Parmalee, Exalted Ruler; B. L. Johnson, Secretary.
- Bend, Ore., No. 1371*—Joseph H. Haner, Exalted Ruler; C. T. Terril, Secretary.
- Bennington, Vt., No. 507*—R. F. Niles, Exalted Ruler; Wm. P. Hogan, Secretary.
- Benton Harbor, Mich., No. 544*—Marvin R. Naylo, Exalted Ruler; D. Hart Green, Secretary.
- Benton, Ill., No. 1234*—Harry M. Moses, Exalted Ruler; Joe Bauer, Secretary.
- Berkeley, Cal., No. 1002*—Louis B. Browne, Exalted Ruler; Jas. H. Wheeler, Secretary.
- Berlin, N. H., No. 618*—A. E. A. Macdonald, Exalted Ruler; P. J. Hincney, Secretary.
- Berwick, Pa., No. 1138*—W. Fredrick Johnson, Exalted Ruler; A. C. McClure, Secretary.
- Bessemer, Ala., No. 721*—Norman L. Lefkowitz, Exalted Ruler; Ralph E. Burke, Secretary.
- Bessemer, Mich., No. 1354*—Raymond J. Mullen, Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Duda, Secretary.
- Bethlehem, Pa., No. 191*—Thomas P. Culhane, Exalted Ruler; Ray L. Crosland, Secretary.
- Beverly, Mass., No. 1309*—John F. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler; P. Joseph McKeone, Secretary.
- Bicknell, Ind., No. 1421*—Paul Bicknell, Exalted Ruler; Harry Mitchell, Secretary.
- Big Rapids, Mich., No. 074*—Oren P. Linabury, Exalted Ruler; Barney Laser, Secretary.
- Big Springs, Texas, No. 1386*—G. B. Cunningham, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Hodges, Secretary.
- Billings, Mont., No. 304*—Frank Coleman, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Sackett, Secretary.
- Biloxi, Miss., No. 606*—W. Leach, Exalted Ruler; John Schwenck, Secretary.
- Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852*—Marvin Fred Kelley, Exalted Ruler; J. Victor Schad, Secretary.
- Birmingham, Ala., No. 79*—T. W. Morgan, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Bagley, Secretary.
- Bisbee, Ariz., No. 671*—E. C. Hicks, Exalted Ruler; J. A. Kelly, Secretary.
- Bismarck, N. D., No. 1109*—Alex Rosen, Exalted Ruler; L. K. Thompson, Secretary.
- Blackfoot, Idaho, No. 1416*—Guy Stevens, Exalted Ruler; Leon J. Chapman, Secretary.
- Blackwell, Okla., No. 1347*—E. R. Walcher, Exalted Ruler; Miles N. Peckham, Secretary.
- Blairsville, Pa., No. 406*—W. J. DeLowry, Exalted Ruler; J. G. New, Secretary.
- Blocton, Ala., No. 710*—W. H. Wright, Exalted Ruler; B. H. Gatlin, Secretary.
- Bloomfield, N. J., No. 788*—Edward F. Higgins, Exalted Ruler; Wilmer L. Baldwin, Secretary.
- Bloomington, Ill., No. 281*—Herman J. Bock, Exalted Ruler; O. Seibert, Secretary.
- Bloomington, Ind., No. 440*—John Lincoln Nichols, Exalted Ruler; William P. Dill, Secretary.
- Bloomingsburg, Pa., No. 436*—R. Gene Hutchins, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Sloan, Secretary.
- Bluefield, W. Va., No. 269*—J. H. Franklin, Exalted Ruler; John F. Land, Secretary.
- Blue Island, Ill., No. 1331*—Edward H. Kay, Exalted Ruler; Edward L. Kruse, Secretary.
- Bluffton, Ind., No. 706*—William McBride, Exalted Ruler; Earl Warnock, Secretary.
- Blytheville, Ark., No. 1211*—E. E. Alexander, Exalted Ruler; Spencer Semmes, Secretary.
- Bogalusa, La., No. 1338*—W. S. Gardner, Exalted Ruler; Ed. Harms, Secretary.
- Boise, Idaho, No. 310*—B. B. Bliss, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Johnson, Secretary.
- Bonham, Texas, No. 041*—Earl Robinson, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Leatherwood, Secretary.
- Boone, Iowa, No. 563*—R. D. Cruikshank, Exalted Ruler; D. W. O'Connell, Secretary.
- Boonton, N. J., No. 1405*—Elmer W. Romine, Exalted Ruler; John A. Redington, Secretary.
- Boonville, Ind., No. 1180*—E. C. Pelzer, Exalted Ruler; Herman J. Becker, Secretary.
- Boston, Mass., No. 10*—Daniel J. Kane, Exalted Ruler; P. F. McCarron, Secretary.
- Boulder, Colo., No. 566*—A. E. Howe, Exalted Ruler; James Cowie, Secretary.
- Bound Brook, N. J., No. 1388*—Edwin J. Legge, Exalted Ruler; John P. Koehler, Secretary.
- Bowling Green, Ky., No. 320*—M. H. Crump, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Joe Schneider, Secretary.
- Bowling Green, Ohio, No. 818*—D. W. McMahon, Exalted Ruler; Raymond E. Ladd, Secretary.
- Bozeman, Mont., No. 463*—Don M. Langohr, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Spieth, Secretary.
- Bradock, Pa., No. 883*—John F. Nugent, Exalted Ruler; Paul D. Carr, Secretary.
- Bradford, Pa., No. 234*—John R. Pryde, Exalted Ruler; Jas. L. Andrews, Secretary.
- Brainerd, Minn., No. 615*—John A. Hoffbauer, Exalted Ruler; John J. Cummins, Secretary.
- Brawley, Cal., No. 1420*—Warren Carrier, Exalted Ruler; S. D. Carey, Secretary.
- Brazil, Ind., No. 762*—Otto T. Englehart, Exalted Ruler; John Jay Hubbard, Secretary.
- Bremerton, Wash., No. 1181*—H. E. Gorman, Exalted Ruler; A. A. Dickover, Secretary.
- Brenham, Texas, No. 079*—W. J. Wmbrey, Exalted Ruler; F. L. Amsler, Secretary.
- Bridgeport, Conn., No. 36*—Edward J. Daly, Exalted Ruler; Edward F. Nevins, Secretary.
- Bridgeton, N. J., No. 733*—John J. Nolann, Exalted Ruler; Craig Elmer, Secretary.
- Brinkley, Ark., No. 1262*—E. E. Whitehurst, Exalted Ruler; Henry Wolf, Secretary.
- Bristol, Conn., No. 1010*—Albert Le Febvre, Exalted Ruler; Geo. L. Roberts, Secretary.
- Bristol, Pa., No. 070*—William C. Watson, Exalted Ruler; Howard R. Thornton, Secretary.
- Bristol, Tenn., No. 232*—W. S. Baungardner, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Henritze, Secretary.
- Brockton, Mass., No. 164*—Michael J. Kelliher, Exalted Ruler; Lawrence V. McNally, Secretary.
- Bronx, N. Y., No. 871*—Arthur B. Kelly, Exalted Ruler; John J. McConlogue, Secretary.
- Brookfield, Mo., No. 874*—A. W. Kurfiss, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Osborn, Secretary.

Brookline, Mass., No. 886—Thomas J. Brady, Exalted Ruler; Albert P. Briggs, Secretary.
Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 22—John F. Tangney, Exalted Ruler; Joseph H. Becker, Secretary.
Brownsville, Texas, No. 1032—
Brownwood, Texas, No. 960—W. L. Watson, Exalted Ruler; D. S. Greenwood, Secretary.
Brussels, Ga., No. 691—Wm. W. Travis, Exalted Ruler; K. E. Ammons, Secretary.
Bryan, Texas, No. 850—Henry G. Wicks, Exalted Ruler; C. S. Beckwith, Secretary.
Bucyrus, Ohio, No. 156—Harry V. Van Voorhis, Exalted Ruler; Robert W. Lamb, Secretary.
Buffalo, N. Y., No. 23—John T. Smith, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Cullen, Secretary.
Burley, Idaho, No. 1384—S. C. Bever, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Schlick, Secretary.
Burlington, Iowa, No. 84—W. H. Paule, Exalted Ruler; E. A. Erb, Secretary.
Burlington, N. J., No. 906—Willis L. James, Exalted Ruler; William S. Conroy, Secretary.
Burlington, Vt., No. 916—Peter F. Garvey, Exalted Ruler; Harry T. Bacon, Secretary.
Bulter, Mo., No. 958—C. E. Robbins, Exalted Ruler; R. F. Percival, Secretary.
Bulter, Pa., No. 170—H. H. Courson, Exalted Ruler; V. A. McShane, Secretary.
Bulte, Mont., No. 210—Dan T. Malloy, Exalted Ruler; Frank L. Riley, Secretary.

C

Cadillac, Mich., No. 680—Walter L. Carlson, Exalted Ruler; E. J. Millington, Secretary.
Cairo, Ill., No. 651—Thomas W. Watson, Exalted Ruler; Herbert C. Steinel, Secretary.
Caldwell, Idaho, No. 1448—A. I. Myers, Exalted Ruler; S. Earle Boyes, Secretary.
Calico, Cal., No. 1382—S. H. Lockett, Exalted Ruler; H. W. Goings, Secretary.
Calumet, Mich., No. 404—Charles D. Hohl, Exalted Ruler; George J. Kemp, Secretary.
Cambridge, Mass., No. 830—Edward E. McGanty, Exalted Ruler; William H. Reardon, Jr., Secretary.
Cambridge, Md., No. 1272—P. P. Payne, Exalted Ruler; Alfred W. G. Hoge, Secretary.
Cambridge, Ohio, No. 448—C. B. Clements, Exalted Ruler; Samuel G. Aunin, Secretary.
Camden, Ark., No. 1140—R. C. Stewart, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Fahy, Secretary.
Camden, N. J., No. 291—Samuel A. Dobbins, Exalted Ruler; Albert Austermuhl, Secretary.
Caney, Kans., No. 1215—R. E. Quiett, Exalted Ruler; L. G. Parsons, Secretary.
Canon City, Colo., No. 610—J. E. Frederickson, Exalted Ruler; W. H. McKinstry, Secretary.
Canonsburg, Pa., No. 846—F. J. Humble, Exalted Ruler; Charles E. Skirble, Secretary.
Canton, Ill., No. 626—Albert E. Taff, Exalted Ruler; Albert Wormser, Secretary.
Canton, Miss., No. 458—J. A. Herron, Exalted Ruler; John W. Stone, Secretary.
Canton, Ohio, No. 68—W. J. Morgan, Exalted Ruler; Chas. A. Booth, Secretary.
Cape Girardeau, Mo., No. 1464—C. A. Vandivort, Exalted Ruler; Louis Krueger, Secretary.
Carbondale, Ill., No. 1243—V. A. Hundley, Exalted Ruler; M. S. Eaton, Secretary.
Carlinville, Ill., No. 1412—F. Edward Trover, Exalted Ruler; Loren A. Meiners, Secretary.
Carlisle, Pa., No. 578—Val D. Sheaffer, Exalted Ruler; J. Harvey Line, Secretary.
Carnegie, Pa., No. 831—John F. Conley, Exalted Ruler; R. F. Westermann, Secretary.
Carrollton, Mo., No. 415—Lee Dickson, Exalted Ruler; Harry M. Baird, Secretary.
Carthage, Mo., No. 529—Hugh B. Sanders, Exalted Ruler; J. N. Marsh, Secretary.
Caruthersville, Mo., No. 1233—Elwood Scott, Exalted Ruler; Walton M. Collins, Jr., Secretary.
Casper, Wyo., No. 1353—Charles T. Weidner, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Slack, Secretary.
Cattlettsburg, Ky., No. 942—John J. Emerick, Exalted Ruler; J. H. McConnell, Secretary.
Catskill, N. Y., No. 1341—J. Isaac Ponda, Exalted Ruler; W. C. O'Brien, Secretary.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa, No. 251—J. R. Murrel, Jr., Exalted Ruler; D. M. Cram, Secretary.
Centerville, Iowa, No. 940—F. Paul Staley, Exalted Ruler; Frank D. Sargent, Secretary.
Central City, Colo., No. 557—Frank J. Gray, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Matthews, Secretary.
Centuria, Ill., No. 493—R. J. Oldham, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Livesay, Secretary.
Centralia, Wash., No. 1083—J. C. Kriebel, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Ingraham, Secretary.
Chadron, Neb., No. 1309—Howard E. Barrett, Exalted Ruler; James R. Nylan, Secretary.
Chambersburg, Pa., No. 600—W. O. Zacharias, Exalted Ruler; Stuart L. Brown, Secretary.
Champaign, Ill., No. 398—William G. Moller, Exalted Ruler; P. E. Utterback, Secretary.
Chanute, Kans., No. 806—C. W. Hamilton, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Wood, Secretary.
Charlery, Pa., No. 494—Thomas H. Warrensford, Exalted Ruler; Geo. W. Risbeck, Secretary.
Charles City, Iowa, No. 418—F. M. Linnell, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Smith, Secretary.
Charleston, Ill., No. 623—T. N. Cofer, Exalted Ruler; W. O. Glasco, Secretary.
Charleston, S. C., No. 242—William H. Grimbail, Exalted Ruler; D. P. Hartley, Secretary.
Charleston, W. Va., No. 202—A. B. Davis, Exalted Ruler; R. C. Franklin, Secretary.
Charlotte, N. C., No. 392—A. J. Gocking, Exalted Ruler; Walter H. Beardsley, Secretary.
Charlottesville, Va., No. 389—John S. Graves, Exalted Ruler; E. A. Balz, Secretary.
Chattanooga, Tenn., No. 91—E. D. Bass, Exalted Ruler; Alvin Ziegler, Secretary.
Cheboygan, Mich., No. 504—William F. Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; Edward A. Hulbert, Secretary.
Chelalis, Wash., No. 1374—Geo. L. Sears, Exalted Ruler; Chas. L. Brown, Secretary.
Chelsea, Mass., No. 938—Donald M. Hastings, Exalted Ruler; Edgar E. Donnell, Secretary.
Cherryvale, Kans., No. 989—E. E. Armstrong, Exalted Ruler; F. C. Sands, Secretary.

Chester, Pa., No. 488—Lawrence A. Gipp, Exalted Ruler; B. George McAskie, Secretary.
Cheyenne, Wyo., No. 660—Frank P. Bell, Exalted Ruler; John J. McInerney, Secretary.
Chicago, Ill., No. 4—William J. Sinek, Exalted Ruler; Gustav W. Notthdurft, Secretary.
Chicago Heights, Ill., No. 1066—William H. Freeman, Exalted Ruler; Lester W. Ashen, Secretary.
Chickasha, Okla., No. 755—Garner G. Collums, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Clark, Secretary.
Chico, Cal., No. 423—L. W. Doyle, Exalted Ruler; J. S. Brown, Secretary.
Childress, Texas, No. 1113—C. A. Williams, Exalted Ruler; Paul C. Jones, Secretary.
Chillicothe, Mo., No. 656—Forrest M. Gill, Exalted Ruler; John W. Williams, Secretary.
Chillicothe, Ohio, No. 52—Alphonso I. Cahill, Exalted Ruler; William Greenbaum, Secretary.
Chippewa Falls, Wis., No. 1326—Peter J. Murphy, Exalted Ruler; Walter L. Hale, Secretary.
Chisholm, Minn., No. 1334—Paul Neuman, Exalted Ruler; Andy Cox, Secretary.
Christopher, Ill., No. 1396—A. S. Perrier, Exalted Ruler; R. R. Hudson, Secretary.
Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5—Charles E. Bunning, Exalted Ruler; J. S. Richardson, Secretary.
Circleville, Ohio, No. 77—Walker Baughman, Exalted Ruler; Rudolph Gessley, Secretary.
Cisco, Texas, No. 1379—Claude C. Wild, Exalted Ruler; E. M. Clayton, Secretary.
Claremont, N. H., No. 879—Leon W. Burns, Exalted Ruler; John Branch, Secretary.
Claremore, Okla., No. 1230—Edgar Anderson, Exalted Ruler; Geo. M. Reed, Secretary.
Clarksburg, W. Va., No. 482—W. Scott Wysong, Exalted Ruler; Walter B. Wilson, Secretary.
Clarksdale, Miss., No. 977—Geo. P. Wingo, Exalted Ruler; G. C. Rogers, Secretary.
Clarksville, Tenn., No. 601—H. C. Merritt, Exalted Ruler; Otho Robinson, Secretary.
Clearfield, Pa., No. 540—Chas. Callahan, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Pletcher, Secretary.
Cleburne, Texas, No. 811—Jas. E. Prendergast, Exalted Ruler; Curtis W. Friou, Secretary.
Cleveland, Ohio, No. 1438—Arthur W. Haines, Exalted Ruler; Wm. F. Bruning, Secretary.
Clifton, Ariz., No. 1174—H. K. Martin, Exalted Ruler; G. L. Cashion, Secretary.
Clifton Forge, Va., No. 1065—C. C. Walton, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Varner, Secretary.
Clinton, Ill., No. 784—Roy E. Downing, Exalted Ruler; O. A. Day, Secretary.
Clinton, Iowa, No. 109—W. L. Dieckmann, Exalted Ruler; A. Meinert, Secretary.
Clinton, Mass., No. 1306—T. Frank McDonald, Exalted Ruler; George H. Kramer, Secretary.
Clinton, Mo., No. 1034—R. L. Covington, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Severs, Secretary.
Clovis, N. M., No. 1244—F. B. Herod, Exalted Ruler; F. S. Burns, Secretary.
Coalgate, Okla., No. 988—E. P. Riesen, Exalted Ruler; C. W. Gentilini, Secretary.
Coalesville, Pa., No. 1228—William H. Fnddis, Exalted Ruler; Harry V. Atkinson, Secretary.
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, No. 1254—Edwin T. Powell, Exalted Ruler; Frank R. Kellogg, Secretary.
Coffeyville, Kans., No. 775—W. B. Barnhill, Exalted Ruler; F. E. Garverick, Secretary.
Cohoes, N. Y., No. 1317—Louis A. Buettner, Exalted Ruler; Thomas J. Conner, Secretary.
Coldwater, Mich., No. 1023—George D. Vail, Exalted Ruler; G. E. Kleindinst, Secretary.
Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 309—Tom Howland, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Stubbs, Secretary.
Columbia, Mo., No. 594—Joseph T. Harris, Exalted Ruler; Jas. K. Parker, Secretary.
Columbia, Pa., No. 1074—Percy Gerfin, Exalted Ruler; Luther J. Schroeder, Secretary.
Columbia, S. C., No. 1190—Manly C. Sanders, Exalted Ruler; D. LeGare Bates, Secretary.
Columbia, Tenn., No. 686—J. Gordon Brown, Exalted Ruler; Chas. J. Cecil, Secretary.
Columbia City, Ind., No. 1417—D. A. Walter, Exalted Ruler; Philip G. Anthes, Secretary.
Columbus, Ga., No. 111—Jos. A. Lynch, Exalted Ruler; A. B. King, Secretary.
Columbus, Ind., No. 521—Frank L. Flanigan, Exalted Ruler; Walter W. Spough, Secretary.
Columbus, Miss., No. 555—Arthur Stansel, Exalted Ruler; S. B. Schwab, Secretary.
Columbus, Neb., No. 1195—James L. Rich, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Gregorius, Secretary.
Columbus, Ohio, No. 37—Robert J. Beatty, Exalted Ruler; John W. Ranney, Secretary.
Concord, N. C., No. 857—B. E. Harris, Exalted Ruler; L. C. Barringer, Secretary.
Concord, N. H., No. 1210—Charles E. Tenney, Exalted Ruler; Albert Hanus, Secretary.
Concordia, Kans., No. 586—Tom Kennett, Exalted Ruler; C. B. Davies, Secretary.
Conneaut, Ohio, No. 256—J. S. O'Connor, Exalted Ruler; Tom L. Smith, Secretary.
Connellsville, Pa., No. 503—H. F. Moser, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Wallace, Secretary.
Connersville, Ind., No. 379—Roy D. Morrow, Exalted Ruler; Edwin M. Maley, Secretary.
Conway, Ark., No. 1364—Howard James, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Moss, Secretary.
Coraopolis, Pa., No. 1090—W. Meade McCormack, Exalted Ruler; Harry T. O'Neil, Secretary.
Corryth, Miss., No. 1035—I. J. Scharf, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Rankin, Secretary.
Corning, N. Y., No. 1071—E. Pyng Porter, Exalted Ruler; John M. Beck, Secretary.
Corpus Christi, Texas, No. 1030—Charles N. Coleman, Exalted Ruler; Geo. W. Grim, Secretary.
Corry, Pa., No. 769—John C. Kibler, Exalted Ruler; Foster E. Davis, Secretary.
Corsicana, Texas, No. 172—W. F. Seale, Exalted Ruler; F. M. Holmes, Secretary.
Cortland, N. Y., No. 748—George H. Higgins, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Dowd, Secretary.
Corvallis, Ore., No. 1413—Frank E. McKenna, Exalted Ruler; Fred McHenry, Secretary.
Coshocton, Ohio, No. 376—Walter R. Bowsler, Exalted Ruler; R. T. Raymer, Secretary.
Council Bluffs, Iowa, No. 531—John P. Davis, Exalted Ruler; H. A. Waddington, Secretary.

Covington, Ky., No. 314—Robert H. Haines, Exalted Ruler; Frank B. Kerman, Secretary.
Covington, Tenn., No. 1205—D. S. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Biddle, Secretary.
Crawfordsville, Ind., No. 483—James A. Wallace, Exalted Ruler; Earl Laurimore, Secretary.
Creede, Colo., No. 506—John J. Weaver, Exalted Ruler; H. D. Barnhart, Secretary.
Creston, Iowa, No. 605—L. D. Rivenburg, Exalted Ruler; Leon A. Morrison, Secretary.
Cripple Creek, Colo., No. 316—H. T. Coppage, Exalted Ruler; Walter D. Tatum, Secretary.
Crisfield, Md., No. 1044—Egbert L. Quinn, Exalted Ruler; James W. McLane, Secretary.
Crookston, Minn., No. 342—John A. McKinnon, Exalted Ruler; C. D. Billings, Secretary.
Crowley, La., No. 745—Jos. V. Hanley, Exalted Ruler; Louis P. Gandin, Secretary.
Cumberland, Md., No. 63—John J. Stump, Exalted Ruler; Perry A. Nicklin, Secretary.
Cynthiana, Ky., No. 438—John S. Linehan, Exalted Ruler; R. H. Conway, Secretary.

D

Dalhart, Texas, No. 1159—Jack M. Wade, Exalted Ruler; Clovis G. Baker, Secretary.
Dallas, Texas, No. 71—R. C. Dolbin, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Mulvory, Secretary.
Danbury, Conn., No. 120—James B. Farley, Exalted Ruler; Leon L. Thompson, Secretary.
Danville, Ill., No. 332—W. H. Martin, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Prince, Secretary.
Danville, Ky., No. 670—Hewett Montgomery, Exalted Ruler; Carl K. McWaters, Secretary.
Danville, Pa., No. 754—John M. Reilly, Exalted Ruler; Edward Purpur, Secretary.
Danville, Va., No. 227—John W. Gibson, Exalted Ruler; Samuel W. Collic, Secretary.
Davenport, Iowa, No. 298—Chas. J. Stelk, Exalted Ruler; Sam. W. Hirschl, Secretary.
Dayton, Ohio, No. 58—Eugene L. Ferguson, Exalted Ruler; Charles P. Althoff, Secretary.
Devona, Fla., No. 1141—Jacob Lorillard, Exalted Ruler; Geo. F. Crouch, Secretary.
Deadwood, S. D., No. 508—R. C. Jones, Exalted Ruler; Guy W. Mickel, Secretary.
Decatur, Ill., No. 401—E. L. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Geo. S. Foster, Secretary.
Decatur, Ind., No. 993—D. M. Hensley, Exalted Ruler; Vincent Boremann, Secretary.
Decorah, Iowa, No. 443—B. O. Marsh, Exalted Ruler; F. M. Hughes, Secretary.
Defiance, Ohio, No. 147—Floyd E. Hall, Exalted Ruler; Louie E. Daoust, Secretary.
De Kalb, Ill., No. 768—E. E. Woods, Exalted Ruler; John C. Killian, Secretary.
De Land, Fla., No. 1463—Murray Sams, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Watts, Secretary.
Delaware, Ohio, No. 76—Warren V. Ryder, Exalted Ruler; Frank E. Hutchisson, Secretary.
De Ridder, La., No. 1333—F. W. Raggio, Exalted Ruler; M. M. McKenzie, Secretary.
Del Rio, Texas, No. 837—L. Julian LaCrosse, Exalted Ruler; B. F. Peirce, Secretary.
Delta, Colo., No. 1235—John R. Charlesworth, Exalted Ruler; Percival E. Coomb, Secretary.
Demopolis, Ala., No. 681—B. J. Levy, Exalted Ruler; Julian Hart, Secretary.
Denison, Texas, No. 238—A. M. Freels, Exalted Ruler; R. Geisenhoner, Secretary.
Denton, Texas, No. 807—John C. Storrle, Exalted Ruler; Lee E. Musgrove, Secretary.
Denver, Colo., No. 17—Charles A. Nast, Exalted Ruler; William H. Wheadon, Secretary.
Derby, Conn., No. 571—Alfred M. Martin, Exalted Ruler; Sidney J. Williams, Secretary.
Des Moines, Iowa, No. 98—John T. Feehan, Exalted Ruler; Walter S. McKee, Secretary.
De Soto, Mo., No. 680—H. S. Crow, Exalted Ruler; H. W. Harris, Secretary.
Detroit, Mich., No. 34—Jas. Bonar, Exalted Ruler; John J. Collins, Secretary.
Devils Lake, N. D., No. 1216—Frank W. Breakey, Exalted Ruler; C. W. Greene, Secretary.
Dickinson, N. D., No. 1137—H. L. Reichert, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Turner, Secretary.
Dixon, Ill., No. 779—Willard Thompson, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Nixon, Secretary.
Dodge City, Kans., No. 1406—U. G. Balderston, Exalted Ruler; Karl Miller, Secretary.
Donaldsonville, La., No. 1153—D. T. Martin, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Bouchereau, Secretary.
Donora, Pa., No. 1265—Harry D. Leach, Exalted Ruler; Clyde T. Lewis, Secretary.
Dothan, Ala., No. 1394—O. C. Doster, Exalted Ruler; H. D. Searcy, Secretary.
Douglas, Ariz., No. 955—E. W. Adamson, Exalted Ruler; I. B. Ward, Secretary.
Douglas, Ga., No. 1286—L. A. Farnell, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Dent, Secretary.
Dover, Ohio, No. 975—Homer H. Keppler, Exalted Ruler; W. V. Krantz, Secretary.
Dover, N. H., No. 184—Arthur W. Hall, Exalted Ruler; Arthur A. Burwell, Secretary.
Dover, N. J., No. 782—Berhart Troxler, Exalted Ruler; John J. Donohue, Secretary.
Dowagiac, Mich., No. 889—B. A. Michael, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Mosher, Secretary.
Du Bois, Pa., No. 349—A. F. Kuhn, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Bell, Secretary.
Dubuque, Iowa, No. 297—Carl Lindenberg, Exalted Ruler; Ed. J. Baumhover, Secretary.
Duluth, Minn., No. 133—Thomas J. McKeon, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Stevens, Secretary.
Duncan, Okla., No. 1446—P. P. Duffy, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Wilkinson, Secretary.
Dunkirk, N. Y., No. 922—Horatio J. Hayes, Exalted Ruler; William H. Maloney, Secretary.
Duquesne, Pa., No. 751—Thomas F. Kearns, Exalted Ruler; George Turnbull, Secretary.
Du Quoin, Ill., No. 884—R. S. Linzee, Exalted Ruler; H. W. Schroeder, Secretary.
Durango, Colo., No. 507—J. H. McDevitt, Jr., Exalted Ruler; S. D. Monberg, Secretary.
Durant, Okla., No. 792—M. M. Morrow, Exalted Ruler; Hade Gibson, Secretary.
Durham, N. C., No. 568—R. B. Fuller, Exalted Ruler; E. N. Moize, Secretary.

E

East Chicago, Ind., No. 981—John C. Stephens, Exalted Ruler; Earl W. Ryder, Secretary.
Eastland, Texas, No. 1372—W. H. Lobaugh, Exalted Ruler; Ralph D. Mahon, Secretary.
East Liverpool, Ohio, No. 258—W. L. Smith, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Albert W. Hohmann, Secretary.
Easton, Pa., No. 121—Walter R. Rehrig, Exalted Ruler; John J. Koepfer, Secretary.
East Orange, N. J., No. 630—Clarence A. Appleton, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Johnson, Secretary.
Eastport, Me., No. 880—David C. MacNichol, Exalted Ruler; Emery A. Duo, Secretary.
East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664—John J. Faulkner, Exalted Ruler; Thos. J. Healy, Secretary.
East Stroudsburg, Pa., No. 310—Geo. D. MacDonough, Exalted Ruler; A. Y. Hoffman, Secretary.
Eau Claire, Wis., No. 402—Knut Anderson, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Selbach, Secretary.
Effingham, Ill., No. 1016—Guy P. Denton, Exalted Ruler; Geo. J. Bauer, Secretary.
Elberton, Ga., No. 1100—E. G. Nock, Exalted Ruler; Jas. N. Rice, Secretary.
El Centro, Cal., No. 1325—Lou R. Phillely, Exalted Ruler; Geo. M. Hopgood, Secretary.
El Dorado, Ark., No. 1120—W. M. Bellott, Exalted Ruler; J. P. Henry, Secretary.
Eldorado, Ill., No. 1366—John H. Evans, Exalted Ruler; Walter R. Lowe, Secretary.
El Dorado, Kans., No. 1407—A. J. Sedgwick, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Downie, Secretary.
Elgin, Ill., No. 737—Robert H. Hilton, Exalted Ruler; Walter J. Fay, Secretary.
Elizabeth, N. J., No. 289—John V. Liddy, Exalted Ruler; Emil J. Hirtzel, Secretary.
Elizabeth City, N. C., No. 856—William C. Sawyer, Exalted Ruler; D. Guy Brockett, Secretary.
Elk City, Okla., No. 1144—J. R. Shafer, Exalted Ruler; G. H. Garner, Secretary.
Elkhart, Ind., No. 425—Dan W. Owens, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Brunig, Secretary.
Elkins, W. Va., No. 1135—R. E. O'Connor, Exalted Ruler; P. L. Dye, Secretary.
Ellensburg, Wash., No. 1102—H. E. Studebaker, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Cunningham, Secretary.
Elwood City, Pa., No. 1356—Warren S. Wilson, Exalted Ruler; Hiram J. Myers, Secretary.
Elmira, N. Y., No. 62—Henry W. Honan, Exalted Ruler; Julius S. Denton, Secretary.
El Paso, Texas, No. 187—Chas. H. Armstrong, Exalted Ruler; Bert McCabe, Secretary.
El Reno, Okla., No. 743—George W. Preston, Exalted Ruler; John E. Gallagher, Secretary.
Elwood, Ind., No. 368—Clayton C. Cooper, Exalted Ruler; C. D. Sizelove, Secretary.
Elyria, Ohio, No. 465—F. A. Stetson, Exalted Ruler; F. L. Ellenberger, Secretary.
Emporia, Kans., No. 633—Harry P. Norton, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Kopke, Secretary.
Englewood, N. J., No. 1157—Michael J. Moynihan, Exalted Ruler; Thomas C. Birtwhistle, Secretary.
Enid, Okla., No. 870—W. O. Haldeman, Exalted Ruler; A. V. Smith, Secretary.
Ennis, Texas, No. 261—J. T. Rogers, Exalted Ruler; Chas. S. Cook, Secretary.
Ensley, Ala., No. 987—P. L. Plemons, Exalted Ruler; Edw. A. Warnick, Secretary.
Eric, Pa., No. 67—H. M. Schuwerk, Exalted Ruler; George M. Lyle, Secretary.
Escanaba, Mich., No. 354—Arthur Peterson, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Bartella, Secretary.
Esherville, Iowa, No. 528—J. E. Stockdale, Exalted Ruler; John G. Smith, Secretary.
Etna, Pa., No. 932—Harry C. Seidel, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Jones, Secretary.
Eufaula, Ala., No. 912—Chauncey Sparks, Exalted Ruler; Floyd P. Love, Secretary.
Eugene, Ore., No. 357—O. A. Faust, Exalted Ruler; G. E. Wood, Secretary.
Eureka, Cal., No. 652—Bruce Spencer, Exalted Ruler; William L. Lambert, Secretary.
Eureka, "Tintic," Utah, No. 711—I. D. Theriault, Exalted Ruler; Elijah Bowen, Secretary.
Eureka Springs, Ark., No. 1042—Chas. E. Sweeney, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Forrest, Secretary.
Evanson, Ill., No. 1316—Earle Leffingwell, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Catlow, Secretary.
Evansville, Ind., No. 116—Walter A. Beckerle, Exalted Ruler; Roy R. White, Secretary.
Eveleth, Minn., No. 1161—H. J. Coleman, Exalted Ruler; A. S. Drew, Secretary.
Everett, Mass., No. 642—Charles F. Palmer, Exalted Ruler; Maurice Whalen, Jr., Secretary.
Everett, Wash., No. 479—Harry R. Embree, Exalted Ruler; Sam C. Bothwell, Secretary.
Excelsior Springs, Mo., No. 1001—John F. Maurer, Exalted Ruler; Frank A. Benson, Secretary.

F

Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203—C. R. Shelley, Exalted Ruler; Geo. S. Brenn, Secretary.
Fairfield, Iowa, No. 1192—Ralph Gilmer, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Williams, Secretary.
Fairmont, W. Va., No. 204—J. C. Burchinal, Exalted Ruler; Chas. R. Hawkins, Secretary.
Fall River, Mass., No. 118—Hugh T. McNeill, Exalted Ruler; John P. McMullen, Jr., Secretary.
Falls City, Neb., No. 963—George E. Schock, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Blaine Yoder, Secretary.
Fargo, N. D., No. 260—Ora C. Ayliffe, Exalted Ruler; G. J. Stout, Secretary.
Faribault, Minn., No. 1166—E. A. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; A. H. Cox, Secretary.
Fayetteville, Ark., No. 1104—Edgar McAllester, Exalted Ruler; W. F. Dunn, Secretary.
Fayetteville, N. C., No. 1081—Duncan Shaw, Exalted Ruler; Joe B. Warshaver, Secretary.
Fergus Falls, Minn., No. 1093—Arthur N. Barnard, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Leland, Secretary.
Fernandina, Fla., No. 795—J. B. Stewart, Exalted Ruler; J. T. Ferreira, Secretary.
Findlay, Ohio, No. 75—Arthur J. Rogers, Exalted Ruler; Earl B. Kenton, Secretary.
Fitchburg, Mass., No. 847—John A. Fyfe, Exalted Ruler; John J. Hannigan, Secretary.
Fitzgerald, Ga., No. 1036—T. E. White, Exalted Ruler; Y. K. Bowles, Secretary.
Flagstaff, Ariz., No. 409—Cecil M. Archer, Exalted Ruler; Tom L. Rees, Secretary.

Flint, Mich., No. 222—Frank G. Fetzter, Exalted Ruler; Jay H. Brockway, Secretary.
Florence, Ala., No. 820—C. W. Ashcraft, Exalted Ruler; O. Blair, Secretary.
Florence, Colo., No. 611—John R. Roberts, Exalted Ruler; John D. Stewart, Secretary.
Fond du Lac, Wis., No. 57—H. M. Fellenz, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Dyhr, Secretary.
Forrest City, Ark., No. 1210—Edw. Roleson, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Hinson, Secretary.
Fort Collins, Colo., No. 804—Zack A. Stanley, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Hurley, Secretary.
Fort Dodge, Iowa, No. 306—W. L. Tang, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Barton, Secretary.
Fort Madison, Iowa, No. 374—W. H. Kay, Exalted Ruler; B. F. Shreves, Secretary.
Fort Morgan, Colo., No. 1143—Howard B. Bloedorn, Exalted Ruler; Ellis L. McDill, Secretary.
Fort Myers, Fla., No. 1288—E. T. Pepper, Exalted Ruler; Albert G. Colcord, Secretary.
Fort Scott, Kans., No. 579—R. C. Lynn, Exalted Ruler; Frank O'Brien, Secretary.
Fort Smith, Ark., No. 341—Allan Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Connerly, Secretary.
Fort Wayne, Ind., No. 155—Leo M. O'Brien, Exalted Ruler; E. J. Ehrman, Secretary.
Fort Worth, Texas, No. 124—Tom W. Bowdry, Exalted Ruler; C. O. Elliott, Secretary.
Fostoria, Ohio, No. 935—Clayton C. Kinsey, Exalted Ruler; Chalmers D. Fry, Secretary.
Frammingham, Mass., No. 1264—John P. Driscoll, Exalted Ruler; Jeremiah J. Hourin, Secretary.
Frankfort, Ind., No. 560—Dorsey D. Norris, Exalted Ruler; Wm. A. LaVelle, Secretary.
Frankfort, Ky., No. 530—Thomas H. Jesse, Exalted Ruler; Jos. J. Kernen, Secretary.
Franklin, La., No. 1387—R. Norman Bauer, Exalted Ruler; L. M. Folse, Secretary.
Franklin, N. H., No. 1280—Clyde C. Brown, Exalted Ruler; Garrett A. Cushing, Secretary.
Franklin, Pa., No. 110—Jos. Riesenman, Jr., Exalted Ruler; F. L. Bensinger, Secretary.
Frederick, Md., No. 684—Meridith H. V. Straub, Exalted Ruler; Jacob H. Schmidt, Secretary.
Fredericksburg, Va., No. 875—Wm. T. McGee, Exalted Ruler; A. Stuart Jones, Secretary.
Freehold, N. J., No. 1454—Chas. R. Storm, Exalted Ruler; D. S. Reichy, Secretary.
Freeland, Pa., No. 1145—James D. Griffith, Exalted Ruler; T. L. Edmunds, Secretary.
Freeport, Ill., No. 617—William H. Kunz, Exalted Ruler; M. W. Graham, Secretary.
Freeport, N. Y., No. 1253—Worden E. Winne, Exalted Ruler; Sylvester P. Shea, Secretary.
Freemont, Neb., No. 514—Cassius J. Reynolds, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Balduff, Secretary.
Freemont, Ohio, No. 169—A. C. Solomon, Exalted Ruler; I. Ticknor Miller, Secretary.
Fresno, Cal., No. 439—Chas. E. Barnum, Exalted Ruler; Glen V. Slater, Secretary.
Frostburg, Md., No. 470—Paul L. Hitchins, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Sullivan, Secretary.
Fullon, Ky., No. 1142—E. N. Demyer, Exalted Ruler; F. S. Irby, Secretary.
Fullon, Mo., No. 1231—J. Walker Frank, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Maughs, Secretary.
Fullon, N. Y., No. 830—William E. Cameron, Exalted Ruler; Thomas F. McCollum, Secretary.

G

Gainesville, Fla., No. 990—Glen Stringfellow, Exalted Ruler; D. B. Morris, Secretary.
Gainesville, Texas, No. 525—Sol. Zacharias, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Cunningham, Secretary.
Galena, Ill., No. 882—Robert A. Bratton, Exalted Ruler; Sam Meisner, Secretary.
Galena, Kans., No. 677—L. V. Moeller, Exalted Ruler; I. Weiler, Secretary.
Galesburg, Ill., No. 804—Frank M. Tanney, Exalted Ruler; J. Willis Peterson, Secretary.
Galion, Ohio, No. 1191—Fred Eusey, Exalted Ruler; Harry D. Smart, Secretary.
Gallipolis, Ohio, No. 107—Alfred M. Barlow, Exalted Ruler; H. U. Carnes, Secretary.
Gallup, N. M., No. 1440—Joseph P. Gribben, Exalted Ruler; S. E. Brentari, Secretary.
Galveston, Texas, No. 126—R. E. L. Barnett, Exalted Ruler; Maurice Meyer, Secretary.
Garden City, Kans., No. 1404—Lee Richardson, Exalted Ruler; Herbert G. Ross, Secretary.
Gardiner, Me., No. 1293—John W. Burke, Exalted Ruler; Edwin S. Lincoln, Secretary.
Gardner, Mass., No. 1426—William L. Shaughnessy, Exalted Ruler; John J. Mullaney, Secretary.
Garrett, Ind., No. 1447—H. M. VanLear, Exalted Ruler; P. A. Gengler, Secretary.
Gary, Ind., No. 1152—George E. Weeks, Exalted Ruler; Chas. P. Nuppnau, Secretary.
Geneva, N. Y., No. 1054—C. T. Lynch, Exalted Ruler; F. B. Nichols, Secretary.
Georgetown, Ky., No. 526—P. H. Nunnelley, Exalted Ruler; E. P. Moore, Secretary.
Georgetown, S. C., No. 900—Harry W. Tallevast, Exalted Ruler; William P. Foxworth, Secretary.
Gettysburg, Pa., No. 1045—John W. Brehm, Exalted Ruler; C. Tyson Tipton, Secretary.
Glen Cove, N. Y., No. 1458—Max Rosenwald, Exalted Ruler; Daniel J. Fogarty, Secretary.
Glendale, Cal., No. 1289—James A. Appfel, Exalted Ruler; Willis M. Kimball, Secretary.
Glendive, Mont., No. 1324—J. M. O'Neil, Exalted Ruler; G. P. Drowley, Secretary.
Glens Falls, N. Y., No. 81—Clifford B. Hall, Exalted Ruler; Daniel V. Brown, Secretary.
Globe, Ariz., No. 489—Wilfred N. Jones, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Mayer, Secretary.
Gloucester, Mass., No. 892—Richard W. Freeman, Exalted Ruler; Edward Carpenter, Secretary.
Gloversville, N. Y., No. 226—Fred A. Moore, Exalted Ruler; Louis A. Hardy, Secretary.
Goldfield, Nev., No. 1072—Roger T. Foley, Exalted Ruler; David S. Ward, Secretary.
Goldsboro, N. C., No. 139—D. C. Farrior, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Stevens, Secretary.
Goshen, Ind., No. 798—Bernard W. Swartz, Exalted Ruler; Charles R. Parker, Secretary.
Grafton, W. Va., No. 308—Simon J. Friedman, Exalted Ruler; Harry Friedman, Secretary.

Grand Forks, N. D., No. 255—H. I. Gran, Exalted Ruler; F. A. Brown, Secretary.
Grand Haven, Mich., No. 1200—Burt Fant, Exalted Ruler; William Wilds, Secretary.
Grand Island, Neb., No. 604—L. N. Dorsey, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Davis, Secretary.
Grand Junction, Colo., No. 575—H. S. Henderson, Exalted Ruler; Eugene M. Welch, Secretary.
Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48—Byron O. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Geo. D. Bostock, Secretary.
Granite City, Ill., No. 1063—William P. Anson, Exalted Ruler; P. G. Lauff, Secretary.
Grass Valley, Cal., No. 538—A. B. Snyder, Exalted Ruler; M. Henry Argall, Secretary.
Great Bend, Kans., No. 1127—Fred L. Hans, Exalted Ruler; Clyde E. Sterling, Secretary.
Great Falls, Mont., No. 214—Harvey L. Blomquist, Exalted Ruler; Chas. Wegner, Secretary.
Greeley, Colo., No. 809—Frank A. Neill, Exalted Ruler; Frank C. Benson, Secretary.
Green Bay, Wis., No. 259—A. J. Geniesse, Exalted Ruler; Edw. C. Engles, Secretary.
Greencastle, Ind., No. 1077—Glenn H. Cook, Exalted Ruler; E. E. Caldwell, Secretary.
Greenfield, Mass., No. 1296—Thomas L. Lawler, Exalted Ruler; Charles T. Ward, Secretary.
Greenfield, Ohio, No. 717—E. Raymond Ennis, Exalted Ruler; E. M. Connor, Secretary.
Greensboro, N. C., No. 602—O. C. Cox, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Collins, Secretary.
Greensburg, Ind., No. 475—Stanton Guthrie, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. Ewing, Secretary.
Greensburg, Pa., No. 511—Ben A. Wirtner, Exalted Ruler; J. Clarke Bell, Secretary.
Greenville, Miss., No. 148—O. B. Crittenden, Jr., Exalted Ruler; G. M. Urquhart, Secretary.
Greenville, Ohio, No. 1129—George W. Williams, Exalted Ruler; G. A. Schubert, Secretary.
Greenville, Pa., No. 145—Ernest E. Dingman, Exalted Ruler; John D. Cutler, Secretary.
Greenville, S. C., No. 858—W. R. Tabor, Exalted Ruler; Wyatt Aiken, Jr., Secretary.
Greenville, Texas, No. 703—Jess F. Boykin, Exalted Ruler; Albert F. Mason, Secretary.
Greenwich, Conn., No. 1150—Richard F. Moore, Exalted Ruler; Arthur F. O'Neill, Secretary.
Greenwood, Miss., No. 854—John H. Pettey, Exalted Ruler; T. A. Turner, Secretary.
Greybull, Wyo., No. 1431—Thos. M. Hyde, Exalted Ruler; LeRoy Joyce, Secretary.
Griffin, Ga., No. 1207—W. F. Williams, Exalted Ruler; L. S. Patterson, Secretary.
Grimm, Iowa, No. 1266—John M. Saysell, Exalted Ruler; H. B. Westlake, Secretary.
Gulfport, Miss., No. 978—A. G. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Miles, Secretary.
Guthrie, Okla., No. 426—Harold Cook, Exalted Ruler; S. W. Dooley, Secretary.

H

Hackensack, N. J., No. 658—Harry E. Brooks, Exalted Ruler; Hugh V. Keenan, Secretary.
Hagerstown, Md., No. 378—Oscar Eruich, Exalted Ruler; Ross F. Kountz, Secretary.
Hamilton, Ohio, No. 93—Walter H. Bruning, Exalted Ruler; Emil A. Olinger, Secretary.
Hammond, Ind., No. 485—William Maginot, Exalted Ruler; Richard C. Slater, Secretary.
Hampton, Va., No. 366—I. M. Gauley, Exalted Ruler; Thos. L. Slater, Secretary.
Hancock, Mich., No. 381—W. W. Kimmell, Exalted Ruler; John L. West, Secretary.
Hanford, Cal., No. 1250—A. D. Campbell, Exalted Ruler; A. F. Flory, Secretary.
Hannibal, Mo., No. 1198—Chas. A. Peterson, Exalted Ruler; Geo. A. Brown, Secretary.
Hanover, Pa., No. 763—C. Edward Stambaugh, Exalted Ruler; A. S. Ruth, Secretary.
Harrisburg, Ill., No. 1058—E. M. Travelstead, Exalted Ruler; Jesse P. Dorris, Secretary.
Harrisburg, Pa., No. 12—Joseph A. Rudy, Exalted Ruler; Jonas M. Rudy, Secretary.
Harrisonburg, Va., No. 450—M. R. Welsh, Exalted Ruler; J. Robert Switzer, Secretary.
Hartford, Conn., No. 10—Howard D. Graves, Exalted Ruler; Thomas A. Shannon, Secretary.
Hartford City, Ind., No. 625—Clarence L. Euphrat, Exalted Ruler; William B. Rosenbaum, Sr., Secretary.
Harvey, Ill., No. 1242—Roe E. Mallstrom, Exalted Ruler; Raymond J. Steuart, Secretary.
Haskell, Texas, No. 1158—C. Grissom, Exalted Ruler; Guy E. Mays, Secretary.
Hastings, Neb., No. 150—Lester U. Larkin, Exalted Ruler; S. R. Alexander, Secretary.
Hattiesburg, Miss., No. 509—E. B. Causey, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Fowler, Secretary.
Haverhill, Mass., No. 165—Edward G. J. Ryan, Exalted Ruler; Richard L. McBain, Secretary.
Haverstraw, N. Y., No. 877—John F. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; Charles W. Feeney, Secretary.
Hawe, Mont., No. 1201—Charles T. Hunter, Exalted Ruler; William B. Pyper, Secretary.
Hazleton, Pa., No. 200—Joseph L. Hollar, Exalted Ruler; L. R. Riley, Secretary.
Helena, Ark., No. 659—E. M. Pipkin, Jr., Exalted Ruler; J. B. Connolly, Secretary.
Helena, Mont., No. 103—Francis A. Howard, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Gibbons, Secretary.
Henderson, Ky., No. 206—E. N. Williams, Exalted Ruler; Charles Murray, Secretary.
Henryetta, Okla., No. 1330—Frank L. Creegan, Exalted Ruler; Dewey Whittenton, Secretary.
Heppner, Ore., No. 358—E. E. Gilliam, Exalted Ruler; J. V. Rasmus, Secretary.
Herington, Kans., No. 1433—Matt Guilfoyle, Exalted Ruler; F. Berle Needham, Secretary.
Herkimer, N. Y., No. 1439—John Richardson, Exalted Ruler; Charles W. Maylender, Secretary.
Herrin, Ill., No. 1146—Charles C. Murrain, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Grizzell, Secretary.
Hibbing, Minn., No. 1022—Mel McDowell, Exalted Ruler; O. A. Aubin, Secretary.
Hickman, Ky., No. 1204—Will Bright, Exalted Ruler; S. D. Stenbridge, Secretary.
Highland Park, Ill., No. 1362—J. Howard Moran, Exalted Ruler; Edward M. Conrad, Secretary.
High Point, N. C., No. 1155—A. E. Taplin, Exalted Ruler; G. D. Garrett, Secretary.

Hillsboro, Ohio, No. 361—Don M. Asher, Exalted Ruler; Sigel W. Mullenix, Secretary.
 Hillsboro, Texas, No. 903—Fred O. Grimes, Exalted Ruler; E. O. Hughes, Secretary.
 Ilo, Hawaii, No. 59—William H. Hussman, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Stone, Secretary.
 Hinton, W. Va., No. 821—L. E. Dyke, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Parker, Secretary.
 Hobart, Okla., No. 881—H. C. Lloyd, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Thayer, Secretary.
 Hoboken, N. J., No. 74—John J. Fallon, Jr., Exalted Ruler; David M. Mullins, Secretary.
 Holland, Mich., No. 1315—Joseph Borgman, Exalted Ruler; John E. Kiekintveld, Secretary.
 Hollister, Cal., No. 1436—J. M. O'Donnell, Exalted Ruler; Walter Keene, Secretary.
 Holly Springs, Miss., No. 1099—James O. Tyson, Exalted Ruler; John M. Mickle, Secretary.
 Holyoke, Mass., No. 902—Frank P. McGuire, Exalted Ruler; Jas. A. Murray, Secretary.
 Homestead, Pa., No. 659—J. R. Campbell, Exalted Ruler; S. E. Graham, Secretary.
 Honolulu, Hawaii, No. 616—Julius W. Asch, Exalted Ruler; S. W. Crook, Secretary.
 Hoosick Falls, N. Y., No. 178—Arthur J. Laport, Exalted Ruler; A. C. Brownell, Secretary.
 Hope, Ark., No. 1109—John H. Arnold, Exalted Ruler; E. Y. Cloud, Secretary.
 Hopkinsville, Ky., No. 545—L. R. Bailey, Exalted Ruler; T. C. Underwood, Secretary.
 Hoquiam, Wash., No. 1082—Ray L. Baker, Exalted Ruler; Dean S. Palmer, Secretary.
 Hornell, N. Y., No. 364—L. A. Bennett, Exalted Ruler; E. J. Halbert, Secretary.
 Hot Springs, Ark., No. 389—Ray S. Smith, Exalted Ruler; H. P. Christian, Secretary.
 Houlton, Me., No. 835—T. S. Dickson, Exalted Ruler; Albert K. Stetson, Secretary.
 Houma, La., No. 1193—J. K. Wright, Exalted Ruler; H. J. Thiodaux, Secretary.
 Houston, Texas, No. 157—Arthur F. Fisher, Exalted Ruler; Courtney Hutchison, Secretary.
 Hudson, Mass., No. 959—Lyman A. Grant, Exalted Ruler; Peter M. Courtemanche, Secretary.
 Hudson, N. Y., No. 787—William Wortman, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Hickey, Secretary.
 Hudson, Wis., No. 640—Melvin Peterson, Exalted Ruler; Elliott L. Jones, Secretary.
 Hugo, Okla., No. 1179—D. D. Mead, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Thompson, Secretary.
 Humboldt, Tenn., No. 1098—W. Cecil Hudson, Exalted Ruler; C. M. Hassell, Secretary.
 Huntington, Pa., No. 976—James B. Sleeman, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Sullebarger, Secretary.
 Huntington, Ind., No. 805—Don S. Brown, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Emery, Secretary.
 Huntington, W. Va., No. 313—Geo. H. Wright, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Ramsey, Secretary.
 Huntington Park, Cal., No. 1415—W. T. Salvin, Exalted Ruler; H. P. Bartlett, Secretary.
 Huron, S. D., No. 444—B. H. Sprague, Exalted Ruler; A. P. Stowell, Secretary.
 Hutchinson, Kans., No. 453—Roy C. Davis, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Clark, Secretary.

I

Idaho Falls, Idaho, No. 1087—J. E. Bennett, Exalted Ruler; P. W. Williams, Secretary.
 Idaho Springs, Colo., No. 607—John Mollard, Exalted Ruler; George Oxley, Secretary.
 Iliou, N. Y., No. 1444—E. B. Manion, Exalted Ruler; C. S. Daily, Secretary.
 Independence, Kans., No. 780—Ray K. Hart, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Harrison, Secretary.
 Indiana, Pa., No. 931—H. L. Longwill, Exalted Ruler; Harry W. Fee, Secretary.
 Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13—V. L. Wright, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Taylor, Secretary.
 Iola, Kans., No. 569—J. J. Griffin, Exalted Ruler; Melvin Fronk, Secretary.
 Ionia, Mich., No. 548—Otto M. Ulrich, Exalted Ruler; Albert H. Tuttle, Secretary.
 Iowa City, No. 590—Ray E. Carson, Exalted Ruler; F. B. Volklinger, Secretary.
 Iron Mountain, Mich., No. 700—Frank O. Morett, Exalted Ruler; D. P. Alessandri, Secretary.
 Ironton, Ohio, No. 177—George E. Mittendorf, Exalted Ruler; David Morgan, Secretary.
 Ironwood, Mich., No. 1278—John A. Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Moore, Secretary.
 Irvington, N. J., No. 1245—Fred A. Mohr, Exalted Ruler; Percy A. Miller, Secretary.
 Ishpeming, Mich., No. 447—Gust W. Swanson, Exalted Ruler; James A. Ham, Secretary.
 Ithaca, N. Y., No. 636—Joseph B. Myers, Exalted Ruler; Erford Collier, Secretary.

J

Jackson, Mich., No. 113—John W. Malaney, Exalted Ruler; J. Frank Harrison, Secretary.
 Jackson, Miss., No. 416—R. H. Hiltz, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Smith, Secretary.
 Jackson, Ohio, No. 406—Charles H. Jones, Exalted Ruler; Sam C. Crossland, Secretary.
 Jackson, Tenn., No. 192—W. L. Jones, Exalted Ruler; W. T. Harris, Secretary.
 Jacksonville, Fla., No. 21—Lee M. Booth, Exalted Ruler; A. C. Hamrick, Secretary.
 Jacksonville, Ill., No. 682—G. H. Timmons, Exalted Ruler; Louis Piepenbring, Secretary.
 Jamestown, N. D., No. 995—John C. Walker, Exalted Ruler; H. H. Hamilton, Secretary.
 Jamestown, N. Y., No. 293—C. H. Abrahamson, Exalted Ruler; G. R. Broadberry, Secretary.
 Janesville, Wis., No. 254—Pierpont J. E. Wood, Exalted Ruler; Ervin J. Sartell, Secretary.
 Jeannette, Pa., No. 486—Jas. D. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; Robert W. Blaze, Secretary.
 Jefferson City, Mo., No. 513—George M. Porth, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Buchanan, Secretary.
 Jeffersonville, Ind., No. 362—Fred B. Vawter, Exalted Ruler; Paul A. Northam, Secretary.
 Jennings, La., No. 1085—Edw. C. Hart, Exalted Ruler; H. L. Boudreaux, Secretary.
 Jerome, Ariz., No. 1367—James W. Smith, Exalted Ruler; R. H. Cunningham, Secretary.
 Jersey City, N. J., No. 211—Patrick H. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler; Robert McDonald, Secretary.

Jersey Shore, Pa., No. 1057—John S. Vail, Exalted Ruler; K. H. Royer, Secretary.
 Jerseyville, Ill., No. 954—Clarence C. Schmidt, Exalted Ruler; Geo. M. Seago, Secretary.
 Johnsonburg, Pa., No. 612—Delbert D. Harbot, Exalted Ruler; Eugene P. McCarthy, Secretary.
 Johnson City, Tenn., No. 825—W. S. Holloway, Exalted Ruler; A. B. DeVault, Secretary.
 Johnstown, Pa., No. 175—Fred C. Langgans, Exalted Ruler; A. G. Hornick, Acting Secretary.
 Joliet, Ill., No. 296—Edward G. Purkiser, Exalted Ruler; Howard F. Hewlett, Secretary.
 Jonesboro, Ark., No. 498—John M. Jarman, Exalted Ruler; William R. Weaver, Secretary.
 Joplin, Mo., No. 501—Charles S. Walden, Exalted Ruler; Frank L. Yale, Secretary.
 Junction City, Kans., No. 1037—Fred A. Durand, Exalted Ruler; Thos. W. Dorn, Secretary.
 Juneau, Alaska, No. 420—Chas. P. Jenne, Exalted Ruler; John A. Davis, Secretary.

K

Kalamazoo, Mich., No. 50—Roland R. Ware, Exalted Ruler; E. E. Labadie, Secretary.
 Kalispell, Mont., No. 725—Al. R. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; L. D. Rognlien, Secretary.
 Kane, Pa., No. 329—August Staehle, Exalted Ruler; Arthur G. Folke, Secretary.
 Kankakee, Ill., No. 627—Harry C. Thompson, Exalted Ruler; Roy E. Layton, Secretary.
 Kansas City, Mo., No. 26—Edgar P. Madorie, Exalted Ruler; E. L. Biersmith, Secretary.
 Kansas City, "Wyandotte" Kans., No. 440—F. S. Merstetter, Exalted Ruler; B. E. Rively, Secretary.
 Kaukauna, Wis., No. 062—R. H. McCarty, Exalted Ruler; N. M. Haupt, Secretary.
 Kearney, Neb., No. 084—Fred D. Finke, Exalted Ruler; John E. Nelson, Secretary.
 Kearny, N. J., No. 1050—John F. Hanold, Exalted Ruler; George Senior, Secretary.
 Keene, N. H., No. 927—Edward P. Small, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Ryan, Secretary.
 Kendallville, Ind., No. 1194—Earl D. Pray, Exalted Ruler; Guy B. Rickett, Secretary.
 Kenosha, Wis., No. 750—J. M. Albers, Exalted Ruler; John N. Fonk, Secretary.
 Kent, Ohio, No. 1377—Guy R. Gear, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Van Horn, Secretary.
 Kenton, Ohio, No. 157—Elmer J. Carey, Exalted Ruler; Henry Katterjohn, Secretary.
 Keokuk, Iowa, No. 106—Elmer Maas, Exalted Ruler; L. J. Wolf, Secretary.
 Ketchikan, Alaska, No. 1429—P. G. Charles, Exalted Ruler; G. S. Talbot, Secretary.
 Kewanee, Ill., No. 724—Clarence H. Myers, Exalted Ruler; A. M. Jacobson, Secretary.
 Key West, Fla., No. 551—Joseph F. Beaver, Exalted Ruler; Clifton G. Bailey, Secretary.
 Kingman, Ariz., No. 468—Charles A. Dutton, Exalted Ruler; Walter P. Jones, Secretary.
 Kingsport, Tenn., No. 1385—G. R. Caton, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Doggett, Secretary.
 Kingston, N. Y., No. 550—John P. Mack, Exalted Ruler; Charles J. Mullen, Secretary.
 Kirksville, Mo., No. 464—A. A. Schopp, Exalted Ruler; O. D. McKasson, Secretary.
 Killanning, Pa., No. 203—Edwin Tom Moore, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. Rhodes, Secretary.
 Klamath Falls, Ore., No. 1247—Perry O. DeLap, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Momyer, Secretary.
 Knoxville, Pa., No. 1196—John J. H. McCarty, Exalted Ruler; G. S. Larimer, Secretary.
 Knoxville, Tenn., No. 160—Daniel J. Kelly, Exalted Ruler; D. Al. White, Secretary.
 Kokomo, Ind., No. 190—Joseph C. Herron, Exalted Ruler; L. R. Hatton, Secretary.

L

Laconia, N. H., No. 876—Walter A. Harkins, Exalted Ruler; Ray W. Firth, Secretary.
 LaCrosse, Wis., No. 300—Frank X. Dietz, Exalted Ruler; Joseph F. Bartl, Secretary.
 LaFayette, Ind., No. 143—Richard E. Carter, Exalted Ruler; Floyd A. Shaffer, Secretary.
 LaFayette, La., No. 1095—J. E. Burleigh, Exalted Ruler; C. Colomb, Secretary.
 LaGrande, Ore., No. 433—DeLile Greene, Exalted Ruler; Mood Eckley, Secretary.
 LaGrange, Ga., No. 1084—Howard P. Park, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Young, Secretary.
 LaGrange, Ill., No. 1423—Clayton A. Pense, Exalted Ruler; Stanley Williams, Secretary.
 LaJunta, Colo., No. 701—Edward L. Hayes, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Spriedler, Secretary.
 Lake Charles, La., No. 435—W. C. Braden, Exalted Ruler; J. H. Martin, Secretary.
 Lake City, Fla., No. 893—C. E. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; R. J. Blank, Secretary.
 Lakeland, Fla., No. 1291—W. F. Reid, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Steitz, Secretary.
 Lakewood, N. J., No. 1432—Chester A. Grant, Exalted Ruler; W. Durward McCloskey, Secretary.
 Lakewood, Ohio, No. 1350—E. A. Wiegand, Exalted Ruler; Arthur H. McCann, Secretary.
 Lamar, Colo., No. 1316—E. I. McGrath, Exalted Ruler; Ralph F. Pivonka, Secretary.
 Lambertville, N. J., No. 1070—Philus J. Rosso, Exalted Ruler; Irving L. Smith, Secretary.
 Lancaster, Ohio, No. 579—Philip A. Floyd, Exalted Ruler; O. E. Neff, Secretary.
 Lancaster, Pa., No. 134—John B. Graybill, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Obreiter, Secretary.
 Lansford, Pa., No. 137—Leonard L. King, Exalted Ruler; H. H. Kneis, Secretary.
 Lansing, Mich., No. 196—H. P. Van Buren, Exalted Ruler; Edward E. Nolan, Secretary.
 LaPorte, Ind., No. 396—Conn R. Holloway, Exalted Ruler; J. P. Bachman, Secretary.
 Laramie, Wyo., No. 532—Frank Carruth, Exalted Ruler; B. Featherstone, Secretary.
 Laredo, Texas, No. 1018—Alfonse M. Wormser, Exalted Ruler; Alden B. Muller, Secretary.
 LaSalle, Ill., No. 584—John M. Welch, Exalted Ruler; Geo. W. Hesselman, Secretary.
 Las Vegas, N. M., No. 408—Ray Gaut, Exalted Ruler; Chas. Farley, Secretary.
 Lawrope, Pa., No. 907—John H. Beatty, Exalted Ruler; Geo. D. Albert, Secretary.

Laurel, Miss., No. 1000—G. H. Snyder, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Landrum, Secretary.
 Lawrence, Kans., No. 595—W. E. Craig Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Cleland, Secretary.
 Lawrence, Mass., No. 65—Arthur B. Keefe, Exalted Ruler; Daniel P. Desmond, Secretary.
 Lawrenceville, Ill., No. 1208—Noan Rosborough, Exalted Ruler; Karl A. Glover, Secretary.
 Lead, S. D., No. 747—W. A. Ferguson, Exalted Ruler; Geo. Holvey, Secretary.
 Leadville, Colo., No. 236—Charles E. Magnee, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Harrington, Secretary.
 Leavenworth, Kans., No. 661—Ray A. Melvin, Exalted Ruler; C. P. Olund, Secretary.
 Lebanon, Ind., No. 635—Ora B. Page, Exalted Ruler; Stanley E. Jones, Secretary.
 Lebanon, Ohio, No. 422—Will J. Ranker, Exalted Ruler; R. B. Smith, Secretary.
 Lebanon, Pa., No. 631—C. Byron Burgner, Exalted Ruler; Chas. R. Gates, Secretary.
 Leechburg, Pa., No. 377—R. F. Stiverson, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Cowan, Secretary.
 Leighton, Pa., No. 1284—William C. Kuntzweiler, Exalted Ruler; Howard E. Caffrey, Secretary.
 LeMars, Iowa, No. 428—E. H. Gearke, Exalted Ruler; C. L. Finney, Secretary.
 Leominster, Mass., No. 237—James A. Pickering, Exalted Ruler; Andrew E. Harper, Secretary.
 Lewiston, Idaho, No. 896—LeRoy B. Hill, Exalted Ruler; Ed. O. Martinson, Secretary.
 Lewiston, Me., No. 371—James A. Howard, Exalted Ruler; Chas. V. Allen, Secretary.
 Lewiston, Mont., No. 456—L. M. Gilbert, Exalted Ruler; Alvin Martin, Secretary.
 Lewistown, Pa., No. 663—Norman J. Ullrich, Exalted Ruler; John J. Lawler, Secretary.
 Lexington, Ky., No. 89—Andrew Bowman, Exalted Ruler; C. W. Trapp, Secretary.
 Lexington, Mo., No. 749—M. R. McClelland, Exalted Ruler; J. A. McDonald, Secretary.
 Lexington, N. C., No. 1255—W. F. Brinkley, Exalted Ruler; John L. Trice, Secretary.
 Ligonier, Ind., No. 451—Tom E. Jeanneret, Exalted Ruler; Stuart P. Carney, Secretary.
 Lima, Ohio, No. 54—Nelson Shook, Exalted Ruler; Glen Rohn, Secretary.
 Lincoln, Ill., No. 914—W. D. Gayle, Exalted Ruler; John Wendell, Secretary.
 Lincoln, Neb., No. 80—Guy T. TouVelle, Exalted Ruler; Frank E. Green, Secretary.
 Linton, Ind., No. 866—T. S. Martin, Exalted Ruler; Clyde V. Davis, Secretary.
 Litchfield, Ill., No. 654—B. C. Arnold, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Weber, Secretary.
 Little Falls, Minn., No. 770—E. W. Kalther, Exalted Ruler; V. E. Joslin, Secretary.
 Little Falls, N. Y., No. 42—D. H. Farrell, Exalted Ruler; Grover J. Murphy, Secretary.
 Little Rock, Ark., No. 29—Homer M. Adkins, Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Ginocchio, Secretary.
 Livingston, Mont., No. 246—Frank Beley, Exalted Ruler; Joseph Brooks, Secretary.
 Lock Haven, Pa., No. 182—Lawrence F. Probst, Exalted Ruler; Lester W. Rathgeber, Secretary.
 Lockport, N. Y., No. 41—Adolph C. Kudel, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Beck, Secretary.
 Logan, Ohio, No. 452—Ed. C. Collins, Exalted Ruler; R. L. James, Secretary.
 Logan, Utah, No. 1453—P. J. Evans, Exalted Ruler; Alfred G. Picot, Secretary.
 Logan, W. Va., No. 1391—Frank R. Remlinger, Exalted Ruler; Bernard C. Call, Secretary.
 Loganport, Ind., No. 66—Lowell Neff, Exalted Ruler; H. G. Stalmaker, Secretary.
 Long Beach, Cal., No. 888—Newton M. Todd, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Strachan, Secretary.
 Long Branch, N. J., No. 742—Moses Evans, Exalted Ruler; Frank C. Quinn, Secretary.
 Longmont, Colo., No. 1055—Geo. W. Pollard, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Pierson, Secretary.
 Longview, Texas, No. 1128—C. C. Finch, Exalted Ruler; O. W. Gallman, Secretary.
 Lorain, Ohio, No. 1301—Paul L. Plato, Exalted Ruler; Wm. G. Campbell, Secretary.
 Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99—Ingall W. Bull, Exalted Ruler; Francis Edgar White, Secretary.
 Louisiana, Mo., No. 791—J. W. Crewdson, Exalted Ruler; Mark A. Medaris, Secretary.
 Louisville, Ky., No. 8—Louis F. Steuerle, Exalted Ruler; Chris J. Franz, Secretary.
 Loveland, Colo., No. 1051—Lamar C. Puett, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Stevens, Secretary.
 Lowell, Mass., No. 87—Walter E. Turnbull, Exalted Ruler; John J. Lee, Secretary.
 Lubbock, Texas, No. 1348—B. C. Dickinson, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Denman, Secretary.
 Ludington, Mich., No. 736—Owen J. Gavigan, Exalted Ruler; Herbert F. Washatka, Secretary.
 Lufkin, Texas, No. 1027—A. E. Sweatland, Exalted Ruler; G. N. Johnson, Secretary.
 Lynchburg, Va., No. 321—W. T. MacLeod, Exalted Ruler; W. O. Bell, Secretary.
 Lyons, N. Y., No. 869—Clifford A. Noble, Exalted Ruler; Burton Allee, Secretary.
 Lynn, Mass., No. 117—William Dooley Powers, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Donovan, Secretary.

M

Macomb, Ill., No. 1009—R. E. McDonough, Exalted Ruler; R. B. Purdum, Secretary.
 Macon, Ga., No. 230—Jesse Harris, Exalted Ruler; Nat R. Winship, Secretary.
 Macon, Mo., No. 909—J. C. Bond, Exalted Ruler; E. F. Maffry, Secretary.
 Madison, Ind., No. 524—Paul F. Dowell, Exalted Ruler; O. G. Reed, Secretary.
 Madison, N. J., No. 1465—Adolph J. Hoffman, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Buck, Secretary.
 Madison, S. D., No. 1442—P. A. Scudder, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Mulvey, Secretary.
 Madison, Wis., No. 410—Emil C. Cady, Exalted Ruler; John J. Pechar, Secretary.
 Madisonville, Ky., No. 738—Woodson Browning, Exalted Ruler; J. D. McPherson, Jr., Secretary.
 Mahanoy City, Pa., No. 695—Jos. T. Lyons, Exalted Ruler; Geo. J. Post, Secretary.
 Malden, Mass., No. 965—Edward Devine, Exalted Ruler; Frank C. Doucette, Secretary.

- Malone, N. Y., No. 1303—Archie E. Morrison, Exalted Ruler; Erwin H. Blanchard, Secretary.
- Mamaroneck, N. Y., No. 1457—Thomas F. McNamara, Exalted Ruler; Mortimer B. Smythe, Secretary.
- Manchester, N. H., No. 146—Daniel J. McKenna, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Thomas J. O'Neil, Secretary.
- Manchester, Va., No. 843—Holt S. Lloyd, Exalted Ruler; E. T. Blankenship, Secretary.
- Mandan, N. D., No. 1256—Henry J. Schafer, Exalted Ruler; A. R. Weinhandl, Secretary.
- Mangum, Okla., No. 1169—Ralph E. Helper, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Oakes, Secretary.
- Manhattan, Kans., No. 1185—A. J. Anderson, Exalted Ruler; Paul Remmele, Secretary.
- Manila, P. I., No. 761—E. E. Elser, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Mitchell, Secretary.
- Manistee, Mich., No. 250—C. P. Emunson, Exalted Ruler; William H. Pfeiffer, Secretary.
- Manistique, Mich., No. 632—H. B. Moulton, Exalted Ruler; W. F. Kefauver, Secretary.
- Manitowoc, Wis., No. 687—Edward W. Mackey, Exalted Ruler; T. C. Torrison, Secretary.
- Mankato, Minn., No. 225—A. M. Kircher, Exalted Ruler; F. W. Bates, Secretary.
- Mannington, W. Va., No. 388—G. A. Cochrane, Exalted Ruler; L. B. Huey, Secretary.
- Mansfield, Ohio, No. 56—George H. Blecker, Exalted Ruler; E. S. Hiestand, Secretary.
- Marianna, Ark., No. 1178—Chas. F. Govan, Exalted Ruler; R. B. McCulloch, Secretary.
- Marietta, Ohio, No. 477—C. V. Rosenthal, Exalted Ruler; H. L. Theis, Secretary.
- Marinette, Wis., No. 1313—James D. Cook, Exalted Ruler; John A. Faller, Secretary.
- Marion, Ill., No. 800—Fred R. Martin, Exalted Ruler; Geo. C. Campbell, Secretary.
- Marion, Ind., No. 105—Victor Bournique, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Scheerer, Secretary.
- Marion, Ohio, No. 32—L. Don Jones, Exalted Ruler; Chas. B. Orwig, Secretary.
- Marlborough, Mass., No. 1239—William J. O'Brien, Exalted Ruler; George J. Moran, Secretary.
- Marquette, Mich., No. 405—Martin Voetsch, Exalted Ruler; Oswald E. Barber, Secretary.
- Marshall, Mo., No. 1006—R. P. McElwain, Exalted Ruler; Hugh A. West, Secretary.
- Marshall, Texas, No. 683—E. E. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler; Ray Clark, Secretary.
- Marshalltown, Iowa, No. 312—Frank E. Northup, Exalted Ruler; Fred W. Ritter, Secretary.
- Marshfield, Ore., No. 1160—Ben S. Fisher, Exalted Ruler; H. A. Busterud, Secretary.
- Marshfield, Wis., No. 665—E. E. Finney, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Dixon, Secretary.
- Martinsburg, W. Va., No. 778—L. DeW. Gerhardt, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Weaver, Secretary.
- Martins Ferry, Ohio, No. 895—James Freeman, Exalted Ruler; R. C. Swartz, Secretary.
- Martinsville, Ind., No. 1349—Frank Finney, Exalted Ruler; Claud E. Cohee, Secretary.
- Marysville, Cal., No. 883—R. C. Trank, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Langdon, Secretary.
- Marysville, Ohio, No. 1130—Orville R. Warden, Exalted Ruler; Chester Rosette, Secretary.
- Marysville, Mo., No. 760—Frank P. Reuillard, Exalted Ruler; Lloyd B. Heifner, Secretary.
- Mason City, Iowa, No. 375—Nels T. Malm, Exalted Ruler; Edw. Thompson, Secretary.
- Massillon, Ohio, No. 441—Howard Hoch, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Brown, Secretary.
- Mattoon, Ill., No. 405—Howard S. Lytle, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Douglas, Secretary.
- Mayfield, Ky., No. 565—B. Wright Saffold, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Quinn, Secretary.
- Maysville, Ky., No. 704—Thomas M. Russell, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Smith, Secretary.
- McAlester, Okla., No. 533—R. L. Crutcher, Exalted Ruler; Frank Thornton, Secretary.
- McAllen, Texas, No. 1402—C. D. Martin, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Melliff, Secretary.
- McComb City, Miss., No. 268—George H. Tate, Exalted Ruler; T. C. Herrington, Secretary.
- McCook, Neb., No. 1434—John E. Kelley, Exalted Ruler; Rex E. Scott, Secretary.
- McKeesport, Pa., No. 136—H. V. German, Exalted Ruler; Geo. J. F. Falkenstein, Secretary.
- McKees Rocks, Pa., No. 1263—Otto A. Zange, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Blatz, Secretary.
- McKinney, Texas, No. 828—U. A. Saunders, Exalted Ruler; Roy Largent, Secretary.
- McMinnville, Ore., No. 1283—W. C. Campbell, Exalted Ruler; D. W. Feely, Secretary.
- McPherson, Kans., No. 502—Earl L. Kreuter, Exalted Ruler; Ora B. Smith, Secretary.
- Meadville, Pa., No. 219—H. A. Henry, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Henry, Secretary.
- Mechanicville, N. Y., No. 1403—H. G. Lake, Exalted Ruler; A. K. Cook, Secretary.
- Medford, Mass., No. 015—Horace E. Knight, Exalted Ruler; John J. Ward, Secretary.
- Medford, Ore., No. 1168—Lewis Ulrich, Exalted Ruler; Lee L. Jacobs, Secretary.
- Medina, N. Y., No. 898—David A. White, Exalted Ruler; E. F. Zimmerman, Secretary.
- Melrose, Mass., No. 1031—George J. Wood, Exalted Ruler; Frank E. Corbett, Secretary.
- Memphis, Tenn., No. 27—Frank L. Monteverde, Exalted Ruler; George Haszinger, Secretary.
- Mena, Ark., No. 781—E. H. Black, Exalted Ruler; Robert M. Berry, Secretary.
- Menasha, Wis., No. 676—George E. Saude, Exalted Ruler; E. J. Nussbicker, Secretary.
- Mendota, Ill., No. 1212—Richard G. Cavell, Exalted Ruler; Carl Weidner, Secretary.
- Merced, Cal., No. 1240—Elmer B. Maze, Exalted Ruler; J. A. Keck, Secretary.
- Meriden, Conn., No. 35—Frank W. Kraemer, Exalted Ruler; William M. Scully, Secretary.
- Meridian, Miss., No. 515—W. G. Wetmore, Exalted Ruler; Dan P. O'Flinn, Secretary.
- Merrill, Wis., No. 606—G. B. Cotter, Exalted Ruler; Jos. A. Brassard, Secretary.
- Metalopolis, Ill., No. 1428—Charles Amlingmeyer, Exalted Ruler; Walter H. Moreland, Jr., Secretary.
- Mexia, Texas, No. 1440—L. V. Majors, Exalted Ruler; Chas. L. Clover, Secretary.
- Mexico, Mo., No. 010—Harry G. Stocks, Exalted Ruler; Sam D. Byrns, Secretary.
- Miami, Ariz., No. 1410—L. D. Van Dyke, Exalted Ruler; Mortie A. Graham, Secretary.
- Miami, Fla., No. 948—D. J. Heffernan, Exalted Ruler; L. F. McCready, Secretary.
- Miami, Okla., No. 1320—J. W. Kieff, Exalted Ruler; Ed. Foster, Secretary.
- Michigan City, Ind., No. 432—Edward J. Gibbons, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Sawyer, Secretary.
- Middleboro, Mass., No. 1274—Edward B. Bailey, Exalted Ruler; George B. Purdon, Secretary.
- Middlesboro, Ky., No. 119—A. W. Rorer, Exalted Ruler; Ernest Warren, Secretary.
- Middletown, Conn., No. 771—Bert G. Thompson, Exalted Ruler; John P. Gilshenan, Secretary.
- Middletown, N. Y., No. 1007—J. Noble Wood, Exalted Ruler; Frank P. Cox, Secretary.
- Middletown, Ohio, No. 257—L. E. Marshall, Exalted Ruler; John D. Crist, Secretary.
- Middletown, Pa., No. 1092—Abram R. Hoffman, Exalted Ruler; G. H. Schadt, Secretary.
- Miles City, Mont., No. 537—L. C. Gieseler, Exalted Ruler; E. S. McCarthy, Secretary.
- Milford, Mass., No. 628—J. Luke Day, Exalted Ruler; Charles F. Cahill, Secretary.
- Milledgeville, Ga., No. 774—J. H. Ennis, Exalted Ruler; F. E. Shealy, Secretary.
- Millville, N. J., No. 580—William Charlesworth, Exalted Ruler; Philip P. Robbins, Secretary.
- Milton, Pa., No. 013—J. F. Hassenplug, Exalted Ruler; T. H. Paul, Secretary.
- Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46—Chauncey Yockey, Exalted Ruler; P. J. Kelly, Secretary.
- Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44—Fred B. Wright, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Loyd T. Bintliff, Secretary.
- Minot, N. D., No. 1089—W. A. Rothausen, Exalted Ruler; W. J. O'Rourke, Secretary.
- Mississippi, Miss., No. 416—Randolph H. Hilzim, Exalted Ruler; Edwin C. Smith, Secretary.
- Missoula, "Hellgate," Mont., No. 383—Edgar L. Marleneo, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Johnson, Secretary.
- Mitchell, S. D., No. 1039—Robert C. Raines, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Wethe, Secretary.
- Moberly, Mo., No. 936—J. W. Jones, Jr., Exalted Ruler; B. L. Thompson, Secretary.
- Mobile, Ala., No. 108—Joseph N. Kearns, Exalted Ruler; T. J. O'Connor, Secretary.
- Modesto, Cal., No. 1282—J. W. Morgan, Exalted Ruler; H. S. French, Secretary.
- Moline, Ill., No. 556—Chas. E. Hubert, Exalted Ruler; Verne V. Link, Secretary.
- Monessen, Pa., No. 773—T. Joseph Turney, Exalted Ruler; J. Maurice Dalton, Secretary.
- Monett, Mo., No. 1132—J. M. Russell, Exalted Ruler; Carl J. Saxe, Secretary.
- Monmouth, Ill., No. 307—Fred A. Arthurs, Exalted Ruler; Victor H. Webb, Secretary.
- Monongahela, Pa., No. 455—C. S. Patterson, Exalted Ruler; Fred F. Cooper, Secretary.
- Monroe, La., No. 454—Isadore Liebreich, Exalted Ruler; F. B. Sarguine, Secretary.
- Monrovia, Cal., No. 1427—Herbert J. Evans, Exalted Ruler; Walter S. Barre, Secretary.
- Montclair, N. J., No. 891—Henry G. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Thos. F. Meskill, Secretary.
- Monterey, Cal., No. 1285—Sheldon L. Gilmer, Exalted Ruler; E. M. Hibbing, Secretary.
- Montgomery, Ala., No. 506—Thomas E. Martin, Exalted Ruler; B. Goode, Secretary.
- Montpelier, Vt., No. 924—Frederick W. Bancroft, Exalted Ruler; G. P. Smith, Secretary.
- Montrose, Colo., No. 1053—L. E. Benedict, Exalted Ruler; Herbert D. Reeves, Secretary.
- Morgan City, La., No. 1121—Albert Wilson, Exalted Ruler; Jos. L. Fisher, Secretary.
- Morgantown, W. Va., No. 411—C. C. Cashman, Exalted Ruler; Arch F. Dawson, Secretary.
- Morristown, N. J., No. 815—Augustus S. Van Houten, Exalted Ruler; Fred C. Reeves, Secretary.
- Moscow, Idaho, No. 240—Ross R. Sherief, Exalted Ruler; Clyde Marsh, Secretary.
- Moundsville, W. Va., No. 282—T. W. Keffer, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Dale R. Chaddock, Secretary.
- Mt. Carmel, Ill., No. 715—A. M. Spaeth, Exalted Ruler; F. W. Marsh, Secretary.
- Mt. Carmel, Pa., No. 356—Clarence E. McGee, Exalted Ruler; H. H. Tobias, Secretary.
- Mount Holly, N. J., No. 848—Franklin B. King, Exalted Ruler; Harry L. Walters, Secretary.
- Mount Pleasant, Mich., No. 1164—Leo F. Brandell, Exalted Ruler; Luman Burch, Secretary.
- Mount Pleasant, Pa., No. 868—Crosby A. Thompson, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Sherrick, Secretary.
- Mt. Sterling, Ky., No. 723—Thomas D. Grubbs, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Senff, Secretary.
- Mt. Vernon, Ill., No. 819—J. E. Davidson, Exalted Ruler; M. D. Rentchler, Secretary.
- Mount Vernon, Ind., No. 277—Lynn M. Strack, Exalted Ruler; George S. Green, Secretary.
- Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842—William H. Dempsey, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Courter Dick, Secretary.
- Mount Vernon, Ohio, No. 140—Fred T. Lawlor, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Creeden, Secretary.
- Muncie, Ind., No. 245—John C. Hampton, Exalted Ruler; J. Frank Mann, Secretary.
- Murfreesboro, Tenn., No. 1029—H. C. Moore, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. B. Carnahan, Secretary.
- Murphysboro, Ill., No. 572—William T. Stephenson, Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Horsfield, Secretary.
- Muscataine, Iowa, No. 304—Leonard Bowen, Exalted Ruler; Clarence A. Hahn, Secretary.
- Muskegon, Mich., No. 274—Edward J. Le Tart, Exalted Ruler; Guy H. Sibley, Secretary.
- Muskogee, Okla., No. 517—Thea E. Lipscomb, Exalted Ruler; C. B. Mills, Secretary.
- Natchez, Miss., No. 553—John F. D'Antoni, Exalted Ruler; Lamar Lambert, Secretary.
- Natchitoches, La., No. 1363—Robert J. Phillips, Exalted Ruler; P. V. B. Prudhomme, Secretary.
- Natick, Mass., No. 1425—Thomas F. Williams, Exalted Ruler; John M. McCarthy, Secretary.
- Naugatuck, Conn., No. 067—C. Arthur Fager, Exalted Ruler; Lawrence E. Breen, Secretary.
- Nebaska City, Neb., No. 1049—A. W. Barstler, Exalted Ruler; A. P. Stafford, Secretary.
- Negaunee, Mich., No. 1116—Edw. J. Pearce, Exalted Ruler; Chris Hansen, Secretary.
- Nelsonville, Ohio, No. 543—Joseph Ball, Exalted Ruler; L. R. Kelch, Secretary.
- Neosho, Mo., No. 1330—Hugh S. Price, Exalted Ruler; A. R. McNabb, Secretary.
- Nevada, Mo., No. 564—J. Weaver Miller, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Ozee, Secretary.
- Nevada City, Cal., No. 518—A. M. Holmes, Exalted Ruler; Lee A. Garthe, Secretary.
- New Albany, Ind., No. 270—Herman F. Bettinger, Exalted Ruler; Justus A. Kraft, Secretary.
- Newark, N. J., No. 21—James B. Morrissey, Exalted Ruler; Richard P. Rooney, Secretary.
- Newark, N. Y., No. 1249—F. Burnette Kelley, Exalted Ruler; C. T. Garlock, Secretary.
- Newark, Ohio, No. 391—J. T. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; James R. Cooper, Secretary.
- New Bedford, Mass., No. 73—William O. Wood, Exalted Ruler; John E. McBride, Secretary.
- New Berne, N. C., No. 764—R. Hunter Smith, Exalted Ruler; Tom C. Daniels, Secretary.
- New Britain, Conn., No. 957—Richard C. Brown, Exalted Ruler; Arthur E. McEvoy, Secretary.
- New Brunswick, N. J., No. 324—James V. Harkins, Exalted Ruler; Edward Burt, Secretary.
- Newburgh, N. Y., No. 247—James W. Sussex, Exalted Ruler; David W. Jagger, Secretary.
- Newburyport, Mass., No. 000—Timothy L. O'Connell, Exalted Ruler; James E. Mannix, Secretary.
- New Castle, Ind., No. 484—Walter U. Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; G. Ed. Dolan, Secretary.
- New Castle, Pa., No. 69—Jas. E. Bates, Exalted Ruler; Wm. P. Mitchell, Secretary.
- New Haven, Conn., No. 25—Franklin Coeller, Exalted Ruler; G. Henry Brethauer, Secretary.
- New Iberia, La., No. 554—Donald R. Burke, Exalted Ruler; D. Bonin, Secretary.
- New Kensington, Pa., No. 512—Elmer A. Reese, Exalted Ruler; Frank S. Moran, Secretary.
- New Lexington, Ohio, No. 509—A. W. Wolfe, Exalted Ruler; Paul Tague, Secretary.
- New London, Conn., No. 360—Julian D. Moran, Exalted Ruler; James J. Drudy, Secretary.
- New Orleans, La., No. 30—J. Parham Werlein, Exalted Ruler; Phineas Moses, Secretary.
- New Philadelphia, Ohio, No. 510—Geo. Shonk, Exalted Ruler; A. C. Andreas, Secretary.
- Newport, Ark., No. 068—Thos. W. Dillard, Exalted Ruler; Thos. L. Harder, Secretary.
- Newport, Ky., No. 273—John A. McCarthy, Exalted Ruler; Paul C. Graham, Secretary.
- Newport, R. I., No. 104—Franklin C. Parsonage, Exalted Ruler; Allen C. Griffith, Secretary.
- Newport News, Va., No. 315—Leslie G. Thom, Exalted Ruler; H. H. Vandegrift, Secretary.
- New Rochelle, N. Y., No. 756—Edward T. Broderick, Exalted Ruler; Alf. A. Thomas, Secretary.
- Newton, Iowa, No. 1270—W. Keith Hamill, Exalted Ruler; H. C. Schulz, Secretary.
- Newton, Kans., No. 706—C. A. Hay, Exalted Ruler; L. F. Goerman, Secretary.
- Newton, Mass., No. 1327—Malcolm P. McKinnon, Exalted Ruler; J. Edward Callanan, Secretary.
- New York, N. Y., No. 1—James E. McDonald, Exalted Ruler; William T. Phillips, Secretary.
- Niagara Falls, N. Y., No. 346—Bertrawn T. Dignan, Exalted Ruler; J. D. Hanson, Secretary.
- Niles, Mich., No. 1322—Roy S. Waterson, Exalted Ruler; Palmer B. Williams, Secretary.
- Niles, Ohio, No. 1411—George O. Marshall, Exalted Ruler; Robert McCarty, Secretary.
- Noblesville, Ind., No. 576—O. H. Wheeler, Exalted Ruler; Don Allman, Secretary.
- Nogales, Ariz., No. 1397—Robert M. Coursar, Exalted Ruler; Robt. E. Lee, Secretary.
- Norfolk, Neb., No. 053—Geo. W. Phelps, Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Burton, Secretary.
- Norfolk, Va., No. 38—John P. Lawler, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. J. Walsh, Secretary.
- Norristown, Pa., No. 714—W. Franklin Worthington, Exalted Ruler; Albert K. Kneule, Secretary.
- North Adams, Mass., No. 487—Joseph M. Roach, Exalted Ruler; James J. Meehan, Secretary.
- Northampton, Mass., No. 097—Frank G. Brown, Exalted Ruler; Edward L. O'Brien, Secretary.
- North Attleboro, Mass., No. 1011—John G. Hedges, Exalted Ruler; David R. McKay, Secretary.
- North Platte, Neb., No. 085—E. W. Rincker, Exalted Ruler; A. B. Hoagland, Secretary.
- North Tonawanda, N. Y., No. 860—Fred C. Goltz, Exalted Ruler; Thos. B. Gray, Secretary.
- Norwalk, Conn., No. 709—John T. Dwyer, Exalted Ruler; John W. Sculley, Secretary.
- Norwalk, Ohio, No. 730—F. B. Cole, Exalted Ruler; Theodore Williams, Secretary.
- Norwich, Conn., No. 430—Arthur F. Campbell, Exalted Ruler; Wm. R. Balcom, Secretary.
- Norwich, N. Y., No. 1222—Herbert W. Rosing, Exalted Ruler; Scott R. Donaldson, Secretary.
- Norwood, Mass., No. 1124—George F. James, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Costello, Secretary.
- Nowata, Okla., No. 1151—Samuel E. Vogelhut, Exalted Ruler; Otis A. Mitchell, Secretary.
- Nutley, N. J., No. 1290—Wm. J. D. Lynch, Exalted Ruler; N. J. Hickey, Secretary.
- Oakland, Cal., No. 171—A. F. St. Sure, Exalted Ruler; M. A. Whidden, Secretary.
- Oak Park, Ill., No. 1295—James J. Lalla, Exalted Ruler; J. F. M. O'Neil, Secretary.
- Ocala, Fla., No. 286—George T. Maughs, Exalted Ruler; John P. Galloway, Secretary.
- Oconto, Wis., No. 887—Carl Riggins, Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Horak, Secretary.
- Oelwein, Iowa, No. 741—C. E. Plamadore, Exalted Ruler; G. G. Ward, Secretary.
- Oconomowoc, Wis., No. 1017—H. J. Schmidt, Exalted Ruler; C. Gramling, Secretary.
- Nampa, Idaho, No. 1389—S. D. Irwin, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Adams, Secretary.
- Napa, Cal., No. 832—Frank Soares, Exalted Ruler; S. H. Woods, Secretary.
- Napoleon, Ohio, No. 029—Harry Reiter, Exalted Ruler; Arnold F. Suhr, Secretary.
- Nashua, N. H., No. 720—J. Howard Gile, Exalted Ruler; J. D. Hallisey, Secretary.
- Nashville, Tenn., No. 72—Allen Fox, Exalted Ruler; Hugo L. Meadors, Secretary.
- N

Orden, Utah, No. 710—Thomas J. Maginnis, Exalted Ruler; E. T. Spencer, Secretary.
Ogdensburg, N. Y., No. 772—Charles S. Hubbard, Exalted Ruler; Lawrence C. Sawyer, Secretary.
Oil City, Pa., No. 344—Gerald E. Geary, Exalted Ruler; Cornelius Tyson, Secretary.
Oklahoma, Okla., No. 417—E. F. Rand, Exalted Ruler; S. H. Norman, Secretary.
Okmulgee, Okla., No. 1136—Ray C. Vincent, Exalted Ruler; John H. Clapp, Secretary.
Old Town, Me., No. 1287—Ernest M. Cummings, Exalted Ruler; Alexander J. Latno, Secretary.
Olean, N. Y., No. 491—Cassius R. Adams, Exalted Ruler; Albert E. Turner, Secretary.
Olney, Ill., No. 926—C. E. Conner, Exalted Ruler; Donovan D. McCarthy, Secretary.
Olympia, Wash., No. 186—Jesse M. Shelley, Exalted Ruler; Felix Donges, Secretary.
Omaha, Neb., No. 39—John H. Killian, Exalted Ruler; Otto Nielsen, Secretary.
Oneida, N. Y., No. 767—Charles L. Parmalee, Exalted Ruler; Henry Schocke, Secretary.
Oneonta, N. Y., No. 1312—Julian C. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Paul E. Baldwin, Secretary.
Ontario, Cal., No. 1419—P. H. Norton, Exalted Ruler; J. H. Gordon, Secretary.
Opelika, Ala., No. 910—W. S. Warren, Exalted Ruler; W. B. Harris, Secretary.
Opelousas, La., No. 1048—Isadore Isaacs, Exalted Ruler; Jos. D. Chachere, Secretary.
Orange, N. J., No. 135—Bernard Blanz, Exalted Ruler; M. J. McKiernan, Secretary.
Orange, Texas, No. 284—W. P. Inman, Exalted Ruler; Thos. C. Ford, Secretary.
Orangeburg, S. C., No. 897—R. H. Jennings, Jr., Exalted Ruler; T. A. Jeffords, Secretary.
Oregon City, Ore., No. 1189—Kent L. Moody, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Swafford, Secretary.
Orlando, Fla., No. 1070—Justin Van Buskirk, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Asher, Secretary.
Oswatimie, Kans., No. 921—Geo. A. Weber, Exalted Ruler; S. S. White, Secretary.
Oshkosh, Wis., No. 202—Harry W. Nankervis, Exalted Ruler; W. J. O'Rourke, Secretary.
Oskaloosa, Iowa, No. 340—Clarence Hull, Exalted Ruler; Homer R. Kendig, Secretary.
Oswego, N. Y., No. 271—Joseph P. O'Connor, Exalted Ruler; Robert Seelye Kelsey, Secretary.
Ottawa, Ill., No. 588—M. Dale Morahn, Exalted Ruler; E. O. Haerberle, Secretary.
Ottawa, Kans., No. 803—A. G. Madtson, Exalted Ruler; Paul Johnson, Secretary.
Ottumwa, Iowa, No. 347—E. J. Caton, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Carter, Secretary.
Ouray, Colo., No. 402—Fred P. Sibbach, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Kullerstrand, Secretary.
Owatonna, Minn., No. 1395—E. W. Senn, Exalted Ruler; Carl A. Hoffmann, Secretary.
Owego, N. Y., No. 1039—Stephen M. Lounsbury, Exalted Ruler; George B. Millrea, Secretary.
Owensboro, Ky., No. 144—Thomas R. Monarch, Exalted Ruler; W. M. O'Bryan, Secretary.
Owosso, Mich., No. 753—Karl J. Welte, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Stanard, Secretary.
Oxnard, Cal., No. 1443—Chas. F. Blackstock, Exalted Ruler; Rudolph Beck, Secretary.

P

Paducah, Ky., No. 217—Gladstone Burns, Exalted Ruler; Guy McChesney, Secretary.
Painesville, Ohio, No. 549—Bayard H. Taylor, Exalted Ruler; Chester C. Little, Secretary.
Palatka, Fla., No. 1232—B. C. Pearce, Exalted Ruler; H. F. Lecks, Secretary.
Palestine, Texas, No. 873—T. M. Campbell, Jr., Exalted Ruler; C. E. Williams, Secretary.
Pana, Ill., No. 1261—Walter Downs, Exalted Ruler; L. E. Jordan, Secretary.
Paragould, Ark., No. 1080—P. D. Roe, Exalted Ruler; R. L. Gardner, Secretary.
Paris, Ill., No. 812—W. R. Wright, Exalted Ruler; J. H. Coady, Secretary.
Paris, Texas, No. 716—J. W. Bell, Exalted Ruler; Lon Ford, Secretary.
Park City, Utah, No. 734—Ben H. Beveridge, Exalted Ruler; Ernest G. Olund, Secretary.
Parkersburg, W. Va., No. 198—Robert B. McDougle, Exalted Ruler; Max McKinley, Secretary.
Parsons, Kans., No. 527—Fred H. Scheibner, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Rockhold, Secretary.
Pasadena, Cal., No. 672—C. Hal Reynolds, Exalted Ruler; E. F. Kohler, Secretary.
Pascagoula, Miss., No. 1120—W. C. Dorgan, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Walker, Secretary.
Passaic, N. J., No. 387—Paul W. Muller, Exalted Ruler; Peter J. Gallagher, Secretary.
Patchogue, N. Y., No. 1323—John E. Glover, Exalted Ruler; Francis L. Brophy, Secretary.
Pateron, N. J., No. 60—John M. Morrison, Exalted Ruler; Robert Worsley, Jr., Secretary.
Pauls Valley, Okla., No. 1252—A. W. Jones, Exalted Ruler; O. V. McWhorter, Secretary.
Pawhuska, Okla., No. 1177—G. B. Sturgell, Exalted Ruler; W. T. Crozier, Secretary.
Pawtucket, R. I., No. 920—William C. Hickey, Exalted Ruler; P. J. Devlin, Secretary.
Peabody, Mass., No. 1406—Thomas F. Barrett, Exalted Ruler; Henry I. Yale, Secretary.
Peekskill, N. Y., No. 744—Herman Engel, Exalted Ruler; Albert E. Cruger, Secretary.
Pekin, Ill., No. 1271—Roy S. Preston, Exalted Ruler; Albert Christian Heisel, Secretary.
Pendleton, Ore., No. 288—Harold J. Warner, Exalted Ruler; F. J. McMonies, Secretary.
Pepps Grove, N. J., No. 1358—Thomas E. Hunt, Exalted Ruler; Walter Edgar, Secretary.
Pensacola, Fla., No. 407—C. W. D'Alamberte, Exalted Ruler; Vincent J. Vidal, Secretary.
Peoria, Ill., No. 20—C. B. Vanskike, Exalted Ruler; Chas. R. Livingston, Secretary.
Perry, Iowa, No. 407—H. O. Cobb, Exalted Ruler; G. H. Gardner, Secretary.
Perth Amboy, N. J., No. 784—August Greiner, Exalted Ruler; Edgar T. Reed, Secretary.
Peru, Ind., No. 365—William Hart, Exalted Ruler; Lloyd Selkman, Secretary.
Petaluma, Cal., No. 901—Miles V. Murphy, Exalted Ruler; August Lepori, Secretary.

Petersburg, Va., No. 237—G. R. Barksdale, Exalted Ruler; Le Roy Roper, Secretary.
Petoskey, Mich., No. 629—Harry L. Brimmer, Exalted Ruler; Converse C. Eddy, Secretary.
Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2—Charles H. Grakelow, Exalted Ruler; F. Ralph Yocum, Secretary.
Phillipsburg, N. J., No. 305—Harold R. Seip, Exalted Ruler; Jesse H. Rubert, Secretary.
Phillipsburg, Pa., No. 1173—William R. Hicks, Exalted Ruler; Calvin Jones, Secretary.
Phoenix, Ariz., No. 335—E. F. Harrington, Exalted Ruler; A. John Frey, Secretary.
Pine Bluff, Ark., No. 149—E. T. Miller, Exalted Ruler; Mack Hunter, Secretary.
Piqua, Ohio, No. 523—Albert J. Knese, Exalted Ruler; C. L. Suesman, Secretary.
Pittsburg, Kans., No. 412—W. H. Millington, Exalted Ruler; Ora O. Hobson, Secretary.
Pittsburgh, Pa., No. 11—Daniel Winters, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Liebler, Secretary.
Pittsfield, Mass., No. 272—Frank J. Byrnes, Exalted Ruler; John H. Lehmann, Secretary.
Pittston, Pa., No. 382—Carl C. Callahan, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Duffy, Secretary.
Plainfield, N. J., No. 885—Richard J. O'Neill, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Causbrook, Secretary.
Plainville, Texas, No. 1175—Ben F. Smith, Exalted Ruler; W. B. Davenport, Secretary.
Plaquemine, La., No. 1398—Daniel Kahn, Exalted Ruler; Daniel J. Molaison, Secretary.
Platteville, Wis., No. 1460—David Gardner, Jr., Exalted Ruler; E. J. Sawbridge, Secretary.
Plattsburg, N. Y., No. 621—W. Maynard Levy, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Ralph L. Signor, Secretary.
Plattsburgh, N. Y., No. 730—W. M. Barclay, Exalted Ruler; Emil J. Hild, Secretary.
Pocatello, Idaho, No. 674—Jean N. Bistline, Exalted Ruler; A. E. Zener, Secretary.
Pomona, Cal., No. 789—S. W. Clapp, Exalted Ruler; C. C. McKey, Secretary.
Ponfili, Ill., No. 1019—F. Lynden Smith, Exalted Ruler; J. S. Marshall, Secretary.
Ponfili, Mich., No. 810—Charles Schlaack, Exalted Ruler; Charles E. Herrick, Secretary.
Popular Bluff, Mo., No. 589—E. M. Robinson, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Bauman, Secretary.
Portage, Wis., No. 675—A. J. Klenert, Exalted Ruler; Fred P. Goss, Secretary.
Port Angeles, "Naval," Wash., No. 353—Fred C. Strange, Exalted Ruler; Ray L. Haynes, Secretary.
Port Arthur, Texas, No. 1069—G. H. Stevens, Jr., Exalted Ruler; L. B. Fisher, Secretary.
Port Chester, N. Y., No. 803—Fred H. Ponty, Exalted Ruler; Clement D. Camp, Secretary.
Porterville, Cal., No. 1342—Frank H. Pratt, Exalted Ruler; Edw. F. Halbert, Secretary.
Port Huron, Mich., No. 343—John S. Mann, Exalted Ruler; John E. Connellan, Secretary.
Port Jervis, N. Y., No. 645—William T. Boland, Exalted Ruler; John W. Bierlein, Secretary.
Portland, Ind., No. 768—Mike Ankrom, Exalted Ruler; Homer Schamp, Secretary.
Portland, Me., No. 188—C. Dwight Stevens, Exalted Ruler; Howard D. Ferris, Secretary.
Portland, Ore., No. 142—Barnett H. Goldstein, Exalted Ruler; M. R. Spaulding, Secretary.
Portsmouth, N. H., No. 97—Frank J. Donnelly, Exalted Ruler; George H. Wingate, Secretary.
Portsmouth, Ohio, No. 154—Edmund J. Krickler, Exalted Ruler; Otto B. Maiter, Secretary.
Portsmouth, Va., No. 82—George W. Burns, Exalted Ruler; J. G. Mayo, Secretary.
Port Townsend, Wash., No. 317—William C. O'Neill, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Christian, Secretary.
Posttown, Pa., No. 814—N. M. Sechler, Exalted Ruler; H. A. Holloway, Secretary.
Potsville, Pa., No. 207—Harry H. Bicht, Exalted Ruler; Wm. G. Dimmerling, Secretary.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., No. 275—Alfred J. Henry, Exalted Ruler; Glen D. Cook, Secretary.
Pratt, Kans., No. 1451—Sidney P. Spence, Exalted Ruler; Forest E. Link, Secretary.
Prescott, Ariz., No. 330—Mitchell P. Mahony, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Herndon, Secretary.
Princeton, Ill., No. 1461—Perry D. Trimble, Exalted Ruler; Leroy W. Johnson, Secretary.
Princeton, Ind., No. 634—Frank M. Harris, Exalted Ruler; Rollin Maxam, Secretary.
Princeton, Ky., No. 1115—Jas. T. Akin, Exalted Ruler; T. H. King, Secretary.
Princeton, W. Va., No. 1450—Charles D. Mahood, Exalted Ruler; W. B. McNutt, Secretary.
Providence, R. I., No. 14—John P. Hartigan, Exalted Ruler; Harry W. Callender, Secretary.
Provo, Utah, No. 849—E. B. Whipple, Exalted Ruler; Paul D. Vincent, Secretary.
Pueblo, Colo., No. 90—John M. James, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Andrew, Secretary.
Pulaski, Va., No. 1067—D. C. Laughon, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Cave, Secretary.
Punxsutawney, Pa., No. 301—H. T. Jack, Exalted Ruler; H. F. Weiss, Secretary.
Purcell, Okla., No. 1200—James Crawford, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. S. Trudgeon, Secretary.
Pulnam, Conn., No. 574—Archibald Macdonald, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Thomas J. Howarth, Secretary.
Pyshtalup, Wash., No. 1450—Elmer E. Healey, Exalted Ruler; E. D. Moyles, Secretary.

Q

Quanah, Texas, No. 1202—J. S. Huffhines, Exalted Ruler; L. D. Smith, Jr., Secretary.
Queens Borough, N. Y., No. 878—John E. Kiffin, Exalted Ruler; James D. Moran, Secretary.
Quincy, Fla., No. 1111—Joe Wedeles, Exalted Ruler; J. L. Hearin, Secretary.
Quincy, Ill., No. 100—Charles G. Nauert, Exalted Ruler; S. F. Bonney, Secretary.
Quincy, Mass., No. 943—Laurence A. Trainor, Exalted Ruler; John J. O'Hara, Secretary.

R

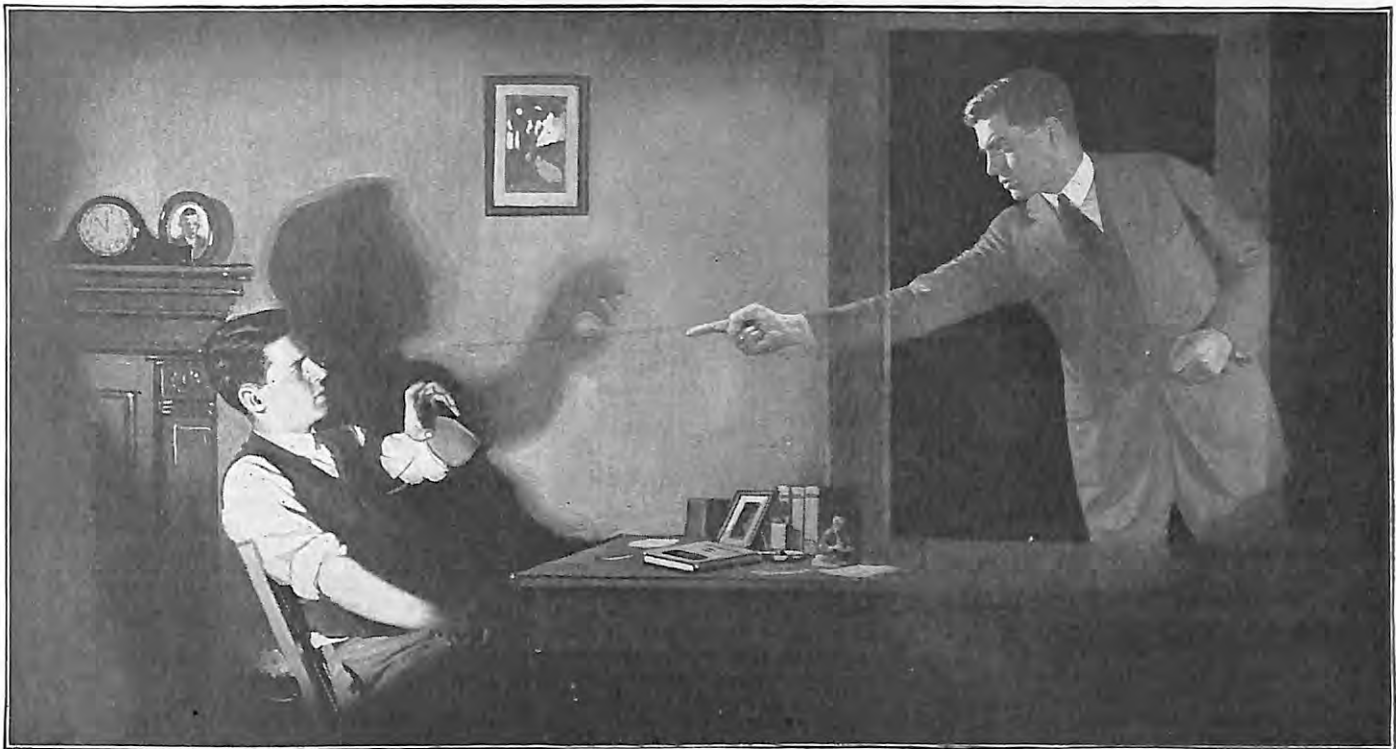
Racine, Wis., No. 252—Frank Miller, Exalted Ruler; W. S. Dresbach, Secretary.
Rahway, N. J., No. 1075—Fred W. Marsteller, Exalted Ruler; George L. Kirchgasser, Secretary.

Raleigh, N. C., No. 735—H. B. Hatch, Exalted Ruler; E. G. Warlick, Secretary.
Ranger, Texas, No. 1373—Harry A. Logsdon, Exalted Ruler; L. L. Neal, Secretary.
Rapid City, S. D., No. 1187—H. N. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; C. I. Leedy, Secretary.
Raton, N. M., No. 865—E. G. Kilmurray, Exalted Ruler; R. A. White, Secretary.
Ravenna, Ohio, No. 1076—M. E. Wagoner, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Ikerman, Secretary.
Rawlins, Wyo., No. 609—J. J. Havrilla, Exalted Ruler; M. M. Johnson, Secretary.
Raymond, Wash., No. 1292—Henry Boyer, Jr., Exalted Ruler; S. W. Dunn, Secretary.
Reading, Pa., No. 115—G. E. Singley, Exalted Ruler; C. J. Doherty, Secretary.
Red Bank, N. J., No. 233—Fred C. Van Vleit, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Andrew R. Coleman, Secretary.
Red Bluff, Cal., No. 1250—Frank M. Sheridan, Exalted Ruler; P. O. Thomas, Secretary.
Redding, Cal., No. 1073—Edward R. Smith, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Lutton, Secretary.
Redlands, Cal., No. 583—C. A. Maccubbin, Exalted Ruler; Lee Dague, Secretary.
Red Lodge, "Bearlooth," Mont., No. 534—C. C. Rowan, Exalted Ruler; O. J. Simmons, Secretary.
Red Oak, Iowa, No. 1304—G. E. Robinson, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Gibson, Secretary.
Redondo Beach, Cal., No. 1378—C. J. Funk, Exalted Ruler; Frank E. Hulbert, Secretary.
Red Wing, Minn., No. 845—John A. Finsta, Exalted Ruler; Jesse McIntire, Secretary.
Reno, Nev., No. 507—Le Roy F. Pike, Exalted Ruler; J. H. McCormack, Secretary.
Renovo, Pa., No. 334—L. M. Griffey, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Doyle, Secretary.
Revere, Mass., No. 1171—William J. Barrett, Exalted Ruler; Ernest B. Porter, Secretary.
Reynoldsville, Pa., No. 519—Blake E. Irvin, Exalted Ruler; John T. Barkley, Secretary.
Rhinclander, Wis., No. 598—W. C. Liebenstein, Exalted Ruler; Robert R. Schuelke, Secretary.
Rice Lake, Wis., No. 1441—J. H. Wallis, Exalted Ruler; B. F. Prince, Secretary.
Rich Hill, Mo., No. 1028—H. W. Insley, Exalted Ruler; P. E. Ralston, Secretary.
Richmond, Cal., No. 1251—Thomas M. Carlson, Exalted Ruler; Edgar W. Dale, Secretary.
Richmond, Ind., No. 649—Nimrod H. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; Frank McCurdy, Secretary.
Richmond, Ky., No. 581—J. C. Chenault, Sr., Exalted Ruler; T. C. O'Neil, Secretary.
Richmond, Mo., No. 834—Harry E. Roark, Exalted Ruler; Ralph B. Hughes, Secretary.
Richmond, Va., No. 45—Henry U. Ebel, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Harwood, Secretary.
Ridgewood, N. J., No. 1455—William W. Reynolds, Exalted Ruler; Robert B. Murphy, Secretary.
Ridgway, Pa., No. 872—C. Gordon Hay, Exalted Ruler; Roy B. Ely, Secretary.
Riverside, Cal., No. 643—E. B. Criddle, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Bowden, Secretary.
Roanoke, Va., No. 107—I. M. Andrews, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Dyer, Secretary.
Robinson, Ill., No. 1188—P. G. McCarty, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Lowe, Secretary.
Rochester, Minn., No. 1091—Paul W. McGeary, Exalted Ruler; Eugene Schwarz, Secretary.
Rochester, N. H., No. 1393—Justin A. Emery, Exalted Ruler; John A. McInerney, Secretary.
Rochester, N. Y., No. 24—Chas. W. Miller, Exalted Ruler; Frank A. Flora, Secretary.
Rochester, Pa., No. 283—Wm. H. Bickerstaff, Exalted Ruler; Hale R. McDonald, Secretary.
Rockford, Ill., No. 64—Harry W. Pollard, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. House, Secretary.
Rock Hill, S. C., No. 1318—H. W. Robinson, Exalted Ruler; S. G. Brice, Secretary.
Rock Island, Ill., No. 980—C. N. Isaacson, Exalted Ruler; L. M. Titterton, Secretary.
Rockland, Me., No. 1008—William P. Hurley, Exalted Ruler; Albertus W. Clarke, Secretary.
Rock Springs, Wyo., No. 624—L. H. Brown, Exalted Ruler; A. H. Anderson, Secretary.
Rockville, Conn., No. 1359—George H. Williams, Exalted Ruler; M. J. Cosgrove, Secretary.
Rocky Ford, Colo., No. 1147—H. H. Cover, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Sellar, Secretary.
Rocky Mount, N. C., No. 7038—John H. Ledbetter, Exalted Ruler; H. Dempt, Secretary.
Rogers, Ark., No. 1223—L. F. Owens, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Daniels, Secretary.
Rome, N. Y., No. 1268—Arthur C. Tedd, Exalted Ruler; Albert L. MacMaster, Secretary.
Roseburg, Ore., No. 326—Frank P. Clemens, Exalted Ruler; J. G. Day, Jr., Secretary.
Roswell, N. M., No. 960—Roy E. Brady, Exalted Ruler; Elmer H. Riemen, Secretary.
Rumford, Me., No. 862—George A. Hutchins, Exalted Ruler; Origene L. Filiault, Secretary.
Rushville, Ind., No. 1307—William G. Mulno, Exalted Ruler; C. S. Green, Secretary.
Russellville, Ark., No. 1213—Robert A. Ragsdale, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Cowan, Secretary.
Ruston, La., No. 1134—W. S. Moore, Exalted Ruler; B. F. McLure, Secretary.
Rutherford, N. J., No. 547—John F. Clark, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. Seeger, Secretary.
Ruland, Va., No. 345—Wilford H. Handley, Exalted Ruler; John J. Cocklin, Secretary.

S

Sacramento, Cal., No. 6—Thos. J. Flammer, Exalted Ruler; Walter Leitch, Secretary.
Saginaw, Mich., No. 47—Joseph M. Leonard, Exalted Ruler; William F. Jahnke, Secretary.
Salamanca, N. Y., No. 1025—W. B. Peiffer, Exalted Ruler; Chas. A. Crouch, Secretary.
Salem, Mass., No. 799—Patrick A. McSweeney, Exalted Ruler; Charles A. Currier, Secretary.
Salem, Ohio, No. 305—Harvey S. Flugan, Exalted Ruler; R. L. Jones, Secretary.
Salem, Ore., No. 336—E. M. Page, Exalted Ruler; Harry J. Wiedmer, Secretary.
Salida, Colo., No. 808—C. A. Newton, Exalted Ruler; R. P. Rubin, Secretary.
Salina, Kans., No. 718—W. A. Stoltzman, Exalted Ruler; Clyde W. Martin, Secretary.

- Salinas, Cal., No. 614—L. M. Tynan, Exalted Ruler; W. F. Handley, Secretary.
- Salisbury, Md., No. 817—V. L. B. Williams, Exalted Ruler; Elmer T. Huston, Secretary.
- Salisbury, N. C., No. 609—J. C. Deaton, Exalted Ruler; Paul W. Whitlock, Secretary.
- Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85—S. W. Tooke, Exalted Ruler; J. Edward Swift, Secretary.
- San Angelo, Texas, No. 908—E. E. Lowrie, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Hornish, Secretary.
- San Antonio, Texas, No. 216—Jack R. Burke, Exalted Ruler; G. G. Collins, Secretary.
- San Bernardino, Cal., No. 836—E. M. Calder, Exalted Ruler; O. P. Sloat, Secretary.
- San Diego, Cal., No. 168—George W. Foelschow, Exalted Ruler; Richard C. Benbough, Secretary.
- Sandpoint, Idaho, No. 1376—T. L. Gibson, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Gardner, Secretary.
- Sandusky, Ohio, No. 285—Carl F. Breining, Exalted Ruler; George J. Doerzbach, Secretary.
- Sanford, Fla., No. 1241—Ernest F. Housholder, Exalted Ruler; Joe D. Chittenden, Secretary.
- San Francisco, Cal., No. 3—Nadeau L. Bourgeault, Exalted Ruler; Herman Kohn, Secretary.
- San Jose, Cal., No. 522—W. L. Biebrach, Exalted Ruler; A. V. Schubert, Secretary.
- San Juan, P. R., No. 972—Levis C. Babcock, Exalted Ruler; Fred E. Cook, Secretary.
- San Luis Obispo, Cal., No. 322—M. A. Fitzgerald, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Putnam, Secretary.
- San Marcos, Texas, No. 1101—Oran W. Cliett, Exalted Ruler; Frank M. McGee, Secretary.
- San Mateo, Cal., No. 1112—Martin A. Poss, Exalted Ruler; S. H. Dado, Secretary.
- San Pedro, Cal., No. 966—Hal B. Lisman, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Miller, Secretary.
- San Rafael, Cal., No. 1108—A. H. Burnett, Exalted Ruler; Hugh J. McGinnis, Secretary.
- Santa Ana, Cal., No. 794—P. G. Beissel, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Wasser, Secretary.
- Santa Barbara, Cal., No. 613—G. M. Mickelson, Exalted Ruler; Edward G. Dodge, Secretary.
- Santa Cruz, Cal., No. 824—R. A. Macaulay, Exalted Ruler; Henry G. Poole, Secretary.
- Santa Fe, N. M., No. 406—H. W. Brown, Exalted Ruler; L. R. Murphy, Secretary.
- Santa Monica, Cal., No. 906—G. Irwin Wallace, Exalted Ruler; Olaf Klausen, Secretary.
- Santa Rosa, Cal., No. 646—Donald Geary, Exalted Ruler; Frank Weston, Secretary.
- Sapulpa, Okla., No. 1118—Harry E. Anderson, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Woodward, Secretary.
- Saratoga, N. Y., No. 161—Maurice J. Delay, Exalted Ruler; Harry J. Young, Secretary.
- Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., No. 552—Kenneth Eddy, Exalted Ruler; John P. Wessel, Secretary.
- Savannah, Ga., No. 183—Leo A. Morrissy, Exalted Ruler; C. Edwin Feuger, Secretary.
- Sayre, Pa., No. 1148—Robert F. Adam, Exalted Ruler; F. Elmo Daly, Secretary.
- Schenectady, N. Y., No. 480—John Alexander, Exalted Ruler; Thos. J. Lyons, Secretary.
- Scottsdale, Pa., No. 777—R. E. Morrow, Exalted Ruler; W. H. D. Steelsmith, Secretary.
- Scottsbluff, Neb., No. 1367—F. F. Fischer, Exalted Ruler; T. F. Kennedy, Secretary.
- Scranton, Pa., No. 123—Arthur Scott, Exalted Ruler; Wm. S. Gould, Secretary.
- Seattle, Wash., No. 92—J. E. Rimbold, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Bane, Secretary.
- Sedalia, Mo., No. 125—Norman L. Nelson, Exalted Ruler; Alton R. Easton, Secretary.
- Seguin, Texas, No. 1229—Arno A. Breustedt, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Timmerman, Secretary.
- Selma, Ala., No. 167—C. L. DeBardeleben, Exalted Ruler; J. D. Wilkins, Secretary.
- Seneca Falls, N. Y., No. 902—Harry Nugent, Exalted Ruler; Charles S. Fegley, Secretary.
- Seymour, Ind., No. 462—T. M. Honan, Exalted Ruler; J. V. Richart, Secretary.
- Shamokin, Pa., No. 355—C. C. Malick, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Coulston, Secretary.
- Sharon, Pa., No. 103—Ralph E. Johnston, Exalted Ruler; E. A. Madden, Secretary.
- Shawnee, Okla., No. 657—Park Wyatt, Exalted Ruler; Philip Watson, Secretary.
- Sheboygan, Wis., No. 299—Edward H. Clemens, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Nehrlisch, Secretary.
- Sheffield, Ala., No. 1375—P. J. Machtoff, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Burns, Secretary.
- Shelbyville, Ill., No. 793—R. L. Killam, Exalted Ruler; L. N. Stewardson, Secretary.
- Shelbyville, Ind., No. 457—Wm. Groebel, Exalted Ruler; Hugh Lunnus, Secretary.
- Shelbyville, Ky., No. 1368—S. R. Skinner, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Harness, Secretary.
- Shenandoah, Iowa, No. 1122—W. R. Day, Exalted Ruler; J. A. Cheney, Secretary.
- Shenandoah, Pa., No. 945—Edward A. Klitsch, Exalted Ruler; L. F. Hafner, Secretary.
- Sheraden, Pa., No. 949—John R. Connolly, Exalted Ruler; Newman Groves, Secretary.
- Sheridan, Wyo., No. 520—E. C. Gwillim, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Ham, Secretary.
- Sherman, Texas, No. 667—E. N. Mulkey, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Pitts, Secretary.
- Shreveport, La., No. 122—John McW. Ford, Exalted Ruler; S. E. Davies, Secretary.
- Sidney, Ohio, No. 786—B. D. Heck, Exalted Ruler; V. E. Bedford, Secretary.
- Silver City, N. M., No. 413—W. B. Walton, Exalted Ruler; Edward W. Ward, Secretary.
- Sioux City, Iowa, No. 112—Henry Hoskins, Exalted Ruler; T. G. Gary, Secretary.
- Sioux Falls, S. D., No. 262—Carl O. Berdahl, Exalted Ruler; Joe E. Brown, Secretary.
- Sistersville, W. Va., No. 333—O. D. Guyton, Exalted Ruler; Morrow B. Wilson, Secretary.
- Skagway, Alaska, No. 431—W. J. Mulvihill, Exalted Ruler; Fred J. Vandewall, Secretary.
- Somerset, Ky., No. 1021—W. S. Taylor, Exalted Ruler; C. B. Cundiff, Secretary.
- Somerville, Mass., No. 917—George B. Elmes, Exalted Ruler; J. hn S. McGowan, Secretary.
- Somerville, N. J., No. 1068—William S. Woodruff, Exalted Ruler; David Bodine, Secretary.
- South Bend, Ind., No. 235—George A. Crane, Exalted Ruler; Chas. Bredemus, Secretary.
- South Brownsville, Pa., No. 1344—Joseph N. Shaw, Exalted Ruler; J. Carl Weston, Secretary.
- South Orange, N. J., No. 1154—Thos. H. Hindle, Exalted Ruler; P. W. Van Sickle, Secretary.
- Spokane, Wash., No. 228—W. W. Zent, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Connor, Secretary.
- Springfield, Ill., No. 158—Oliver F. Davenport, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Vaught, Secretary.
- Springfield, Mass., No. 61—Joseph E. Kerigan, Exalted Ruler; Thomas F. Nally, Secretary.
- Springfield, "Florence," Mo., No. 409—John S. Farrington, Exalted Ruler; W. T. Bigbee, Secretary.
- Springfield, Ohio, No. 51—Wm. Poole, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Schneider, Secretary.
- St. Augustine, Fla., No. 829—James Burnie Griffin, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Genovar, Secretary.
- St. Charles, Mo., No. 600—H. A. Robert Fischer, Exalted Ruler; A. H. Stoehner, Secretary.
- St. Cloud, Minn., No. 516—Wm. H. Mulligan, Exalted Ruler; F. X. Beaver, Secretary.
- St. Johnsbury, Vt., No. 1343—Robert P. Nichols, Exalted Ruler; F. W. Magoon, Secretary.
- St. Joseph, Mich., No. 541—Louis H. Wille, Exalted Ruler; O. F. Shedd, Secretary.
- St. Joseph, Mo., No. 40—M. P. Lawler, Exalted Ruler; L. H. Mann, Secretary.
- St. Louis, Mo., No. 9—Lawrence McDaniel, Exalted Ruler; Jules Bertero, Secretary.
- St. Maries, Idaho, No. 1418—E. W. Trueman, Exalted Ruler; A. R. Manock, Secretary.
- St. Marys, Pa., No. 437—James D. Beaver, Exalted Ruler; Albert S. Grosh, Secretary.
- St. Paul, Minn., No. 59—Leonard C. Seamer, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Curtis, Secretary.
- St. Petersburg, Fla., No. 1224—E. A. Donovan, Exalted Ruler; V. N. Ridgely, Secretary.
- Stamford, Conn., No. 899—George A. Powers, Exalted Ruler; Thomas F. Doughty, Secretary.
- Staten Island, N. Y., No. 841—Robert McDowell, Exalted Ruler; Louis Heymann, Secretary.
- Sterling, Colo., No. 1336—L. N. Scofield, Exalted Ruler; J. P. Burke, Secretary.
- Sterling, Ill., No. 1218—H. J. Heiss, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Cushman, Secretary.
- Steubenville, Ohio, No. 231—Earl D. Applegate, Exalted Ruler; F. Earl Vance, Secretary.
- Stevens Point, Wis., No. 641—B. J. Carpenter, Exalted Ruler; L. J. Eaton, Secretary.
- Stillwater, Minn., No. 179—Martin A. Nelson, Exalted Ruler; Paul J. Arndt, Secretary.
- Stockton, Cal., No. 218—John H. Plummer, Exalted Ruler; L. E. C. Jordan, Secretary.
- Streator, Ill., No. 591—E. A. Wolferman, Exalted Ruler; Harry R. Smith, Secretary.
- Sturgis, Mich., No. 1381—Theo. T. Jacobs, Exalted Ruler; D. W. Hoxie, Secretary.
- Stuttgart, Ark., No. 1238—A. R. Bohon, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Richardson, Secretary.
- Suffolk, Va., No. 685—D. C. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Macleary, Secretary.
- Sullivan, Ind., No. 911—Earl Eldridge, Exalted Ruler; Julius Hatry, Secretary.
- Sulphur Springs, Texas, No. 1227—J. K. Brim, Exalted Ruler; L. E. Junell, Secretary.
- Summit, N. J., No. 1246—Ralph J. Mallay, Exalted Ruler; George L. Duffy, Secretary.
- Sunbury, Pa., No. 267—Charles Gubin, Exalted Ruler; Austin Wilvert, Secretary.
- Superior, Wis., No. 493—Wm. Bradley, Exalted Ruler; Randal P. Gordon, Secretary.
- Sweetwater, Texas, No. 1257—Gus Farrar, Exalted Ruler; T. E. Crutcher, Secretary.
- Syracuse, N. Y., No. 31—George H. Bedford, Exalted Ruler; Miles S. Hencle, Secretary.
- Sycamore, Ill., No. 1392—Cassius Poust, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Sullivan, Secretary.
- Tacoma, Wash., No. 174—Earl C. Reynolds, Exalted Ruler; Geo. A. Smithley, Secretary.
- Talladega, Ala., No. 603—M. J. Lane, Exalted Ruler; Syd. K. Booker, Secretary.
- Tallahassee, Fla., No. 937—L. A. McCants, Exalted Ruler; C. G. Parramore, Secretary.
- Tamaqua, Pa., No. 592—Eugene F. Sowers, Exalted Ruler; H. J. Lauer, Secretary.
- Tampa, Fla., No. 708—A. W. Squires, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Joughin, Secretary.
- Tarentum, Pa., No. 644—Ralph M. Hawk, Exalted Ruler; Francis H. Clay, Secretary.
- Taunton, Mass., No. 150—James H. Boyd, Exalted Ruler; Edward C. Ward, Secretary.
- Taylor, Texas, No. 1176—Wm. Roddy, Exalted Ruler; L. W. Evens, Secretary.
- Taylorville, Ill., No. 925—C. W. Bontemps, Exalted Ruler; Alvin Frisch, Secretary.
- Telluride, Colo., No. 692—C. E. Downtain, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Ballard, Secretary.
- Temple, Texas, No. 138—Chas. H. Black, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Reynolds, Secretary.
- Terre Haute, Ind., No. 86—C. E. Marlar, Exalted Ruler; Wayne Kehoe, Secretary.
- Terrell, Texas, No. 172—S. G. Edwards, Exalted Ruler; P. L. Davis, Secretary.
- Texarkana, Ark., No. 399—Louis Joseph, Exalted Ruler; John W. Henagan, Secretary.
- The Dalles, Ore., No. 303—Thompson Coberth, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Crichton, Secretary.
- Thief River Falls, Minn., No. 1308—G. W. Connell, Exalted Ruler; T. J. Austad, Secretary.
- Three Rivers, Mich., No. 1248—M. D. Noss, Exalted Ruler; J. H. Wagner, Secretary.
- Tiffin, Ohio, No. 94—Edmund H. Ferrall, Exalted Ruler; Charles I. Burtner, Secretary.
- Tillamook, Ore., No. 1437—J. G. Turner, Exalted Ruler; E. A. Brenner, Secretary.
- Tipton, Ind., No. 1012—David L. Thomas, Exalted Ruler; George M. Roberson, Secretary.
- Titusville, Pa., No. 264—Jacob Goldstein, Exalted Ruler; Frank A. Minglen, Secretary.
- Toledo, Ohio, No. 53—Paul T. Gaynor, Exalted Ruler; Louis Volk, Secretary.
- Toponah, Nev., No. 1062—W. G. Gray, Exalted Ruler; Lowell Daniels, Secretary.
- Topeka, Kans., No. 204—John D. M. Hamilton, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Morgan, Secretary.
- Torrington, Conn., No. 372—Lee H. Harrison, Exalted Ruler; James J. Coman, Secretary.
- Towson, Md., No. 460—Hugh P. Price, Exalted Ruler; Hiram W. Brown, Secretary.
- Traverse City, Mich., No. 323—Albert Smith, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Loudon, Secretary.
- Trenton, Mo., No. 801—J. H. Clawson, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Wettstein, Secretary.
- Trenton, N. J., No. 105—Arthur Perkins, Exalted Ruler; Albert E. Dearden, Secretary.
- Trenton, Tenn., No. 1279—M. R. Harrison, Exalted Ruler; Joe Freed, Secretary.
- Trinidad, Colo., No. 181—Frank B. Stone, Exalted Ruler; L. Z. Jamison, Secretary.
- Troy, Ala., No. 928—Peter Abt, Exalted Ruler; H. B. Jernigan, Secretary.
- Troy, Ohio, No. 833—A. G. Tooley, Exalted Ruler; C. G. Jordan, Secretary.
- Troy, N. Y., No. 141—Joseph B. Mulholland, Exalted Ruler; Warren G. Clark, Secretary.
- Tucson, Ariz., No. 385—Geo. B. Knight, Exalted Ruler; W. Sullinger, Secretary.
- Tucumcavi, N. M., No. 1172—Carl E. Bildstone, Exalted Ruler; Walter B. Rector, Jr., Secretary.
- Tulare, Cal., No. 1424—C. E. McCourt, Exalted Ruler; Chas. L. Kennedy, Secretary.
- Tulsa, Okla., No. 946—Paul Avis, Exalted Ruler; H. Moneysmith, Secretary.
- Twin Falls, Idaho, No. 1183—H. G. Lauterbach, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Deiss, Secretary.
- Two Rivers, Wis., No. 1380—John G. Weilep, Exalted Ruler; Otto J. N. Simonis, Secretary.
- Tyler, Texas, No. 215—A. M. Brown, Exalted Ruler; Jas. R. Harrell, Secretary.
- Tyrone, Pa., No. 212—George H. James, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Van Scoey, Secretary.
- U
- Uhrichsville, Ohio, No. 424—J. L. Potts, Exalted Ruler; L. B. McCort, Secretary.
- Union, S. C., No. 1321—E. M. Garner, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Jones, Secretary.
- Union City, Tenn., No. 679—W. F. Tate, Exalted Ruler; Roy Taylor, Secretary.
- Union Hill, N. J., No. 1357—Frank Gerlach, Exalted Ruler; John J. Murphy, Secretary.
- Uniontown, Pa., No. 370—Ewing H. Townsend, Exalted Ruler; Frank R. Foster, Secretary.
- Upper Sandusky, Ohio, No. 83—R. E. Carter, Exalted Ruler; A. M. Smith, Secretary.
- Urbana, Ill., No. 901—James Wesley Huss, Exalted Ruler; John W. Medrow, Secretary.
- Utica, N. Y., No. 33—Albert L. Connelly, Exalted Ruler; Amon W. Foote, Secretary.
- V
- Vallejo, Cal., No. 559—Frank W. Hutchinson, Exalted Ruler; Carl H. Nielsen, Secretary.
- Valley City, N. D., No. 1110—Charles K. Otto, Exalted Ruler; R. T. Healy, Secretary.
- Valparaiso, Ind., No. 500—R. L. Felton, Exalted Ruler; H. C. Krieger, Secretary.
- Vancouver, Wash., No. 823—Charles A. McDonah, Exalted Ruler; O. F. Zumsteg, Secretary.
- Van Wert, Ohio, No. 1197—Fred P. Clark, Exalted Ruler; R. J. Hofmann, Secretary.
- Ventura, Cal., No. 1430—L. H. Dunning, Exalted Ruler; A. L. Burson, Secretary.
- Vicksburg, Miss., No. 95—J. J. Williamson, Exalted Ruler; F. A. Scott, Secretary.
- Victor, Colo., No. 307—Erick Johnson, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Nice, Secretary.
- Vernon, Texas, No. 1383—Harry Mason, Exalted Ruler; O. K. Storey, Secretary.
- Victoria, Texas, No. 729—T. M. Scott, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Lynch, Secretary.
- Vincennes, Ind., No. 291—Henry L. Boyll, Exalted Ruler; Edgar J. Julian, Secretary.
- Vineland, N. J., No. 1422—James Colligan, Exalted Ruler; Chas. A. Barraclough, Secretary.
- Vinita, Okla., No. 1162—Charles Schneider, Exalted Ruler; Glenn W. Keith, Secretary.
- Virginia, Minn., No. 1003—H. S. Gillespie, Exalted Ruler; C. G. Vanderpoel, Secretary.
- Virginia City "Oro Y Plata" Mont., No. 300—Benjamin H. Stutenburg, Exalted Ruler; William A. Francis, Secretary.
- Visalia, Cal., No. 1298—Jos. R. Barboni, Exalted Ruler; Jas. T. Boyer, Secretary.
- W
- Wabash, Ind., No. 471—Chas. S. Baer, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Wakefield, Secretary.
- Waco, Texas, No. 166—I. W. Kiersky, Exalted Ruler; Gibson Gayle, Secretary.
- Wakefield, Mass., No. 1276—John F. Tighe, Exalted Ruler; William M. Kelso, Secretary.
- Wallace, Idaho, No. 331—Harry C. McAllister, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Wimer, Secretary.
- Walla Walla, Wash., No. 287—C. M. Wilbur, Exalted Ruler; Fred S. Hull, Secretary.
- Wallingford, Conn., No. 1365—M. F. Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; Chas. F. Drum, Secretary.
- Walsenburg, Colo., No. 1086—Don Thompson, Exalted Ruler; S. M. Andrews, Secretary.
- Waltham, Mass., No. 953—Fred Merritt Stiles, Exalted Ruler; Matthew G. Linthwaite, Secretary.
- Wapakoneta, Ohio, No. 1170—G. W. Hassenier, Exalted Ruler; John J. Hay, Secretary.
- Warren, Ohio, No. 205—Lewis L. Guarnieri, Exalted Ruler; Mark H. Marvin, Secretary.
- Warren, Pa., No. 223—H. C. Putnam, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Putnam, Secretary.
- Warrensburg, Mo., No. 673—Ned Golay, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Hohrecht, Secretary.
- Warsaw, Ind., No. 802—Marshall Wallace, Exalted Ruler; O. Reese Evans, Secretary.
- Washington, D. C., No. 15—John H. Ontrich, Exalted Ruler; William S. Shelby, Secretary.
- Washington, Ind., No. 933—Elmer E. Hastings, Exalted Ruler; Ralph G. Hastings, Secretary.
- Washington, N. C., No. 822—S. M. Silverthorne, Exalted Ruler; S. R. Carrow, Secretary.
- Washington, Pa., No. 776—H. F. Drake, Exalted Ruler; William D. Hancher, Secretary.
- Washington C. H., Ohio, No. 129—W. E. Passmore, Exalted Ruler; R. R. Kibler, Secretary.
- Waterbury, Conn., No. 265—Finton J. Phelan, Exalted Ruler; Edward F. Moran, Secretary.
- (Concluded on page 58)



Blame Yourself

If This Message Doesn't Bring You A Big Salary Increase

LET'S be specific. What do you want in life? You want more money than you're getting. You want your own home, a car, membership in a good club; you want to wear good clothes, educate your children and put away enough money to make you independent. If you are like other men, you want to be your own boss in a position that grows every day in interesting fascination. You want to travel, see the world, and meet the wide-awake people who are doing things.

All right. I'll tell you a quick, easy way to accomplish all this. If you don't take it you are the only loser. You are the only one who will have to face the accusing finger of the man you might have been. If you do take it, you'll thank me the rest of your life for putting this information in your hands. For now it is possible for you to quickly enjoy bigger earnings, and have all the joys in life that your bigger self demands. If this was a guess I couldn't print it. I know it to be a certainty. It is proved by the cases of thousands of other men who have done exactly the same thing. Listen.

What It Brought These Men

Charles Berry, a farm hand of Winterset, Iowa, was offered this chance. He took it and jumped from \$18 a week to a position paying him \$1,000 the very first month. J. P. Overstreet, Denison, Texas, was on the Capitol Police Force. He wasn't content with a bare living and without help increased his income to \$1,800 in six weeks. F. Wynn, of Portland, Oregon, an ex-service man, wanted the joy of a real success. He earned \$544 in one week. George W. Kearns, working on a ranch for \$60 a month, took the quick road I offer you and in two weeks he earned \$524.

EMPLOYERS Are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. We can put you in touch with just the men you need. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of instruction for entire sales forces. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.

Take any ten average men who are in blind alley jobs at low pay. Analyze each case without prejudice. You'll find that everyone of them is solely and entirely to blame for his poor earning power. Everyone of them has had a golden opportunity. They either have failed to recognize it or, recognizing it, lacked the courage to follow it up. But now comes your chance. If this page doesn't bring you a big increase in salary—quick—you have no one to blame but yourself.

By J. E. Greenslade

Warren Hartle of Chicago was a railway mail clerk for ten years—in as deep a rut at as low an income as any man could stand. But he wanted success, he longed for the good things of life that he saw other men having. He took my advice and earned over \$7,000 the first year.

The Secret Is Yours

But, of course, you want to know how it's done. I'll tell you. Although none of these men had ever sold a thing in their lives—though many believed that a salesman must be "born" a salesman—we took them, without experience or training of any kind and in a short period of time made Master Salesmen of them. Then our Employment Department helped them to select the right position and they were off with a boom to the success they had dreamed of.

The National Salesmen's Training Association can do exactly this for you. If this big organization of Master Salesmen and Sales Managers had raised the salaries of only a few men, then you might call it luck. But we've been doing it for fifteen years, day in and day out. Today we're so accustomed to the amazing increases in salary our members receive that we take them as a matter of course.

There is only one thing I ask of you in return for this offer. Don't let the idea of a big salary, the thought of traveling all around the country and meeting worth-while people, make you think that the job is beyond you.

Keep an open, unprejudiced mind on this subject—at least until you have seen the remarkable book that I want to send you without charge.

Read This Free Book

This book, "Modern Salesmanship," explains why thousands have quickly succeeded in the selling field—how it is easy to make big money once you are in possession of the Secrets of Selling—how you can quickly get these fundamental secrets, apply them and achieve a quick and permanent success. This is the book I will send you, absolutely free of obligation and expense. Read it through and then decide for yourself.

But remember this one thing: This is your opportunity. If you don't realize a big salary increase from this message, you have no one to blame but yourself. Send me the coupon before you turn this page and I'll send "Modern Salesmanship" immediately.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 84-H, Chicago, Illinois

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. 84-H, Chicago, Illinois.

I am willing to investigate the opportunity you offer without cost to myself. Please mail me Free Proof that I can become a Master Salesman and qualify for a good sales position. Also send your illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship" and particulars of membership in your Association and its Free Employment Service.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....

The Garden of Terror

The Story So Far



NOW!

**Costs Less to Enter
Profitable Butter-Kist
Popcorn Business**

BUTTER-KIST now offers a new and wonderfully improved line of Popcorn Machines with the right model, exactly suited to the requirements of your own business.

And best of all—there's a beautiful, brand-new model that sells at half what former models cost!

It's the Gold Mine—and it's a beauty. Mahogany finished cabinet—gleaming glass sides—polished nickel parts. Takes up little room. Works automatically. Produces thirty 10-cent packages an hour. Has special compartment for peanuts—a chance for added profits.

A better machine in every way! Pops more corn at same cost. And pops it under glass. No springs. Noiseless. Every part interchangeable. New and improved revolving electric sign.

**Butter-Kist Popcorn
"America's Oldest Treat"**

Butter-Kist Popcorn can make big profits for you! H. C. Wallace writes: "In one year we made a gross profit of \$3484". Many are making even more. And remember out of every dollar's worth you sell, you keep 65 cents as your profit!

The Gold Mine Model is your opportunity. Write for the Butter-Kist Easy Payment Plan. Mail the coupon.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Popcorn
Machines and Peanut Toasters
2224 Van Buren St., Indianapolis

The coupon, filled-in, offers you an easy road to big profits. Obligates you in no way. Fill it in and mail TODAY.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.,
2224 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free Butter-Kist book. I also want the Location Chart which I will fill out and return to you.

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

Business _____

BUTTER-KIST
Popcorn and Peanut Machines

MERTON CALVERT, driving his friend Carroll Jayne's car in to the city after a week-end in the country, is startled at the entrance to a country lane by the appearance of three house servants who emerge and go tearing down the road with every indication of fleeing from something in abject terror. Exploring, Calvert finds a large substantial house in the midst of vast lawns, the kitchens deserted and the silver scattered about the pantries, and the doors open. Beneath the last of the family portraits in the entrance hall is seated a darkly vivid, imperious girl, the original of the picture above her, wearing a noticeable dress of violet and Egyptian-red which somehow does not seem to "belong" and intensifies Calvert's creeping sense of horror. Glancing up he sees a masked man gazing steadily at him from the second gallery. He turns and quietly leaves the house and goes out onto the terrace. There he encounters Eulalie Falcon, crouching on a bench, also under a mysterious spell of terror. Returning together to the house, they find that both the woman and the masked man have disappeared, and investigating further they discover Wendell Falcon, Eulalie's father, dead in the armchair in his study with no sign of a wound and the telephone receiver dangling by his hand. While Calvert is calling for the doctor a police officer enters in response to Falcon's call to headquarters—"A man's threatening me—send help—quick!" The doctor arrives and pronounces Wendell Falcon dead from fright. Calvert accepts Eulalie's invitation to stay with them until the mystery is cleared up. She tells him that Carroll Jayne is their neighbor and was madly in love with her half-sister, Thecla, who was killed by a fall from her horse shortly before the opening of the story. He discovers that the portrait of the woman in the Egyptian dress is of Thecla Falcon and although he is incredulous of ghostly manifestations, the memory of the woman in the wrong clothes under her own portrait ex-

plains the wave of terror that has swept the household.

Already more than half in love with Eulalie, Calvert is determined to clear up the mystery. The servants having returned he goes down to the lane to get his car, but the car is gone, although his bag has been left at the gate. Crossing the lawn Calvert sees the woman again looking at him from the lighted windows of the strange, beautiful room that was Thecla's. He and Eulalie search the room, but the woman is gone; only the Egyptian dress of the portrait—a favorite one with Thecla—is missing and a fresh rose, of a variety Jayne had cultivated specially for her, is found lying on the floor of the closet.

CALVERT determines to spend the night in Thecla's room. Later in the evening they are startled by the reappearance for a moment of the masked face peering in through the library window. Looking from the window of Thecla's room that night Calvert sees Eulalie and Carroll Jayne in the garden gazing spell-bound at the woman in the Egyptian dress. Hurrying down Calvert is in time to see this woman ride off down the lane followed by an unknown man on horseback. Jayne confesses to Calvert that he believes Thecla, who had always been cruel to him during her life, has returned from the grave to comfort him.

Wendell Falcon is buried in the private burial grounds on the estate and the next day Dr. Crosby, the family physician, who has joined forces with Calvert in the effort to solve the mystery, breaks the news of the death to Miss Lucy Falcon, Wendell's sister, who is very old and frail. She has never been told of Thecla's death, believing that her favorite niece has been away on a visit. That evening when Jayne arrives for dinner she startles them all by her greeting:

"Carroll, I've good news for you. Thecla's home."

(Continued from page 33)

"Thank you—monsieur," answered a cool feminine voice. Hortense ascended the steps. "You thought it was my lady, didn't you, Mr. Calvert?" she went on in her even accusing tones. "Well, if you'd known her—you'd never turn from her—living or dead. I'll put the flowers where she can see them."

"Who brought these roses to her room?" Calvert demanded, cutting across this nonsense. Hortense shrugged her shoulders. "How should I know, Mr. Calvert? I am not an amateur detective."

"Is your young lady really dead, Hortense?" "How can you ask, Mr. Calvert! Every one saw her lying dead on her bed—beautiful as an angel!"

"Then whom did I see in her room to-night? Who is it walks these grounds?" She was silent—smiled faintly.

"Look here, Hortense, you must serve Miss Eulalie as faithfully as you did Miss Thecla."

"That is impossible," said the maid.

He went back to the house angry with himself for his cowardice. If he saw her again in that room of his he would challenge her, rush to her and capture her—even though his arms closed on thin air.

EULALIE meanwhile had summoned her courage to go into her sister's room. But the place was entirely quiet; delicate and embracing and exquisite. She stood there some moments, then turned because she thought she heard the front door open. Calvert must not find her there.

She hurried up the next flight to her own room, which was next to her Aunt Lucy's, and sat there a long time, pondering the situation. Eulalie's room was in its way as singular as Thecla's, but not of her own choice. She had gone there not for the inside world; but for the glories of the view. For the rest it was paneled in oak to the golden ceiling, and had vivid orange curtains to make the sunlight even brighter. In this brown-

and-gold cave she stored a few books and nested her violin. The gardeners sent up yellow flowers to her, but no one ever sent her roses like Thecla's.

She undressed, bathed, robed herself in something filmy, bound back her hair with a ribbon and wondered if she would ever be as beautiful as her sister.

Before the wide-opened windows she said her prayers, a brown velvet robe thrown over her shoulders, and her hair in yellow light upon it. A tap—Hortense came to the door—stood there with a half-contemptuous smile on her lips as Eulalie rose from her knees.

"Mademoiselle doesn't require anything?" Hortense said with a certain mock-deference.

"No, I don't require anything—and I don't want you to serve me any longer."

Hortense looked as if Eulalie had slapped her. "But why, mademoiselle? Is it that I have displeased you?"

"I don't trust you," Eulalie said calmly. "And I don't intend to have people around me that I don't trust. There is really no reason why I should."

The maid's eyes grew black and ominous. "Take care how you talk," she answered imperitively. "People who have no charm can not give orders."

Eulalie looked amused—and Hortense had the sensation of being face to face with a stranger. The little mild young mistress appeared tall and stately in the sweeping brown velvet robe. "You may go," she said quietly. "I have no power to dismiss you until the solicitor takes over affairs; but you can send my aunt's maid to me in future when I ring my bell."

Hortense stood her ground a moment. "The gentleman, Mr. Merton Calvert," she said slyly, "is more in love with Miss Thecla dead than with you living."

"No one knows better than I," Eulalie answered softly, "my sister's magnetism."

The maid, nonplussed, stared. "You're beginning to have some of your own," she muttered, but so low that Eulalie could not hear her. Then with a low, deep curtsy—really an involuntary tribute—she went away.

Eulalie closed and locked the door; returned to the window feeling as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. "Now I can breathe," she said. "Why should one be poisoned by a servant's hate? I'd rather wait on myself."

She leaned out of the window, watched the stars, drank in the night from its lovely chalice of scent and dew. Suppose he did love Thecla better than herself. She knew at last it was better to love than to be loved.

Into her bed she slipped after awhile—no longer lonely and oppressed; and the house settled into silence. She could not sleep, for the place seemed vibrant, full of presences; and she lay with her cheek on her hand, looking quietly at the night-light, a clouded pinkish fragment of glass in the form of a rose. It seemed to cast rose shadows for the first time upon the warm browns of the walls. The long brown velvet cloak trailed from the bed to the floor, and on the folds of the velvet again those lines of rose. "Thecla must have seen everything this way," she thought dreamily. "And it's lovely—lovely."

After awhile she went to the window again and looked down on the gardens; nothing there—but lawns and trees. No figures!

BACK into bed. She was just drowsing off, when she heard a cry that seemed to come from somewhere in the house, a long, wailing sound. Softly she went to her door and opened it just in time to see the doctor in his dressing-gown and with a searchlight in his hand appearing from one of the guest-rooms on the third gallery. She threw her cloak about her and slipped to the side of the old physician, who was like a second father to her.

"You heard it, too?" he said drily.

"Yes, I was awake."

"Where did it seem to come from?"

"It sounded down in the next gallery."

"So I thought. Wait here. I'll go down to Calvert's room."

It seemed an interminable time to her after she had lost sight of the doctor's figure on the staircase before it emerged again on the second gallery. She saw him slowly approach her sister's room with the deliberation of the old; then lifting her eyes a moment she did not again look down, her glance arrested by something that turned her cold as ice.

The door of her dead father's study was slowly opening, not as if drawn by a draft of air, but as if deliberately and with slight pauses drawn back by some one's hand. She had always thought that there would be nothing more terrifying than a door opening without visible agency; and she watched the progress of this door in fascinated terror.

The doctor meanwhile was knocking on the door of the late Miss Falcon's room, but he heard not a sound from within. Turning the handle, he entered the softly lighted chamber. The bed had not been slept in. Cigar ashes were on the polished floor, and a book, hastily thrown down, its leaves crumpled beneath the covers. The windows were open, and the doctor, looking into the garden on a chance of seeing Merton Calvert, beheld instead a woman moving softly across the lawn. He knew the step and carriage well, and a kind of superstitious awe descended on him for the first time.

The little platinum traveling clock engraved T. F., some one had wound. The hands pointed to two o'clock. "If I had lived in Salem two centuries or so ago I'd call it sorcery," the old man muttered. He had no fear. Life had long ago gone beyond the categories of terror for him; had become rather a beautiful secret to be discovered through action and emotion rather than hard thinking.

"Thecla," he said half-aloud, "what's got into you, child?"

He did not answer his own question, though the study of the traits of families of long and aristocratic line, the Puritan and Huguenot blood of the country, had been one of his hobbies. He believed that not only physically but spiritually there was a difference between the aristocrat and the man in the street; though the greater sensitiveness of the former was not always as

(Continued on page 54)



"I'm particular
about what
I smoke"

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

They Satisfy

after tobacco
has been
properly aged—

after tobacco
has been
carefully blended—

after tobacco
has been
packed for smoking

—the sooner
you smoke it
the better it is



now
15¢

*Every
carton
is dated
when delivered to your dealer
showing the last date on which
it can be sold.

Now, wherever - whenever - you
buy Tuxedo, it is

fresh
from the
factory

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

FRESH
Tuxedo
TOBACCO

The Garden of Terror

(Continued from page 53)

valuable a contribution to society as the unheeding strength of the man born yesterday. Tradition might drag you back into dreams; and a man without a yesterday ran no such danger! He asked his world new each morning.

The old physician shook his head as if Thecla, whether dead or living, was too much for him. Lovely creature! reacting so little to the moods of time that eternity naturally claimed her.

He went slowly upstairs again. At the head of the next flight—there seemed a cloak of brown velvet lying on the floor. Flashing the light he saw Eulalie lying unconscious, stooped and lifted her in his arms—he was strong for all his seventy years—and laid her on her bed; and he sat by it for the rest of the night.

During those hours he did not question her, though the quieting medicine he gave her when she came out of her faint did not at once send her asleep. She seemed dazed and confused. Towards morning when she slept he went to his own room for a few snatches. From them he was awakened by Desmond, who stood there solemnly, as if to say, "Some day there will be nobody to draw baths for in this house."

"Well, what is it?" said the doctor.

"He's gone, sir."

"Who's gone?"

"Mr. Merton Calvert."

"I don't blame him," remarked the physician. "Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Can't say, sir—but do you think he's met with harm?"

"Very likely," the doctor answered with asperity. "But whatever's up—it's the living, not the dead, annoying us. Bring me a good breakfast. If I have to eat alone, I might as well have it here."

He dressed and went in to see Eulalie. She was still sleeping. "Good," he grunted and returned to find his tray and an armchair before the fire and the day's newspapers. He regarded them gloomily. "I wonder how long we'll keep out of them?" he remarked to Desmond. "Did Mr. Calvert take anything with him?"

"Not a thing, sir—that's what worries us. And Miss Eulalie's bell hasn't rung this morning, sir."

"Miss Eulalie had a restless night," remarked the doctor. "Yes, two lumps."

REVIVED by his coffee, the old gentleman went the round of his patients, taking Miss Lucy first; found her talkative and slightly querulous about her favorite niece. "Now is she home, or isn't she?" she demanded.

"Thecla is not home," said the doctor through her trumpet.

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"My dear, do you want the truth?" he went on.

She was pale—already. He thought it best not to give it to her.

Eulalie was awake when he went in. "Now, my child, what happened?" he said gently. "Don't be afraid to tell me any nonsense. This house is full of it. What made you faint?"

"I saw a tall man in a black mask come out of father's room. The door opened slowly—oh, so slowly. I tried to call to you—just as in a nightmare. Then he came out—and I didn't know anything more."

"I wonder what's at the bottom of this," Dr. Crosby muttered.

"Have you seen Mr.—Calvert this morning?"

"No!"

"Didn't you breakfast downstairs?"

"No! After being up all night I had a tray upstairs," he remarked, a smile lighting his face. "You stay here till noon, Eulalie. My orders."

He wanted time to investigate Calvert's disappearance before Eulalie came downstairs, and he went first to his room, which he found Hortense briskly putting to rights.

"Another mystery, doctor," she said cheerfully.

"Well, so we stop short of murder it's all right," he answered, his shrewd blue eyes observing that she had changed color. "Send Miss Lucy's maid with Miss Eulalie's breakfast."

"Oh, she's been talking, has she, doctor?"

"She's never mentioned your name to me. I can see, however, where your heart lies."

Hortense turned heaving shoulders to him—

then her face, wet and defiant. "How could I help it? There was no one like her."

The doctor went down to the garden, and on the first terrace met Teck.

"You're always guarding the place in the daytime. Why don't you guard it at night?"

"In Ireland we know why they come back, doctor."

"Well, you're in the United States—not in the land of fairies and little people."

Teck accompanied the doctor all through the house; over the grounds, though Teck seemed a little shy of the old burying ground. The doctor glancing for a moment through the twilight the edging cedars made on blue flowers and metallic ivy recalled a bit of verse he had read in his long-ago boyhood.

"Call them with love; no other call they know."

Teck chewing a grass-stalk looked into the spot with large eyes and they went on.

Had sad hearts called to her too loudly from her shadowy new home?

THE doctor went back again to Eulalie. She had had breakfast and dressed, and was seated in the window, her eyes, he thought, still haunted by her fright. "Look here, my dear, don't take it hard. Teck's going to be in the house to-night. His Irish temperament is against outdoor watching."

"Do you know what made me faint? You see, when I saw him, I expected he'd want to know where the safe was—but he just stared; and then it seemed as if I was not the person he wanted to see."

The doctor understood. "Don't take it too hard—since you are safe."

Eulalie looked musingly out of the window. "I am so used to that," she said with a little smile.

"To what, my child?"

"Not being the person they want to see."

The doctor thought: "They soon will want to see you if you go on at this amazing rate." Her very hair seemed more golden.

"I took everything too hard, I suppose—and you can't do that in this life."

Dr. Crosby smiled. "No—dear—take the word of a tired old man—you can't."

"Even father's drinking; Thecla would say, 'Men only drink to release the God in them, poor dears. They're really after the super-conscious, and they sink into animalism instead. Mistaken method, that's all.' Somehow, I think he stopped because he realized his technique was wrong; though she never told him so."

"No, she was no preacher!" said the doctor.

"A wise Thecla!"

"To release the God in people—that's fine art, isn't it?"

"The only art worth spending time on."

"Not preaching—not worrying over them," Eulalie went on.

"They go forward only to magic—and that dwells not in lectures. My dear, some magic took Merton Calvert out of the house last night!"

"I've had the feeling he was gone," she answered. "Do you think he's met harm, doctor?"

"Teck and I have been all over the grounds. If he doesn't show up by lunch-time, we'll call Carroll Jayne. He may have been driving him home. I don't call Carroll's present state of mind a healthy one."

A slight noise turned their eyes to the doorway. Desmond stood there, fairly vibrating, it was clear, with some news he had to tell. "Miss Thecla's portrait's been cut out of the frame," he said. "Just found it. No one goes on that side of the hall now—afraid-like. Well, it's gone!"

"Anything else gone?"

"No, the silver's all there," Desmond said drearily, as if he wished there was less to clean, "every dozen complete. And the thief left a hundred dollars under the painting and this note." He handed a bit of paper to Eulalie. Opening it she read:

"This money is to pay for the painting of Miss Falcon; I can't live without it."

"Well, of all things!" ejaculated the doctor.

"The man I saw last night must have taken it," Eulalie said, fingering the two fifty-dollar

bills which so clearly proved the desire of some unknown adorer to possess her sister's portrait. "And if he thought one hundred dollars could pay for it he must be some one unused to these matters."

"Precisely," said the doctor. "It sounds like a countryman. Any one seen anything of Mr. Calvert, Desmond?"

"No, sir; but the picture's gone—that grand painting."

"This is a case for detectives, not for an old doctor and other amateurs. Telephone Brompton again."

"Don't let us in for headlines, sir," Desmond entreated. "So long as the silver isn't stolen and nobody's killed."

Eulalie's anxious eyes sought the doctor's. "Do you think any harm could have come to Mr. Calvert?"

"Some of us heard a scream last night." "Why didn't you get up then? You're a fine lot," said the doctor, contemptuously.

Noon came, then the gong for lunch at one. The doctor and Eulalie ate it together in the dining-room, the meal proceeding almost in silence. Afterwards they went together to Thecla's room; examined everything.

"Now let us go over the grounds if you are not too tired, Eulalie."

"You're the one to be careful, my dear." But she seemed possessed of a new energy, covering walk, terrace and lawn eagerly. They came back from their wide circles to the box-wood beasts, and beyond them to the little observatory. Eulalie pushed open its door, then drew back horror-stricken.

There, on the floor, was a pool of blood. It trailed off to the door, and the doctor, roused to the liveliest action by something tangible, traced it on the grass a few paces; then blew a sharp whistle. Teck came; and from the house figures began to emerge, until there was a white-faced group on the lawn. Merton's disappearance was known to the servants.

In the midst of the frightened comment, Hortense was seen sailing over the lawn, her cap-ribbons floating in the wind. "Oh, doctor," she cried in her high voice, "nothing but dog's blood. Tom the under-gardener's setter went mad on him this morning—and he cornered him in the tool-house here and shot him. Borrowed my gun. Didn't say anything—too much trouble around to talk about mad dogs."

"Where is Tom?" He came trailing along after Hortense—a sleepy-looking fellow. "Yes, doctor; that setter went mad on me. Everybody's so jumpy, Hortense and I said nothing about it."

"Quite so. Where did you bury the dog?"

"Over in the North Pasture."

"All right. You can all go back to the house. Stay here, Teck."

WHEN they were alone Eulalie asked, "Do you believe Hortense, doctor?"

"No," he answered shortly. "That looks to me like human blood—and I shall make an analysis in your father's laboratory."

He read her fears in her eyes—her instant connecting the blood with Merton's disappearance. "You'd better go into the house," he said gently. "Go up and sit with your Aunt Lucy awhile."

But she went instead to the telephone and called a number. A voice soon answered the call. "Is that you, Carroll?"

"Yes, Eulalie."

"Is Merton Calvert at your house?"

"No! Why?"

"He's gone somewhere—without a word—did not sleep in his room—last night!"

The voice at the other end of the telephone changed at once. "I'll come down, Eulalie—in the car at once."

She did not want that particularly, but the eagerness in his voice was not to be put off; and she knew it was the insistence of jealousy. Did he actually think Merton had gone off with—why, poor old Carroll!

Fleming appeared after half an hour. "Mr. Carroll Jayne in the drawing-room."

She went down and found Jayne talking to Desmond, who was evidently giving him a circumstantial account of the past hours. Carroll came sympathetically to meet her, as if to say, "We people in love know what loss means," and he questioned her as if Desmond had not told

(Continued on page 56)



We Save Men

Ten years every morning

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

Do you know that Palmolive Shaving Cream is now used by millions? Three years ago we chemists were still working to perfect it. Now it is famous almost the world over.

And it is saving its users every morning, we figure, about ten years of time.

Made to please

This is its history.

Here is a soap laboratory 60 years old, famed for some great creations. One is Palmolive—now the leading toilet soap of the world.

We found that shaving soap could be vastly improved, so we started to work on that product.

Asked 1,000 for advice

First, we asked, 1,000 typical men what they most desired in a shaving cream. The five things they agreed on are cited in this ad.

Then we worked 18 months. We made up and tested 130 formulas, to meet those desires to the utmost.

'Twill be your choice

Now we have a shaving cream which every man will choose when he knows it. Tens of thousands have taken the pains to write us to this effect. And not one user, so far as we know, has ever changed to another shaving cream.

Now we ask you to try it—you who have not done so. We have made this to please you, and it will. Give us a chance to show it. Send the coupon for a ten-shave test. Cut the coupon now.

5 things men desire

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times. | 4—Strong bubbles, to support the hairs for cutting. |
| 2—Softens the beard in 1 minute. | |
| 3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face. | 5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oils. |

TEN SHAVES FREE

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-467 Milwaukee, U.S.A.



Keep fit

with Beeman's!
Aids digestion—
keeps the teeth
clean—soothes
the nerves—its
use is

"a sensible
habit"

Deliciously flavored

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum



American Chiclé Co.

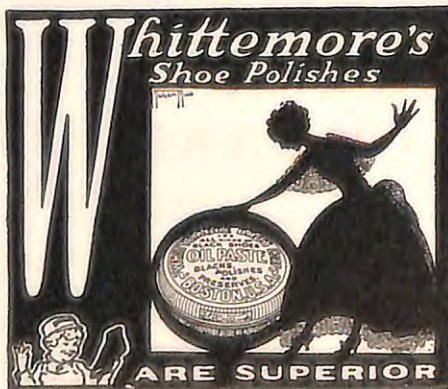


WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

A brush expert says they are the best Hair Brushes made. They are penetrating. They go all through the hair to the roots and stimulate growth. They make a beautiful radiant sheen. The glory of woman is made more glorious with Whiting-Adams Hair Brushes.

Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
Boston, U.S.A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 114 Years
and the Largest in the World



The Garden of Terror

(Continued from page 55)

him enough—oh, not nearly enough. "Do you think Merton saw—anything? Do you believe he saw—Thecla, and followed her?"

"Carroll, can't you take your mind from her one moment? Some one stole her picture last night. Mr. Calvert may have been pursuing a thief or thieves. We'll hear what the doctor has to say after the analysis."

"Exactly," he answered. "And, Eulalie, I am not always thinking of her. I want to serve you."

"Then you'll take me to-morrow morning over the hills to look for your friend and mine if he doesn't return. Carroll, I never had a brother. Be that to me for her sake."

"God bless you! For your own sake, Eulalie. I want to do everything to help you," he said fervently.

They waited in the blue-and-white room, conscious of another color under the microscope upstairs.

Finally they saw the old man cross the hall, slowly gaze through the open door. "Let me ask him," whispered Carroll, and slipped from her.

"Where's Eulalie?" she heard the doctor say. Then the two men went outside together, secretly.

Carroll came back in a few minutes.

"It was dog's blood," he said.

She knew he was not telling her the truth, but

she gave no sign other than to grip Carroll's hand hard. In this bitterness of love and loss only Carroll in that whole house was mad enough to understand her mood.

Dr. Crosby, going to the library, sent Desmond for Hortense. The man returned looking genuinely puzzled. "Fleming tells me, sir, that a man came in a car for her about half an hour ago and took her away, and her trunk with her; and all her clothes are gone, and her bureau emptied."

The doctor reflected on this. "She must have made those preparations before the servants saw the blood in the observatory."

"Likely, doctor; no one saw the man go up to the room to get her trunk. It's my opinion she brought it down in the lift herself, and then beat it—by pre-arrangement. Do you think Mr. Calvert's come to harm, sir?"

"Lord knows, in this tangle! If he doesn't show up to-morrow we'll send out an alarm; and meanwhile you better telephone the Brompton police station to be on the lookout for a French maid with high heels and a general air of impudence. Hortense told me a lie, Desmond—but Miss Eulalie must not know this. It was human blood, not dog's blood, on the observatory floor, and I have an idea that French girl knew how it came there."

(To be continued)

Off for Darkest Africa

(Continued from page 28)

Little astonishing facts flash out; they used paper money in Carthage—country life in North Africa in the first centuries after Christ was laughably like country life in England to-day—where there are arid, treeless wastes in Algiers and Tunis and Morocco there were once grain-fields that fed Rome, luscious farms and dense jungles.

When you travel in North Africa you come across the history of many wars, many dominations, many peoples, in broken walls, half-buried pillars and crumbling arches. People call these ruins—but they are the voices, done in stone, of the Roman conquerors, the Vandals who followed them, the Byzantines, and the Arabs. And then those modern, finishing touches by Spain, France and England! None of this has died—nor will ever really die, in North Africa.

Fez—Tlemcen—Kairouan—Tunis (the last built upon the stones of Carthage)—these names provoke splendid stories by Mr. Grant; and above all, we like the chapters given over to the account of the Corsairs, the always enthralling Barbary pirates.

So here we are back again—after an effort to tell you that this is a good, a very good book—to the point where Sabatini's novel fits best into this article.

The Sea-Hawk By Rafael Sabatini

THE author of "Captain Blood" has done it again; has turned out another whacking yarn. We don't love it *quite* as well as the story of Peter Blood, who roved the Caribbean, but we like it a lot.

It is only in the psychological or more distinctly "literary" novel that we have anything to fear for the lessening of manhood in our leading fiction characters. In such books as we have on hand this month they can, praise be to God, still roar and fight, and pursue the object of their love with a noble persistence, and can stir the reader to some enthusiasm. Of course we have to admit that all this may not be great art—but it's extremely pleasant to meet when you want to read and forget the half-baked people you've been fed up on during the day.

Here's the sea-hawk's story in a nut-shell. Sir Oliver Tressilian, adventurer on land and sea, prominent man in Cornwall, young, wealthy and not *too* wise, loves the lovely Mistress Rosamund Godolphin. Her brother and her guardian try to break the engagement that exist between Oliver and Rosamund. One

night the brother is found slain by the roadside and Sir Oliver, in shielding his own brother who really killed the boy, is saddled with the crime. Lionel Tressilian, coward and worse, oh, much worse! finally has the brave Oliver spirited on board a ship sailing south. The hero, now quite broken under the loss of Rosamund, who believes him guilty, is to be sold to the Barbary pirates. To take a short-cut—in a little while we behold Oliver dressed as a Corsair, swarthy, speaking Arabic and practicing all the North African accomplishments. He himself has attained (a long story) the position of commander of Reis. You couldn't tell, if your life depended on it, that he had ever been an Englishman! He fights battles with fleets of ships that come his way, takes prisoners, buys slaves in the market-place.

One day appears a new ship—ensues a battle—among the prisoners, Rosamund—in the market-place, Rosamund—he buys her to save her from some greedy Arab potentate.

At this point we stop. If that isn't enough to make you want to know what happens to the obdurate girl and Sakr-el-Bahr, who was once Sir Oliver Tressilian, we can do no more.

We spent several jolly evenings over this book. You'd better try it if you want to forget your troubles and believe once more that anything under the sun may happen.

Ebony and Ivory By Llewelyn Powys

THERE are things that are never put into the African novel of adventure, things brutal and terrible and true that meet men's eyes in that vast hinterland back of Cape Town.

There are other things, swift, devastating, surprising and often beautiful, that never find their way into books of travel because—well, because they are not sufficiently obvious or necessary.

These are the things you will come across in "Ebony and Ivory," a collection of sketches and impressions. Theodore Dreiser, in the preface he has furnished for Mr. Powys' volume, says of them:

"They are so full of a genuine understanding of life and of a kind of sane sorrow because of the fact that in general, things are so necessitous, so hopeless, and so unrewarded. And yet there is a courageous and hence, impressive joy in the amazing and ebullient beauty that informs this necessitous and inexplicable and unescapable process which we know as living."

That reflects the mood in which this book was written. Africa, primitive, brutal and gorgeous

furnishes an endless stream of people, whose stories Mr. Powys catches in a fleeting glance. There is no sentimentality about these pictures of white men and black—just facts and the awe and curiosity of an intelligent human face to face with life in a brutal country.

What will Mr. Powys's next book be? A novel of South Africa? Surely if any man knows the land and the people well enough to weave them into a great story, this man does.

Ponjola

By Cynthia Stockley

WHAT perverse wretches we are! We sit down with this book, a stirring love story of Rhodesia (and Miss Stockley has a decided dash and excitement in her writing, as you know), and behold, immediately we find ourselves turning the thing into a motion-picture. Which, in a word, says that "Ponjola" is a robust romance, full of those things dear to a movie director's heart; beauty, a touch of mystery, and action! action! action!

You see it as a picture thus: Paris—a rainy night—a lovely girl (once the idol of English society) waiting to keep "a rendezvous with death," in the Seine. Out of the mist creeps a huge motor—a young man within it, home on a holiday from his mine and ranch in South Africa. He sees *her* standing under the street lamp. The car stops—he offers protection from the rain and swift passage to her destination. Thus he saves her, unwittingly. (Fade out!)

Next—a ship, bound for South Africa. On board, a youth, slim, a little baffling, known as Young Desmond. Can this boy be the girl who wanted to die in Paris? Well—anyhow—here she is!

The young man of the limousine, as you'll see by some flashbacks (how Mr. Griffith would disapprove of that construction), has come quite a cropper. His sweetheart gone—his mines no good—he has taken to ponjola, the savage S. A. drink, which is supposed to banish dull care.

So these two meet again on the veldt, and now it is the girl, always disguised as young Desmond, who returns a fine and gallant compliment by saving the young man's soul and, incidentally, mending his much mutilated heart.

This is not a book to anatomize for hidden meanings and deep problems. Mainly, the main idea is this—when your one chance of happiness seems, to any seeing eye, as nearly a "complete loss" as could well be, it may, for all you know, be waiting expectantly under a lamp-post, in a Rhodesian hut, in a court-room during a murder trial—oh, anywhere!

"Ponjola" is a thrilling story. It should make a corking motion-picture, and we don't mind if, for that, they get a few ideas from our own little scenario.

A Last Word

"Prisoners of the Red Desert," by Captain Gwatkin-Williams, C. M. G., R. N.

THE true record of the torpedoing of *H. M. S. Tara* and the miraculous rescue of the survivors by the Duke of Westminster from the Senoussi in the trackless Libyan Desert. A fascinating tale of heroic fortitude in face of starvation, torture, disease and even death.

Truth is in this volume even more exciting than in any romance.

"Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks," by Daniel Henderson.

WE ADMIRE Mr. Henderson's book immensely.

It is fine and young and heartening, and swings along with patriotism and enterprise.

Who doesn't adore to read of our own pioneer skippers? Who doesn't revel in the tales of "famous and infamous" Barbary pirates, and of the way our boys met their bloodthirstiness?

If you thought you had come to the end of Corsair legend and history, you'll find you are very much mistaken when you read Henderson's book. He has discovered flashing new material.



for real enjoyment

If you like a mild cigar—

There is no milder than El Producto.

If you like a cigar with a distinctive character—

El Producto's well balanced and uncopyable blend gives it a character absolutely its own.

If you have a preference for some particular shape, size or color—

El Producto offers you a wide selection at prices from 10c to 30c, with the assurance that regardless of size or color, every El Producto is the same in mildness and in quality.

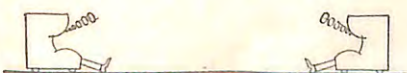


G. H. P. CIGAR CO., Inc.
Philadelphia

Escepcionales
3 for 50c

Puritano
Fino
13c or 2 for 25c

EL PRODUCTO





Refined, dignified, economical. Large enough for business letters, small enough for personal notes. Fine, white Hammermill bond, exquisite surface, easy to write on, pleasant to read from. It is used in thousands of offices and homes and at college. Your name and address (up to four lines, three inches long) printed in Royal Blue or Bond Black ink from Block or Roman type. Made in two popular sizes.

Two-fold size—generally preferred by men.
200 Sheets 7 1/4 x 10 1/2 inches **\$2**
 200 Envelopes to match
One-fold size—very popular with women.
200 Sheets 6 x 7 inches **\$1**
 100 Envelopes to match

Mailed postpaid. West of Denver and foreign countries, add 10% to prices. Order a cabinet today. You will be delighted. Print your copy plainly. Remit with order. Ten days' delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Samples free on request.
UNIVERSAL STATIONERY CO.
 400-402 Sixteenth St., Moline, Illinois

Gets Into Dusty, Dirty Corners

The O. K. Vacuum Brush—a hand electric vacuum cleaner with motor driven brush—is just the thing for cleaning upholstery, clothing, draperies, hangings, mattresses, auto cushions, etc. Nothing like it for removing stubborn lint, dust and dirt from folds and corners.

If not carried by your dealer, we will send you one direct, fully guaranteed. Write for illustrated folder giving many uses.

O. K. MACHINE CO., Inc.
 Fort Wayne Indiana

Weights Less Than Three Pounds

5-Room House 538

NOT PORTABLE

You can buy all the material for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor. Price quoted includes all lumber cut to fit, windows, doors, woodwork, glass, paints, hardware, nails, lath, roofing and complete drawings and instructions. Highest grade lumber for all interior woodwork, siding, and outside finish. Many other designs.

Send today for Free Aladdin Catalog No. 2664
The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY MICHIGAN
 Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Oregon; Toronto, Ontario

Strategy Camp

(Continued from page 20)

entangled in a mesh of other debts which is fast dragging them down to—what?

“Now assume also that another couple, not so young and having two daughters, have lived for sixteen years in a small house under conditions that built up for them modest financial independence. Assume that the second couple have now acquired sufficient means to afford a larger house; to live in closer proximity to schools and theaters; to enjoy broader social contacts.

“Now then: How in your opinion can the necessities and desires of both couples be achieved?”

Bob gazed across at Dora, and Dora's face would have been a fine study.

“I don't know that I just get you,” said Bob.

“I'll make it clearer. Assume that these two couples were to trade houses—”

“Great Snakes!” exclaimed Bob. “Do—do you mean it?”

“Assume that the second couple were to take the first couple's house and assume all the debts upon it.” New went on. “Assume that the first couple were to take over and occupy a certain property known as Strategy Camp, backing up on the Crooked River—a property which cost only three thousand dollars sixteen years ago but is easily worth to-day five thousand. Let the

prices stand respectively at twelve thousand and five thousand.

“Then possibly—I mean let us assume that some dicker could be made for a partial exchange of furniture—”

“Oh!” cried Dora Wallington. “But not my piano!”

“I have here a little memorandum of such possible transaction,” said Ned. “The deal could be worked out with the first-named couple owning Strategy Camp subject to a mortgage of three thousand dollars. Of course there would still be some scattering debts of the aforesaid first couple which they themselves would have to settle later.”

“I get you now,” allowed Bob. “My opinion is that the parties of the first part should nab Strategy Camp and get there as soon as possible!”

“And say!” he added, excitedly. “You've dragged me out of the worst bankrupt tangle any newlywed ever got into. Perhaps I'll be able to get back my wife's respect—”

“Bob!” broke in Dora, “you know—”

“Listen,” said Rutherford. “It is part of the consideration that the parties of the first part shall spend an evening a week studying the Great Philosophy of Strategy Cash.”

Directory of Subordinate Lodges

(Continued from page 50)

- Waterloo, Iowa, No. 290—Harry A. Dunkelberg, Exalted Ruler; Leonard B. Laird, Secretary.
- Watertown, N. Y., No. 496—Glen E. Coe, Exalted Ruler; John W. Whalen, Secretary.
- Watertown, S. D., No. 838—C. W. Schulze, Exalted Ruler; Chas. D. Ray, Secretary.
- Watertown, Wis., No. 666—Frank P. McAdams, Exalted Ruler; Max Melzer, Secretary.
- Water Valley, Miss., No. 459—R. S. Halliwell, Exalted Ruler; D. O. Green, Secretary.
- Waterville, Me., No. 905—Samuel Freeman, Exalted Ruler; C. P. Larkin, Secretary.
- Watsonville, Cal., No. 1300—E. A. Malmgren, Exalted Ruler; M. M. Swisher, Secretary.
- Waukegan, Ill., No. 702—James G. Welch, Exalted Ruler; John Traying, Secretary.
- Waukesha, Wis., No. 400—C. J. Fraser, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Bergeler, Secretary.
- Wausau, Wis., No. 248—H. A. Kiefer, Exalted Ruler; J. L. Radnechel, Secretary.
- Waxahachie, Texas, No. 280—Edward H. Williams, Exalted Ruler; Geo. L. Griffin, Secretary.
- Waycross, Ga., No. 369—C. A. Witmer, Exalted Ruler; Walter E. Lee, Secretary.
- Waynesboro, Pa., No. 731—W. B. Hunter, Exalted Ruler; G. A. Royer, Secretary.
- Waynesburg, Pa., No. 757—Clyde M. Call, Exalted Ruler; J. Blaine Grimm, Secretary.
- Weatherford, Texas, No. 930—Couts Holland, Exalted Ruler; Bob Carter, Secretary.
- Webb City, Mo., No. 861—Ray E. Watson, Exalted Ruler; Julius Gallienne, Secretary.
- Webster, Mass., No. 1466—New Lodge.
- Webster City, Iowa, No. 302—Robert G. Remley, Exalted Ruler; Donald A. Nasby, Secretary.
- Weehawken, N. J., No. 1456—Frank Galland, Exalted Ruler; Francis J. Eagan, Secretary.
- Wellington, Kans., No. 1167—H. R. Gutosky, Exalted Ruler; John H. Bowers, Secretary.
- Wellston, Ohio, No. 726—Howard W. Ankrom, Exalted Ruler; Fred H. Ely, Secretary.
- Wellsville, Ohio, No. 1040—E. F. Swift, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Fickes, Secretary.
- Wenatchee, Wash., No. 1186—R. R. Morrison, Exalted Ruler; Dan Neher, Secretary.
- West Chester, Pa., No. 853—Jos. T. Melvin, Exalted Ruler; Fred Heed, Secretary.
- Westerly, R. I., No. 678—Harold F. Doyle, Exalted Ruler; M. Walter Flynn, Secretary.
- West Frankfort, Ill., No. 1340—Louis Malandrone, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Case, Secretary.
- West Palm Beach, Fla., No. 1352—Martin H. Brewer, Exalted Ruler; W. F. Divine, Jr., Secretary.
- Wheeling, W. Va., No. 28—Tom B. Foulk, Exalted Ruler; John P. Richardson, Secretary.
- White Plains, N. Y., No. 535—Edward H. Doepel, Exalted Ruler; Edward A. O'Brien, Secretary.
- Whiting, Ind., No. 1273—Jas. J. Nejd, Exalted Ruler; Martin D. Henriksen, Secretary.
- Whittier, Cal., No. 1258—M. J. Haig, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Tomlinson, Secretary.
- Wichita, Kans., No. 427—I. N. Williams, Exalted Ruler; F. E. McMullan, Secretary.
- Wichita Falls, Texas, No. 1105—J. B. Marlow, Exalted Ruler; H. C. English, Secretary.
- Wilkes-Barre, Pa., No. 109—Asa E. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Stout, Secretary.
- Wilkesburg, Pa., No. 577—Jas. P. L. McGivern, Exalted Ruler; D. L. Wade, Secretary.
- Willard, Ohio, No. 1370—Paul Simmermacher, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Barnville, Secretary.
- Williamson, W. Va., No. 1408—W. H. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Jack Maynard, Secretary.
- Williamsport, Pa., No. 173—H. W. Whitehead, Exalted Ruler; Harry S. Louer, Secretary.
- Willimantic, Conn., No. 1311—Charles W. Hill, Exalted Ruler; Louis J. Flynn, Secretary.
- Williston, N. D., No. 1214—W. H. Bangs, Exalted Ruler; T. V. Settle, Secretary.
- Willmar, Minn., No. 952—E. W. Stensen, Exalted Ruler; Wm. O. Johnson, Secretary.
- Wilmington, Del., No. 307—Charles H. McGinnes, Exalted Ruler; Charles H. Simmons, Secretary.
- Wilmington, N. C., No. 532—R. P. Huffman, Exalted Ruler; James Owen Reilly, Secretary.
- Wilmington, Ohio, No. 707—Lew T. Edwards, Exalted Ruler; T. M. Burnett, Secretary.
- Winchester, Ky., No. 530—Abram Renick, Exalted Ruler; Ast C. Hughes, Secretary.
- Winchester, Mass., No. 1445—Fred D. Clement, Exalted Ruler; Michael J. Dennen, Secretary.
- Winchester, Va., No. 867—Geo. A. Dunham, Exalted Ruler; Chas. K. Over, Secretary.
- Winfield, Kans., No. 732—H. A. Truesdell, Exalted Ruler; T. J. Eaton, Secretary.
- Winona, Minn., No. 327—L. C. La France, Exalted Ruler; H. C. Ahrens, Secretary.
- Winslow, Ariz., No. 536—Robert B. Eastman, Exalted Ruler; O. L. Gray, Secretary.
- Winsted, Conn., No. 844—Clarence E. Newett, Exalted Ruler; Mills T. Carter, Secretary.
- Winston, N. C., No. 440—H. W. Masten, Exalted Ruler; R. G. Wilmoth, Secretary.
- Winthrop, Mass., No. 1078—Frederick H. Clark, Exalted Ruler; Henry W. Wilson, Secretary.
- Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., No. 693—Earl M. Hill, Exalted Ruler; Samuel W. Howard, Secretary.
- Woburn, Mass., No. 908—Patrick J. Fallon, Jr., Exalted Ruler; John V. Callahan, Secretary.
- Woodland, Cal., No. 1299—C. C. McDonald, Exalted Ruler; L. A. Williamson, Secretary.
- Woodlawn, Pa., No. 1221—Clarence H. Bull, Exalted Ruler; Duane P. Smith, Secretary.
- Woodstock, Ill., No. 1043—William M. Carroll, Exalted Ruler; Edwin M. Kemerling, Secretary.
- Woodward, Okla., No. 1355—George A. Salz, Exalted Ruler; Matt J. Parrett, Secretary.
- Woonsocket, R. I., No. 850—Louis J. Archambault, Exalted Ruler; George N. Crepeau, Secretary.
- Wooster, Ohio, No. 1346—Walter J. Mougey, Exalted Ruler; Vern M. Skelly, Secretary.
- Worcester, Mass., No. 243—John P. Irwin, Exalted Ruler; John T. Flanagan, Secretary.
- Wynne, Ark., No. 1360—C. B. Bailey, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Woods, Secretary.

X

Xenia, Ohio, No. 668—Clarence W. Fisher, Exalted Ruler; Albert L. Regan, Secretary.

Y

- Yckima, Wash., No. 318—R. J. Venables, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Bush, Secretary.
- Yankton, S. D., No. 904—James M. Lloyd, Exalted Ruler; Louis A. Reither, Secretary.
- Yazoo City, Miss., No. 473—Harry J. Dolton, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Mattingly, Secretary.
- Yoakum, Texas, No. 1033—H. S. Paulus, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Baby, Secretary.
- Yonkers, N. Y., No. 707—David A. Condon, Exalted Ruler; Clarence G. Morey, Jr., Secretary.
- York, Neb., No. 1024—August Schneider, Exalted Ruler; W. E. McCloud, Secretary.
- York, Pa., No. 213—Wm. Edw. Koch, Exalted Ruler; Horace H. Ziegler, Secretary.
- Youngstown, Ohio, No. 55—L. E. Altenderfer, Exalted Ruler; John W. Rogers, Secretary.
- Yuma, Ariz., No. 476—Frank A. Sinks, Exalted Ruler; T. T. Cull, Secretary.

Z

Zanesville, Ohio, No. 114—Sumner B. Frank, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Lamman, Secretary.

Twenty Knots to the Bishops

(Continued from page 9)

settee. Almost immediately the steward knocked.

"Come in," she commanded. The man entered—old Banks. Heavens, he had been at sea with me already ten years.

"Steward," said Miss Lamar, "go to—"

I interrupted her: "Banks, stand still where you are and close the door."

"Yes, sir," he replied instantly and obeyed. I turned to the woman. "Do you wish the steward to listen to what I have to say to you, madam?"

She stared at me fixedly. She was of a violent disposition. After quite a pause, during which Banks stared woodenly at me, she sat down slowly on a chair, without a word. I turned to the steward.

"You will go, Banks; Miss Lamar made a mistake."

"Yes, sir." He closed the door softly behind him.

"Miss Lamar, it is possible that you did not realize what it means for a ship's officer to be in your room; nor why I ordered Mr. Hansen to his cabin. I will inform you. Apart from any technical questions of seamanship, there are two inflexible rules in this company which officers must obey: first, an officer must never be drunk on his ship, off duty, in port or otherwise; and second, an officer must never enter a lady's cabin under any circumstances. Disobedience means immediate dismissal from the company, for there is no excuse whatever tolerated. Dismissal from this company means a virtual dismissal from the Merchant Service, for a man never gets another billet and his career is ruined. Mr. Hansen knows all this as well as I do. It follows that he must have received considerable encouragement, to say the least, to come in here and risk everything that he has worked for since he was fifteen. In other words, my girl, you are pleased to amuse yourself for a few days with a man who must pay in years for it. Is it possible that you, a regular trans-Atlantic traveler, do not know of this?"

She spoke to me very calmly, rather to my surprise.

"DR. HOUGH, your age and your position on this ship apparently entitle you to be insufferably insolent in forcing your way into my room; however, we will let that pass. I will take it up with the company in London. You ask me various questions about Mr. Hansen; on two previous occasions you have spoken to me in this relation. As I consider myself free to accept the friendship of any man I care to talk to, I do not choose to answer your questions, nor explain my actions. As I told you before, I happen to have liked this young man—"

Here again I caught the false quantity. "This young man"—I was immediately confirmed in the conviction that she found the boy amusing—*L'amour qui rit.*

"—and to have chosen to allow him to talk to me. Is there anything further?"

"One thing. There are mighty few sins, I believe, but one of them is to play with someone you don't care for. You comprehend me?"

Her eyes flashed again with anger and she rose and stepped toward me; for a minute she looked silently at me before speaking.

"What a mistake you are making!" she said earnestly. She was pleased to be cryptic.

"You mean that if you want something, the thing to do is to reach out for it, eh!"

She laughed mockingly.

"Fit the cap on different heads, Doctor. You may find it more amusing than—" she moved toward the door—"I do this intimate conversation. I find your moral guidance somewhat dull."

"And for my part, madam, I think I told you in a previous conversation that I find the children rather amusing but in need of slapping. You are no exception. But I must request you to note that should you endeavor to make a practise of entertaining the ship's officers in your cabin, we shall be obliged to place a steward in attendance to enforce the rules of the ship!"

She opened the door with a crash, and pointed out. It was a pity she had so little control over her feelings. But she was a sensualist, and

(Continued on page 61)



Ask For This
10-Day Test

Smoke Stains

The film on teeth. Some foods also do it

That is why teeth discolor.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. You can feel it now. Foods, tobacco, etc., discolor it, then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. But note how many teeth now glisten—teeth which once were dingy. You see them everywhere. That is due to a new way of teeth cleaning, which millions now employ. A ten-day test is free.

How they fight film

Film does more than cloud the teeth. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germis breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

So dental science sought for film combatants. After long research, two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent.

Why 49 in 50 suffer

Research proved two other things essential. The average modern diet

frequently fails in certain much desired essentials. As a result, this is reflected in increased tooth troubles.

Pepsodent aims to correct these faults. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids. Certain foods would bring similar results. But Pepsodent brings them twice a day, regardless of the diet.

Used the world over

Careful people of some 50 nations now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You see the results wherever you look, in teeth that glisten now. And those whiter teeth mean safer, cleaner teeth.

The Pepsodent results are quick and conspicuous. No user can doubt them. A week's test will convince you that this new method is important, both to you and yours. It should not be delayed.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

You will never forget the good effects, and never again go without them. Cut out coupon now.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

PAT OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

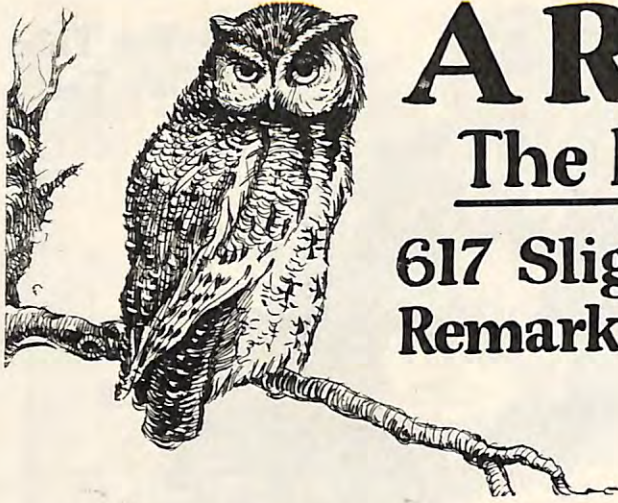
A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1195

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 127, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



A Rare Bargain

The Little Nature Library

617 Slightly Damaged Sets of Four Remarkable Books—While They Last—

Only \$4³⁵ Complete

IF YOU are a nature lover as well as an Elk—an admirer of the wonderful wild life that is all around us—you will appreciate the opportunity that is offered in this big, special bargain. The Little Nature Library is the one set of books that actually disclose the intimate life secrets of all our wild birds, trees, flowers and butterflies. In these four handsome, absorbing volumes, by four famous authors, the whole mystery of nature is spread out before you so you may read and understand. And if you act at once you can take advantage of this special offer and get a complete set of these splendid books at a price far below the actual cost.

What's Wrong With Them?

That's a frank and natural question, and we are glad to answer it just as frankly. These 617 sets are offered you at a big reduction merely because of one of our policies. All our books are sold on a "satisfaction guaranteed" basis, and we could not afford to pass out these sets as perfect when they bear even the slightest imperfections. For that reason we are calling them "slightly damaged" and giving the readers of Elks Magazine an opportunity to save a substantial part of the actual cost. In printing a large volume of books as we do, a few sets are bound to come from the bindery slightly damaged. Either a small spot or scratch on the cover, a corner bent in falling, or a soiled mark due to handling that can usually be erased, compels our inspectors to class such books as "seconds." And we offer them to you on that basis. Naturally there are no serious defects in these books; otherwise we would discard them entirely. And because none but the most critical would suspect that they were any-

thing but perfect, we are willing to refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

A Saving of 42%

Here then is an offer that no nature lover can afford to miss. For if you are quick to recognize a real bargain, you can get a set of these four great books at a saving of 42% off the regular price. These books are well printed in large, readable type on fine paper, handsomely bound, stamped in gold and each book has a beautiful color illustration on the cover. They contain 1,200 pages of delightfully interesting and valuable information, covering 2,891 subjects, and are illustrated with 144 full-page plates in natural colors. You will be delighted to read these books—proud to make them a part of your library—glad to keep them always at hand as a ready guide on your journeys into the great outdoors. And you can have one of these bargain sets today, without a cent in advance, if you act at once.

Things That Make Life Worthwhile

Absorbing, entertaining and enlightening, these books will prove a veritable education. Facts—scientific, accurate—yet told in a pleasing conversational way that will hold you enthralled from page to page as the tale unfolds. These noted, authoritative authors tell you all the things you've wanted to know about the mysteries of nature, plus a thousand surprising things your eyes and ears have never even suspected. Here are the things that make life worthwhile—the

things that Roosevelt, Edison, Markham and Burroughs loved and enjoyed. And you can do the same, for these four great books spread the whole mystery of nature out before you so you may read and understand.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

If you are fortunate enough to get one of these sets while they last, you will be convinced that we have offered you a real bargain. Yet if after examining your set, you are not fully satisfied, you are free to return them and get your money, or, if you prefer, secure one of the regular sets by paying the difference. But we believe you will be more than pleased with this bargain and glad to save the money as a result of this special offer. Before you've read two chapters in "Trees" by Julia E. Rogers, you'll appreciate the wonders of leaf and bud—the Miracle of Spring; ten minutes with "Birds" by the gifted Neltje Blanchan, and you'll be eager for every detail of the lives of our clever, feathered friends; then there's the book on "Wild Flowers" by the same talented author; and "Butterflies" by the well-known authority Clarence M. Weed. Surely you have never seen a bigger bargain than this!

Do You Know

Why certain wild flowers smell sweeter in the evening than in the morning?
How the heavy seeds of the wild blackberry are carried to seemingly inaccessible places?
What are the common and scientific names of all the numerous species of butterflies?
Why a tree will die if only the bark is circled with a deep cut?
When the buds actually form on the twigs? Not in the spring, as is usually thought.
Where the butterflies may be found in winter?
Which bird never hatches its own eggs or cares for its young?

Here are the four handsome volumes of the Little Nature Library. 1,200 pages of interesting, absorbing and enlightening information, by four famous, authoritative authors, covering 2,891 subjects. Printed in large, readable type on fine paper, handsomely bound, stamped in gold, each with a beautiful illustration on the cover and containing 144 full-page plates in natural colors. A valuable addition to your library—a bargain no true nature lover will ignore.



Send No Money

It is not even necessary to send a cent in advance in order to get these books at the amazingly low price. Just mail the coupon below and your set will arrive by return mail—provided you act in time. When the books arrive, pay the postman only \$4.35 (plus a few cents postage) and the Little Nature Library is yours. Examine them carefully, read the absorbing text and study the beautiful illustrations. Then if you are not satisfied that these books are exactly as represented and well worth the small price, return them in five days and we'll refund your money. But act at once if you want one of these 617 sets, for they will probably go in the first day's mail. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. L-1227, Garden City, New York.

Mail This Coupon Today

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.

Dept. L-1227, Garden City, New York

Please send me the Little Nature Library in four volumes, at the special limited number price of \$4.35. If my order arrives in time to get one of the 617 slightly damaged sets, I will pay the postman \$4.35 (plus a few cents postage). If they are not entirely satisfactory and well worth the small price, I will return them in 5 days and you are to refund my money.

Name

Street

City State

Twenty Knots to the Bishops

(Continued from page 59)

beautiful, in a way, and young; what would you?

I bowed and walked out, and betook myself to Charley's cabin. He was sitting in his chair, and got up stiffly when I entered. I shut the door behind me. He still stood at attention.

"Charley," I said, "sit down. You have been idiotic enough for one day." I filled my pipe. He sat down, sheepish and defiant in one breath, and started to speak.

"Be quiet," I continued. "I am still your superior officer, and I am speaking. You know the rules of this company. You deserve to be sacked. If I report this to the Captain you will be under arrest in ten minutes, and if you get to sea again it will be before the mast. I suppose you've thought of that?"

"Yes, sir," he replied stiffly. "What are you waiting for?"

"Because I don't happen to be a young fool like yourself. She is a beautiful spectacle and she wears her clothes excellently; she is a master of suggestion, of unconcealed but opaque barriers, like quite a few other women; she has a delightful voice; an extremely unpleasant and reckless temper—"

"How do you know?"

"Don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"You have had more opportunity—I suppose so; but you haven't seen so much, for gazing so hard. She has one thing, however, that alters all the virtues and graces I've credited her with, so far as you're concerned."

"Well!"

"She has more cunning, more brains, in her little finger than you have in your whole body."

"All I wish, Charley, is that you and she would go and live together for six solid months—in a place where murder is unpunished."

He looked at me almost cannivorously.

"Think you're damn witty, don't you?" he snarled.

"NO!" I replied quietly. "Listen, lad. I seem to remember rather distinctly a good many of your thoughts as you've expressed 'em to me over several years, here and there, on and off. You've told me a good deal about your ideas on responsibility, and duty to the service, and the beauty of things about you on the sea, the open sky, the feel of the bridge planks under your feet, authority—promotion—all the rest of it. D'you remember?"

His face was troubled. O Youth! How easily does a storm become sunshine, the sun a cloud.

"None of us cares especially about your solitary individual self—except maybe me. But we all care about the way you do your job, the way you keep your part of the honor of the Merchant Service. If you're dismissed, a good deal more happens than the mere personal discomfort to you. Do you ever think of that? You used to—up to five days ago."

"Yes," he said in a rather strained voice. I tried to hit, perhaps, the only thing in him capable of overwhelming this passion of youth—the pride of youth in its undertakings. Deep in him, somewhere, was tradition—pride. He sat silent.

"Well, good-by, Charley," I said. "I'd think it over a bit, maybe. This girl's a bit too reckless for you, I'm thinking."

I passed out. I felt better. It was a long time since I'd read anyone a lecture.

I made a point of keeping my eye on her during the next twenty-four hours. She cut me dead, of course; nevertheless, maybe it was worth it, for I noticed Hansen kept away from her remarkably. She was not lonely, of course, to the uninformed eye. It was still blowing to beat the band, rising if anything. She strode about "A" deck with one or two of the more seagoing passengers, plunging through showers of spray forward and staggering from side to side as we rolled. You may not suppose that fifty thousand tons can roll, but it can, actively.

She came down to dinner, beautifully undressed, to my mind. My table was one of the few which were full, and I didn't have much opportunity to watch her. I did notice one thing, however, and that was that Charley Hansen came striding down the main stairway into the dining saloon just as she was leaving. He

stopped and stared at her, face to face, kind of—hungrily, I suppose, poor devil. She returned his look coolly, and without a word turned easily to a woman with her and with some trifling remark passed on up the stairs.

The last full day of our run opened up as bad as you'd choose. It was blowing like seven devils from the east'd, raining at times, visibility bad, and a high, crazy sea. Even we were taking a lot of water on the foredeck, and she was pitching into it to beat Hades. I met a shower of icy spray which nearly laid my face open when I peered over the lower bridge guard after breakfast. I blessed the fact that next day would see us in Southampton water, warm and tucked into our dock, if only for three days. Three days less of the infernal winter weather at least.

THE sky was plain granite, and we were in just the right spot for heavy weather—north of Biscay, and a wind bursting down the Channel like a bat out of Hell itself. Ugh! I'm getting too old for the sea. Its strength never tires, but man's must. I know the sea too well to be completely the doctor, and stay below in the warm lounges, and talk, and read. It's in my blood; I have to go on deck and watch it, be in it, feel the tear of the gale, for I love even its cruelty.

About noon it was thicker than ever, and the Old Man slowed her up to twelve knots, and ordered all passengers to remain below deck. We smashed in a round dozen of the glass ports in the dining saloon—they're an inch and a half thick, by the way; and they told me that two boats had been smashed up on the boat deck.

About sunset the rain cleared up a little, and the Old Man shoved her up to full speed again. It was damned uncomfortable. If I hadn't known the ship I'd have expected her to split in two. When night came down we were pounding into it like a battering ram. As the rain let up it seemed to blow harder than ever, the sea somber and angry, black in hollows and an evil steel gray on the wind'ard slopes. Wise in my generation, I took a snooze before dinner. I went down to dine rather late, just in time to find Charley finishing. I happened to see his face as I went up to my chair, before he saw me, for his eyes were fixed on the slim girl with the strong shoulders who was dining merrily, in spite of the weather, with a couple of women. Her self-possession was an extraordinary contrast to Charley's expression.

"Charley, I wouldn't have your job for something, till midnight," I said as I sat down beside him. There were very few passengers in the saloon.

"It's bloody," he growled. "The Old Man's put her up to full again, damn it. Just my luck."

"When do we sight Bishop's Light?"

"'Bout eleven, I fancy. Depends on the weather. Well, I've got to go and pile on clothes; so long!" He leaned back and felt for his pipe as he prepared to get up, and his eyes wandered over to the Lamar girl again, and fixed there intently. Following, I glanced over and found her regarding him fixedly. Her look was peculiar. I don't know exactly what, but peculiar. Mainly disdainful.

As for Charley Hansen, his innermost soul was on his face. He struggled with himself and the battle was for both of us to see. He wanted her and struggled not to admit it. I found myself wondering what he'd do. As if in answer to my question, his jaw tightened. Heavens!—he was a handsome lad! His face stiffened into hard lines, and he stood up with an abrupt jerk of his chair and strode out of the saloon without glancing at her. With the faintest of smiles she turned to listen to one of her friends.

Again I rejoiced at Southampton in the morning.

I dropped into the surgery a minute after dinner and found Roberts treating Anderson, the First. Anderson's face was a mass of little tiny cuts and scratches, and the wind had laid even his tough hide raw. He swore violently while Roberts dabbed the cuts with lotion. "Why the hell did I ever come aboard this cursed destroyer to ferry a lot of fat swine who overeat till they're sick?" he snarled. "Here I

(Continued on page 62)

Buy ELK EMBLEMS

Direct by Mail from

JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass.
and Save One-Third

For over 47 years we have sold direct to customers all over the world. As manufacturing wholesale and retail jewelers, diamond importers and America's leading emblem makers we are able to save you one-third on regular prices. Money refunded on all purchases unless entirely satisfied. Following are a few of the many items selected at random from our free catalogs. Mail coupon below for free copies.



35066B

35066B — This Beautiful Diamond mounted Elk Ring has a perfectly cut, blue-white diamond, set in 18k solid gold. The 14k solid Green Gold Ring is richly engraved with emblems. An extraordinary value for \$50.00



34600B Solid Green Gold Lapel Button with small perfectly cut blue-white diamond \$5.00



35087B

Solid Green Gold Charm with white gold Elk's head raised on clock. Letters B.P.O.E. are in gold on rich purple enamel. \$5.00



34618B Platinum front Lapel Button, perfectly cut blue-white diamond \$15.00



34725B

Elk's Membership Card Case Actual size 2 inches long. Can be attached to Waldemar chain. In Gold-filled or Sterling Silver \$4.00



34676B 14k Solid Gold Ring—handmade chased with raised platinum Elk head. Clock in proper colors of enamel. Money refunded if this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$18. Our price direct to you \$12.00

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT



1 carat \$145.00
This 1 carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut, mounted in ladies style 14k solid gold setting. Money refunded if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our \$145.00 price

PRICES ON OTHER DIAMOND RINGS

1/4 carat	\$31.00
3/8 carat	50.00
1/2 carat	73.00
3/4 carat	108.00
1 carat	145.00
1 1/2 carats	217.00
2 carats	290.00
3 carats	435.00

from Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, and save 20 to 40% on dealer's prices. Our long established foreign agencies in Amsterdam, London and Paris prove their ability at all times to obtain the finest genuine diamonds at the lowest possible market prices.



Ladies' White Gold \$75.00
Diamond Ring Perfectly cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy with four smaller perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds on the sides. The ring is 18k solid white gold, beautifully pierced and carved.

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name on any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities. \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an authority. Also write for Elk Emblem and Jewelry and Watch Catalogs.



Write for your copy today FREE

---CLIP COUPON---FILL IN AND MAIL NOW---

JASON WEILER & SONS
Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers Since 1870
Dept. 11, Weiler Bldg., Boston, Mass.
Corner of Washington & Franklin Streets
Please send FREE Catalogs checked x below:

Jewelry, Watch, Silver and ELKS EMBLEM CATALOGS Diamond Catalog

Name
Address
City State

Twenty Knots to the Bishops

(Continued from page 61)



Big Brother

by Rex Beach

It's not a pretty parlor tale—it's a story of the underworld—of crooks and gangsters—fights and murders—cops and jails.

It is the most gripping, most realistic story of God-forgotten people ever written!

And beneath all the badness and crime Rex Beach has found the heart—the love and romance and gentleness that causes a "tough guy" to go straight.

To make sure that you won't miss this thrilling story sign the attached coupon and mail it today.

Hearst's International Magazine
119 West 40th Street, New York

Send me your magazine for four months, beginning with July, for which I enclose \$1.00 (Canada 20c. extra).

Name _____

Address _____

E7

am at sea for twenty years, man and boy, and never had it lay my face open till I mistook a God damned express train for a ship!"

I left him still swearing. Poor devil, he was played out. He'd take a watch every day for another twenty years and God help anyone who suggested it was too rough for him. I knew the breed pretty well.

I tucked myself away in my armchair with a tin of 'baccy and read nigh three hours. I was just starting to turn in when my mind drifted back to that damned girl and the way she'd spoilt the run for me, for she had. I mused about her for some time, and my thought naturally drifted on to Charley. I thought of him on the bridge above me. Goodness knows why, but I found myself reaching for my heavy coat. I never afterwards was able to remember why I left my cabin.

I went through the empty grand saloon; it was seven bells, half after eleven, and everybody was below. She was still rolling to beat the band.

I made my way forward into the deck officer's quarters, which are immediately below the bridge. All was deadly quiet here, except for a steward marking time in his pantry. There was a glow of light through the Old Man's hooked door, showing he was awake and alert, and probably would be till morning, if I knew him.

I climbed on through the lower wheelhouse and up the companionway to the main wheelhouse on the upper bridge. As I went up I began to hear the intense scream of the wind, and an icy chill of air swept down on me.

The scene in that wheelhouse was weird, even to me. We were just entering the Channel, at full speed, and Hansen was outside in the open. The wind screamed and tore round the great teak structure, as large as a big cottage, and made it shudder and vibrate as we rolled in the seaway. There was an intermittent thrashing of rain and ice flurries against the thick glass windows. There was little light; a faint glow, a little above the level of the Quartermaster's eyes as he stood at the wheel, illuminating the ring of the gyroscopic compass. I remember feeling faintly amused at the tiny instrument, and the light brass wheel, which guided the path of the fifty thousand tons of steel beneath our feet.

THE steersman nodded to me and shifted his eyes back to the compass ring. Everything else was immobile: the big standard magnetic compass inside its brass binnacle, the dull yellow faces of the engine room telegraphs, the revolution counter, and, only mechanical sound, the clicking of the course recorder as it inked down our path on a roll of squared paper. The place was full of queer shapes and bright steel and brass instruments faintly reflecting the glow from the compass spot. They signified to me man's temporary but splendid domination of the Earth, the skill and brains that made this enormous ship to drive through the brutal fury of a great gale while the passengers slept safely below. Deep down in the depths of the ship, beside whirling masses of steel, men worked and sweated to give us power and speed; here their efforts were reduced to the flicker of a little needle over some figures.

The Junior Third should have been on the bridge with Hansen, but had apparently been sent away for something. It transpired subsequently that Hansen had sent him aft to take the reading from the patent log. I could just see the outline of Hansen's figure far out on the starboard side of the bridge, where he was to windward of the sheets of icy spray cracking like shot against the wheelhouse as seas broke against our starboard bow. The lee side of the bridge was thick with ice and a mass of flying icicles as the spray froze. I peered carefully round the corner of the wheelhouse and gazed ahead.

God! What a hellish night. There was an air speed of fully eighty miles an hour on the bridge. It took my breath away and for a minute blinded me as it tore over the bridge guard with a deep-throated thrumming roar. We were rolling through sixty degrees, and the black "V" of the bow sank every minute into a tearing black mass of water, broke it into a white cur-

dling mass, and lifted it sullenly up onto the fore-deck, on which a man would have been pounded to pieces.

I turned my head to look aft; I could only just see the towering bulk of number four funnel, while the after bridge was an indistinct shape in the inky darkness. The vast size of the funnels and our tremendous length made me catch my breath more than the gale had made me. Lonely in that wild place, I felt separated from anything that could be gentle and uncruel.

I turned again, and dodged behind the visor of an automatic screen.

There are two of these screens on each side of the bridge. They are big visors, or cowls, of steel, behind which one can place one's head and be protected from the blinding gale and spray. In the front is a circle of thick glass kept spinning fast by a little motor; you look through the top half of the circle and a set of brushes keeps the spinning glass wiped clean. It is the only way you can see ahead clearly in a rain flurry, when your eyes can't face it.

PEERING ahead, I could see nothing. I searched the tortured blackness for a sign of Bishop's Light, but could see nothing. Hansen was a few yards from me, peering through the other screen and so steadfastly that he hadn't seen me. There is a constant stream of shipping coming out of the Channel, you understand. And we were doing our twenty knots—more than a third of a mile a minute. The visibility was variable; now it would be two miles, now half a mile, as a rainstorm swept down. I knew Charley must have had half a mind to ease her down, and yet again I remembered his driving courage, the making of a great liner Captain.

Suddenly a little shift to the wind brought a drenching stream of spray and ice right over the windward side of the bridge. I was drenched in spite of the visor, and hastily stumbled back into the wheelhouse. The steersman, intent on the compass, scarcely glanced at me. I took off my cap and blinked my eyes clear and caught my breath again. Ah! *I am* getting too old for the sea.

I looked out suddenly along the bridge and beheld a sight that completely paralyzed me. Clinging to the top of the starboard stairway, her feet and skirt lashed by the driving flurry, but the upper part of her behind the windbreak of the bridge, was Miss Lamar. How had she got there? All passengers had been kept below; she must have bribed someone to let her up on deck. She was muffled in a big coat.

Under no circumstances whatever are passengers allowed on the bridge at any time, whoever they may be. It is the iron rule of passenger ships. Yet here at nearly midnight, in a howling gale, this girl calmly climbed on to the bridge of one of the most famous liners afloat.

She must have spoken, for Hansen whirled round, and leapt to the head of the ladder. The faint light from the wheelhouse just illuminated their faces. I saw her lips moving. And Hansen stood closer, towering over her by a good foot. I saw him point down. They were both unconscious of any eyes. The angle of the door prevented the helmsman seeing them, and I stood motionless in the deep shadow. Hansen glanced hurriedly along right at me, but evidently saw nothing. He bent over her again, and unmistakably ordered her down. She looked up at him calmly, with the most slow, provocative, wanton smile, the like of which da Vinci never equalled. She was revelling in the elemental glamour of the setting. Charley's hand, which had caught her arm roughly as he ordered her off the bridge, curved back and he bent slowly over her. Her lips were parted. I caught the gleam of her white teeth, her wide-open eyes, the carven lines of Charley's rough face as he bent towards her. I had the sensation of dreaming, of watching some play of the immortals, as I saw these two stare deep into each other's eyes in the wild place amid the howling, implacable fury of the gale.

Suddenly stung to action by realization of Hansen's perilous position—Officer of the Watch, alone on the bridge—the Captain might come up—if he even looked out of his port he would see them—the Junior Third might come stumbling along the deck; and then Charley

Hansen would be under arrest in five minutes, and ruined for life—suddenly, stung to action, I say, I stepped abruptly forward. As I did so Hansen bent lower over the girl, and she put up one hand onto his neck. Their lips nearly touched. Magnetized, I stopped. Then—

What made me whip round I don't know. I had heard nothing, seen nothing. But some amazing instinct bred by the sea made me turn my head sharply, to have my senses stunned for a brief moment by the sight of the side and masthead lights of a big ship (it was our sister ship, the huge *Benaria*, outward bound to New York) dead ahead of us and barely eight hundred yards away, hazy through the half-blinding rain and ice—driving directly at us. At the same second that my ear caught the boom of her siren, Hansen heard it too and was at the bridge rail in one bound. Realize—both ships were doing over twenty-three miles an hour—were approaching each other at forty-six miles an hour—were less than half a mile apart. In forty seconds we should meet.

Forty seconds!
Then Charley Hansen gave a magnificent exhibition of seamanship. Without a perceptible second's hesitation his shout cut through the scream of the wind and electrified the helmsman into feverish motion.

"Hard a port, helm. Full astern starboard engines!"

REMEMBERING simultaneously that the Third was off the bridge, he drove past me like a whirlwind, and crash, the telegraph handles swung to "Full astern" as he wrenched them. Like a flash he was back at the siren lanyard and sounded two piercing blasts: "Am turning to starboard."

The little telegraph bell tinkled as the engine room answered. The helmsman had the wheel hard over to port and was straining at it as if to force the gigantic rudder yet more over by force of will. Fascinated, I watched the vast shape ahead bearing down on us. Our bow began to swing minutely, as if she would never answer the helm and engines. Charley now had her full ahead on the port engines and full astern on the starboard. It seemed as though nothing could save us and the seconds were agonizing.

Then I felt the bridge under me rock and tremble as the great ship answered the tremendous pull of engines and rudder. She gave a rolling lurch that nearly threw me off my feet with the violence of her turning. I saw the bow fling over in a steady drive to starboard. I wonder the ship didn't split in two—you can not realize the terrific strain of such a sudden and violent turn. The wind-drive abated a fraction as our speed decreased. The *Benaria's* lights changed angle, and her big sharp bow began to swing away from us. Would we miss her? I caught my breath and thought of the thousands asleep below on each ship. No boat could live a minute in the raging seas, no steamer would have dared approach near us, even rafts would have smashed to splinters. In silence, except for the wind, grim tragedy stalked the black seas and, like the voice of Death, chilled my very brain.

The bows of the two ships swung apart. We were almost on top of each other. The bows would miss, but could we straighten back far enough to prevent *Benaria* shearing through our stern? It was a case for the most intricate and delicate judgment. Turn too soon, and we should ram the other ship—turn too late, and her great bow would cut through our stern like cheese.

Hansen's voice rang out again, strong and steady, as calm as the death that faced us all.

"Keep your head, Quartermaster. Stand by, now." The bows of the two ships were nearly abreast and not fifty yards apart. "Helm midships!"

"Helm midships, sir!"

Hansen jerked the starboard telegraph to "Stop."

"Starboard ten."

"Starboard ten, sir."

"And ten."

"And ten, sir."

He rang the telegraph to half ahead. We swung and I saw the black sea ahead of us again, open sea. It was a consummate piece of seamanship—a desperate gamble with the grim fate of the sea that is implacable in its ageless waiting.

(Continued on page 64)

THE familiar pocket packages of Beech-Nut Confections and Chewing Gum are pleasing little friends to cultivate. Beech-Nut Confections are exceptional in taste and quality. Look for the Beech-Nut box on the cigar stand in the club. Name your flavor.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.



Elks and their families are invited to inspect the Home of Beech-Nut at Canajoharie, N. Y., when they find themselves in the historic Mohawk Valley.

BEECH-NUT Confections

Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

Beech-Nut Mints

Wintergreen
Clove
Spearmint

Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

Lime
Lemon
Orange

Slip a package in your pocket NOW!

This handy break-proof pocket package of five foil-wrapped Robt. Burns Invincibles is ideal for all occasions from an evening at the club to a day on the links. It insures your having a fresh cigar in a smokable condition at all times. If your club steward cannot supply you, suggest that he write us at once.

General Cigar Co.
NATIONAL BRANDS
New York City

INVINCIBLES—15 cents straight
Box of 5—75 cents
PERFECTOS—2 for 25 cents
PANATELAS—10 cents straight

Twenty Knots to the Bishops

(Continued from page 63)

But, upon that narrow bridge eighty feet above the water-line, a man's brain had triumphed, even over himself.

Hansen rang for full speed again. "Resume course, Quartermaster." His words were quiet, and his inflection steady. I marveled. "Aye, aye, sir."

Hansen brushed past me as if I had not existed, back to the head of the companion. The girl was still there. I expected to see my own horror written all over her face, but, last astounding surprise of all, her expression was as detached in the face of the terrible disaster she had nearly caused as though she was watching a picture. Her eyes rested on Charley's without a blink.

He strode right up to her. "Are you satisfied?" His voice was like steel. "I have just nearly lost my ship! Get to hell off the bridge!"

She jumped the remaining step onto the bridge and faced him like a tiger. "Hell hath no fury?"—maybe. She was as elemental as the jungle woman of the world's youth beyond the count of Time. Defiant, insolent, she measured him with her scornful eyes. When she spoke her deep contralto voice was vibrant with contempt.

"So—you have lost your nerve, eh, Hansen? Instead of your ship! And am I to be ordered to hell from anywhere by you?"

He made no answer, but appeared to consider her a moment. Then he stepped deliberately back and struck her across the mouth with all his strength. Though it was his open palm, she would have been hurled to

the deck below had she not been holding on with both hands.

"Now," he said evenly, "get to hell off the bridge, will you?"

She rocked where she stood; then, cowed as a beaten dog, she retreated step for step, conquered by the only power she recognized, and slunk aft along the wet deck.

Unseeing, I stumbled into the wheelhouse, my thoughts in indescribable and chaotic confusion, and felt my way down to the quiet, electric-lit alleyway. I had a dim perception of the Old Man brushing hurriedly past me as he made for the bridge. I stopped and looked blankly at the immobile white-painted wood, thinking, and my head seemed to be aching and hot.

I stepped out on the loo'ard deck through the door from the officers' quarters. Under the lee of the long deckhouse there was no wind, and under my feet I felt the steady pulsation of the faithful engines—twenty knots. Above my head had been played the struggle of two souls, of Love, of Danger, of Hate—the forces that make our very world and life and give it color for each an evanescent instant. And through it all the works of men and the unrelenting menace of the Earth had fought on.

And as I looked out through the blackness away to the northwest I caught a sudden brilliant pinpoint of light, steady and clear over the tumbling seas, that lighted the seeking ship Home from the unmarked wastes. The Bishop's Rock Light! the last valediction and first welcome of many a wanderer of the sea.

Elks of Denver Blaze a Trail

(Continued from page 36)

were called for. Everywhere, in every detail was the main idea carried out—to forget the fact that this was a thing designed to "raise" money, but a regular business enterprise designed to overshadow every other amusement in town for a week and make a legitimate profit which then should be turned over to the fund as planned.

It was a departure. A big departure. Denver didn't believe it. Tickets were hard to sell. There had been three other shows that year—and Denver thought it had seen enough. Frankly the town was skeptical. Then—

The week of the show arrived. The parade was held—and Denver began to blink its eyes. For here, instead of the usual fraternal parade, was a regular circus procession, with blaring bands, with clowns, with elephants, with everything that a big circus should have. But still Denver waited.

The opening night came—and the Elks, including Cooper and Joyce, began to wonder if the theory was so wonderful after all. Denver, as has been mentioned before, had been "burnt up" with indoor shows. Less than 3,000 persons attended. What was more, the advance sale showed that there was less than half the amount in the treasury needed to pay the bare expenses for the big enterprise. Then it happened!

The next day Denver had something to talk about. It was the big show at the Auditorium. Telephones buzzed. In the stores, on the streets—everywhere, it was the same. The surprise of it all had put the show over. Those three thousand persons had gone out of curiosity. Now they were advertising themselves as pioneers, and the show as the greatest thing of its kind that ever had come to the city. That night, the worst blizzard which Denver had experienced all winter swept down upon the city. But in spite of it, ten thousand persons found their way to the Auditorium. The next night, the blizzard continued, but ten thousand more persons came. Then the weather cleared.

And with the clearing, Denver went circus mad. All over town the talk ran to circus; the antics of the clowns, the thrills engendered by the Mysterious Norma and her hundred and sixty "wrist turns" at the top of the big building,

the riding of the Four Hobsons, the excitement caused by the Flying Wards, the grace of the Hamilton Sisters, the stunts of this, that and the other performer, and that night:

"Lock the doors! It isn't humanly possible to get another person into this building!"

It was the command of the chief of police of Denver, who, after having sent forth his third squad of men to handle the throngs, gave the order at 8.10 o'clock, while a throng of more than 10,000 persons stretched from the Auditorium fully to Fifteenth Street, more than a block away, filling the street from curb to curb. Matinees were announced to take care of the throngs, but even in spite of this, it was necessary to lock the doors of the big building on Friday night at 7.40 o'clock, fully a half hour before the usual amusement throng reaches its destination. The same held true Saturday night. For three nights, every record of the Auditorium had been broken for attendance, and this in spite of the fact that the building has housed in its lifetime a national political convention, General Pershing at the height of his fame, President Wilson on his speaking tour in favor of the League of Nations, and some of the biggest drawing cards in the United States. The theory had won out.

So much, in fact, that Denver Elks Number 17 now has in its treasury more than twice the amount of money needed to finish that building at Craig Colony, and without the necessity of making a single excuse. And further that Denver's system is to be used next year in a number of other cities, among them Omaha, Fort Worth, and probably Washington, D. C., where the usual idea is to be submerged in a straight business proposition of selling the show and the show alone. As for Denver—

It's already making its plans for next year. And with the knowledge that there'll be little opposition. For the word has gone forth—Denver as an indoor circus town belongs to one organization now, the Elks.

In recognition of their efforts, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Joyce were presented on the last night engraved gold Elks cardcases as a token of appreciation from the Lodge. For the "big idea" had won.

Picked by Elks

TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

End the ice nuisance forever! Determine now to turn last year's loss of spoiled meats, vegetables and fruits into profit. With Automatic Refrigeration, perishables can't spoil, one bit as quickly.

Self-operating, the Automatic Refrigerating Plant maintains any desired uniform temperature in as many refrigerators as are needed. It also cools the drinking water system and makes ice—all by one plant!

ELKS CLUBS PICK THE AUTOMATIC

An El Paso, Texas, restaurant saved \$1750 last year. "The Automatic paid for itself the first year," says a market man.

\$5694 Saved Yearly by a California Hotel

That's what Automatic Refrigeration will bring to you—this saving.

Find out to-day just why—
Automatic is the cheapest Refrigeration you can buy

Write to

The Automatic Refrigerating Company
618 Willow St., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Sales & Service Offices in Many Large Cities
Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your FREE catalogue or data checked below.

If a member of Building Committee
 If a market man
 If a Restaurant owner
 Wholesale groceries or poultry data
 If you plan to build an apartment house
 If a florist
 Dairy data

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

This coupon may be worth hundreds of dollars to the one using it—will you not spend 2c today to make this saving?

DIAMONDS—WATCHES ON CREDIT



Loftis Perfection Diamond Ring
Blue white, perfect cut Diamond. Ring is 14-K Solid Gold.
\$50



Loftis Solitaire Diamond Cluster Ring. Blue white, perfect cut Diamond. Ring is 14-K Solid Gold.
\$100



'Sylvia' Ring. Blue white, perfect cut Diamond. Ring is 14-K Solid White Gold.
\$125

Rectangular Wrist Watch. 18-K White Gold. 17 Jewels. \$39. 16-K White Gold. 14 Jewels. \$32.

Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED

We import Diamonds direct from European markets and sell direct to you by mail. Our Diamonds are magnificent blue white, perfect cut gems. Our immense BUYING POWER is a great saving to you. Why pay more than LOFTIS asks?

SEND FOR CATALOG There are over 2000 Illustrations. Select as many articles as you wish and have all charged to one account. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination. Catalog explains everything. Liberty Bonds Accepted. CREDIT TERMS on all articles: One-fifth down, balance divided into equal payments within eight months.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill. Stores in Leading Cities

Standard Underwoods

5-Year Guarantee

Yes, this genuine Standard Visible Writing Underwood newly rebuilt, at much less than factory price, yours for \$3.00 down and then easy monthly payments.

10 Days FREE Trial
Try it for 10 days at our risk. Money back guarantee. Send now for free book. Big bargain offer.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM B-103 Shipman Building
SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO. Chicago, Illinois

PATENTS

BOOKLET FREE
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Send drawing or model for examination and report as to patentability.

HIGHEST REFERENCES
BEST RESULTS

WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer
624 F Street Washington, D. C.

Electricity

Learn Electricity
Great Shops of Coyne. Complete in 8 months. Enter anytime. Special limited offer. Drafting—Radio free. Send for Big Free Catalog. Act NOW!

Coyne Electrical School, Dept. E-399
1300-1310 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Men Who Have Revolutionized Sport

(Continued from page 24)

who promptly broke all records with it and it became known as the Australian crawl. In the United States it was tried out by the swimmers of the New York Athletic Club, who found it a pretty thing, but considered it capable of improvement. They added a few thrills and speeded it up quite a lot. It was now so good that most persons were satisfied with it, but L. deB. Handley was not among them. He took the thing up where the others left off and finally evolved the six-beat double trudgeon crawl. That is to the original trudgeon what an airplane is to a kite, and is the fastest known racing stroke in the world to-day.

Just as a Samoan started an innovation in swimming, so a native of India stirred things up in the cricket world. Ranjitsinhji—later known as the Jam Sahib—went to England to complete his education. At Cambridge he took up cricket and in a certain sense became the Willie Keeler of that game. Up to that time the great batters had been sluggers, or sloggers as they call them across the water. Ranji almost certainly had never heard of Willie, but none the less he adopted Keeler's slogan to "hit 'em where they ain't." Reduced to terms of baseball, the Jam Sahib used his head. He fouled them off and introduced place hitting. And, like Willie, he did it with a flick of the wrist rather than a terrific swing, such as that used by Babe Ruth. If he chose he could hit with astounding power in this manner. Rogers Hornsby hits a ball in that fashion. It is a matter of perfect timing. So Ranji showed the cricketers something new.

AND just as a native of India went to England to revolutionize cricket, so a native of Canada went there to revolutionize sculling, and a New Zealand team to revolutionize football. It was Hanlan of Canada who taught the Britons things about oarsmanship, and the "All Blacks"—so called from their suits, not their color—who showed them things about Rugby they never knew before.

The game of football has seen more revolutions than a South American republic. Since Princeton and Rutgers first played at New Brunswick, on November 6, 1869, there have been so many radical changes and innovations that credit for them belongs to an army rather than an individual. Camp, DeLand, King, Woodruff, Williams, Yost, Haughton, Warner, Rockne, Bell, and many another, contributed a share toward making the game what it is to-day.

It was R. M. Hodge of Princeton who invented the famous V formation. It was Hefelfinger of Yale who showed what a line man could do in leading interference. It was Lorin F. DeLand of Harvard—a man who never played football himself, but who was one of the great tacticians of football—who worked out the flying wedge and many another play. It was George W. Woodruff of Yale who, coaching at Pennsylvania, was responsible for the quarterback kick, flying interference by backfield men, and the guards back formation. It was Phil King of Princeton who worked out the tandem principle of attack. He did it with his ends, and Harvard modified it by playing the tackles back—a formation later used by Yost and Camp with wonderful effectiveness. Princeton worked out the revolving tandem. Harry Williams evolved the Minnesota shift. John C. Bell was one of the chief instigators of the forward pass—a play which we in common with many other writers had publicly urged a couple of years before its adoption. It was Jesse Harper who brought a Notre Dame team east to show that section of the country what this new style of football could accomplish. Rockne played end on that team.

Foster Sanford is responsible for many a new idea in football. So are Cavanaugh, Dobie, Stagg, Bezdek, Richards, Wilce, Daly and Zuppke. Zuppke has perhaps made more use of psychology than any other man in the game.

Since the method for playing the American game of baseball was devised by Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown, N. Y., the dimensions of the diamond have remained unchanged. Baseball always has been a conservative game where

(Continued on page 66)



We all enjoy play, and play brings thirst.

Enjoy thirst—wherever you are, quench it with this beverage—not from one vine or one tree, but a blend of pure products from nature's storehouse with a flavor all its own

Drink

Coca-Cola 5¢

Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Brunswick

—billiard equipment is standard the world over. More than 95 per cent of the billiard rooms, clubs, hotels and places of recreation are Brunswick equipped, through and through.

This 78 year old house enjoys the prestige of being the quality house in all that pertains to billiards and bowling. The imprint "Brunswick" is a proof of quality, dependability, excellence.

Home billiard tables in a wide variety of prices and styles are a Brunswick specialty. A comprehensive booklet on this equipment will be mailed free on request. Write for it.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

Manufacturers—Established 1845

CHICAGO
NEW YORK

CINCINNATI
TORONTO

START A BAND!

A good musician need never worry about a job. He's welcome anywhere, anytime. King instruments are easy to play because perfectly constructed. They are the choice of leading musicians everywhere.

We sell complete band equipment direct to users. You save all middleman's profits. Write for our special proposition for band leaders and organizers.

Easy Payment Plan

Buy new King Saxophones, Trombones, Cornets, Baritone, Basses, Altos, Drums, etc., on our easy payment plan. Free ten day trial. Then a small sum down. Balance in easy monthly payments.

Big Stock of Re-built Instruments

If you want to start a band of untrained players write for our latest list of re-built instruments. Good as new. Very low in price. Ask for big free, illustrated catalog showing instruments and prices.

THE H. N. WHITE CO.

5211-53 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio



Sta-On TROUSER SUPPORTER

Keeps Your Pants Up and Your Shirt Down



WHY be bothered with the annoyance and discomfort of pulling up your trousers every few minutes? Let a pair of Sta-On Trousers Supporters keep your trousers up and hold your shirt down.

Sta-Ons do not bind or chafe. Promote good health. Easy to use. Rust proof. Hold with a bull dog grip which can't harm the sheerest silk. These Sta-On Trousers Supporters eliminate suspenders and tight belts and give shirt waist effect. Send for a pair today.

Silver Plated, \$1.00 Gold Plated, \$3.00

Satisfaction or Money Back!

Try a pair of Sta-On Trousers Supporters at our risk. Use them for ten days and if you are not satisfied in every way return them and your money will be refunded.

Agents Wanted

THE LINRAL CO., Dept. C., St. Louis, Mo.

Diamonds Here at 60% of Market Price

This snappy perfectly cut diamond 7-8 - 3-32 ct. at \$52.50 among bargains we list. Many other big values in our lists. Buy **HERE** Loan values the price basis, not market values. This 75 year old diamond banking firm has thousands unpaid loans and other bargains must sell NOW.

Why Pay Full Prices
Any diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you.

Send for Latest List
Diamond Bargains described in detail. Tells of guaranteed loan values, unlimited exchange privilege, details of free examination. Send now.

JOS. DEROY & SONS 7310 DeRoy Bldg. Only Opposite Post Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.

25 A DAY Selling Shirts

Large shirt manufacturer wants agents to sell complete line of shirts, pajamas, and night shirts direct to wearer. Advertised brand—exclusive pattern—easy to sell. No experience or capital required. Entirely new proposition. Write for free samples.

Madison Shirt Co., 503 Broadway, N.Y.C.

TAILORING SALESMEN—Fastest selling line, suits, overcoats, \$29.50—one price, all wool, everything guaranteed. Profits in advance, steady job. Biggest old reliable house.

Experienced or not, write us immediately.
W. D. SMITH & CO., Established 1895 Dept. 55, Chicago

Men Who Have Revolutionized Sport

(Continued from page 65)

changes were made gradually as the growth of the sport demanded them. Still, there are many milestones which mark its progress. But in baseball, it was a matter of evolution rather than revolution.

Robert Addy of Rockford is credited with being the first player to steal a base by sliding. One of the most important things which has to do with baseball occurred in 1878, when turnstiles were first used. They never thought then that the day would come when 74,000 persons would pass through turnstiles to see a game. A staff of umpires was first introduced in 1879. The National League was organized in 1876, and the American League in 1900. The cork-center ball was introduced in 1909, and the rabbit ball in 1920.

AS a team, the old Baltimore Orioles may be said to have revolutionized baseball. They treated it as a science, and their effect upon it extends to the present day. On that Baltimore club were such men as McGraw, Jennings, Robinson, Keeler and Kelly, who have continued to make baseball history.

But we should say that, taking it by and large, the men who had the greatest influence on the game were Abner Doubleday, who invented it; A. G. Spalding, who published its records and was one of its early stars; Charles C. Waite, who introduced the glove; Fred W. Thayer, who invented the mask; Roger Bresnahan, who introduced shin-guards for the catcher; and Arthur Cummins, who threw the first curve ball.

Without the records the baseball fan would be an unhappy individual. He would have no concrete foundation upon which to base his argument. Without gloves the lively ball of to-day never could be handled. If it were not for the mask the hospitals would be filled with catchers and umpires. And of course the curve ball is one of the things upon which the present game rests.

Bresnahan came in for a good deal of joshing when he first appeared in shin-guards, but they

enabled him boldly to block runners off the plate without fear of having his legs cut from under him by knifelike spikes. To-day all catchers wear them.

Billiards was first played with four balls, but some men grew so expert at it that they could make runs of untold duration, and it was felt that something must be done to make it harder. So they reduced the number of balls to three. This they felt was all that ever would be necessary. Then along came the revolutionist. He was Jacob Schaefer, a rather small man from the Middle West. The game in those days was for 1,000 points. In an exhibition match in California Schaefer ran the 1,000 points from the spot. He did it more than once. It became evident that he could run 1,000 points or more any time that he was really feeling well. His opponent might as well have come to the match without a cue. They had to make the game over. Schaefer made them put balk lines on the table.

GOLF was a conservative exercise up to the time that a gentleman in the rubber business, whose name was Haskell, decided that the old gutty ball wouldn't travel far enough. As a result he invented the rubber-cored ball—and most of the subsequent troubles of players and golf architects. He certainly revolutionized golf.

It was like bringing an elephant home to sleep in the stall which had been built for the Shetland pony. Golf courses grew too small overnight. On the hole where a man had been proud to get home with a brassie, he now played beyond the green with a jigger. That dignified old warrior, Col. Bogie, became a joke. Thousands of dollars had to be spent in adapting the courses to the new conditions.

And they have kept on making the ball more lively ever since. It has gotten so to-day that if you can see the hole you play a mashie. If it's out of sight you do some map firing, using the club which gives the proper angle of fire.

Golf courses and artillery ranges have come to be the same things.

Grandfather Did Without

(Continued from page 12)

little prince and princess who were lost on an island. Not a desert island, for they found a farm house, with hens and cows, and in its kitchen everything ready for cooking. But the little prince and princess had never been allowed to do anything for themselves. They didn't know that cows gave milk, nor recognize an egg in its shell, much less know how to cook.

Whom do they symbolize—this little prince and princess?

Why, our own generation! So many of our chores and so much of our drudgery is done for us mechanically, out of sight, in ways that we know nothing about, that we have forgotten what pick-and-shovel work is, if we ever knew.

Did you hear, the other day, how they had discovered that half the children in our big cities have never seen a cow? Bossy is now being added to the city Zoo, and shown with the monkeys, lions and elephants.

Because we do not know how hard previous generations worked, and how limited they were in conveniences and creature comforts by bodily strength, we live in a perfect fairyland of engineering, mechanical, chemical and scientific wonders, and take it all *blasé* as our rightful heritage. Yes, and grumble that it is material and monotonous, and long for the good old times, the picturesque past when Granddad had simplicity and leisure. You bet he had simplicity—he couldn't afford anything else! And he had a lot of leisure after his twelve- or fifteen-hour day was done!

What Grandfather had, he made himself. His power was limited to his own strength and that of horses and oxen, where we produce power in single electrical generators of 50,000 to 75,000

horsepower, and use it either to light a city or turn a carpenter's drill. We can carry around in one pocket as much work as he did with an ox-team in a day, and apply it all in one second by lighting a fuse.

What Grandfather had, he made out of the crudest and commonest materials right at hand, where our materials are magical in their variety and adaptability—what did he know of sanitary porcelain, vulcanized fiber, tool steel, stainless steel or carborundum?

What Granddad had was largely of his own planning and design. His father taught him certain shortcuts in doing work, and the neighbors often made helpful suggestions, and he used his own head. But he knew nothing of apparatus or conveniences designed by engineering staffs, not only with skill and knowledge, but capturing the very viewpoint and environment of the people they are meant to serve. One of the fascinations in a new automobile, radio set, residence or hotel room is discovering the conveniences and surprises that have been incorporated in them.

The world is full of a number of things that Granddad never knew or dreamed in the good old times. If he came back, it is not likely that he'd think it commonplace, but would view it through the eyes of a man grounded in the bottom things of civilization by working at them with his own hands.

If you want to get a slant at your world from his standpoint, there are two ways:

Through the thrill of the next really new thing that comes along, like your first flight, or radio.

Or, wait until some every-day convenience that you have always had breaks down!

Protect Yourself Against These Sudden Embarrassments!

A chance meeting on the street, an unexpected invitation, a cup of coffee suddenly overturned, an introduction to some person of note—these are the occasions that demand complete self-possession, that demand calmness and ease. Those who become flustered and embarrassed under circumstances like these, instantly betray the fact that they are not accustomed to good society. But those who retain a calm dignity, who know exactly what to do and say, impress others with their fine breeding—and protect themselves from humiliation.

DO YOU know the comfort of being always at ease—of being always sure of yourself, calm, dignified, self-possessed? It is the most wonderful feeling in the world. You don't have to worry about making blunders. You don't have to wonder what people are thinking of you. You don't have to wish that you hadn't done a certain thing, or said a certain thing.

The next time you are at a dinner or a party, notice the people around you. See if you can't pick out at once the people who are well-bred, who are confident of themselves, who do and say the right thing and *know* it. You will always find that these people are the best "mixers," that people like to be with them, that they are popular, well-liked.

And then notice the people who are not sure of themselves. Notice that they stammer and hesitate when strangers speak to them; that they are hesitant and uncomfortable at the table, that they seem embarrassed and ill at ease. These people actually make *you* feel ill at ease. They are never popular; they always seem to be out of place; they rarely have a good time.

Some of the Blunders People Make

At a certain theatre, recently, a man made himself conspicuous, through a blunder that could easily have been avoided. He entered a lower box with two women—probably his mother and sister. Without thinking, he seated himself on the chair that one of the women should have occupied.

The whole secret of being always at ease is to be able to do and say what is absolutely correct without stopping to think about it. One should be able to do the right thing as easily as one says "good morning."

Would *you* have known what seat to take in the box? Do *you* know who precedes when entering a theatre—the man or the woman? Do *you* know who precedes when leaving the theatre, when entering and leaving a street-car, an automobile?



People are often confronted by sudden embarrassments at the dinner table. Often corn on the cob is refused because one does not know how it should be eaten. Some people do not know that bread must under no circumstances be bitten into. Others make the mistake of taking asparagus up in their fingers. Still others use the finger-bowl incorrectly.

How would *you* eat corn on the cob in public? Would *you* dip both hands into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time? What would *you* say to your hostess when leaving? What would *you* say to the young man, or woman, you had met for the first time?

tell you everything you want to know. It will dispel all doubts, banish all uncertainty. It will give you ease, poise, confidence. It will make you a better "mixer," a more pleasing conversationalist. It will protect you from all the little sudden embarrassments that confront the person who does not know, who is not sure.

Free Examination Offer

Have you ever wondered why rice is thrown after the bride, why a teacup is given to the engaged girl, why black is the color of mourning?

Have you ever wondered what to serve at a tea, how to give a "shower," how to decorate the home for a wedding, a party?

Perhaps there is some particular problem that is puzzling you. Perhaps there are several. If so, why not let us send you the two volumes of the Book of Etiquette to-day—without a cent in advance? When they arrive, pay the postman only \$1.98 instead of the regular price of \$3.50. Read them and let them solve your little personal problems. Study them carefully for 5 full days and then if you do not feel that they are a splendid investment, return them and we will refund your money.

But act NOW if you want to take advantage of this special limited bargain offer. For the regular price of the Book of Etiquette is \$3.50 and we cannot maintain a reduction like this for anything but a limited period. So clip and mail the bargain coupon to-day, and the original, authentic, complete Book of Etiquette will be sent to you by return mail. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1227, Garden City, New York.

Special Bargain!

The Famous Book of Etiquette

Nearly Half a Million Sold at \$3.50

NOW \$1.98 ONLY For a Very Limited Time

At this time of the year there is always a lull in the publishing business. To keep the presses running and the pressmen from being idle, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., makes the amazing offer to send you the complete, authentic, original BOOK OF ETIQUETTE at almost half the usual publisher's price!

You have always wanted to own the two remarkable books that give poise, ease, dignity, self-confidence. Almost 500,000 people have purchased them at the regular price of \$3.50. If you act NOW you can receive the same two authoritative and fascinating volumes for only \$1.98.

SEND NO MONEY

No money is necessary. Just clip and mail the coupon below to us at once. We will send you the complete, two-volume set and when it arrives you have the privilege of giving the postman only \$1.98 (plus few cents postage) for the regular \$3.50 set!

Surely you are not going to let this offer slip by. Clip and mail the coupon NOW while you are thinking about it.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.
Dept. 1227, Garden City, N. Y.

A New Knowledge That Will Give You Life-Long Satisfaction

What many people consider a "talent" for doing and saying what is correct, is really a very important social knowledge that you can acquire easily.

Would you like to know how to create conversation, how to overcome self-consciousness and timidity, how to make introductions that result in friendships, how to be an ideal host or hostess, an ideal guest?

Would you like to know all the customs of weddings, of funerals, of social calls, of formal dinners, of dances?

The famous Book of Etiquette will give you a new knowledge that you will find extremely useful. It will

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1227, Garden City, N. Y.

Without a cent in advance, you may send me the complete Book of Etiquette in two volumes at the special limited bargain price. When the books arrive I will pay the postman \$1.98 (plus a few cents postage) with the understanding that I can return them in 5 days if I am not satisfied and you will refund my money.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$2.98 with same return privilege.
(Orders from outside the U. S. are payable \$2.35 cash with order.)

Public Utility Securities

SINCE the earliest days of the public utility industry, we have been underwriters and distributors of conservative securities of this type.

Our clientele interested in public utility securities is, we believe, second to none, both in point of numbers and in volume of purchasing power.

This evidence of the important position which we have occupied in the development of what has come to be one of the leading industries of this country should inspire the confidence of investors in our recommendations.

Our "Suggestions for the Discriminating Investor" will be gladly furnished on request. Write for Circular No. 942.

Spencer Trask & Co.

NEW YORK 25 Broad St.
 BOSTON 50 Congress St.
 ALBANY 74 Chapel St.
 CHICAGO 208 So. LaSalle St.
 Members New York Stock Exchange
 Members Chicago Stock Exchange



Common Sense and a 7 1/2% Investment

The thing that has attracted thousands of investors to Miller First Mortgage Bonds is their common-sense basis of safety—nothing but well-constructed, income-earning buildings in Florida cities as security (earnings as well as the structure itself pledged to the bondholders for complete safety). No better recommendation than the fact that the owners of these bonds have for years been receiving interest and principal as due, with never a day's delay.

If you are interested in a simple, safe investment of this kind, paying 7 1/2% (the prevailing rate in Florida) mail the coupon today for free booklet, "The Ideal Investment," which describes Miller Bonds in detail.

G. L. Miller BOND & MORTGAGE Company

Florida's Oldest First Mortgage Bond House
 809 Miller Bldg. Miami, Florida

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company,
 809 Miller Building, Miami, Fla.
 Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "The Ideal Investment," with circular describing a good first mortgage bond issue paying 7 1/2%.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City and State.....

TO INVESTORS

The accompanying article by Paul Tomlinson, well known as a financial writer throughout the United States, is the third of a series of definitely informative articles on financial topics which will appear in THE ELKS MAGAZINE. We believe you will find them very helpful and constructive. Do not fail to read them.



Different Kinds of Securities

What Real Estate Mortgage Bonds Are

By Paul Tomlinson

THERE seem to be fashions in investments just as there are fashions in clothes. At certain times railroad securities are in demand, at others industrials; then it may be that public utilities reign for a while; sometimes preferred stocks are considered the things to buy, and at other periods common stocks are the investments most sought after.

Fashions in securities, however, are not dictated by the whim of some individual or group, as is popularly supposed to be the case with clothes. Financial and economic conditions in the world of business inform investors what kinds of securities are the ones to favor at any particular time. During the war, for instance, common stocks of industrial corporations engaged in manufacturing and selling war equipment and munitions were bought with the greatest avidity, because the earnings of these corporations were running at unprecedentedly high levels and being distributed to the owners of the common stocks in the form of dividends. When the war stopped, earnings followed suit and prices of common stocks which had soared to dizzy heights came hurtling back to earth again; investors then made up their minds that preferred stocks, although they did not pay such high dividends, were more stable investments and even if they held out smaller hope of profits were at least less likely to pauperize their owners over night. Depression followed the war and funds were again shifted, this time into bonds. Interest on bonds must be paid, and people decided that while the yield on most bonds was low in comparison with what they had been accustomed to receive on their "war babies" and preferred stocks, still it seemed surer, and safety suddenly became the motto of many thousands who had had sad experience with the business of trying to get rich without work.

This does not mean to say that there is not a market for all varieties of bonds and stocks at all times, for there is. Hundreds of different common and preferred stock issues are dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange every day, and the same thing applies to bonds. "Over the counter" transactions, and the business handled by the various other exchanges and by salesmen would raise the figures into the thousands. It is true, however, that at certain times certain investments are more popular than at others, and it is only logical that this should be so.

Here's an example. When the stock market is extremely active and the number of shares being traded in is regularly running above a million a day, brokers' borrowings are large, and the demand for money at the banks is heavy. When there is a big demand for money, interest rates go up and the banks find it more profitable to put their surplus funds out on loan than to invest them in bonds. When there is a quiet market, brokers' loans naturally contract, and the banks may find themselves threatened with idle money. They do not wish to let this money

lie idle, so they invest it in bonds and other interest-bearing forms of investments. Bonds become fashionable with banks.

For some time both the stock market and the bond market have been in an unsettled state. Plenty of predictions can be heard regarding the course of prices during the months just ahead of us, and in connection with these predictions it is extremely interesting to see how contradictory they are. Every man is entitled to an opinion on any subject, but the truth of the matter undoubtedly is that none of these blithe forecasters knows exactly what he is talking about. It is about as easy to predict the direction and velocity of the wind on next Christmas Day as it is to look ahead six months and say what stock and bond prices are going to be. The only way to invest is to put your money into the safest thing you can find, and try to forget about prices; people who invest for the purpose of acquiring an income and pay little attention to profits usually make the most money in the long run anyway.

Yet because people cannot help but worry when one of their investments declines in price a few points is one explanation of why another class of securities has become unusually fashionable during the past few years. This form of investment is probably one of the oldest in the world, and has always been popular with small investors everywhere, but it is only during comparatively recent times that it has enjoyed its present great popularity. We refer to real estate mortgage bonds.

A REAL ESTATE mortgage bond is a share in a mortgage secured by real estate, land and buildings, usually business or hotel property, just as a railroad bond is a share in a mortgage secured by railroad property or a public utility bond a share in a mortgage secured by public utility property. A mortgage as a form of investment has been known for hundreds of years, and in many of our smaller towns and rural communities, a mortgage on some piece of local property is still the most popular form of investment. A fine idea it is too, for the lender—that is, the investor—is no doubt well acquainted with the property which secures his loan and being close at hand can keep his eye on it. Every man with money to invest in real estate mortgages is not so fortunately situated, however, and in order to serve this class of person many concerns have been formed to do for him what he is not in a position to do for himself. How they accomplish this may be of interest to the readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Suppose a company wants to put up a hotel and needs \$500,000 to finance the enterprise. It would be well nigh impossible to find one man to loan them an amount like that, but a concern dealing in real estate mortgage bonds could probably advance the money, take a mortgage for the amount and then issue bonds against the mortgage. There might be five hundred bonds

at \$1000 apiece and they might be purchased by five hundred different people, each one of whom would in reality own a one five-hundredth share in the mortgage.

The real point of this article, however, is to tell how the arrangements are made with the real estate mortgage bond concern and what it does to protect the interests of its clients to whom the bonds are eventually sold. It should be remembered that the investor practically puts himself entirely in the hands of the firm from which he buys and it is therefore exceedingly important that he be convinced of their reliability, soundness, and integrity. Real estate mortgage bond houses deal in their own securities, rather unlike houses specializing in railroad bonds for instance, any one of which can supply any railroad bond desired.

The method employed by the best concerns dealing in real estate bonds is about as outlined below. Details vary somewhat but the general principles are the same with all of them.

The owners of the property on which a loan is wanted are first of all required to file a complete description of the property with the bond house; valuations of the buildings and land, together with complete plans and specifications must accompany the description. Every proper real estate mortgage bond house has an investigation department, and included among the personnel are always architects and engineers. They take the mass of material furnished by the prospective borrowers and on the basis of their plans and specifications figure out the cost of the buildings without knowing anything about their valuation or original cost to the owners. Right at the start of the negotiations, therefore, the bond house has an opportunity to check up and decide whether they wish to go any further or not.

If the decision is to proceed with the negotiations, another branch of the investigation department takes a hand. There are realty experts available and they are called upon to investigate the location of the building, to put a figure upon the value of the site, to report upon the character of the neighborhood, and to see if it seems of a sort to justify the kind of a building proposed. All of these things naturally have an important bearing upon the worth and the loan value of the property up for consideration.

The financial standing of the borrowers is another extremely important matter to have settled satisfactorily, and at this point the credit department of the bond house steps into the picture. This question is thoroughly probed, and, not satisfied merely with their own findings, credit agency and bank credits reports are obtained, and frequently these reports are required to cover a period of years.

Next, the heads of these various branches of the investigation department meet together, and each one presents his report. The reports are analyzed and talked over, and if everything seems to be in order and to meet the meticulous demands of the bond house the proposal for a loan is recommended for still further consideration. This consists in the figures being all checked over once more, additional outside appraisals being obtained and compared with the

findings of the company's own experts, conservative estimates of earnings based on the earnings of similar properties being prepared by the credit department, and a full, comprehensive report being drawn up. The report is then ready to be submitted to the executive board, consisting of the company's officers. This board takes the report and examines it in every detail and with the utmost care, and unless it is satisfied on all points the application is rejected.

All of this may seem somewhat "fussy" and unnecessarily conservative, but a high-grade house feels a true sense of responsibility for the interests of the people who buy its bonds and does its best to protect these interests. Moreover, from a purely selfish point of view, a house cannot afford to offer unsound bonds, for one failure creates an impression far more lasting than fifty successes. Nor is the investigation complete even at this point.

BEFORE any bonds are offered for sale the borrowers' title to the property is searched and if there are no flaws a guarantee company issues an insurance policy covering the entire issue. Lawyers, also, must pass upon the legal aspects of the loan, and then a trustee is appointed—usually a responsible trust company—a trust deed drawn, executed, and recorded.

Reputable real estate bond houses make regular inspections of the mortgaged premises and insist upon its being maintained in good repair. They should also see to it that the insurance is kept up to a point at least equal to the face value of the outstanding bonds.

Another arrangement usually provided for by conscientious houses is to have the bonds outstanding fall due serially; that is to say, a certain number of them mature and are paid off each year. This is to protect the holders of the outstanding bonds against possible depreciation in the value of the property which secures their investments. A business block, for instance, worth \$1,000,000 is mortgaged for one-half that amount and bonds to the amount of \$500,000 are issued and outstanding. The chances are that \$20,000 or more of these bonds will fall due a year after their issuance, the same amount the year following and so on until they are all paid off. Meanwhile if the property has been depreciating in value, the outstanding bonds have also decreased, and the security for those still unpaid remains proportionately the same.

One valid objection that can be made against real estate mortgage bonds is that they are not so readily saleable as some other kinds of investments. This objection is met by most of the large houses, however, which stand ready to buy back from their customers the bonds they have sold. These bonds seldom fluctuate very much in price and the investor who buys them is pretty well assured that they will not suffer any serious decline in price. Earnings on improved real estate are customarily steady and not subject to the violent ups and downs which often affect the value of industrial securities. And finally, properly chosen real estate is just as liable to increase in value as it is to depreciate.

Will Be Sent Without Cost



This booklet "How to Select Safe Bonds" has been prepared from the long and successful experience of Geo. M. Forman & Co. Every investor should know the facts it gives about getting a higher yield with positive safety.

EIGHT WAYS to Test the Safety of Every Investment

- 1 **Is Your Investment Protected By Property of Permanent Value?** "How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why investments should be protected by property having a permanent value well in excess of the amount of the entire loan.
- 2 **Does Your Claim Command Payment Before Other Obligations?** "How to Select Safe Bonds" tells what securities come before all others in obligation to pay promptly and fully.
- 3 **Has The Property a Sufficient Earning Power?** "How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why a safe property must have an annual earning power of at least two and a half times the total annual interest on the loan.
- 4 **Is The Property Adequately Protected By Insurance?** An important consideration, as fire often wipes out overnight a valuable property.
- 5 **Is It Properly Managed?** "How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why proper management is essential to insure prompt payment of interest and principal upon maturity.
- 6 **Is The Title Clear?** "How to Select Safe Bonds" tells a sure way of insuring against loss through faulty title.
- 7 **What Is The Moral Character Of The Borrower?** As important as proper management—explained in this interesting booklet.
- 8 **Who Offers The Securities You Buy?** "How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why even the experienced investor must depend for safety entirely upon the reputation and length of service of the Banking House offering the investment. It tells of the conservative policy of painstaking investigation and selection which has made it possible for George M. Forman & Company to sell bonds for 38 years without loss to a customer, large or small.

MAIL THIS REQUEST BLANK

Let "How to Select Safe Bonds" show you definitely how you can enjoy, with absolute safety, a larger income from your investment. Mail this request blank for your copy of this interesting booklet. No obligation.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Dept. 457, 105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
 "38 Years Without Loss To a Customer"

George M. Forman & Company,
 Dept. 457, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds". No solicitor is to call upon me.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 43)

candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. Delegations from every Lodge in the State, the famous South Dakota Band of forty pieces, and the "Sunshine Quartette" of Watertown Lodge, will all be present to acclaim their candidate in Atlanta.

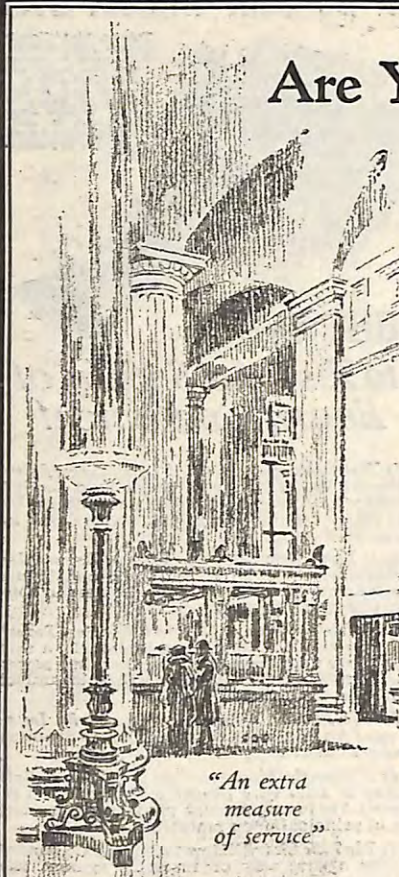
New Orleans Lodge Plans Extensive Remodelling of Home

The specifications of the extensive remodeling which New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, will do on its club-house, call for reconstruction and improvement of every part of the building, from the basement of the original Home to the Annex. The changes as contemplated will provide not only adequate room for the comfort and entertainment of the members, but one of the chief features of the remodelled Home will be the facilities afforded the ladies, which should easily make the Elks' Club-house the most popular gathering place for women and a social center for their activities. The changes will also provide a modern auditorium where

great civic movements can have their birth, growth and final culmination in results, making New Orleans Lodge a true community center. The grill will be enlarged and redecorated throughout. One of the most attractive features of the improvements will be the immense lounge which will be placed in the present dining-room. The space now devoted to the lounging-room will be converted into a ladies' dining-room, where the ladies can also entertain at bridge. The natatorium and gymnasium will be enlarged and provided with better accommodations and lighting. In the auditorium will be a fully equipped stage, where standard sized productions can be presented to large audiences. The medical building will be converted into a recreation hall for the members. The lower floor of this building will be given over to the billiard and pool rooms. These are but a few of the many changes which will give New Orleans Lodge a practically new building—a new Home of which any member can be more than proud.

(Continued on page 70)

The Financial Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is maintained for the benefit of its readers. All of the investment houses advertising in this department have been carefully investigated by us, and we believe them to be worthy of confidence. They will be glad to help you with your investment problems. Write them. These financial articles will deal with all classes of sound securities, pointing out the various advantages of each. You cannot fail to benefit from the advice given.



Are You Banking With One of the 7450?

How many of the 30,000 banks in the United States deal directly with the Continental and Commercial Banks in handling out-of-town business for their customers?

Approximately 7,450, or one-fourth.

If you are dealing with any one of our bank correspondents or 7,450 direct banking connections, you are receiving indirectly some of our financial service.

"An extra measure of service"

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO

Resources More Than \$500,000,000

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

Circus and Industrial Exposition Organized by California Lodge

As a novel way of raising funds to send its band to the Atlanta Convention, San Pedro (Calif.) Lodge, No. 966, staged a mammoth Society Circus and Industrial Exposition. In a tent 150x300 feet, the many products of the city's industries were exhibited. These attracted wide attention and were considered a remarkable display—interesting, educational and of inestimable value as a practical medium for advertising the city. Considerable space was requisitioned by many merchants and manufacturers for the display of their goods. In addition to the industrial exposition, there was a real circus ring; vaudeville by performers of unquestioned ability, and side shows. The event lasted a week with a complete change of program daily. The fine support given the exhibition by the citizens of San Pedro assures the presence of the Lodge Band at the Convention.

Adams (Mass.) Lodge Digs Foundation for Memorial on Mohawk Trail

Members of Adams (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1335, turned out en masse and traveled by automobile over the well-known Mohawk Trail to Whitcomb's Summit, where they provided themselves with picks and shovels and prepared the foundation for the Elks' Memorial, which was later dedicated during the three-day convention of the Massachusetts State Elks' Association held at Greenfield. This was the Lodge's unique contribution to the big, bronze replica of an Elk which was placed at a conspicuous corner of this State Highway by the Lodges of Massachusetts in commemoration of those Elks from the Bay State who died in the Great War.

Defiance Lodge Breaks Ground. Will Occupy New Home in October

Defiance (Ohio) Lodge, No. 147, broke ground for the new building which the members expect to occupy on October 1. The Club-house will be one of the most interesting in the district, with an auditorium on the first floor that will accommodate 500 people, and a stage 30x29 feet. The basement will contain the heating plant, bowling alleys, grill room and kitchen. On the second floor will be the main Lodge-room and the gymnasium. The structure will be modern in design, of stone and cement. It will have two stories above the ground and occupy a plot 68x129 feet. Defiance Lodge is planning a big "Homecoming and Jubilee" for the week beginning July 2 and expects to add a goodly sum to the building fund in this way.

Pittsburgh Lodge Unveils Portrait of Late Judge Charles F. McKenna

A portrait of the late Judge Charles F. McKenna, of the County Court, was unveiled at a recent banquet of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Lodge, No. 11. Judge McKenna, long a member of No. 11, was one of the outstanding personalities of the community. Appointed by President McKinley as Court Judge of Porto Rico, it was he who organized San Juan Lodge, No. 972. He took an active interest in building up the Lodge, though he always maintained his membership in No. 11. Judge McKenna was appointed Judge of the County Court—the office he held at the time of his death—by former Governor John K. Tener. Present at the dinner were many of Judge McKenna's associates of the bar and Court, and companions of his military days. Interesting speeches, revealing the many-sided activities of Judge McKenna, were made during the evening. Judge Ambrose B. Reed spoke of him as Judge. C. H. William Ruhe, Past Commander of Pennsylvania, G.A.R., extolled him as a soldier; Ben Paul Brasley, Past Exalted Ruler of Pittsburgh Lodge, spoke of Judge McKenna as an Elk; and George H. Stengel, also a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 11, told of the high regard in which he was held by members of the legal profession.

OVER 200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

WURLITZER

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

PIANOS
ORGANS
HARPS
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS
are Superior



Two centuries' experience—five generations of skilled craftsmen—are behind the achievements of The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company. Today, the huge manufacturing plant situated in the heart of New York State covers many acres of ground. In this large plant, the greatest of all creations, the WURLITZER UNIT ORGAN, is made. This marvelous instrument may be heard in America's greatest auditoriums from coast to coast. The name "WURLITZER" on a piano or any musical instrument is a guarantee of quality. Send today for catalog of instrument you are interested in. No obligation—no charge.

Established in Cincinnati 1856

The RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
Stores in all Principal Cities

CINCINNATI
121 East 4th St.
CHICAGO
329 South Wabash

NEW YORK
120 West 42nd St.
SAN FRANCISCO
250 Stockton St.

Wurlitzer Reproducing Piano
Duplicates with absolute fidelity the playing of the world's greatest pianists.

CLIP and MAIL

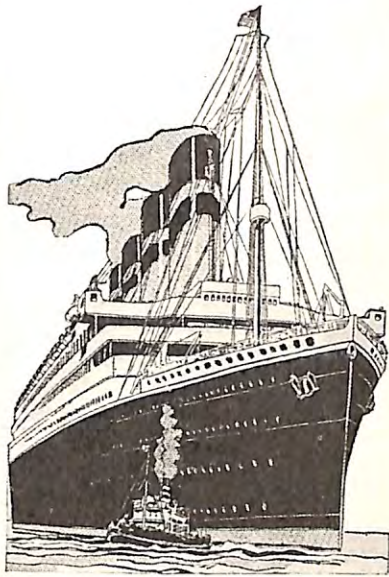
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Send me FREE your catalog on the item I have checked X below.

Piano Harp
 Organ Musical Instrument

Name.....
Address.....
City.....

Going Abroad This Year?



The Elks Foreign Travel Bureau is at Your Service

STEAMSHIP PASSAGES economically arranged to all parts of the world.

Seats in Dining Room, Deck Chairs, etc., reserved.

PASSPORTS—Renewals, Endorsements and Visas obtained. New American passports are obtainable only by personal application at nearest State Department Office.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS engaged in any part of the world. BAGGAGE collected and transferred to steamer at any hour.

EUROPEAN CONTINENTAL TRAVEL by Aeroplane, Rail or Sea.

AUTOMOBILES — by day, week or month.

INSURANCE of all kinds placed.

NO BOOKING CHARGES. No service fees of any kind.

This Department is maintained by The Elks Magazine for the purpose of furnishing authoritative information and cooperation to all Elks who travel. It is purely a service bureau conducted without profit of any kind.

Send for complete list of
Trans-Oceanic Sailings.

Elks Foreign Travel Bureau

Conducted by
The ELKS
Magazine

50 East 42nd Street New York City

Jersey City Lodge Makes Pilgrimage To National Home at Bedford, Va.

A large party of members from Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 211, made a pilgrimage to the Elks' National Home at Bedford, Va. Three Pullmans were chartered for the trip and arrangements made with the railroad company allowed the party special stop-over privileges along the route. All the interesting places in Virginia, such as the Luray Caverns and the Natural Bridge, were visited. The members of the National Home Lodge gave the Jersey City Elks a fine reception. A dinner in their honor and an automobile trip through the surrounding country were some features of the entertainment. On the return trip, the party stopped off at Washington, D. C., visiting the Capitol and other points of interest.

Hot Springs Lodge Corrects False Reports of Damage Done

Hot Springs (Ark.) Lodge, No. 380, wishes to correct the false impression gained by the public as to damage done to Hot Springs by reason of the recent cloudburst there. The Lodge would like to assure all Elks and other travelers that the city proper sustained no loss which will in any manner interfere with the pleasure, business or comfort of visitors. All public activities are functioning, the famous baths are in proper condition, and the hotels and restaurants are operating as before the flood.

New York Lodge Equips City Parks With Playground Apparatus

The barren, dusty little Annunciation Park in New York City was recently transformed into a haven of joy by New York Lodge, No. 1. The occasion was the first installation of playground apparatus which the Social and Community Welfare Committee of No. 1 plans to erect throughout the city. Augustus Groll, Chairman of the Committee, and Past Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert graphically described the purpose and intent of the work before a large gathering of children and parents. Past Exalted Ruler Frank D. Fallon of No. 1 made the presentation speech and Park Commissioner Gallatin accepted the gift on behalf of Greater New York. After the speeches the Hebrew Orphan Asylum Band accompanied a group of artistic dances by the children. Later on a detachment of boys gave a very interesting calisthenic drill. This first contribution of apparatus to the city's playgrounds is part of the program recently drawn up by New York Lodge calling for an expenditure of \$5,000. The dedication of the second City playground equipped and turned over by New York Lodge, No. 1, to the Park Department, was a notable affair. Rutgers Park was the scene. This empty enclosure, with its dilapidated iron fence, was transformed by the installation of a gym, swings, see-saws, slides, etc., provided by No. 1. In the presence of 10,000 people, mostly children, Past Exalted Ruler Frank D. Fallon, on behalf of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, formally presented the equipment, which was accepted on behalf of the City by Hon. Murray Hulbert, President of the Board of Aldermen, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1, and Chairman of the New York State Elks' Association Playground Committee. The famous comedian, Will Rogers, of New York Lodge, now playing with the Ziegfeld Follies, was present and entertained with his lariat and then engaged in a quoit-pitching match with Eddie Dowling, author and star of "Sally, Irene and Mary." Genevieve Tobin and her sister Vivian, Myrtle Schaaf, the baby prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Charles Purcell, Amelia Bingham, Bijou Fernandez and many other Broadway stars, all interested in the welfare of the kiddies and the work the Elks are doing, were present. Music was furnished by the Street Cleaning Department Band and exercises were given by the public school children. On Decoration Day the third playground to be equipped by New York Lodge was opened with appropriate ceremonies by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, representing the Social and Community Welfare Committee. Mayor Hylan was represented by Hon. Murray Hulbert. This playground is located in Seventeenth Street and

(Continued on page 72)

Don't pay till you try them

We make cigars and sell them by the box direct to smokers at only one cent of handling and one small profit.

It costs you a two-cent stamp to try our cigars. If, after smoking ten, you don't like them, the treat is on me.

Based on customers' estimates, you save upwards of 7c on each cigar. We sell them at less than 8c each by the box. Friends tell us the cigar is equal to any 75c smoke.

Our El Nelsor is a 4 1/2-inch cigar. The long Havana filter insures richness and full flavor. Genuine Sumatra leaf wrapper for even burning and long ash. Hand-made by adult makers in clean surroundings.

Send for a box of 50, postage prepaid. Smoke ten. If after smoking ten cigars the box doesn't seem worth \$3.75, return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days. You're under no obligation to pay.

In ordering please use your letterhead or use the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference."

You take no risk. You pay nothing if the cigars don't please. Send your order now.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
37 Bank St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Only
\$3.75 for 50
high-grade cigars



Send no Money -

Herbert D. Shivers, Inc.
37 Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a box of 50 El Nelsor cigars. If, after smoking ten, I decide the box is worth \$3.75, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

Mild Medium Strong

Name

Address

Reference

Address

High School Course in Two Years

Lack of High School training bars you from a successful business career. This simplified and complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions.

No matter what your business inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need. Check and mail Coupon for Free Bulletin.

American School
Drexel Ave. and 58th St.
Dept. HB27, Chicago

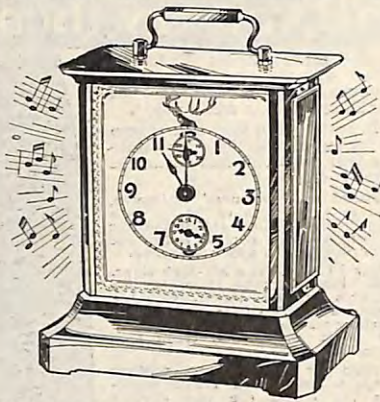
American School Dept. HB27
Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago
Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

-Architect
-Building Contractor
-Automobile Engineer
-Automobile Repairman
-Civil Engineer
-Structural Engineer
-Business Manager
-Cert. Public Accountant
-Accountant and Auditor
-Bookkeeper
-Draftsman and Designer
-Electrical Engineer
-Electric Light and Power
-General Education
-Vocational Guidance
-Business Law
-Lawyer
-Machine Shop Practice
-Photoplay Writer
-Mechanical Engineer
-Shop Superintendent
-Employment Manager
-Steam Engineer
-Foremanship
-Sanitary Engineer
-Surveyor (and Mapping)
-Telephone Engineer
-Telegraph Engineer
-High School Graduate
-Fire Insurance Expert
-Wireless Radio
-Undecided

Name

Address

Elk's Musical Alarm Clock



Wakes you up to "Auld Lang Syne"

—or if you prefer "Home Sweet Home" or "Dixie Land," clock playing one of these selections may be had. Plays from 1 to 10 minutes—just as you wish. Beautifully finished in highly polished nickel and beveled glass. Black hands and numerals and famous Elk head symbol designed on snow white face. 6 inches high; 5 1/4 inch base. Sturdy—practical—an excellent time-keeper. Price \$6.50 prepaid. State melody wanted. Send check or money order today.

RUDOLPH KOHNER & CO.
443 North La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois

FREE Book Anyone Can Learn to Play

Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to play from cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know. The Buescher Saxophone is the easiest of all wind instruments to play. With the aid of the first three lessons, which are sent without charge, the scale can be mastered in an hour; in a few weeks you can be playing popular music. The Saxophone is the most popular instrument for Home Entertainment, Church, Lodge or School, or for Orchestra Dance Music.

Easy to pay You may try any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other Instrument 6 days in your own home. If satisfied, pay for it by easy payments. Mention instrument interested in when sending for Free Book.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2790 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

DIAMONDS

10 Months to Pay

Don't Send One Penny.

We'll send you this exquisite Diamond Solitaire Cluster Ring entirely FREE. Convince yourself that it is the BEST value ever offered, pay \$5 down, and \$5.25 a month for 10 months. Price \$57.50. If not satisfied RETURN AT ONCE.



"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
CAPITAL \$1,000,000

L. W. SWEET, INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

NEW CHAMPION CORNET

OUTFIT \$6.85 Down—then pay months for four months! Fine imported Cornet, polished brass; excellent valve action, tone, intonation; pearl finger-tips; **EASY BLOWING**; high or low pitch; in velvet-lined Kera-tol case; mute and mouthpiece; self-instructor. For sale by your Music Merchant. *Money-back Guarantee.*
ORDER NOW!

LYON & HEALY, 70-97 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Job for You At Home

Earn \$20 to \$60 a week. Household necessities, Delicious Summer Drinks, Up-to-date Jewelry, Perfumes, etc. Double reward. Personal equipment free on new plan. Write today.
Western Products Co., 634 North Oakley, Chicago

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

East River and is appropriately named in honor of the late Hon. John J. Murphy, who at the time of his death was a member of the Board of Governors of the Home of New York Lodge. A large number of children from this congested neighborhood were present and showed their appreciation of the Elks.

Many additional playgrounds are being equipped by the Elks and thousands of children will be kept off the dangerous streets during the summer vacation of the public schools. In this way boys and girls will be given the healthful recreation and exercise necessary to send them back to school in the fall prepared for the tasks assigned them.

Hon. Jess W. Smith, Long Prominent in the Order, Dies in Washington, D. C.

News of the death of the Hon. Jess W. Smith was received with genuine sorrow throughout the country. Mr. Smith was long prominent in the Order of Elks and a figure in the political life of the country. He was a resident of Washington Court House, Ohio, and a Past Exalted Ruler of Washington C. H. Lodge, No. 129. During his interesting and active life, he served on many important Grand Lodge committees. In 1919 he was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; in 1920 he became the Chairman of the Committee on Good of the Order, to which Committee he was again appointed as a member in 1921. At the time of his death, Mr. Smith was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Association. Mr. Smith numbered among his many associates men high in the councils of the Administration. He was an intimate friend of President and Mrs. Harding, and the adviser and constant companion to Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty. His passing is mourned by many in and out of the Order of Elks, who came in contact with his warm and generous personality and who knew him as one who exemplified in his daily life the tenets of the Elks' creed.

Elks' "Frolic" for Benefit of Uniformed Units Nets Big Fund

The presence of the uniformed units of Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, at the Grand Lodge reunion in Atlanta has been assured by the splendid support given to the 1923 version of the annual Elks' "Frolic" of Philadelphia Lodge. This was staged recently in the Metropolitan Opera House, the largest auditorium in the city, and netted close to \$30,000.

News of the Order Gathered From Far and Near

The annual meeting of the Utah State Elks Association will be held at Logan, August 13-15.

New Brunswick (N. J.) Lodge is proud of its accomplishment in community welfare work. Recently the members of No. 324 made a cash donation of \$1,000 to the Middlesex General Hospital of their city.

Plans for the organization of a new Lodge in Sanford, Me., have been under way for some time. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward B. Noyes, of Waterville, Me., was in Sanford recently in connection with the work of formation.

A distinguished gathering witnessed the corner-stone laying ceremonies for the new Quincy (Ill.) Lodge.

No. 30 has created "The Elks' Minute Men of New Orleans," composed of one hundred captains of one hundred squads of ten men each, all appointed by the Exalted Ruler, to stand ready at all times to promote the best interests of the Lodge and the community and social welfare of the city and State.

Somerville (N. J.) Lodge is showing fine progress and now has under consideration the idea of building a new Home.

Wheeling (W. Va.) Lodge has contributed \$2,000 in the past six months to various local charities.

The Elks' Annual Frolic, given by Springfield (Mass.) Lodge, had a successful run of three nights at the Court Square Theatre.

Lebanon (Ohio) Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. It has the distinction of being located in one of the smallest towns supporting an Elks' Lodge.

Preparations are being made for the convention of the Ohio Elks' Association at Cedar Point next August.

A mammoth Fourth of July celebration is planned by Owatonna (Minn.) Lodge. One of the features will be a Mardi Gras Ball on the preceding evening. The funds raised will be used to equip and to send the Lodge Band and Drum Corps to the State Convention at Hibbing.

Members of Bloomsburg (Pa.) Lodge and their recently organized band joined forces with the local Post of the American Legion for Decoration Day exercises.

Many letters of appreciation come to Lafayette (Ind.) Elks as a result of their plan of always keeping flowers in the sick rooms of their members.

Lancaster (Pa.) Lodge has made a contribution to the Boy Scouts and is fostering the growth of the organization in many ways.

Mother's Day was observed by Altus (Okla.) Lodge for the first time. The ceremony drew a large attendance. A special programme of music was given to which the Elks Quartette contributed many appropriate songs.

Colorado Springs (Colo.) Lodge entertained the Colorado State Elks' Association during its annual convention, June 6-9.

There are no "Keep off the grass" signs to prevent children playing the national game on the ball field maintained by the Elks of Gardner (Mass.) Lodge.

The Iowa State Elks Association held its Convention in Marshalltown, June 6-8.

The Lodges in the six New England States are preparing to take part in an Old New England Tour. Every Lodge is expected to be represented. The tour will extend to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia. The itinerary will include local points of historic interest as well as many large Southern cities.

The final dress rehearsal of Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, for the Grand Lodge Reunion in Atlanta took place in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, the occasion being the annual Field Day of the Lodge. Thousands of children were entertained and the wives and families of the members pronounced it the greatest affair of its kind ever held by No. 2.

Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army was recently a visitor in Minneapolis, Minn., and gave a lecture at the Auditorium before an audience of 5,000, about a third of which were Elks.

The Convention of the Montana State Elks Association will be held this year at Great Falls, July 1-3.

Waseca (Minn.) Elks, members of Owatonna (Minn.) Lodge, No. 1395, have raised \$5,000 for the purpose of building a Country Club for the Lodge at Clear Lake. More than 200 members of Owatonna Lodge come from Waseca, the thriving commercial center of Brown County.

You Need the Daily Dozen —Try Them At *OUR* Expense!

Walter Camp's Famous Exercises, Now Set to Music on Phonograph Records, Bring New Health and Pep in 10 Minutes' Fun a Day. Prove This for Yourself. Five Days' FREE TRIAL

YOU don't have to be told that you need daily exercise to keep in the best of shape both physically and mentally. What you want to find is the kind of exercise you need, *in such pleasant form that you'll DO it and STICK TO IT.*

You can't find the time to play golf or tennis *every* day, even when the weather permits. And gymnasium probably bores you to death.

But now there's a way—a most enjoyable, diverting new way—by which you can keep in perfect physical trim in *only ten minutes a day.* Already over half a million men and women are using this delightful new method. Not only do they keep themselves fit in ten minutes a day, but they get lots of genuine fun out of doing it.

These folks are simply following Walter Camp's Daily Dozen health exercises. These twelve little movements, now set to lively music on phonograph records, are actually as enjoyable as a game. Yet with them you soon become literally a new person.

If you are over-weight, you quickly get down to normal. If you are under-weight, you soon fill out the hollows. Your logginess, headaches, colds, constipation and shortness of breath all speedily vanish. Back comes your youthful energy, vitality and health.

The New Way to Keep Fit

It was during the war that the Daily Dozen made their first appearance. The commandant of one of the great naval training stations complained that the regular Swedish calisthenics, which his men were going through, tired them out instead of bracing them up. So he appealed to Mr. Camp for help.

The reply of the famous Yale coach and athletic authority was the Daily Dozen. Their instant success was the greatest surprise to the old-line officers. They couldn't understand it, but these simple little stretching, turning and bending movements put new life into the men. Instead of tiring them out and taking away energy, they seemed actually to *double* their energy and pep.

And it was not only the boys in the training camps who benefited. The exercises are even more valuable for those who lead indoor lives. Mr. Camp himself gave them to the members of the President's

cabinet during the war. These men were, of course, under a terrific strain. But the Daily Dozen not only kept them in good shape throughout, but actually increased their reserve power.

Now More Enjoyable Than Ever

Since the war the Daily Dozen have been making thousands of busy men and women fit and keeping them so. In fact, they are now proving more efficient than ever, due to the addition of catchy music.

All twelve of the exercises have now been set to appropriate music on phonograph records—large, ten-inch, double-disc records that can be played on any disc machine. With the records comes a handsome book containing over sixty actual photographs showing the exact movements to make for each exercise. And, lastly, a beautiful record album is included.

You just put a record on your machine and begin. A voice on the record gives the commands. Then the lively, tuneful music simply sweeps you through the movements. It comes as easily as keeping time to Sousa's glorious band. It's **FUN**—a regular romp—yet the scientifically thought-out movements soon drive all the kinks, cloggings and flabbiness out of your body, and leave you vibrating with fresh, healthy energy.

A Lesson from the Animals

The secret of the marvelous success of the now famous Daily Dozen is their close correspondence to Nature. There are no chest-weights, Indian clubs, dumb-bells or apparatus of any kind. In devising them, Mr. Camp put himself the simple question, *What is the real purpose of any exercise?* The answer was, of course, *Just a substitute for the normal activity of man in his wild or natural state.* There was an idea! We are really caged wild animals. The caged animals at the Zoo are about as healthy and strong as when free. What do they do to keep themselves in shape?

You've watched them yourself. They never seem to bother about their legs and "arms." But they are always stretching, turning and twisting their *bodies*—their *trunks*.

There's the secret! And Mr. Camp made it the basis and mainspring of his Daily Dozen. They provide just this indispensable *body exercise*—the only exercise that people really



Mr. Walter Camp, originator of the famous Daily Dozen, is nationally known as the great Yale coach and athletic authority. Although over sixty years old today, he is stronger and more supple than most younger men. He uses his own Daily Dozen exercises regularly to remain so.

need to keep them in perfect shape.

Any man or woman who follows this simple system regularly, even if it is only for six or seven minutes a day, will feel better, look better and sleep better—will have more endurance and pep—will get altogether more out of life than they have since they were in their teens.

Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon now, and we will send the complete Daily Dozen—at once.

Then enjoy the records for five days at **OUR** expense. See how much better you feel after using them. Note how your shoulders go back and *stay* back—how much more deeply you breathe—how your whole body fairly tingles with new energy and life.

If after five days' trial you are not satisfied for any reason, you are perfectly free to return the records and will owe nothing. But if you decide to keep them, as we feel sure you will, you can pay for them now at the easy rate of only \$2.50 down and \$2.00 a month for four months until \$10.50 is paid. Thousands of people have paid \$15 for the same system, but you can get it now for only \$10.50, if you act *at once*.

So now is your opportunity. Investigate at **OUR** expense. Mail the coupon **TODAY** to **HEALTH BUILDERS, Inc., Dept. 867, Garden City, New York.**

FIVE-DAY TRIAL COUPON

Health Builders, Inc.

Dept. 867, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the Complete Health Builders Series containing Walter Camp's entire "Daily Dozen" on five double-disc, ten-inch records; the book of 60 actual photographs; and the beautiful record album. If for any reason I am not satisfied with the system, I may return it to you and will owe you nothing. But if I decide to keep it I will send you \$2.50 in five days (as the first payment), and agree to pay \$2 a month for four months until the total of \$10.50 is paid.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you prefer to take advantage of the cash price send only \$10.00. (Orders from outside the U. S. are payable cash in full with order.)



WHAT THEY SAY—

Here are extracts from letters typical of the many constantly received.

Bert Lytell's "Best Bet"

"I want to tell you that Walter Camp's Daily Dozen exercises on phonograph records is my best bet to keep in condition. While working, my time is so taken up at the studio that the Daily Dozen has become my health creed."—Bert Lytell.

"Music a Great Aid"

"I am delighted with the records and they solve my problem of exercise. The music is a great aid," writes Mr. Guy Eugene Oliver, of Northwestern College, Illinois.

"So Much Fun"

Mrs. Mary Bates of Duluth, Minn., says: "We are enjoying the exercises very much. It is so much more fun to exercise to music."

Great Benefit

Arthur Perkins, of Hartford, Conn., says: "About a year ago, I bought the Daily Dozen, and my family and myself have been using them ever since, with great benefit."



“B.V.D.”
Shows the Way to Comfort
The Label Shows the Way to
“B.V.D.”

THERE is only one “B. V. D.,” the Underwear that first introduced coolness and comfort into men’s summer dress. The “B.V.D.” Red Woven Label is sewn on every “B.V.D.” garment. This label assures the purchaser the Unvarying Quality, Long Wear and Famous Fit of “B.V.D.” Underwear.

From raw material to finished product we practice ceaseless care so that every “B.V.D.” garment is of the quality that has brought world-wide preference for our product.

The cool, durable nainsook of “B.V.D.” is woven in our own mills from selected cotton and finished in our bleachery.

In our factories vigilant inspection guards every process of skillful cutting, sturdy stitching, well sewn buttons and accurate finish.

*There is only one “B. V. D.” Underwear
It is always identified by this Red Woven Label*



The B. V. D. Company, Inc., New York
Sole Makers of “B.V.D.” Underwear

Some of the Exclusive
(patented)
Comfort Giving
Features
that contribute to the
popularity of the
“B.V.D.”
Union Suit

“B.V.D.” shaped elastic insertions at shoulders and encircling waist make these cool, loose-fitting undergarments instantly responsive to your slightest movement. These ever-elastic insertions are knitted by us on spring needle machines from yarns spun from selected cotton in our own yarn mill.

“B. V. D.” elastic reinforcement in the back of the waist band immeasurably strengthens the wear of the garment at the point of greatest strain.

The perfect “B. V. D.” closed crotch completely covers the crotch and gives sufficient seat opening without surplus trunk length and uncomfortable needless material at crotch.

Union Suits
Men’s, \$1.50 and upward
the suit
Youths’, 85c the suit

**LOOSE-FITTING
“B.V.D.”
Coat Cut Undershirts
and Knee Length
Drawers**

are the “standby” of
millions of men who
wear two piece
underwear

“B.V.D.” is the constant choice of these men because they know that “B. V. D.” Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers are correctly cut as to size and that there is a shapeliness to the garments that makes them hang smoothly and evenly with neither too much nor too little fulness.

The garments are tailored with noticeable balance and drape, retaining both, no matter how long worn or how often washed.

These “B. V. D.” garments are reinforced at points of possible strain — all seams sewn with lockstitch throughout and cannot unravel.

**Undershirts and
Drawers**
85c and upward
the garment