

The Elks

20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

JULY, 1925



J. F.
KERNAN.

This Month: Achmed Abdullah, Joseph Anthony, Octavus Roy Cohen, and others



News

about the performance of the first 3,000,000 Michelin Comfort Balloons



ow it has been definitely proved that the man who is not using balloon tires is wasting money, comfort and convenience.

During the past year and a half over 3,000,000 Michelin Comfort Balloons have gone into service throughout the world. They have proved they last longer, add thousands of miles to the life of the car, keep the car silent, and give a wonderful degree of riding comfort

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See your Michelin Dealer now about changing to the leading balloon tires—Michelin Comfort Balloons.

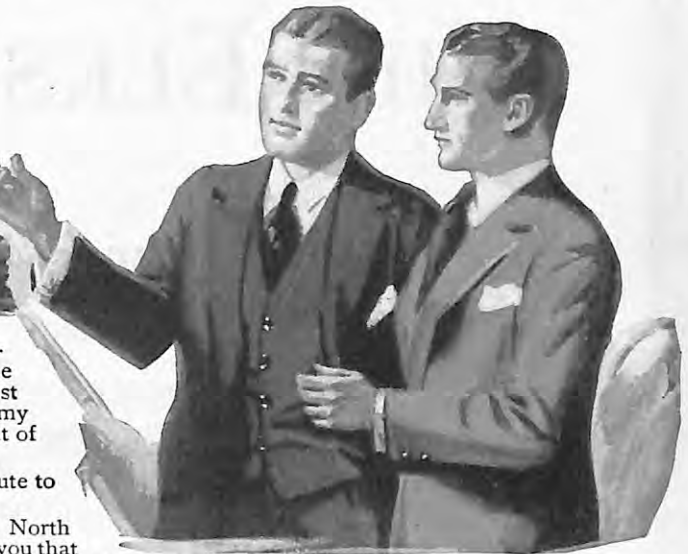
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Over-size Cords and
the famous Michelin
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The Shorter Route to Success



Advancement Rapid by the LaSalle Salary-Doubling Plan



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\$20,000 a Year**

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

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

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



Volume Four

Number Two

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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

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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.

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A Matter of Oriental Imagination

By Achmed Abdullah

Linoleum Cuts by Lowell Balcom



THE original responsibility of it all rests with a certain John W. Higby, a Yankee from Newburyport, Mass., and the sort of inspired traveling salesman who can sell orange ribbons to a crowd of Kerry Irishmen watching a St. Patrick's Day parade, tickets for an Armenian Relief Benefit to a Turkish Pasha, and corsets and red flannel underwear to a store catering exclusively to flappers. Long domiciled in Canton, one day he had decided to conquer new worlds. So he had invested his surplus cash in a caravan load of the kind of home products he thought might catch the heathen's fancy and loosen the same heathen's pocketbook—sewing machines, chewing gum, safety razors, liver pills, burley tobacco, phonographs and the like; had hired interpreters and guides; and had drifted through China's far southwestern provinces, doing a roaring trade and finally crossing the border into the native state of Maong-Probong.

This petty backwater principality had been almost forgotten by tourists, missionaries, concession hunters, and those international kleptomaniacs known as empire-builders. Pinched in between Siam, southern China and northern British Burma, it was ruled at the time by a Malay Rajah, the peaceful and obese descendant of swash-buckling Moslem freebooters, and inhabited by an anthropological miscellany of butter-yellow, tattooed jungly aborigines—of several tribes, Yaos and Yans, Chams and Mois and Laos—who kowtowed and thumped painted devil drums before squat idols, ate unclean food by preference, did hardly any work since Nature gave with a lavish hand, smelled like goats, but were otherwise harmless.

To the Rajah, bored with his subjects, his ramshackle palace and his seventeen middle-aged, nagging wives, the Yankee's arrival had seemed a gift from Allah's hands. For not only had Higby been able to make him laugh; not only had his clever fingers shaken powerful cocktails out of anything that was alcoholic; but, chiefly, he had taught his princely host a delightful foreign game called stud-poker—with the roof, the zenith, and the far, free spaces beyond the zenith for limit.

To this day, in the clubs and godowns of Canton, John W. Higby can be heard to state pessimistically that all those guys who

call stud-poker the Great American Game are gosh-dinged liars. Asked to explain this cryptic ethnological remark, he is liable to become profane. But the plain truth—here set down for the first time—is that the Rajah of Maong-Probong had taken to the game as a duck takes to water, and that Higby had departed minus all his money, not to mention all his remaining sewing machines, safety razors, and cartons of chewing gum.

Thus a sadder but wiser Yankee passes out of the picture, while the Rajah, unable to teach his savage subjects even the rudiments of the game, had yawned his days away until years later, when Blennerhassett Jones, of Jones & Sheng Pao, Far Eastern Traders, had come to Maong-Probong for a week's big game shooting.

Naturally he had paid his respects to the Rajah; and in consequence had been unable to do much shooting.

For the Rajah's first question had been: "Amerikani, are you, Mister?"

"Yes."
"Can you play—oh . . ." brown fingers giving an imitation of shuffling and dealing—"you savvy . . . ? Raise! Tilt 'er straight back at you, you son-of-gun! Wot you got? Pair of kings? No damn good! Two dooces showing—and one in the hole! My pot!"

"YOU mean poker?" Jones had laughed.

"Yes, yes!" excitedly; "stu-stu-stud poker—you savvy, Mister?"

"You just bet I savvy!"

"Want to play?"

"Gladly."

"All right. I got cards." And a greasy deck had been produced.

But this time the Rajah had found his master; so much so that, unable to pay cash, he had offered to the other full possession, legally drawn up, of a tract of jungle land over a hundred square miles in extent, the patent—according to the ancient Malay law code—including "whatever was on, above, or below the ground."

Not that Blennerhassett Jones had played for "blood." On the other hand, he had not refused the land in settlement of the loss. Gambling debts were debts of honor, East or West; and, a Virginian and a gentleman, he respected the sensibilities of another gentleman. be he Malay or American or Chinese.

"Fair?" the Rajah had inquired, sealing the document with an immense blood-stone signet ring.

"Absolutely fair!"

"You know—that jungly land—not so very damn good. Nothing there but savages and trees . . ."

"And malaria and fifteen varieties of crawling and flying horrors! Don't you worry, though! Maybe some day it'll be worth a whole lot."

"Indeed I hope so—by the Prophet—on him the salute! Come again, Mister. Perhaps next time I have cash to pay."

The Rajah was a good loser.

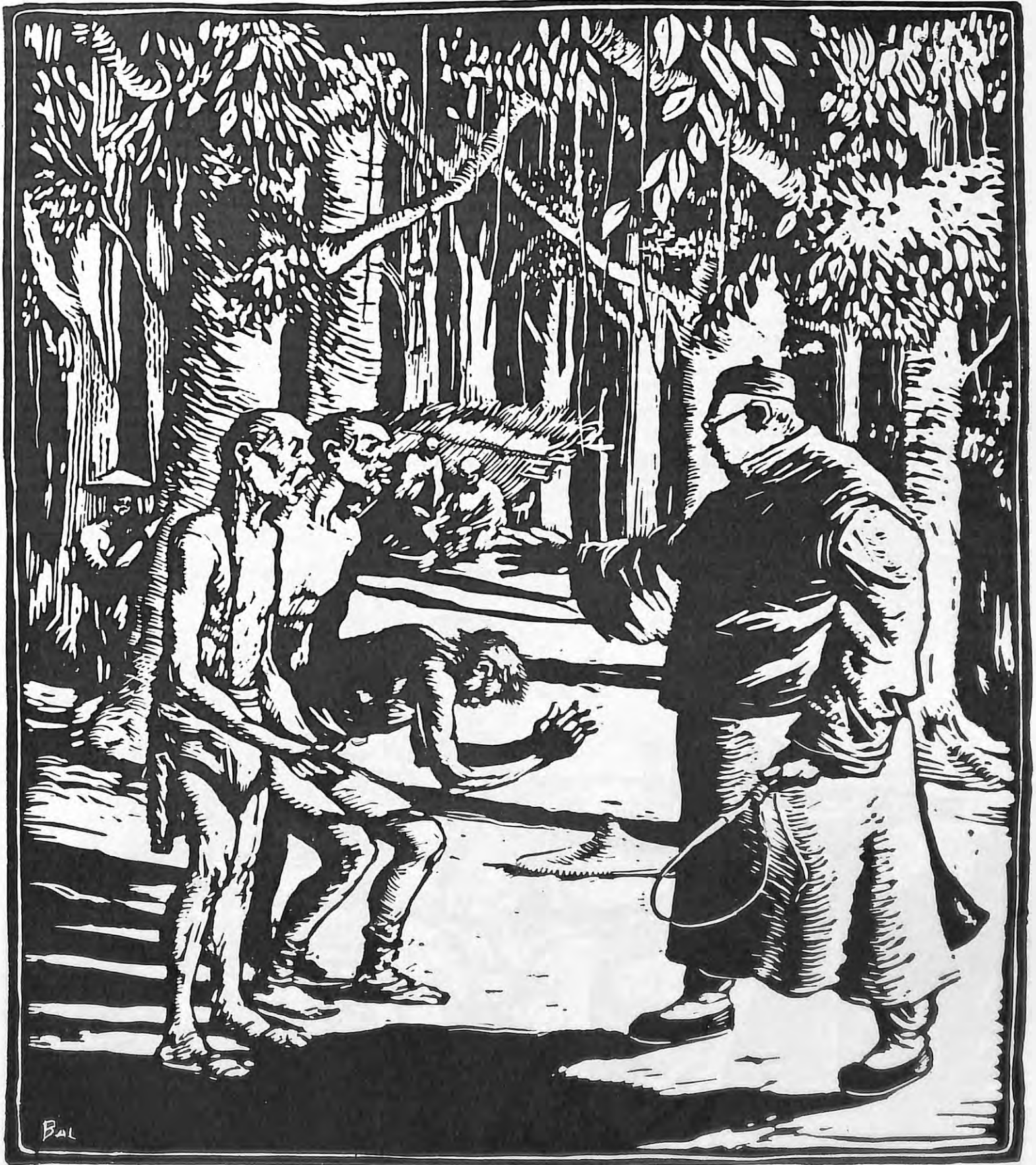
Blennerhassett Jones returned to Yunnan, the southern headquarters of his firm. Greatly to Sheng Pao's amusement—"Are you afraid," the latter asked sardonically, "that the Rajah will charge you taxes on this valuable acquisition of yours?"—he insisted on turning the title deed to the jungle tract into the partnership coffers.

They were an incongruous team.

For Blennerhassett Jones was the sort of almost unreal Virginian reminiscent of a time-yellowed engraving that shows a gentleman in tight, strapped trousers, frilled shirt, and high-waisted swallowtail coat bowing over the wrist of a crinolined lady whose oval face is framed by corkscrew ringlets and whose Kashmere shawl is held in place by a great cameo brooch cut with the profile of General Washington. Sheng Pao, on the other hand, was a Manchu aristocrat, descendant of the "Nurhachis," the "iron-capped princes" of the North, and educated in the New World where, to quote his own words, he had learned two things in the shadow of Princeton's grey-green elms: the thrill of a ten-yard dash with the pigskin ball closely hugged to his heart and his lean, strong body cutting through the Harvard team as a knife cuts through cheese—alas! today his bulk was fantastic, tipping the scales at nearly three hundred pounds—and the material advantages of honest work.

Otherwise, in spite of years spent in America, he had remained of the East Eastern; while Jones, in spite of a lifetime spent in China, was still of the West Western.

They were as far apart as the poles, these two men, in race and religion, in ideals and morals. But two decades earlier, Fate had thrown them together in a Manila waterfront saloon—through a drink, a brawl, a



The men trembled. But the Manchu's words were low and smooth

knife in the fist of a Portuguese sailor, a Manchu curse and a cry for help, and a gray-tweed figure hurtling to the rescue. They had liked each other; both being young and broke had become partners on the spot, and presently the best of friends.

They had built up a great trading concern: "Jones & Sheng Pao" . . . after years of heart-breaking, up-hill work the firm had

become famous throughout the Orient, respected in New York and London, envied in Paris, and feared in Yokohama. They dealt in everything, wholesale as well as retail, from a mouse-trap to a locomotive, from a thimble to a season's tea crop, from a bale of Pekinese brocade to a sweep of land bigger than Rhode Island.

All the way from the treaty ports to the

fetid, tropical hinterland their factories and wharves, their caravans and river steamers, proclaimed their insolent wealth; and the yearly inventory of their possessions—a ceremony performed with almost religious ritual—was not a mere matter of sordid greed, but of stout pride in stout achievement.

Yet it was during the inventory that, ever

since his partner's return from Maong-Probong, Sheng Pao would point at the title deed to the jungle tract and make ironic comment, saying that it was nothing but a scrap of paper, less nourishing than a pig's grunt.

"What are we going to do with this—ah—property?" he would ask.

"We'll develop it presently. Bound to be teak wood down there. Perhaps rubber."

"And then what? Maong-Probong is as weak as a Tartar's beard. It has no influence, no commercial treaties. Suppose we find teak in paying quantities and tap high-grade rubber—what good will it do? How are we going to export? North, the Chinese will strangle us with customs dues and South, on the Burma frontier, the British will do the same. Tell me: can a hare lay eggs?"

But one day the Virginian had his revenge.

"Speaking about a hare laying eggs," he drawled, "please take a look at this."

He tossed a telegram across the table, and the other read. It was an offer from Carley, the Canton agent of the great Melbourne house of Levy, McGregor & Co., offering twenty thousand pounds for the Maong-Probong holdings.

"Blessed be the Excellent Lord Gautama Buddha who has created these foreign devils mad!" exclaimed Sheng Pao. "We sell."

"Not on your life!"

"Why not?"

"If it's worth twenty thousand to these Jewish-Scotch-Australian skinflints, I reckon it's worth as much, and more, to us. Let's wait and see what will happen."

They did wait. And things did happen.

For, at intervals of twenty-four hours,

came other telegrams from Levy, M'Gregor & Co., steadily raising the offer until, by the end of the week, it had reached a staggering sum.

Then, though his partner shook his head, Jones wired back:

"Buying, not selling."

Ten days later came the answer to the riddle, included with other news in a cable from Lawson, their London agent.

The Virginian read it and smiled.

"OUR Australian friends," he remarked, "seem to have a pal at the British Foreign Office who passes on tips to them."

"Why?"

"Lawson cables that yesterday England annexed Maong-Probong. What price our jungle tract now—under protection of the Union Jack?"

"Your brain," replied the Manchu, "is a piece of jade, elegantly carved and of exquisite color. I would kowtow to you seven times if my unwieldy body would permit me. When do we go south—to look at our property?"

"To-morrow. I'll arrange for a caravan at once."

Not that England had exactly annexed the country. Nothing as crude as that.

But using the excuse of a Hindu who, conveniently for the empire and unfortunately for himself, had been killed by a Maong-Probong tribesman, England had sent a representative to remonstrate with the Rajah. The representative had been blessed with a keen nose for commercial

possibilities; and so—without advertising it to the world at large—the British had made a proposition to the Rajah which he had accepted with speed and alacrity. For they had bought him out, paying him a round sum and also a large yearly income which permitted him to build a pink marble palace in Calcutta, to surround himself with a bevy of pretty young dancing girls, and, presently, to acquire the twin diseases of the idle rich: gout and diabetes.

The British did not incorporate Maong-Probong with their Indian possessions. Instead they formed it into a separate crown colony.

Then they went to work with that grotesque hodge-podge of contradictory qualities and methods which has made the British empire: a mingling of jazzy efficiency and clumsy, medieval pomp, a dovetailing of absolute fair-play and unblushing hypocrisy; a blending of intuition amounting to genius and stolidity amounting to mental torpor. But the result, with the proverbial British luck added, was that in a marvelously short period Maong-Probong was as neat and prosperous a block of tropical real estate as you might meet in a year's journey. Roads were being constructed; jungles cleared; waterways deepened; swamps dried; minerals, coal, rubber, and a dozen other valuable products discovered and exploited. And—final triumph—the lazy aborigines were being partly cajoled, partly taxed into honest work.

The governor was an Anglo-Indian, Sir Thomas Browne. His was the extraordinary

Jones asked him several times what he was studying. "Do not worry," the Manchu said with a maddening smile. "It is but my Oriental imagination which is at work"



theory that it was his duty to know more about whatever colony he was ruling than the natives themselves. Outwardly still the cool, matter-of-fact Englishman who dressed for dinner whatever the climate, and who put Magna Charta a fraction above the Athanasian creed, the Orient had got beneath his skin.

He took up official residence in the former Rajah's palace at Laots, the capital of Maong-Probong, bringing with him the army, represented by a company of squat, red-faced Goorkha riflemen commanded by half a dozen white officers; the civil service, represented by two Anglo-Indians, seven Bengalis and three Madrassis; and the mounted police, represented by fifty stalwart, blue-turbaned Rajputs under Captain Goldingham, a hard-riding, careless young Yorkshireman.

SHORTLY afterwards, like flies to the honey pot, came men of many nationalities, the English and Hindus predominating, but also Portuguese and Chinese and Dutch from the Dutch East Indies: merchants, bankers, usurers, traveling salesmen, concession hunters, timber cruisers, mining prospectors, rubber experts, oil experts and what-not . . . all the elements of that warring, illogical motley which, rightly or wrongly, treks through the pages of history under the banner of modern civilization.

Came finally Mister Navarro d'Albani who opened a hotel at Laots.

If you know all about Asia you know a little about d'Albani:

"Berr-itish subject, I want you to

know, sar! Yess! Berritish subject by birth, sar!"—which was the truth.

And:
"A white man! Yess, sar! All white!"—which was a lie.

But more of him later.

Shortly after taking office, Sir Thomas examined Blennerhassett Jones' title deed to the jungle tract, pronounced it legal, and shook hands with the two partners.

"We need men like you," he said simply. "Let me know if I can help you any time. And drop in to dinner when you feel like it. I can guarantee the whiskey, if not the cooking."

They went to work with characteristic energy. They sent for Li Chang McBane, a half-caste long in their employ and one of their best "jungly wallahs"; put him in charge; and found that their land was very valuable, yielding immense quantities of rubber, gold, and precious woods. Besides, thanks to the hut tax which the governor had introduced for the sake of his subjects' spiritual and physical welfare, they had no difficulty in getting cheap labor, drawing most of it from the Yan tribe.

So everything went along hummngly until a day when, facing his partner in their little bungalow at Laots, Sheng Pao voiced certain misgivings.

The Virginian shook his head.

"I honor you as the shrewdest trader between the Tartar Wall and the treaty ports," he said. "I'm all for you personally. I even forgive you your occasional Mongol sneers at Western civilization. But I lose all patience with you when you let your Oriental imagination play follow-the-leader with your common sense."

"Do I imagine the existence of Navarro d'Albani? Do I imagine that these last two months up in the Forest of Seventy Spears—" the native name for their land—"we have lost numbers of our Yan workers because they suffer from mysterious insect bites which only a trip to this town can cure? Do I imagine that these tattooed pigs re-



cuperate as soon as they reach the back veranda of d'Albani's hotel? Do I imagine that they return to their villages, refuse to work, pay the hut tax in cash, buy countless wives and heads of cattle, and stalk about in yellow, embroidered silk as if they were first-chop mandarins?"

"You don't imagine the facts. You only imagine that there's a connecting link between them."

"How do you explain these—ah—separate facts?"

"Of course," replied Jones, "suppose they're stealing—selling the stuff to d'Albani. . . ?"

"No. McBane made an inventory of our trade goods and jungle products. Perhaps a few knives are missing, a few ax heads, a pinch of gold dust. Not enough to account for a thousandth part of their sudden wealth."

"Some of these junglies," suggested the Virginian, "are experts at brewing *t'ang*—you know—that devilish native dope."

"THE governor has passed a law against drugs. I had a talk with Captain Goldingham. The police search all the tribesmen who come to town—search them thoroughly—and have not found a single ounce of the drug."

"Well—what's the difference? Nothing is stolen. We're making money hand over fist. And we have no trouble getting fresh labor."

"Why don't we?" demanded the Manchu, with maddening persistence.

"Mean to say you're kicking because we don't have trouble obtaining labor?"

"Exactly!"

"You're crazy!" laughed the Virginian. "I'll be forced to confiscate your opium pipe."

"I am perfectly serious. You know how superstitious these savages are. . . ."

"Well . . . ?"

"Why are they not afraid of these mysterious insect bites? New junglies come daily, in droves, to McBane's door—to work for a week or two—to be bitten by the insects which, incidentally, McBane has never seen, nor has he been bothered by them—to run away—to come here to town—to visit d'Albani's hotel—to get cured—to return to their villages stinking with wealth and insolence! How do you explain it, my wise American friend?"

"I really don't care, my wise Manchu friend."

"I do care. I am worried. And—I do not trust d'Albani."

"You have that half-breed on the brain, I reckon."

Sheng Pao did not reply.

Persistently his thoughts swung about the rotund, highly colored person of Navarro d'Albani, who was the proprietor of the *Grand Hotel de Maong-Probong*, and whose presence was a continuous thorn in the flesh of Sir Thomas Browne.

Governor and half-breed had met frequently. For always was it the former's duty to launch new colonies on the road toward peace and prosperity; always was it the latter's congenital bend to drift to these same new colonies as a jackal drifts to the scent of freshly spilled blood. Often in the past, in different corners of the East, had Sir Thomas cudged his brain and searched the back blotters of the civil and political police for a reasonable excuse to shoo d'Albani out of the country and into another part of Asia, as far away as possible. But there was no way of doing it,

since the other, born under the Union Jack, claimed the rights of the native-born.

"Berr-itish subject, sar!" he used to say with a vile accent and a viler sneer. "Also, why do you persecute me? What have I done, your Excellency, Sir Thomas?"

The last question was adding insult to injury.

For it was an open secret that he was guilty of every gaudy and sordid crime on the Asiatic calendar, from slave-dealing in an Arab *dhow* across the Persian Gulf to gun-running into the Afghan hills, and opium-smuggling. But he was as slippery as an eel. He had never been caught. So, seven years ago, Sir Thomas, furious, balked, had offered a reward of a thousand pounds from his large private fortune for any information sufficient to put d'Albani behind prison bars, and he had renewed this offer when he became governor of Maong-Probong. But it was still unclaimed, though many were the traps laid for the half-breed's wily feet.

Sheng Pao thought of it all.

D'Albani, he said to himself, and the Yans who came from the jungle station, then home to their villages, reeking with savage wealth . . . and always *via* the back veranda of the Grand Hotel!

Silently thinking, trying to fit known detail with imagined detail, he stepped over to the window and looked out. The heat was immense, tragic. Not a breath of air stirred. Across the way was the squat, silhouette of d'Albani's hotel and, to one side of it, a large, tree-grown compound where the evening camp fires of a dozen Yans who had come out of the jungle the day before, were flaring with crimson and gold.

Shapes crouched between the trees. Some squatted about great pots, dipping their arms elbow-deep into the savory stew. Others, half effaced in the outer, dimmer circle of the fires, lay prone on their stomachs in the utter abandon of well-fed savagery.

Sheng Pao took a step toward the door. He would go over and bully one of them

into telling him; perhaps half kill him with his rhinoceros-hide flail.

But he reconsidered. Not for moral reasons. He had the Mongol's chill, brutal contempt for inferior races. On the other hand, there was Sir Thomas. A good friend of his. But a foreign barbarian, with the foreign barbarian's mad insisting that even savages possess certain inalienable rights. Still—there was one thing he might do.

He left the bungalow. Noiselessly, in spite of his bulk, he crossed the road and appeared with dramatic suddenness in the glare of the camp fires.

They saw him. They knew him as Sheng Pao, the Manchu, the Mongol. They, too, had heard about the mad new laws of the English. But, often in the past, the Mongols had ridden over their land, burning, killing, enslaving. Centuries of ancient, racial fear are hard to eradicate by a law written on paper.

So there was a frightened blubbing and groaning, a swift scurrying into the shadows, the soft, slurring noise of naked, oiled bodies brushing against tree trunks.

But Sheng Pao was quick. He was immensely strong. He made a dash into the purple dark, and a moment later he reappeared, dragging forth by their ears two squat savages as if they were rabbits, propelling forward two more with the help of knees and feet.

The four men trembled. But the Manchu's words were low and smooth.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "You have done me no harm. So why should I harm you? Is it not known to all the world that I am a just man? Aye! As just as the decrees of the blessed Confucius," he continued slowly, looking the while sharply at the bodies of the shivering savages which glowed in the light of the camp fires like yellow opals.

Then he laughed. He released his grip.

The Yans pattered away while Sheng Pao returned to the bungalow, a fantastic thought shaping in his brain.

Inside Blennerhassett Jones was dozing in his chair. He sat up when the other entered.

"How's the old imagination?" he smiled.

"The snake," replied the Manchu, "glides crookedly. Yet it arrives straight at the hole."

"Meaning—what?"

"Meaning that I looked at four of these Yans. I saw the insect bites. And they are all exactly alike. Exactly alike!" he repeated with rising voice.

"I TAKE no interest in mosquitoes or scorpions or tarantulas. I'm no bugologist. What does it prove?"

"It proves nothing to a man not—ah—blessed, or cursed, with Oriental imagination."

"I reckon that remark of mine got your goat," laughed the Virginian. "I'm sorry, old man."

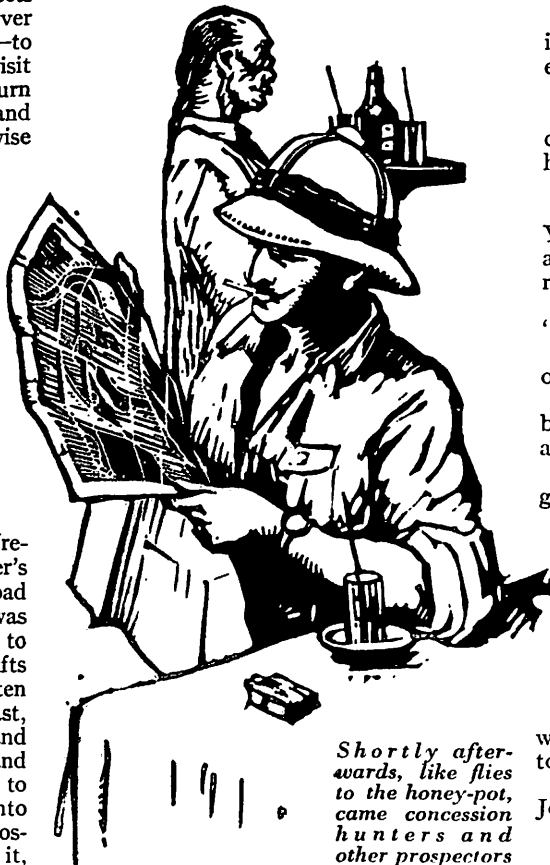
To Jones, during the next few days, his partner's actions seemed more erratic than usual. So they seemed to Sir Thomas Browne and, later on, to Li Chang McBane, the agent up in the Forest of Seventy Spears.

The first thing Sheng Pao did was to write to the latter. He showed the letter to the Virginian.

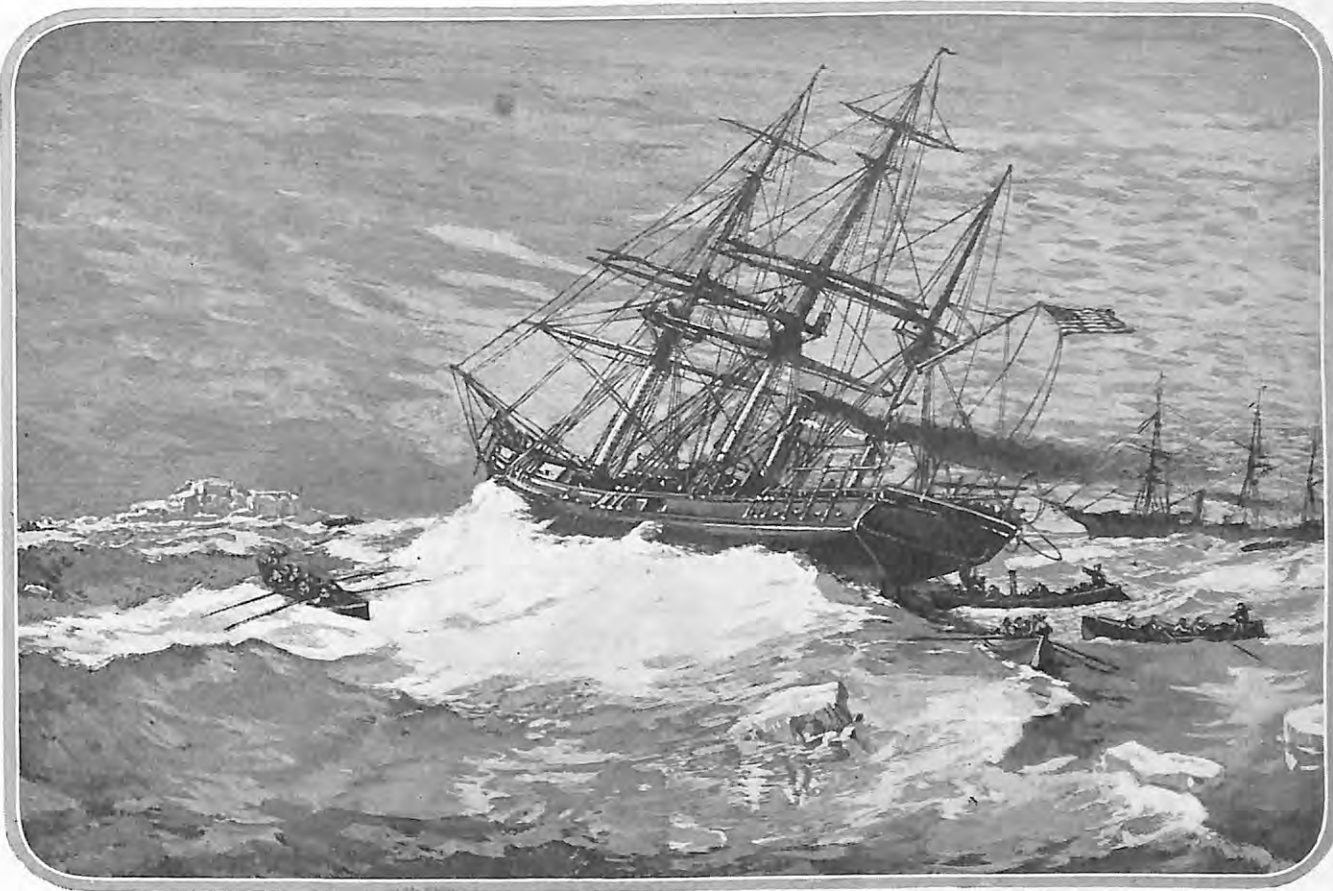
"What do you want the stuff for?" asked Jones.

"To make a little scientific investigation."

(Continued on page 56)



Shortly afterwards, like flies to the honey-pot, came concession hunters and other prospectors



The "Thetis" which, with her sister ship the "Bear," rescued the Greely survivors

FROM BROWN BROS.

A Story of Arctic Heroism

The Rescue of the Greely Expedition

By Burt M. McConnell

With the Collaboration of Janeth Tompkins

WHEN the old Dundee whaler and U. S. revenue cutter *Thetis* enters the ice-infested waters of Davis Strait, Baffin Bay, and Smith Sound this summer with the "amphibian" airplanes of MacMillan on board, she will be amid familiar surroundings. When she is sent full-speed into an ice floe, slides clambering upon it like a polar bear struggling up out of the water, and breaks it down with her sheer weight, she will be doing exactly what she did forty-one years ago this summer, when the *Thetis* and her sister ship, the *Bear*, rescued the Greely survivors from Cape Sabine. And the honor of the American Navy will be at stake this summer, just as it was in 1884.

As these two vessels fought their way through the ice fields of Baffin Bay, sometimes by the aid of torpedoes, the few feeble and emaciated survivors of the Greely expedition lay in their dilapidated tent at Cape Sabine, quietly awaiting death. This struggle, with the likelihood of being crushed by the ice always present, lasted three weeks. High up on the foremast of each vessel, a hundred and ten feet above the water's edge, the lookout, standing in his barrel, or "crow's nest," hour after hour, day after day, guided the ship through the ice fields, meanwhile anxiously scanning the shore for any trace of life. On deck a sledge, loaded with provisions and a first-aid kit, and a team of eager dogs were kept in readiness for a dash ashore over the ice. A launch, similarly equipped with rations and water, swung from the davits.

In addition to such perils as tides, currents, and drifting ice fields, a gale now threatened. Near Cape Sabine a launch was dispatched

from the *Bear*. Soon the crew discovered a tent, bellying and flapping in the fierce gusts, and partly blown down. But there was no sign of life. Then a pitiable object, which they soon realized was one of the survivors, appeared and raised a signal flag—of red and white underwear and blue bunting.

The relief party hurried ashore, where an appalling sight met their gaze. A row of more than a dozen graves lay along the top of a gravel knoll. Stretched out on a snow-drift was one of the dead; his companions were too weak to bury him. Protruding from a shallow grave, the brass buttons of an officer's uniform shone like nuggets of gold in the early morning light.

Ripping open the tent with their knives the rescuers found Greely and the others lying on the ground in their sleeping bags, their pinched and cadaverous faces, sunken eyes, scraggly beards and matted hair making a picture never to be forgotten. One of them was "dead to the waist"; all feeling had left him. None of the party had washed for nearly a year. All of them were so weak that they could barely swallow the hot milk and beef tea brought by the relief party. Such was the rescue of the Greely survivors.

Since the beginning of time exploration has held an irresistible fascination for adventurers of all nations. Braving unknown dangers, they have penetrated strange lands, suffering privations, disease and even starvation. Some seven hundred Arctic adven-

urers have lost their lives since man first tried to find a northwest passage to China, yet Arctic exploration is as fascinating as ever; the MacMillan expedition is sufficient proof. There is something about it that holds the imagination. There is a mystery about the cold, white, vast, inhospitable region. One invades its icy portals with a certain amount of awe, knowing that here the foot of man has never trod. The intense cold has its grip on everything; the silence is unbroken. It is no place for weaklings. Deprived of the conventions and luxuries of civilized life, the explorer plunges into the great unknown to fight a war against such relentless foes as starvation and the elements. This was the experience of Lieutenant Greely, two other Army officers, and twenty-two enlisted men—all volunteers in a scientific expedition—in the early 'eighties.

READING between the lines of Greely's description of his three years in the North; of scurvy, starvation, and mutinous conduct; of the abortive plans of our Army and Navy to rescue the adventurous band; of the absolute helplessness of the party as death cut down its members, one catches glimpses of the high character and tough fibre of these explorers, and of examples of self-sacrifice that will live in history.

Much has been written of the heroism of the soldier who flings himself into battle—the tumult of war, the beat of drums, and martial music urging him on to victory or death. But what courage could be more exalted, what heroism more glorious than that evinced by Greely and his men? All but



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FROM INTERNATIONAL
NEWS-REEL

Capt. Roald Amundsen, whose expedition set out for the North Pole in Aeroplanes

six of the party perished miserably, yet in the face of certain slow death by starvation they displayed strength of character and physical endurance unsurpassed in the annals of exploration.

The Greely expedition started out auspiciously enough. Its commander was competent and far-sighted. The members were all Army men, with the exception of two Greenland Eskimo hunters who were added to the party the first year. The *Proteus*, a small vessel chartered by the Government, carried them as far as Lady Franklin Bay, and was to have brought them relief the following summer, but though they spent three years in the Arctic the promised relief ship never arrived.

The unparalleled disaster which overtook the expedition was in no way a reflection on its commander, who accomplished what he set out to do. He gave to science a complete set of astronomical, meteorological, and other observations that has not been duplicated in forty years; his followers traversed an unknown shore hundreds of miles to the northward, and reached the "farthest north" ever attained by man up to that time. Lieutenant Greely—now Major-General Greely, Ret.—and his men succeeded splendidly; that the lives of most of them were sacrificed to exploration is due to the failure of the relief ships. To quote Greely's own opinion:

"The expedition was an extraordinary success. The relief expeditions managed from Washington were a ghastly failure. That nineteen out of twenty-five men perished was due to the incompetency and to the desertion of the relief commands—both military and naval."

This is one of the few blots on our Army and Navy records.

IN AUGUST of 1881, the Greely party of twenty-five, with two Eskimo hunters, made their way to Lady Franklin Bay, on the east coast of Grinnell Land. There they constructed comfortable winter quarters, and with the aid of the Eskimo hunters killed enough musk-oxen to provide them with food throughout the winter. Over six thousand pounds of fresh meat were obtained in this way, and four food depots were established some miles to the northward for the sustenance of advance sledging parties the following spring. On these arduous journeys the men dragged their heavily loaded sledges over the hummocky white desert. While some busied themselves with the rou-



FROM BROWN BROS.

Fort Conger, established by the Greely Arctic expedition in Grinnell Land



INTERNATIONAL NEWS-REEL

Donald MacMillan in charge of the polar expedition sent out under the auspices of the Navy and National Geographical Society

tine duties of the camp, and the laying down of food depots, others gathered valuable information regarding the physical character of the country before winter set in. More than five hundred meteorological and other observations which since have proven invaluable to science, were made and carefully recorded daily. Life in that early stage of the expedition went along smoothly. The men were dressed comfortably and had nourishing food, similar to what they might have had back home in the United States. They were in fine physical condition, and the outdoor exercise and clear, cold atmosphere were aids to health and strength.

During the first half of the winter small scouting parties were sent out in various directions, mainly in preparation for an attempt during the coming spring to exceed the farthest north record. As the season progressed the cold became more intense—the temperature was about -40° . The men dragged their own sledges through the long day, but when, worn by hours of travel, they endeavored to crawl into their sleeping bags, they found them stiffened with frost. With half frozen fingers the travelers went about their tasks of erecting the tent, brushing snow from their garments, and with difficulty removing their outer clothing and footgear, which froze solid five minutes after it was discarded. Then finally they crawled gingerly into the sleeping bags, and the scant warmth of their bodies gradually thawed out the frozen buffalo hides.

In the morning they endured the same routine, thawing out frozen clothing and shoes and fortifying themselves with a liberal quantity of hot food and tea or coffee. Lunch was found to be impracticable because its preparation took too long. And there were no thermos bottles in those days. The explorers therefore compromised by marching as far as possible without food or drink, then pitched their tent before they had their evening meal.

It was on one of their journeys during the following April, however, that the party faced real hardship. Early in the winter food depots had been laid along the route northward, and in the spring Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant (now Brigadier-General) Brainard, with a small party set out on the hazardous attempt to reach the "farthest north." With dogs and sledges they plodded along the trackless coast of Grinnell Land, crossed over the ice to Greenland, and continued northward along its western coast. Difficulties beset them at every turn. At one stage of the trip a raging blizzard kept them in their sleeping bags for some forty-eight hours. The wind blew so violently that men were actually carried off their feet at times. One powerful gust lifted a sledge with its two-hundred-pound load bodily from the ice. Snow-blindness and the breaking of a sledge added further to their trials. But they struggled ahead, and when they were not halted by storms and gales traveled about twenty miles daily. The reward of their courage and endurance was the attainment of the highest latitude ever reached by man— $83^{\circ}23' N.$ —where the Stars and Stripes were triumphantly hoisted. After sixty days' absence, during which time they traversed more than a thousand miles in all sorts of weather, they rejoined their command.

With the passing of the depressing months of darkness, the novelty of Arctic exploration wore off. The men were still in good health and spirits, but sometimes homesickness crept into their hearts and they longed for the time when they would leave that ice-covered region and turn their faces southward.

Spring, however, with the return of the sun, found them comparatively happy and comfortable. Greely was well satisfied with the scientific results. There had been no serious breaches of discipline. They had achieved what they had set out to do, and more. Some six thousand miles of territory had been examined by the scientific staff. Further-

more, they had eclipsed the "farthest north" record, then held by British explorers.

With the coming of summer and the breaking up of the ice fields between Grinnell Land and Greenland, the men scanned the horizon long and earnestly for a relief ship, but neither a sail nor a smudge of smoke was seen all summer. A vessel loaded with equipment and supplies for the Greely party had been sent out by the War Department, but the expedition was in charge of an inexperienced person, with the result that the vessel was taken back to St. John's, Newfoundland, after having landed a second days' supply of food at one spot and a second depot of 250 rations at another point on the eastern coast of Grinnell Land! And while the instructions of the War Department thus had been carried out to the letter, some 2,000 rations, or a full supply for the entire Greely party for three months, which the commander might have cached on Grinnell Land, were taken back to the United States.

Lieutenant Greely's instructions, in case no vessels reached him that summer, were to abandon his station not later than September 1 of the following year and retreat southward by boat, skirting the east coast of Grinnell Land until a second relief vessel should be met. Meanwhile, however, the party must solve the immediate problem of getting through the intervening winter. The food was carefully prepared and the diet enlarged as far as practicable; outdoor exercise was encouraged, and the recommendations of the surgeon scrupulously followed. The beds were kept dry, and heating arrangements were improved. As a result of all this, the general health of the party was even better during the second winter than the first, and their quarters were more comfortable.

During the second winter at the camp, which they had named Fort Conger, the subject of preparing for a retreat by boat the following summer naturally engaged the attention of the commander. In fact, the party talked of little else. A great deal of time was spent in arranging and copying the scientific observations; two sets of which were made up. For in case of disaster

Greely hoped that at least one set would be saved.

By the end of July everything was in readiness. The date set for abandoning Fort Conger and retreating south was August 8, and the men were impatient to be on their way. They watched anxiously for the ice to open. The party planned to carry over forty days' full rations, and Greely had cached during the previous winter, at a point to the southward, rations for over twenty days.

Time passed and still the ice did not open. At the date set a heavy snowstorm came. The following day, however, the entire party (except the dogs, which were abandoned), divided among a 72-foot Navy launch, one whale boat, and a couple of smaller boats, worked their way out into the strait through scattered ice fields, in imminent danger of being crushed by the drifting floes. For two weeks they toiled southward. At times the commander feared he would lose his most important vessel, the launch, but the coolness and energy of the party in hauling the boats out of the danger zone prevented serious accident. By alternately fighting their way along the coast and drifting with the ice pack for some three hundred miles, they managed to reach, late in August, a point within fifty miles of Cape Sabine. At this juncture, with open water only a short mile away, the party was beset; frozen in.

The position was a precarious one; they did not know at what moment the ice might crumble beneath their feet and the sea swallow them up. Their provisions were dwindling fast. Once in a while a curious seal would poke his head up out of the ice, only to be shot by one of the Eskimo hunters, but this only scantily replenished their food supply.

In the two weeks that followed, the ice floe on which they were marooned drifted twenty-two miles to the south. During that period of inactivity the men busied themselves by constructing crude sledges, and finally, on September 10, the travelers started ashore over the rough ice, dragging two boats and some twenty-three hundred pounds of food, clothing, and equipment. Struggling with this burden, they found, after six hours of toil, that they had progressed only a mile

and a quarter. At night some of them slept upon the ice and others in the boats. The short, dark days of winter were rapidly approaching and numerous snowstorms delayed their progress. On the way to shore the explorers were confined to their sleeping bags for two days by a violent northwest gale which carried the ice on which they were camped out to sea. Finally, after four hundred miles of travel by boat and a hundred miles by both sleds and boats—occupying in all fifty-one days—Greely landed his party near Cape Sabine in good health, with their scientific records and instruments intact, and with arms and ammunition, in a land fairly well stocked with game.

While Greely and his men were fighting their way over the ice toward Cape Sabine, two separate Army and Navy expeditions were steaming to their rescue. And although each commanding officer knew the appalling straits which Greely and his men, equipped for only a year, must surely be in, no caches of food were put ashore on the east coast of Grinnell Land. When, therefore, the Army vessel was crushed and sunk by the ice, the commanding officer and his party of fifteen men had provisions for only forty days for themselves. They had saved some five hundred rations for Greely, and these were landed on Brevoort Island near Cape Sabine, with a note to the effect that "everything within the power of man" would be done to rescue the explorers. Then they made their way to Greenland and joined the naval vessel.

It was September 2, and at least three weeks more of open water might reasonably be expected before winter should set in, yet the Army officer, apparently heedless of Greely's danger, failed to recommend to the naval officer that he sail northward in search of the marooned men, or that he lay down



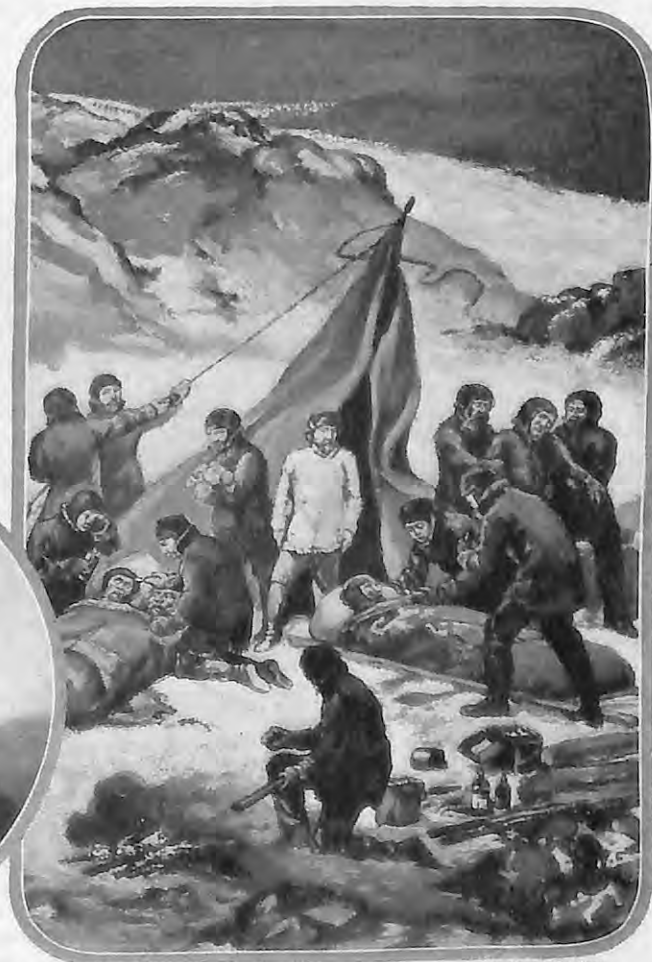
A recent picture of Major-General Greely

G. Algarsson, British Columbian, who will attempt to reach the North Pole by blimp some time this summer



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

The rescue of the Greely survivors at Cape Sabine on June 23, 1884



FROM BROWN BROW.

food depots for them along the coast to sustain them until another relief expedition could be despatched. Despite the empty promise that "everything in the power of man would be done" to rescue Greely, the naval vessel, which reached Greenland on September 2, picked up the Army party and steamed away for the United States the same day, abandoning to their fate the twenty-five members of the Greely expedition. Thus in two successive years, though fifty thousand rations were taken North in three vessels up to or beyond Littleton Island, all but about a thousand were carried back to the United States or were lost when the Army vessel was crushed by the ice.

WHEN Greely's weary party reached Eskimo Point, the leader decided it was impracticable to attempt a retreat to Greenland, where there were Eskimo groups, food, and shelter. Although he did not voice his thoughts, he felt sure there would be no more open water that year. Besides, their recent experience had proved that they could not average more than two miles a day across a moving ice field. It was therefore impossible to cross the twenty-five-mile channel when, for every two miles traveled east they would drift four miles to the south, where the channel was fifty miles wide. Then there was much rubble and slush ice in the drifting pack, making travel dangerous, if not foolhardy; the tides were strong, rising and falling from ten to twelve feet every six hours, and twisting the ice pack in all directions. New ice was constantly forming, but while this was strong enough to impede the passage of the party's boats, it was not thick enough to bear the weight of either boat or man. A retreat to Greenland, therefore, was out of the question.

Winter quarters were now established at a point near Cape Sabine, where Greely hoped they would get enough game to sustain them until a third relief expedition should come to their rescue. Early in October he reluctantly put his men on half rations so that they would have enough food for forty-five days. Meanwhile the Eskimo hunters managed to kill a few seals and an occasional walrus.

But discontentment now began to manifest itself among Greely's followers. This became more pronounced after a small party, journeying overland to the cache near Cape Sabine, brought back a letter telling of the failure of the relief expedition. But they also brought back news of three small caches of food and clothing at different points, and it was all this information that caused Greely to move to Cape Sabine. This was accomplished after an arduous journey of three days. There, with prodigious effort, they constructed their quarters of stone and snow, with the old whaleboat for a roof, and here in this dingy hut, about twenty by thirty feet, were crowded the twenty-five men with their sleeping bags, clothing, and equipment. They had no stove, and their light, used upon rare occasions only, was a seal blubber lamp with a bit of rag for a wick. But they faced the winter courageously, resolved not to lose hope.

Nevertheless cold and starvation gradually claimed their victims. Some of the men grew delirious with hunger, and mumbled irrationally to themselves; others fell into a stupor from which it seemed impossible to rouse them. Greely, though worn by mental anxiety and responsibility, was determined to uphold the discipline and morale of the camp. As time went on he had many unpleasant duties to perform. There were several petty thefts of food; the men grew

quarrelsome; the surgeon was insubordinate. But these incidents, when compared with the courage and acts of heroism of most of the members of the party, of which more will be told, were scarcely worthy of mention.

It was now the first of November. By putting his men on one-fourth rations, Greely estimated that the provisions brought him from the two caches would furnish the party with food until March 1. Mainly to keep up the morale, the hope was held out that by that time the men might be able to cross Smith Sound to Greenland by sledge. They brought in the whale boat and cut it up for fuel, although fuel could be used for cooking purposes only; it was too precious to use for heating the hut, which remained cold, damp, and uncomfortable. The disappearance of the sun added to their discomfort and depression. The hunters went out daily for game, but found little. The seal blubber lamp was used only at certain periods of the day, for seal blubber was too valuable a food to be used to illuminate their cramped quarters. The temperature in the hut was so low as to make it almost impossible to write their reports or keep a diary.

In this desperate situation Greely decided to send a few volunteers forty miles to the southward to bring back one hundred and forty-four pounds of meat which had been cached there by an English expedition seven years before. Four of the stronger men—Rice, Elison, Frederick, and Lynn—were selected. After four days of exhausting travel through rough ice and snow they reached the cache, and packed the meat on their sledges. They had cached their sleeping bags at a spot near the shore, fully expecting to return to them that night. But the ice, they found, was so rough that it required fourteen hours for the wearied men to reach the cache, load the meat on the sledge, and return to their sleeping bags.

On this difficult journey, Elison froze both his hands and feet. By placing his benumbed extremities next their own bodies, his companions were able to draw out the frost, but Elison was absolutely helpless the next morning. In order to save his life it became necessary to abandon the meat. A ten-hour struggle, encumbered with their helpless burden, brought them to an abandoned hut. Here they were obliged to cut up for firewood the English boat which had been left intact for a possible journey southward. Elison's suffering, once his face, hands and feet commenced to thaw from the artificial heat can better be imagined than described.

NEXT morning, since it required three men to haul the sledge, loaded with sleeping bags and other camp gear, Elison had to make his way as best he could, led by a rope attached to the sledge. Sometimes he would fall, and then he would be dragged several feet. Hour after hour, a pitiable figure, he stumbled along. Finally, when his feet were frozen so solidly that he could no longer stand, the party camped. Rice now bravely set forth alone in the face of a north-west gale to get help from their winter camp. This solitary journey of fifteen miles was made in absolute darkness, across newly formed ice, which cracked and split in the wake of his footsteps. But he kept boldly on his way, heedless of danger, and at midnight staggered into camp and told with stiffening lips of the plight of his three companions.

The rescue of the stricken Elison was a splendid example of the heroism exhibited during those months of tragic exile. Though they had been on reduced rations for months and were weak and half-starving, a small band of volunteers, carrying food and

stimulants, immediately set forth, risking their lives to go to the aid of a comrade whom they fully expected to find dead. When the rescuers arrived, after a journey of fifteen miles, it was impossible for them to open the frozen sleeping bag, so the entire top was cut off.

The round trip of the half-starved relief party was one of the most remarkable journeys in Arctic history. They traveled more than thirty miles in forty-four hours, most of the time in total darkness over rough ice.

By the middle of November, nearly half of the party were unfit for duty by reason of frostbite or injuries received during their laborious autumn work. The roof and walls of the hut gathered frost and ice, as did every article in the wretched place. Their sleeping bags and clothing froze to the ground. They were on a ration declared by the surgeon to be insufficient to sustain life. They cut their wood into pieces not much longer than matches, to insure perfect combustion, and used it only for cooking. Occasionally, one of the intrepid little Eskimo hunters would spread the joyful news that he had killed a seal. When this happened, Greely would issue an extra amount of seal blubber for food, and a quantity to replenish the supply of oil for the primitive stone lamp.

EXCEPT the hunters, the men remained from necessity or choice almost continually in their sleeping bags. So ravenous and irritable did they become that after their first six weeks of confinement within doors they would, in passing a plate of food to a neighbor, mentally weigh it before it left their hands and compare it with the portion which they themselves received. Whereas two years before at least ten cans of soup were considered necessary to begin dinner, now, in their straitened circumstances, a few chunks of hard bread and four cans of soup constituted the entire meal.

The Christmas menu of the party is deserving of mention. For weeks they had saved up their "delicacies" for this occasion, and now their breakfast consisted of thin pea soup, some seal blubber, and a small quantity of preserved potatoes. Later four cans of cloudberry were served. The real dinner, however, consisted of a stew made of seal blubber, preserved potatoes, and bread, and flavored with pickled onions. Then came a sort of rice pudding with raisins, seal blubber, and condensed milk.

The New Year of 1884, arrived, and with it came disaster. Cross, who had developed marked signs of scurvy, was released from his suffering in January. The funeral was a pathetic ceremony. The men dug a shallow grave as best they could in the frozen soil and tenderly laid in it the first victim of starvation, covered with the American flag. A salute was to have been fired, but Greely decided that their scanty supply of ammunition must be conserved.

Their one hope now lay in reaching Littleton Island, where some believed an American relief ship might have laid down stores for them. Greely, however, was not so optimistic. Nevertheless, early in February, Rice and one of the Eskimos, who were stronger than the others, left for Littleton Island. If they did not find food, Rice was to proceed over the ice to Greenland, obtain food and assistance from the Eskimos, and try later to return across Smith Sound with sledges and dogs. These preparations had the effect of keeping up the morale of the expedition, but a day later Rice and his companions returned, reporting open water

(Continued on page 69)



The Perennial
"Abie's Irish Rose"

WHITE
THE cities that have not yet been visited by a road company of Anne Nichols' now famous comedy are growing fewer and fewer. In New York the players have just celebrated the beginning of their fourth year on Broadway, with Harold Shubert playing the part of Abie and Evelyn Nichols as his Irish sweetheart. Criticism of the play seems futile in the face of this unprecedented success—we can only suggest that you see it in order to find out if you are one of the rare people who do not succumb to its spell.—E. R. B.



After an impressive interval Douglas Fairbanks will make a fall presentation of his new picture "Don Q, Son of Zorro" with Mary Astor as his leading lady. The scenario written by Jack Cunningham is very Fairbanksesque, a Spanish tale of love and adventure laid in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century



NICHOLAS MURAY

Margalo Gillmore (above) left New York early this spring for the coast in order to appear in "The Swan" in the rôle created by Eva Le Gallienne. In this play and in "Embers," both of which were produced by the Henry Miller repertoire company, Miss Gillmore's acting was highly praised. There is a possibility that she may appear here in the latter play next season



If you like thrills and gentle satire, "The Gorilla" is calculated to keep you keenly interested throughout its three acts. Ralph Spence has "kidded" the mystery play, piling up a formidable array of disappearances in an amusing and deliberately illogical hodge podge. Frank McCormack and Stephen Maley (right) are as much mystified by the proceedings as the audience



IRA HILL

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



IRA HILL



WHITE

THESE three stage celebrities are likely to turn up in far corners of the country this summer as they are each doing a turn in vaudeville. Ina Claire (circle) has taken on a sketch of Gene Markey's called "Right You Are!" with Geoffrey Kerr as a partner. The beautiful Justine Johnstone (above) who scored a hit in "Polly Preferred" in London, is presenting a comedy by Edwin Burke called "Judy O'Grady." One of the outstanding sensations of the season just past was Lillian Foster's (right) success as Madeline in "Conscience." At the present writing she is in a tabloid version of Owen Davis' play "Peggy, Behave," known to the two-a-day as "After the Honeymoon."



KENDALL EVANS

A Scene
from
"The Poor Nut"

THE versatile Nugent family scores most of the honors for the writing and acting of this genuinely amusing comedy of college life. J. C. and Elliott Nugent sponsor the authorship, while the two pictured here, Elliott and Norma Lee (his wife in private life), act the central rôles. Briefly, it is the story of a brilliant grind whose metamorphosis into a popular athletic hero reaches its climax in the scene of an inter-collegiate relay race as viewed from the official box, which has all the vociferous, wild-eyed excitement of such actual events.—E. R. B.

Three Cheers and Twelve Books for Ardent Americans

By Claire Wallace Flynn

The Declaration of Independence

By Carl Becker

WITH the Fourth of July upon us and its celebration in full swing from one end of the country to another, the dear old "Declaration" is in for a heavy month.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for us to shout its paragraphs from bunting-trimmed stands and to try to drown the town band with its simple yet thundering phrases, it does indeed seem that a little glance into the history of this great American paper on the rights of free-thinking men would be, in a way, both timely and interesting.

When we read this careful study on the political idea that stood behind the Declaration (by Carl Becker, Professor of History in Cornell University) we are not only interested but thrilled.

Here is more than a nation's personal grievance. Here is the general philosophy of human rights and the theory of government for the people; the effect of the Declaration on the Americans themselves, the sentiment and feeling aroused by the Declaration in European countries (France in particular), and the exciting story of its composition by the committee appointed by the Continental Congress in 1776. Of this Committee, Thomas Jefferson, then thirty-two years of age, was made chairman.

And now we come to something that escapes attention in a casual reading of history.

"It is often forgotten that the document which we know as the Declaration of Independence is not the official act by which the Continental Congress voted in favor of separation from Great Britain. June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, on behalf of the Virginia delegation, submitted to the Continental Congress three resolutions, of which the first declared that 'these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.' This resolution, which may conveniently be called the Resolution of Independence, was finally voted by the Continental Congress on the 2nd of July, 1776."

So, strictly speaking, that was the official declaration of independence, and we should, if we wanted to be purists in dates, be holding our celebrations on the Glorious Second instead of on the Fourth.

Our Declaration, then, was not to declare independence, but to proclaim to the world the reasons for declaring it, the formal and political act of passing Richard Henry Lee's resolutions having been accomplished two days before the fully drafted declaration was signed by those great old boys who jeopardized their fortunes and their very lives when they took pen in hand.

The text of Professor Becker's fine book includes chapters on the historical antecedents of the Declaration, and the Natural Rights Philosophy. All over the world people were awakening through, perhaps, the very scourges of their oppressors.

In England John Locke was inquiring into the origin and character of government. In France, Jean Jacques Rousseau was crying "Man is born free and is everywhere in chains." Here in the American Colonies the young pioneer neck did not bow very gracefully to a despotic yoke.

It was in the air, this significant tendency toward a higher allegiance than toward the State—man's own allegiance to his own rights, to toleration instead of persecution, good will instead of hate, peace instead of war. Yet this very seeking toward toleration and peace was, it seemed, a justification of the revolutionary movements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

All this is made most explicit in this excellent book. It links up, through a long chain of interesting thought, to the very act of Jefferson drafting the Declaration and handing it over to Dr. Benjamin Franklin and Mr. John Adams for their corrections.

And, by the way, that original rough draft with the corrections of Franklin and Adams in their own writing may now be seen in the Library of Congress in Washington. Jefferson says that he made a "fair copy" for the Committee, which would be, doubtless, the copy that Congress amended on July Fourth, but this copy seems to have disappeared. Professor Becker thinks it likely was left at Dunlap's printing shop and lost.

That gives us one more quarrel with printers in general and may be the secret reason why printers' devils are so fearlessly independent.

Drums

By James Boyd

A HIGH, clear note in American fiction. A spirited novel of Colonial and Revolutionary times done with much strength and simplicity.

Devoid of most of the improbable yet dashing devices of the usual in so-called historical novels, it holds you by its hardy action and consistent theme.

There is another quality, too, which seems to stand out conspicuously in this Boyd book, and that is its strain of sweetness. Not sentimentality, mind you, but a sort of deep and quiet sweetness such as would inevitably fall upon so fine a story.

This is the record of Johnny Fraser, gently born son of a Highlander who has come over here to make a home in the back country of North Carolina. From the great square log house of his infancy, Johnny's fortunes take him to school in the little coast town of Edenton, then to London, then upon the sea with Captain Paul Jones, then in the ragged American army, where he fights against Tarleton in South Carolina.

It is more than an account of physical adventures, however. It is the story of a man's development from a happy, little moccasined boy on the frontier to a young person, who out of the havoc of war and the general disillusionment of life, finally emerges with love and a new hope.

Johnny isn't the whole book. There's Sir Nat, for instance. Sir Nat, the round-faced, staccato young baronet who, though

a Briton, could not fight against the Colonies because he had once lived there—a free and happy life. Neither could he fight against his own country in their behalf, yet he dies a hero's death in a tavern brawl in Brest when he overhears some French soldiers slandering America.

And then, there is the story of how Paul Jones got his last name.

It is at Mr. Wylie Jones' plantation. It is morning, and Johnny hears Mr. Jones speaking to a departing guest at the door. The stranger is a Mr. Paul, a weather-beaten man who talks of ships and gunners and seamen.

"And now, farewell," Mr. Jones was saying. He held out a long, slim purse, "and accept this, I beg."

"I'll take no money," the other answered roughly, then paused. "Ye've but one thing, sir, that ye can give me." He spoke softly.

"And what is that, pray?"

"Your name."

"Good Gad, sir, you surprise me!"

"In all my life, ye're the first to treat me like a gentleman. Give me your name, sir. I'll not shame it."

"Mr. Jones withdrew the purse and took the stranger's hand. 'I'm complimented, sir—overcome. As to the name, take it, my friend, and welcome. It is not without honor in this country, but I believe that you will confer far more honor on it than it can possibly confer on you.' He put his other hand on the stranger's. 'So good-bye, Mr. Jones!' He laughed to cover his embarrassment and turned away."

In a word, this Department is heart and soul for "Drums." It is a splendid book and I hope you will all read it.

Famous American Statesmen

By Sarah K. Bolton

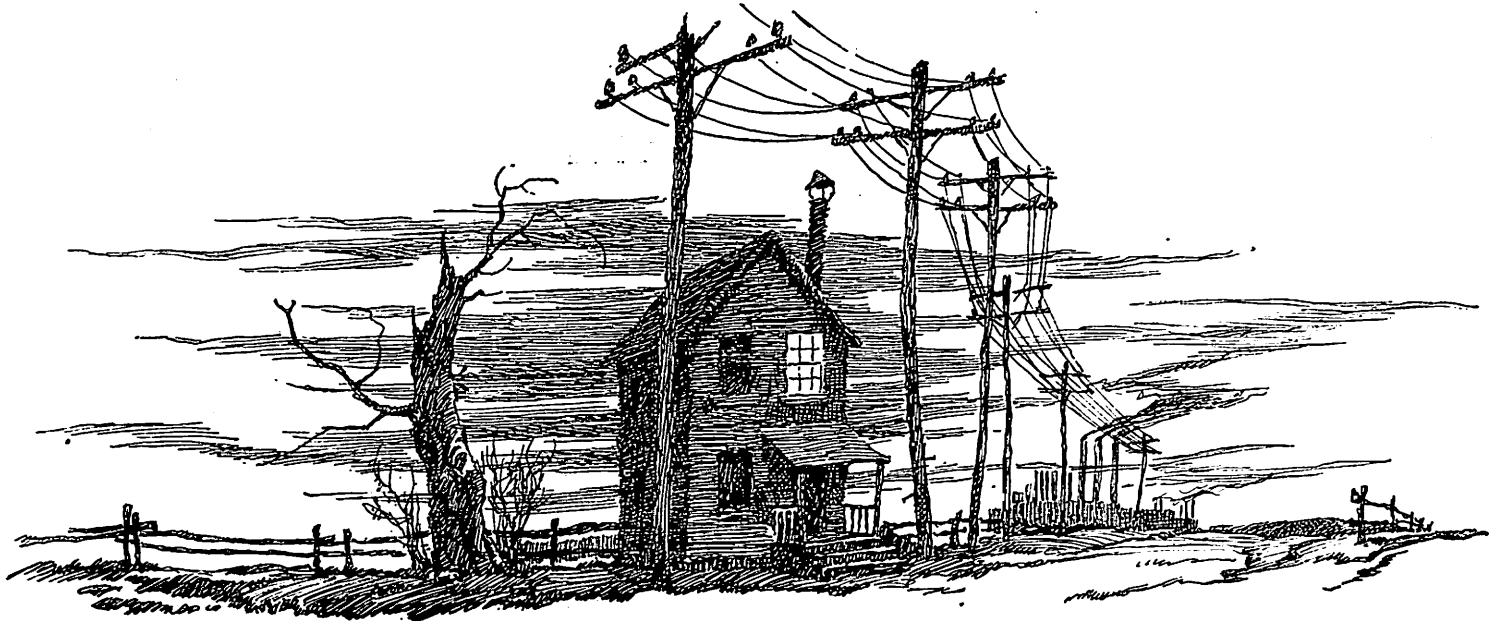
IT IS natural, when opening this revised and enlarged edition of Mrs. Bolton's popular work, to turn first to the pages on Thomas Jefferson. At this writing we are in the midst of a great deal of effort and enthusiasm all directed toward preserving Jefferson's Virginia home, "Monticello," as a patriotic shrine and a place of historic research. It seems to be the open season for Thomas.

Mrs. Bolton's chapter on Jefferson is, I think, the most vibrant and dramatic of all the collection. She could do no less than make it these, perhaps, with the excellent material she had to draw from. And this book, read in connection with the one by Mr. Becker on the "Declaration," has a cumulative value.

The narrative of Thomas Jefferson's political career is made more than history. It is positive romance. Anecdotes are generously given, and the picture of his private life is touching with the glimpses one gets of this wonderful man who at heart was such an idealist and yet who learned, so proudly and sternly, to receive the buffetings of realism.

His two daughters must have been lovely girls. One likes to think of how charming they must have appeared when they were placed in school in Paris while their father

(Continued on page 63)



Kill or Cure

By Joseph Anthony

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

ALEXANDER LUBOMIRSKI, the hawk-faced little Pole who was involved in many ways, not always apparent on the surface, in the public affairs of the city of Harley, walked without knocking into the room at the City Hall set aside for the use of newspapermen, sat down on a typewriter desk, dangling his hands in his coat pockets, and demanded a cigaret. Inwardly all four of us cursed him, for though our day's work on the *Harley Messenger* and the *Banner* respectively was done, all of us were space correspondents for various New York papers, and this was the hour of the afternoon set aside for debating the happenings of the day, and deciding, in collusion, which of them were important enough to warrant re-writes for the big city.

But if any proof were needed of the sureness of Lubomirski's position, it was given when four typewriters stopped clacking, and four packages of cigarets were produced with magic speed. Lubomirski accepted mine because it was the nearest, waited for me to give him a light, and remarked: "Well, boys, I suppose you're getting out an obituary of old Doc Rudiger."

"Yep," said Maxwell of the *Banner*. "Only good for a couple of sticks though. . . . Know anything new?"

A smile of self-satisfaction overspread Lubomirski's thin, gray-fringed lips at the eagerness with which we all hung on the reply to this question. He puffed placidly at his cigaret, leaving the package beside him for future reference. "No—nothing new," he said. "Why must everything be new, always? Is there no time for an old story, if it is a good one?"

I looked sorrowfully at my package of cigarets, which I knew would be gone beyond recall before Lubomirski was through with us, and with foresight salvaged two of them from the total loss. We all of us forgot our work, and the air of the room went blue with smoke as

we resigned ourselves to hearing Lubomirski the story-teller, rather than Lubomirski the tipster.

"It's about Doc Rudiger," said Lubomirski. "Never mind his obituary—that'll keep for half an hour or so. Your New York papers won't be fighting each other for the story. . . . I was wondering whether any of you boys remembered the time when Doc Rudiger used to stutter."

There were mutterings of rebellion. Steve Barthow of the *Messenger* swore feelingly, and demanded: "Is *that* what you came here to bust up our work for?"

But Al Martin, the old-timer among us, was interested. "Shut up, you infant!" he protested. "No, *you* wouldn't remember. You were in swaddling clothes then. But I always *did* wonder about that, somehow. It was about fifteen years ago that Doc Rudiger stopped stuttering, wasn't it, Alex?"

"Nineteen years ago, exactly," replied the lean little Pole, fingering his sparse gray beard in a gesture that was familiar with him when his imagination took him back to earlier days in Harley's history. "—And just five years after he became health commissioner of Harley," he added. "I remember the evening when Doc Rudiger spoke without stuttering time. . . . But, you boys aren't Doc Rudiger's You want *news*?" the word with vast contempt—

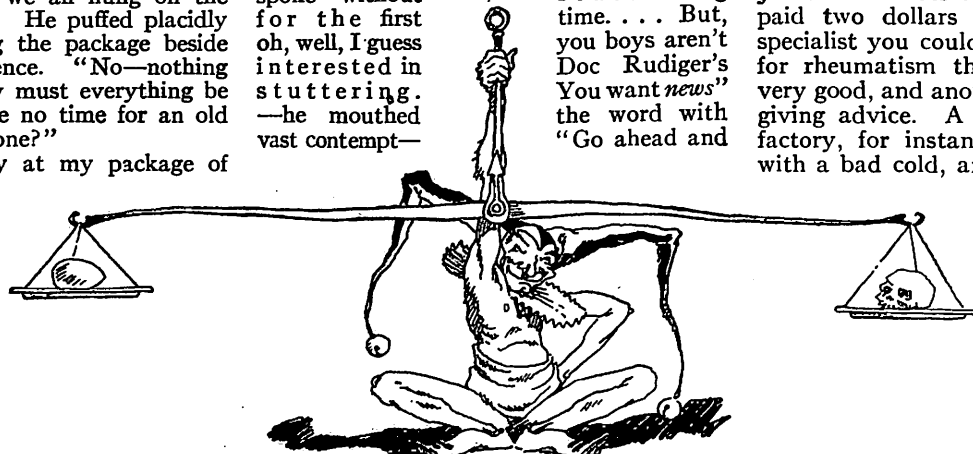
write your obituary. 'Dr. Arthur Rudiger, for twenty-four years health commissioner of the city of Harley, died last night at his home at—'"

"Aw, chop the temperament, Alex, and tell your story," Martin grumbled. "We're listening, all right. Go ahead!"

"—316 Myrtle Avenue," Lubomirski continued with malicious relish, 'after an illness of several weeks. He leaves—' *All* right! Don't lose your temper, Martin—it's bad for you (this as the *Messenger* man lifted a waste-paper basket and prepared to heave it). I'll tell you about Doc Rudiger's stuttering, if you *really* want to hear."

HIS artistic pride satisfied, Lubomirski reflected and continued, scorning undue haste: "Nineteen years ago this November, a man who called himself Joe Gloom—Dr. Joe Gloom—came to live with his daughter 'down canal way,' in the old foreign section of the city, in a little shack that he'd rented 'way out on the meadows—a mighty lonesome spot in those days, before the Bay was cluttered with factories. He was a Czech, a short, square-faced fellow with a stubby black mustache. His real name was Joseph Glomszic, and he was a doctor, all right—but a doctor of philosophy, of the University of Prague, and not of medicine. Just the same, sick people began to come to him—Czechs, and Poles, and Italians, and Jewish folk—lots of 'em who wouldn't have paid two dollars to consult any famous specialist you could name. He had a salve for rheumatism that was supposed to be very good, and another of his specialties was giving advice. A workman in a chemical factory, for instance, would come to him with a bad cold, and go away without any

medicine but with a warning to leave his job and look for one in a lumber camp—and he'd usually do it, too. Whether he was a good doctor or not, Gloom certainly believed in himself—and by and by 'down canal way' came to believe in





When I jumped up to make a dash for the door, he was standing in front of it, with one hand on his hip pocket

him, just as much as he did. And it would have been hard to prove that he did anybody any harm.

"After a while, Doc Rudiger, as health commissioner, heard what was going on, and sent a letter to Gloom suggesting that he show up at the Doc's office and produce his medical certificate. Joe Gloom showed me the letter—anybody down canal way who's in trouble usually comes to me for advice sooner or later," Lubomirski added proudly—"and asked me what was to be done about it. I spoke to the Doc, and explained to him that Gloom never *called* himself a medical doctor, and so wasn't breaking any laws. But it was no use arguing with Rudiger. He told me that Gloom would have to show a medical certificate, or go away from Harley while the going was good.

"Gloom didn't go either. He just sort of wrinkled his forehead a little when I gave him the message, and walked off in a puzzled way. The next day I happened to be in the health office on a little matter of city business, when I walked Joe Gloom's daughter.

Well, I've told you that Doc Rudiger used to stutter. When he saw that girl, he didn't stutter—he just couldn't talk at all for a while, or do anything else but keep his eyes on her in a foolish sort of way. She was taller than her father, and slim; her face had that square Czech outline, but it was delicate, and so sensitive that you could hardly tell whether she was smiling or sad. You couldn't help noticing the proud way she stood, and her big brown eyes, that sort of asked you when you looked at them whether you were going to be a friend or an enemy. She began talking very quickly, as though she were afraid her courage'd give out before she could finish—told the Doc that her father wasn't doing any harm, and never gave advice about things that he didn't absolutely know about, and that he didn't *call* himself a doctor of medicine, anyway.

"I THINK if Doc Rudiger hadn't already written his letter he might have let the matter drop, after hearing her talk—they weren't so strict about those things in the

old days as they are now. But he was always very stubborn, and he seemed to feel a kind of challenge in the way she talked. Anyway, when he got his tongue at last, he said:

"It's n-n-no use, M-M-Miss G-G-G-Gloom'—he was stuttering worse than ever, and I could see that the idea of his stuttering was making him angry with himself, and all the more stubborn.—Your f-f-father is b-b-breaking the law, and he'll have to s-s-s-stop."

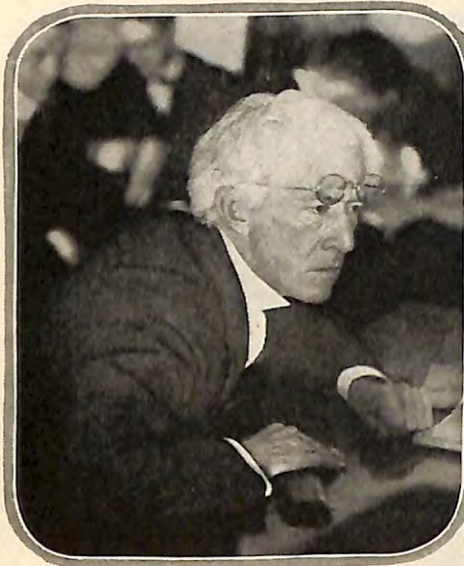
"But I tell you he is *not* breaking the law!" she said. "Is it *his* fault if people call him 'Doctor'?" The first thing he tells them is that he is not a regular doctor."

"But he tells them he is b-b-b-better than a r-regular doctor, d-doesn't he?"

"And so he is! *You're* a regular doctor, and yet you can't cure yourself of stuttering. But *he* could cure you!" she told him.

"I was afraid it was all up then. If there was anything in the world that Doc Rudiger was sensitive about, it was his

(Continued on page 54)



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Landis

By W. O. McGeehan

AN UMPIRE'S lot is not a happy one, according to the paraphrase. Yet the umpire of all umpires in baseball is perhaps the most happily situated gentleman in the land. This is Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, umpire for magnates and players alike, whose decrees are final and irrevocable.

He is sole arbiter and court of last resort over close to \$100,000,000 worth of property, over all of the magnates and all of the players of Organized Baseball. While the property values are impressive the Judge is custodian of something else that is beyond price, the integrity and the future of the National Game.

His control is more absolute than that of Mr. Will Hays over the motion-picture industry. The owners of the sixteen big-league baseball clubs signed an agreement by which all questions must go to the High Commissioner—the title fastened upon Kenesaw Mountain Landis—for final decision. Also the magnates pledged themselves to abide by the decisions of their supreme arbiter.

Before the ascension of the Judge the magnates engaged in some bitter disputes. This was natural enough. There were rivalries among magnates as bitter as those between baseball teams in the field. This was all for the best. If there were no rivalry between baseball clubs there would be no pennant races worth watching. If the club owners did not have their dissensions there would be no feeling of rivalry among the players and the fans of the different cities.

While the rivalry among the magnates decidedly was all for the best there had to be an umpire when the conflicting interests came to an impasse. The notion of a National Commission did very well in the old days, but as the business of baseball grew, and the conflict among the interests in it became intensified, it became quite apparent that there would have to be some other form of control.

The game itself furnished the solution for the magnates. They needed an umpire, whose decisions would be just as final as



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

those of the umpire in the most obscure baseball game.

The need for this was brought home most forcibly by the revelations of the scandal in the world series of 1919. It was brought out that a world series had been manipulated by a gambling ring and that baseball players had conspired for a price to throw baseball games.

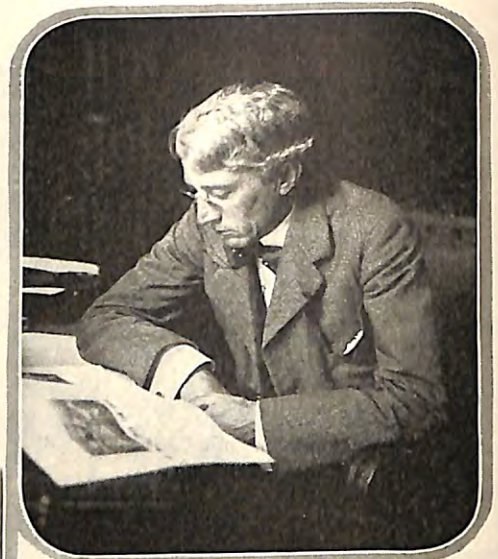
It had been years since baseball had a scandal. Baseball fans were boasting that baseball was the one absolutely honest professional sport. They might do things around a race track and certain prize-fighters were no better than they should be, but baseball was pure and incorruptible.

When all of the sordid details of the corruption of the White Sox were laid bare there was a storm of indignation sweeping the country. I was in a position to get some of the reaction to this blow. I saw hundreds of letters from baseball fans asserting that they were through with professional baseball forever.

Magnates with their fortunes tied up in expensive baseball plants and valuable franchises naturally were somewhat more than concerned. They were panicky. If you could put a money value on baseball, it dropped in value more than 50 per cent. All the work of the great builders of the sporting business, from Abner Doubleday down, seemed on the verge of being destroyed. The situation demanded an umpire and one whose personality would appeal to the popular imagination.

Mr. Will Rogers gives one version as to how Kenesaw Mountain Landis was found. Mr. Rogers says, "The magnates were tearing their hair and demanding, 'Who can we get?' Nobody had the least idea until finally Charles A. Comisky spoke up and said, 'There is an old guy who sits behind third base at the White Sox Park who might do.' The old guy was Judge Landis."

The appointment of Judge Landis to his job of super-umpire was not quite as casual as this. It is a fact that he frequently sat behind third base at the White Sox Park,



PAUL THOMPSON

The Super-Umpire of Baseball

a striking and colorful personality. He always was an intense but silent roofer. That may sound a bit paradoxical. What I mean is that while Judge Landis never rose up and shouted, "Attaboy" or anything of the sort, every nerve in his frame was responding to the ball game.

The Judge was a fan and a keen student of the game. He learned something about the organization of the clubs in his capacity as Federal Judge. The independent organization known as the Federal League had filed suit in the United States Court alleging that Organized Baseball was a combination in restraint of trade and in violation of the Sherman Act. This case was argued in the court of Judge Landis. He learned something of magnates, and the magnates in turn learned something of Judge Landis.

As a Federal Judge, Kenesaw Mountain Landis attained no little fame when he fined the Standard Oil Company \$29,000,000. The fine did not stand when the case was taken higher, nevertheless and notwithstanding the Judge fined the Standard Oil Company \$29,000,000.

THEN there was the matter of a young defaulter who was haled before the Judge. The culprit admitted the defalcation, but pleaded that while he held a position where he had to handle hundreds of thousands of dollars, he was not paid enough to live on. In a manner considered by some most unjudicial Judge Landis suspended sentence on the young defaulter and gave his employers a severe verbal castigation. When Judge Landis becomes acrimonious he can be very acrimonious indeed.

Federal Judges, as a rule are not much talked about, but Judge Landis was. This was due more to his personality than to the cases that came before him. I would not characterize his appearance as particularly eccentric, but he is a figure that stands out in any crowd. This is not always convenient to the High Commissioner, as will appear hereafter.

With the necessity of making some ges-

ture that would appease the wrathful fans, somewhat hysterical because it was found that baseball could in some instances be as crooked as any professional sport, and at the same time to end the factions among the magnates, they sent for Judge Landis.

The Judge knew the game and he knew the magnates. He was not going to act as umpire unless there was a guarantee that his rulings would be final. The magnates finally drafted an agreement in which they pledged themselves to support their umpire in all of his decisions. The umpire over all baseball was not to be "razzed" as are the lesser umpires.

As a Federal Judge the salary of Kenesaw Mountain Landis was \$7,500. His salary as High Commissioner was to be \$42,500. In the event that he left the Federal bench his salary from Organized Baseball was to be \$50,000. This gave him just \$2,000 a year less than is paid to Babe Ruth by the owner of the New York Yankees. When Organized Baseball needed a Solomon, it was willing to pay a fancy price. At that it is not any too high a salary when you consider that the Judge is director of a business valued loosely at \$100,000,000 and at the same time the custodian of the morale of the National Pastime.

The depression felt by the magnates and by the fans over the White Sox scandal did not last for any length of time. Mr. Babe Ruth began to "bust them." He busted them against the far-flung horizons. Instead of a falling off at the gates there was an immediate increase in attendance at every professional baseball park. Baseball had been sick, but it suddenly became exceedingly healthy again. Judge Landis had entered upon his new duties at what is sometimes called the psychological moment. Ruth was creating a new interest in the National Pastime even as the rise of the Boston Strong Boy made prize-fighting for a time a topic for discussion in any society.

The magnates were happy, the players were happy and the customers were happy. Indignant fans who had written that they were "off baseball for life," rushed to the parks "just to see Ruth bust one." Business picked up, and box-office records as well as home-run records were being broken. It was most gratifying to the owners of baseball clubs.

Naturally the figure of Ruth overshadowed the figure of the Judge, the new "Czar" of the game. This did not excite any envy on the part of the Judge. He knows that no umpire ever was as popular as a player. He watched the baseball proceedings with judicial calm, or as much judicial calm as a man who is a fan at heart could assume.

The first test of the High Commissioner came through Babe Ruth. Being a very natural and unaffected person, Mr. Ruth had a full conception of his greatness. At the end of the season Mr. Ruth, finding it almost impossible to live on the pittance of \$50,000 a year, even when this sum was augmented by the proceeds from his literary and advertising work, decided to collect himself a baseball club at the end of the regular season and to go barnstorming with it.

NOW there happened to be a rule against this sort of thing. It was made before Judge Landis took office. The new High Commissioner did not think it was a just law. He had not approved of it, but it was the law, and Landis in baseball remained a Judge with some firm notions about upholding the law.

Ruth was advised to consult with Judge Landis, to seek him out at his headquarters. But Ruth took the position of Mohamet. He wanted the Kenesaw Mountain to come to him. He would not go to the Kenesaw Mountain. Naturally the Kenesaw Mountain would not budge.

Whereupon Ruth, to the consternation of his owners, started on his barnstorming. He had not gone very far when he discovered that the trip was not going to be as lucrative as he had expected. In the meantime his owners were calling him back. Ruth quit the barnstorming trip, but he had disobeyed the law of baseball and he had flouted the new supreme court of the game. He had, in effect, razzed the new super-umpire.

In the meantime the gray mane of the High Commissioner was bristling. Angry flashes came from his keen eyes. "No man is bigger than baseball," said the High Commissioner. "I will show this Ruth that he can not flout all authority."

The fans wondered. Ruth was the greatest box-office attraction the game had ever known. His presence was stimulating box-office receipts everywhere. If Ruth were

merely fined it would mean that the new High Commissioner recognized the exigencies of the gate receipts. The Judge himself was on trial.

Ruth threw himself upon the mercy of the court and submitted to the decision by the super-umpire. The sentence of the court was that Babe Ruth be suspended for a period of a month and a half. The owners of the Yankees said, in effect, "But this is going to hurt Babe Ruth more than us."

The High Commissioner merely shook an eloquent forefinger. Kenesaw Mountain Landis shakes a very wicked forefinger indeed. It was the sentence of the court and there was no appeal. There would be no remission of sentence. The skeptical fans waited a while, then, after they were convinced, they too asked for commutation of sentence. The time out was a bar to the chances of Ruth breaking his own home-run record and the fans wanted to see Ruth break his record. But the Mountain of Baseball remained fixed and adamant. Ruth served out his sentence of enforced rest.

The Babe, once flushed with pride in himself, became a penitent. He never felt bitter at the Judge either. When he met him shortly after the sentence had been imposed the Babe extended the fist with the olive branch in it. "The Judge is a grand old guy," he said magnanimously. "He was right and I was wrong." So that was that. The super-umpire had demonstrated to the world that he would not be razzed even by the greatest of the players. There would be no contempt of his baseball court. There has been no similar offense since.

AFTER this spectacular establishment of his authority the business of supreme umpiring became merely a pleasant routine for the High Commissioner. The Judge was flitting from game to game and from baseball ceremony to baseball ceremony.

Then came the memorable world series at the Polo Grounds where Umpire Hildebrand called a game on account of darkness when there was no darkness visible to the naked or the spectacled eye. There was a roar of baffled rage in the stands.

It looked like what some of the sport writers like to call "sordid commercialism." Obviously, "the customers decided," the

(Continued on page 49)



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

PAUL THOMPSON

PAUL THOMPSON

The photographs on this and the opposite page bear witness to the truth of Mr. McGeehan's statement that Judge Landis has a personality that stands out in any crowd. Here you see him snapped in various moods

The Doomed Man, Suddenly Athirst for Life, Plunges
Desperately Into a Plan to Save Himself

The Iron Chalice

CHAPTER XIX

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Donald Teague

BEVERLY sang as she worked: it was Ellen's afternoon off and there were a multitude of little domestic duties which she had been putting off for just this occasion. She wanted the solitude—the chance to revel alone in this little home which in the past three months had become so dear to her.

Outside the snow was falling lightly, covering the city with a white mantle. The windows of the tiny apartment were covered with the soft, feathery flakes—setting off to best advantage the Christmas wreaths which Beverly had placed in anticipation of the holiday season the week following.

Three months of the allotted thirteen had already gone, but somehow Beverly was not thinking of that. Nor did she dwell upon the ten months which were left to Alan . . . there were times when she could not help thinking of it, but it was her constant effort to keep her thoughts elsewhere. It seemed that if she thought too much about that she would go mad . . . and so she gave herself over to the happiness of the moment.

She and Alan scarcely ever touched upon the tragedy which surrounded them: there was a wordless understanding that it would not be mentioned . . . and now they had thrown themselves into a celebration of the Christmas season with an enthusiasm amounting almost to abandon.

Their delight was pitiful for the very agony which it cloaked. Alan had been acting like the young and irresponsible husband: several times recently he had staggered into the apartment loaded down with packages which he had hidden with meticulous care in various closets and on little-used shelves. Presents for Beverly, of course—and of his own selection; and gifts for Johnny and Ellen and the grimly faithful Squint; and he confided to Beverly that he had bought for Mae Deshler a Japanese shawl and entrusted her with the mission of seeing that Johnny did not duplicate.

And so Beverly shut out of her mind all thought of the next Yuletide . . . and went about her domestic duties with a heart which, at least temporarily, was light. She delighted to do things herself—and to absorb the enthusiastic praises of husband and brother which invariably came as the result of her unaided efforts.

She was happy too, at the manifestations of genuine affection between the two men whom she held most dear in the world. Alan was doing much for John: his gentle personality was softening a streak of granite in the lad, smoothing the rough edges of the boy's character. Save only for the Terror . . .

The doorbell rang—three times. Beverly straightened. The smile disappeared from her lips. A premonition came to her . . . and she threw it aside with a physical effort as she went to answer the summons.

She opened the door. Instantly it was flung wide and a man entered. A startled light appeared in the girl's eyes and instinctively her hands flew to her breast.

"Nick!"

A mocking smile appeared on the lips of her visitor.

"Mister Nick Webb—at your service." Then, derisively: "And how is Mrs. Beckwith today?"

She was cold all over. The cruel, grossly handsome face; the powerful figure; the cheap, tawdry clothes. She controlled her voice with an effort.

"What do you want?"

"Want? Oh! nothing much. I've come to pay a visit. Won't you invite me in?"

"No."

"Dear me!" His thick lips curled back in amusement. "What a shame—because I'm coming in anyway. Surely, this ain't no way to treat your brother's side-kick."

"You can't stay here. My husband is out—"

"Sure. That's why I came at this time. When the cat's away . . ."

"If you don't go, Nick, I shall call the janitor."

"You won't do any such damn thing. Now get this, sweetie: I've come to call on you—decent and respectable. If you're going to treat me that way, all right. If you ain't . . ."

HE SHOVED by her and into the living-room where he threw himself down in her chair under the reading lamp. He cast insolent, appraising eyes about the room. "Hmph! Swell little love-nest ol' North Wind has fixed up for you. Don't know but what I'd cheerfully swap places with Mister What's-His-Name and call it a fair deal. Mm-hmm! a year with you in a dump like this and I wouldn't care what happened to me—I'd have seen everything and done everything. Yep . . . Mister Beckwith is in soft, that's what he is."

She was standing by the table, staring with ill-concealed loathing at the flashy, brutal figure of her brother's partner in

liquor-running. Webb waved his hand airily.

"Sit down, Sister; make yourself at home. We ain't liable to be interrupted for awhile, and I yearn to chat with you. Tell me, how's tricks?"

Still she did not answer.

"Pretty as ever. No, by God! prettier. Married life agrees with you. How about slippin' us a little kiss?"

Her lips curled and she took a step backwards.

"Law . . . ain't we the decent one? Now listen—" he rose and took a step toward her: "What's one little kiss? Friend husband'll never miss it."

"If you touch me—"

"What?" He leered at her. "I guess you ain't got this situation sized up right, Sister. I guess you don't exactly remember where I stand. Please don't disremember that I'm driving a rum-runner with little brother these days—and I've got another job, too. I'm his guarddeen; I pack a gat, see—" he disclosed an ominous bulge in his hip pocket, "and I've got orders to use it on little Johnny if he tries any funny stuff. Get that? Sure you do—now add this to what you know: I'm strong for little Johnny's sister—same being you. And I ask you—if you don't come across decent like—what's to prevent me the next time we go out on a trip from discovering little brother trying to make a getaway and busting down on him? See? Now how about it—Missis Beckwith?"

There was nothing she could say: apparently nothing she could do. It was the net again . . . enmeshing her beyond all hope . . .

"You—you wouldn't dare!"

"No? Well, that's for you to find out. Now, come on like a good kid. It ain't much I'm asking: what's one kiss out of all you got in your system? Hubby'll never know it's gone . . . and what he don't know ain't goin' to cause him a bit of sadness."

He swaggered close to her. She stood rigid with disgust. His hand went out and closed upon the soft white flesh of her arm. He bent his head toward her.

A door slammed. The tall, slender figure of Alan Beckwith appeared in the doorway. His eyes widened as he gazed at the tableau, and his voice—chill with fury—came to their ears.

"What is this?"

Nick Webb was not a coward. Retaining his grasp of Beverly's arm he turned mockingly toward the door.

"Well, look who's here. Ain't you going to introduce me to hubby, Beverly?"

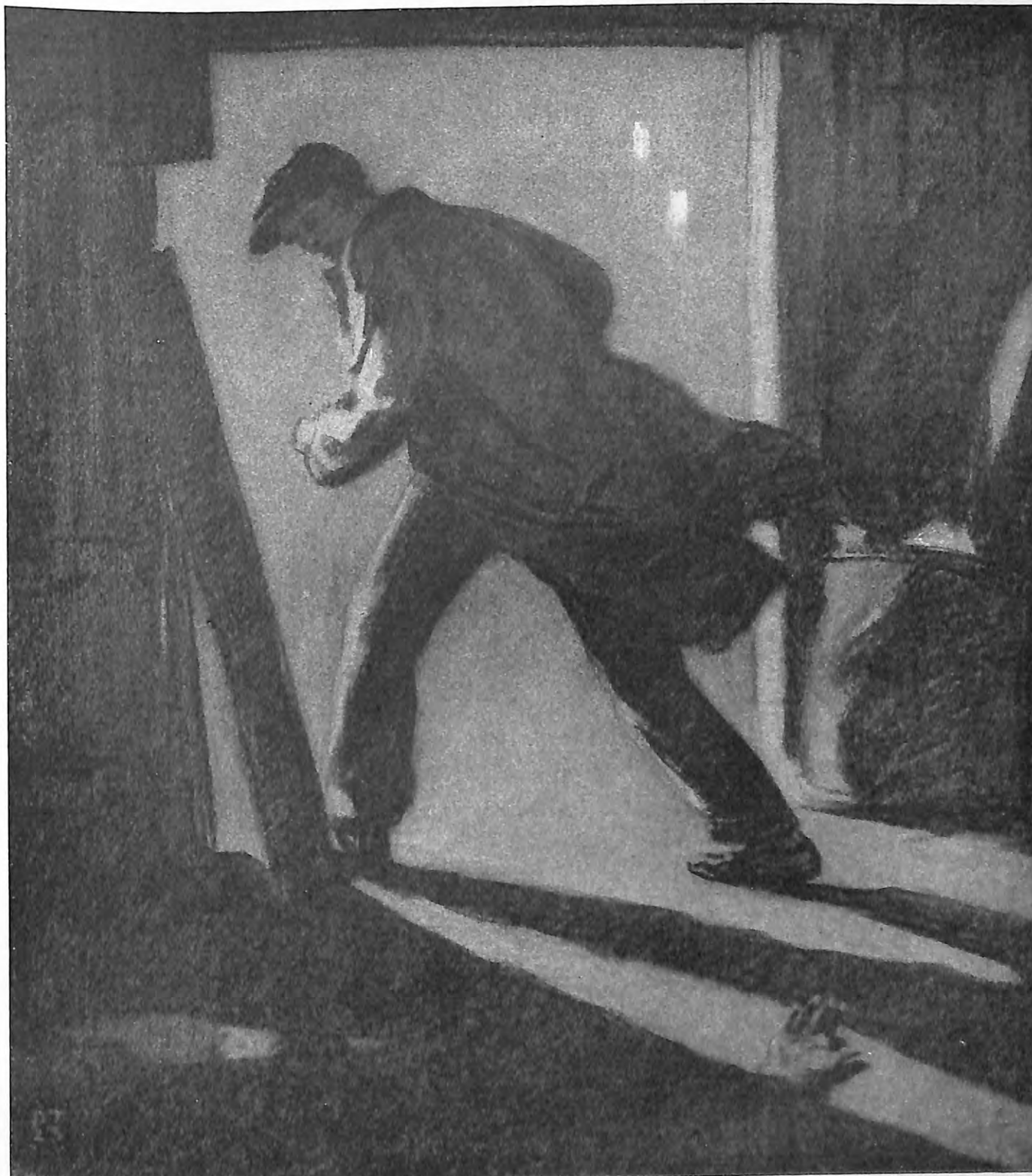
FEAR struck the girl's heart. She knew the quality of her visitor, remembered the gun in his pocket.

"Who is this man?"

The question came from Alan, and it came in a voice which amazed her. There was a steely, unyielding quality to it . . . Heretofore she had looked upon Alan as a man of infinite gentleness; a person buffeted by an unkind fate . . . and lacking those intensely masculine qualities which are the natural heritage of man.

Now, however, this gentleness was gone:





there was a cold menace in his attitude—a light of outraged fury in his eyes.

She thrilled to it—thrilled and feared. What could Alan accomplish against this burly, brutal person? What would he try to do? Every nerve in her body was leaping and crawling: pride, fear, love, hate . . . emotion crowded emotion. But pride was predominant.

"This is Nick Webb," she found herself saying. "He is John's partner: they handle the car together. He is also employed by Andrew North to see that John does not try to escape. He has been trying to force himself on me: this isn't the first time . . . the condition has existed ever since North assigned him to watch John. He threatens to kill John if I resist: he carries a gun. You must be careful what you do—"

Again Alan's new tone: hard, implacable.

"I was with Al Conroy one day," Beverly told Alan "and the next he was dead: murdered by orders of Andrew North"

"To hell with careful!" He advanced a step toward Webb. "Remove your hand."

In spite of himself the man was impressed. He was not physically afraid—Nick Webb had faced death more times than one, and had faced it calmly. But always with his own kind. Here was a type of man of which he knew nothing—a gentleman. Never before had he seen the sort of fire which blazed from Alan's eyes . . . scarcely knowing that he did so, he released Beverly.

"Now get out of this apartment!"

Instinctively Nick started to obey. Then he caught himself—

"You go to hell!" he growled.

"Get out!"

"Make me!"

Alan did not hesitate. He took a single step to the tiny fireplace—the fireplace which was useful only as a decoration. His long fingers reached out and closed about the brass-handled poker. Jaw set, eyes level, he turned once again toward the unwelcome visitor.

There was no hint of indecision in his manner. Nick's hand went back to his pocket. Beverly screamed—

"Look out: the gun!"

The poker swished through the air. Even as the blue automatic appeared, the poker cracked against the hand which held it. The gun clattered to the floor, and Webb, cursing vilely, clapped his left hand over the shattered wrist.

It had all happened swiftly, inexorably. Alan's expression had not changed: he had

acted as surely, as matter-of-factly, as though scenes like this were an every-day occurrence. Nor did he raise his voice.

"Get out!"

"You dirty, long-legged louse . . ."

"Not one more word from you."

Nick Webb slouched toward the door. There he turned, his face contorted by the agony of his broken wrist.

"You got me that time, Beckwith. But by God! No man has ever done me that way and lived to boast about it."

Alan did not move until after the front door had slammed behind the figure of Johnny's partner.

CHAPTER XX.

FOR a few seconds thereafter Alan stood motionless. Then reaction set in. His knees felt weak and he sat down quite abruptly on the nearest chair. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and he laughed in a short, nervous fashion.

As for Beverly, she was staring as though at an apparition. She was too surprised immediately to say anything or to collect her thoughts, but her paramount emotion was of amazement—tinged with delight and pride.

It was a new Alan who had appeared to her in this crisis: an Alan who was not at all the man who had contemplated suicide and who had allowed himself to be flung around willy-nilly in a current of adverse circumstance, with never a fight in his own behalf. He had proved himself a man and he had done it all so quietly and unobtrusively—and so effectively—that she as yet was unable to believe it was the same man whose roof she had shared for three months.

He mopped his forehead and laughed weakly—

"Beverly," he said, "I'm scared to death."

It was a naive, boyish admission. Suddenly Beverly sat down and for the first time in their acquaintance Alan saw her in tears.

For a few moments he stared, scarce knowing what to make of it. Her slender body was wracked with sobs but when she looked at him she was smiling through her tears. Like a great helpless baby he walked over to her and rested a hand on her shoulder—

"I say, Beverly—don't carry on that way. It's all over . . . There isn't any sense to it. . . ."

She took his hand in hers and clung to it with a power which surprised him.

"It's all over, Beverly. There's nothing to cry about."

"I know it—but I can't help. . . ."

"He wouldn't have hurt me; really."

"He would. He's a bad man, Nick Webb. But that isn't why I'm crying, Alan. It's nerves, perhaps—and it is happiness, too."

"Because—because nothing happened—to me?"

"Yes . . . and because something happened to Nick; because you acted as you did. Can't you see, Alan—I'm crying with happiness because you've proved yourself a man. Oh! it doesn't make me love you any more, perhaps, but it does make me proud of you . . . and I never was very proud of you before. A woman couldn't be proud of a man who was letting himself be

kicked around. Now there seems to be some hope."

He shook his head in bewilderment.

"I'm afraid I don't understand, dear. I suppose I'm dense—"

"You are. No man ever understands the woman who loves him."

He bent over her and touched his lips lightly to the soft tendrils of chestnut hair.

"I don't see that anything much has happened—anything to change conditions."

"But it has, Alan. You've shown me a vein of steel which I never suspected. There's always a chance for a man who has the will and the power to fight. There *must* be! I'm hysterical and happy and proud. . . ."

She went into her room and a few moments Johnny Ames entered. He, too, was loaded down with Christmas packages—and his face was alight with glad tidings.

"Alan! I've done it!"

"What, Johnny?"

"Convinced Mae. She says she'll come to Christmas eve supper. You know, the kid's crazy as a loon—the way she's been crawl-fishing for the last few weeks. So I just backed her into a corner and put it straight, and she says she'll probably make a mess of things but she reckons if she's ever going to marry into the family she might as well let 'em see what a bum she is. Great kid, Mae—no fancy stuff but a head like Edison."

"I'm glad she's coming, Johnny. I like Mae and I'm sure Beverly will."

"Gosh! I ain't worrying about Beverly liking her. Bev's always been able to see below the surface—and there's where Mae assays one thousand percent." The bedroom door swung back and Beverly came into the room. Her eyes were still red. . . . Johnny looked at her in surprise and then for the first time he noticed the gun which lay on the floor near the fireplace. "Sweet Christmas! What's that?"

Alan bent his elongated figure, picked up the automatic and laid it on the table.

"Nothing."

"Huh? Say—when did you start packing a gat?"

Alan flushed and said nothing. It was Beverly who explained.

"Nick Webb was here, John. He tried to— to kiss me. That is his gun."

"Nick?" Johnny shook his head. "I don't get it a little bit. Where's he?"

"Gone. Alan sent him out."

"Sure . . . sure . . . but how did he happen to leave the fire-spitter?"

"Alan knocked it out of his hand—"



Alan joined a Y. M. C. A. and took up again a sport of his youth—handball

"Aw g'wan. . . ."

"—With a poker. I think he broke Nick's wrist."

Johnny leaned weakly against the table "I hear words, but they don't mean anything. You mean Nick Webb pulled a gun on Alan and Alan did him up with a poker?"

"Yes."

The lad's eyes: wide and staring, turned on the abashed figure of his brother-in-law. "Great slimy snakes! Nick Webb. Why, Sis, it ain't possible. I'm crazy—or you are. How did it happen?"

She sketched the details: her voice a-thrill with pride. At the conclusion of her story Johnny shook his head in amazement.

"I got to believe it—but I can't." Then his face grew serious. "Listen, folks—I don't like to sling rotten news, but this ain't the end."

"What do you mean?"

"Nick's bad. That's why North wished him onto me. He's mean as poison, and when he threatens to get somebody, he means to get him. I'm worried."

Alan warned Johnny with his eyes. "Nick isn't going to bother me."

"Maybe not. I guess you can get a lot of comfort kidding yourself that way, but it ain't reasonable. I know the man—and I'm afraid of him myself. I still don't figure the thing. . . . With a poker!"

BEVERLY had been thinking. "North will hear of this, won't he?"

"How?"

"Nick will have to explain his wrist. He can't run liquor in that condition."

"Explanations come easy to a genius like Nick. He'd never tell that a guy like Alan busted him with a poker when he had a gat. Good Lord . . . he wouldn't have that known for a million. It'd ruin him."

"But suppose," persisted Beverly, "that Andrew North knew Nick was threatening to kill Alan? Suppose, in other words, that he had reason to believe Nick would do it and so probably interfere with the smooth working of his plan to collect on Alan's life insurance? What would North do then?"

Johnny was thoughtful. "Just pass the word, I guess."

"What do you mean?"

"Slip the dope to Nick that if anything happened to Alan before the right time he'd better travel fast, far and frequent."

"And Nick would obey?"

Johnny laughed harshly—

"Everybody obeys Andrew North!"

"Well, I'm against it." Alan broke into the discussion, his voice curt and incisive. "I may be foolish—but I don't at all fancy the idea of running to North for protection."

"But Alan. . . ."

"Beverly! Please! I'm rather insistent about this. Promise me that you will not go to North with this story."

She bowed her head before this new dominating manner.

"If you insist, Alan."

"And you promise, Johnny?"

"Yeh! But if I didn't have any more brains than you—"

"That's settled then. And now suppose we fix supper."

All through the meal Beverly regarded the cameo face of her husband through new eyes. Frightened as she was, she yet was glad of the



"My position is this: It does not matter to me whether you live or die. By the end of October I intend to have in my hands the sum of one hundred thousand as the result of this transaction"

evening's episode. Through her heart there ran the melody—"He's a man . . . a man . . ."

Nor was her brain idle. She was afraid of Nick Webb and she knew that miracles do not repeat. She knew, too, that while Nick was not lacking in courage—Alan would not be given an open chance the next time. She was thinking.

Later that night, after Johnny had gone to see Mae Deshler, Alan and Beverly went for a walk. She seemed lost in the warm fur coat which shrouded her tiny figure but she kept pace with his free, swinging stride.

They made their way to the lake front: the bitter wind of early winter lashed the usually placid waters into a chill and white-capped fury, but neither of them minded. They breathed deeply of the cold air and finally her hand found his and snuggled into it. He smiled and put his own hand, with its precious burden, into the pocket of his overcoat.

Beverly knew that he did not want to discuss again the affair with Nick Webb and so she did not broach the subject; but a new element had entered into their relationship and she made no effort to conceal it from him. Eventually she broke the gossamer silence:

"Alan?"

"Yes dear."

"I've begun to hope."

He looked down at her; at the tiny oval face peeping up at him from the gray squirrel collar—

"For what, Beverly?"

"Us."

"Is that wise, dear?" he questioned gravely.

"Why isn't it? Is it any more wise to bow to the inevitable? Doesn't that merely make it more inevitable? What happened—this afternoon—has made me see things differently; it has made me see you in a new

light, for one thing. You're not flotsam, floating helplessly with the current: you can swim against it if you will."

"Yes—provided the current isn't too strong."

"No current is too strong . . . Oh, Alan! it isn't conceivable that our love must die before it has had its chance to mature. Life just doesn't run that way—and you mustn't let yourself believe that it does."

He pressed her hand as it lay warm within his in the depths of his overcoat pocket.

"I can't think of the future, Beverly. Not tonight. I can only think of the present and of us and of our love for one another. I can only know that we are together and that every minute is more wonderful than the last. I can only tell myself that no matter what the future holds—the present is perfect."

HE HEARD the sigh which escaped her lips, heard it above the roaring of wind-lashed waters, above the shriek of the gale through barren trees. Tragedy seemed far removed from them at the moment; far distant from these two healthy young persons who faced the first biting blasts of winter with heads thrown back and hearts unchilled.

They swung away from the lake and walked swiftly through a section of bungalows and apartment houses; homey places with darkened windows.

"It's only the present that counts, Beverly," he said at length.

She shook her head slowly—"Not entirely, Alan. Tomorrow the present will be past. It is the future we must face—so that when it becomes the present, we will be glad."

The following morning she went to Ellen.

Clearly, concisely and without adornment, she told the story of the clash between her husband and Nick Webb. The buxom Ellen was even more amazed than Johnny had been—and she, too, shook her head.

"I wouldn't like to be in Mr. Alan's shoes."
"You think Nick will carry out his threat?"

"Nick's a killer."
"But he wouldn't dare—if Mr. North gave orders against it, would he?"

"No—o, I don't suppose he would."
Beverly laid her hand on Ellen's arm. "I know why you're here, Ellen: we both understand. But aside from your sense of duty to North you're fond of Mr. Beckwith and me, aren't you?"

"I'm crazy about the pair of ye, Miss Beverly; that I am."

"Then do something for me: carry word of this affair to Mr. North and see that he sends out orders that his preserves are not to be poached upon."

"Hmm!" Ellen hesitated, then smiled broadly. "I'll tell Squint and get him to pass the dope along to Mr. North. And unless I'm all wrong, Mr. North will notify Nick Webb that he'd better leave Mr. Beckwith be."

Impulsively Beverly flung her arms about the astonished cook and kissed her.

"Ellen!" she said—"You're a perfect dear."

CHAPTER XXI

CHRISTMAS Eve! The little apartment was ablaze with light. Holly wreaths were in the windows and mistletoe hung beneath the ceiling light fixtures. In the corner of the living room was a tiny Christmas tree loaded down with ridiculous gifts selected by Alan.

In the kitchen three people bustled about. There was Beverly, eyes shining at the imminence of her festival dinner party; there was Ellen, fearful lest the turkey should be a bit overdone or the dressing not seasoned to the ultimate touch of perfection. And last of all there was an eager and plaintive little man who struggled to help and succeeded only in arousing the vociferous ire of his huge wife.

Squint Scoggins was strictly in the way. "Move, will ye, Squint. Honest to Gawd! you're always under foot. What's ye want to come here for, anyway?"

"Mr. Beckwith said I could, Ellen. He invited me his very own self. And I'm willin' to help—"

"Help, is it? A fine help you are, you poor little shrimp. You couldn't help yourself to a peanut from the stand of a blind wop; that you couldn't. Out of my way."

Beverly was smiling broadly. She summoned Alan to the kitchen.

"Look!" she whispered, "Isn't it immense? He's frightened to death of her."

Alan grinned a greeting at his shadower. "Merry Christmas to you, Squint."

"Same to you, Mr. Beckwith. Say, listen—didn't you invite me here tonight?"

"I most assuredly did."

"You see, Ellen—"

"Bad cess to you. What do you know about Christmas parties? Everywhere I turn you're there . . . like cold weather. Move on with ye. . ."

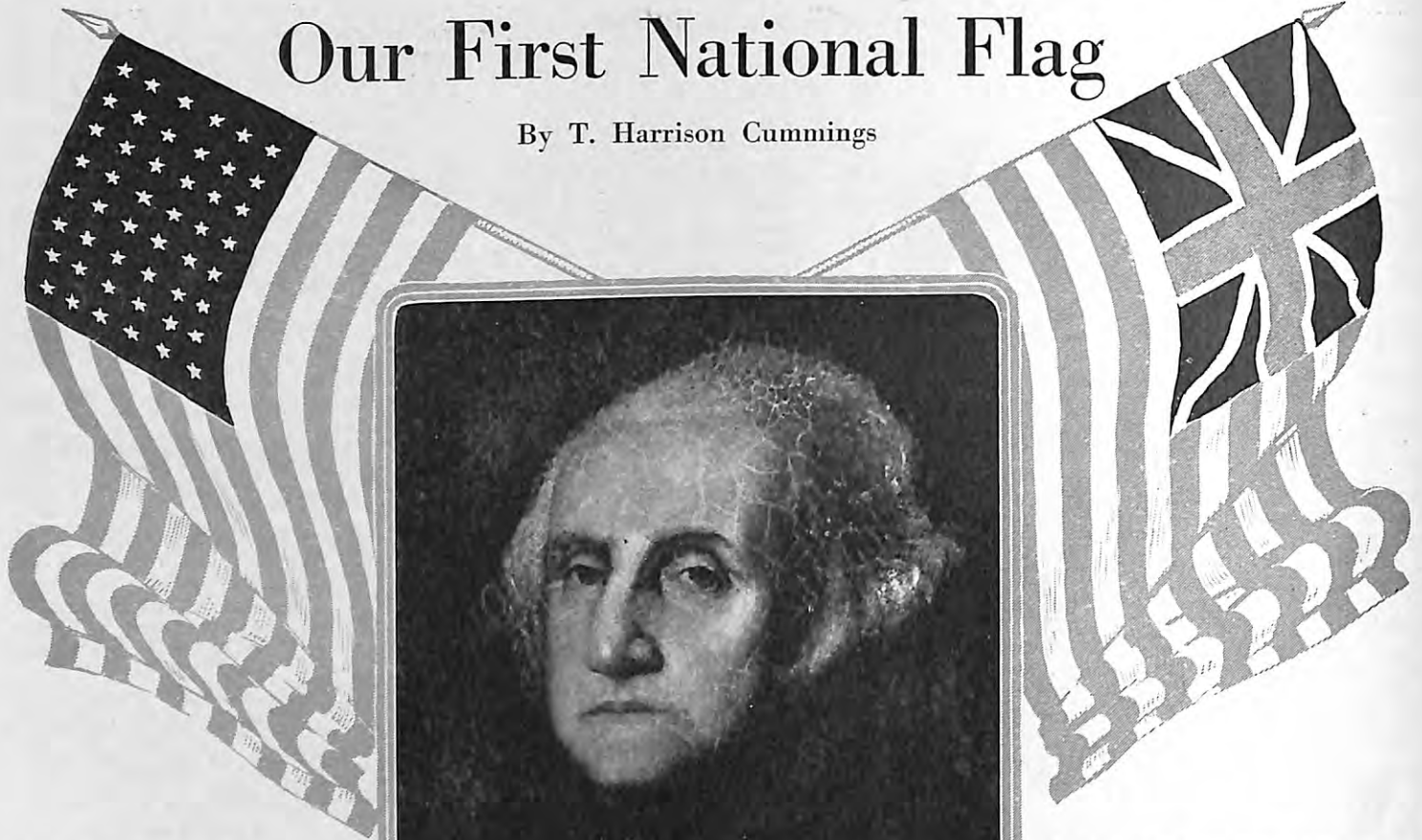
Squint turned hopeless, helpless eyes upon his host—

"Mr. Beckwith," he mourned in his high-pitched voice, "you don't know how lucky

(Continued on page 49)

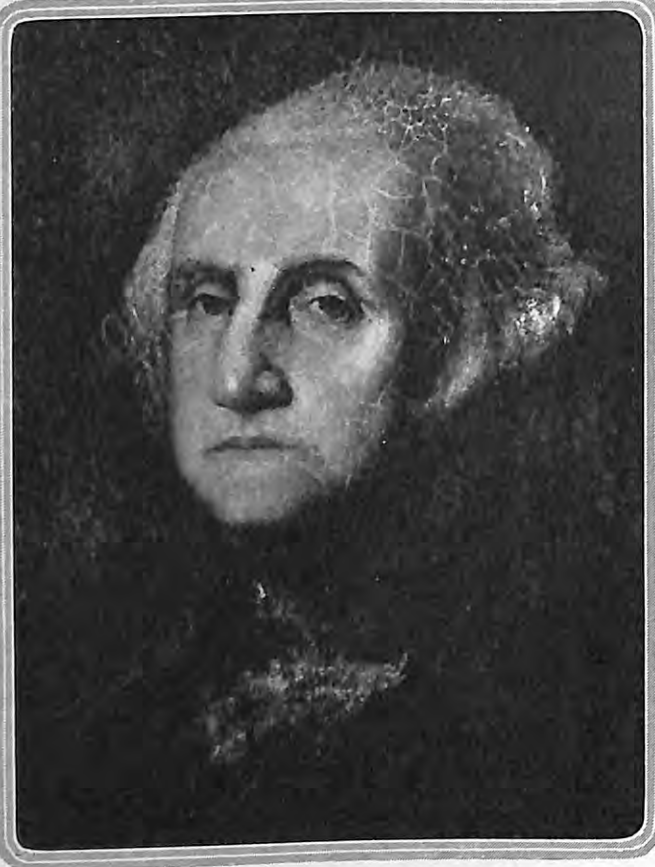
Our First National Flag

By T. Harrison Cummings



ON JULY THIRD the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, celebrates the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of a day memorable alike not only to Cambridge but to the whole United States. On that day, a century and a half ago, General Washington, then recently chosen by the Continental Congress Commander-in-chief of the American Revolutionary forces already gathered there, arrived in Cambridge and unsheathed his sword, the emblem of his military power. Here on this historic camp-ground, beneath the famous elm that ever since bore his name, he assumed command of the first Continental Army assembled on American soil. Of all the glorious memories of the historic past in Cambridge, the most precious and inspiring is this association of the name of Washington with Cambridge and Harvard University during the years 1775 and 1776. The College was patriotic and suspended its sessions, surrendered the College buildings to the army for barracks, and the students and alumni enlisted very generally. President Langdon gave up his home to General Washington for military headquarters.

Sixty days later, in the Battle of Bunker Hill, we have recorded, in characters of living light, on the pages of history, the first sharp beginning of a real war. But the arrival of General Washington in Cambridge on the morning of July 3, 1775, was the dawn of a still more glorious day for Cambridge and for the whole country; because the divine spark of nationality, first kindled there, was fanned into a mighty flame that soon spread throughout the thirteen colonies. Then and there, the soul of America was born. Then, not only did American freedom have its birth, but the symbol of its freedom, the first American Flag of Independence, was born here shortly after, as it was first unfurled on Cambridge Common, January 1, 1776.



This portrait, painted from life in 1797, was probably the last for which Washington sat. The original, once owned by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, is now the property of the author of this article

When General Washington took command of the first assembled American Army, on Cambridge Common, he changed a weak rebellion into a successful revolution. In his august person, as Commander-in-chief, the North and the South were for the first time united in a national union that clearly foretold the rise of a new nation in the world.

The events that followed were but the corollary of this first act of his. For, in victory or defeat, Washington only knew victory and laurels. His victories, and even his defeats, drove the English, step by step, to acknowledge the rights and liberties of the so-called colonists, and their final independence of all British rule was completed by him at Yorktown in 1781.

This day then, July 3, 1775, was a major event of the Revolution and justly ranks with the most illustrious days in American history. It can not be ignored without falsifying the facts of history. Cambridge asks that the State recognize its appeal, and that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the whole nation join with us fittingly to honor the memory of General Washington, on this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, by erecting a fitting memorial on the site of the late Washington Elm.

In the recent death of the elm, at Cam-

bridge, the city, State, and the nation have suffered an irreparable loss; one that can never be repaired. No other tree in all the world was so dear to American hearts. Thousands of pilgrims annually wended their way to the Cambridge Common to see uplifted its venerable form. Its spreading branches served to kindle anew the fires of patriotism in their pent-up souls. Indeed the passing of this precious relic has inspired thousands of Americans with a sense of almost human loss, such as one might feel with the passing of a great figure in our country's history.

Moreover the spot whereon it stood was the rallying-point of the Revolutionary soldiers in the early days. Here the minute men and the yeomanry of that period gathered together and first organized the American Revolution. Here Washington, as Commander-in-chief, solemnly assumed the great responsibility of conducting to a successful issue the great war through which our freedom was to be won. Here the flag of thirteen rebellious stripes was later first unfurled to the breeze.

Moreover the spot whereon it stood was the rallying-point of the Revolutionary soldiers in the early days. Here the minute men and the yeomanry of that period gathered together and first organized the American Revolution. Here Washington, as Commander-in-chief, solemnly assumed the great responsibility of conducting to a successful issue the great war through which our freedom was to be won. Here the flag of thirteen rebellious stripes was later first unfurled to the breeze.

MIGHTY few people, if the truth were told, know anything at all authoritative about the origin and evolution of the first American flag. And the reason is plain. The early history of the flag is veiled in a seeming obscurity. Many theories have been advanced and much speculation has been indulged in, regarding the author and designer of the first American flag. Who made it? Where was it made, and when? By mingling a few facts, with just enough of the color of truth to make them plausible, there has been built up a lot of romance about the designing of the first flag in 1775 that is confusing and misleading, to say the least. Conjecture has been substituted for facts in many instances and it is to be regretted that the records of the Continental

Congress are so silent upon this subject. But, of course, it is easy to understand how the unsettled condition of affairs at that time, in 1775, and the meager resources of a nation still in its infancy, made legislative action halting, slow, and very tedious. Congress lacked the power of a strong centralized Government to give strength to their resolutions and force to legal enactments. And realizing that they were handicapped in this particular, they thereupon appointed General Washington virtually dictator of the army and navy.

It was Washington's dictatorship that produced the final punch and delivered the knockout blow to the British Army at Yorktown in 1781. The question naturally arises, did Washington have a flag under whose folds he led his armies? The answer is, Yes! For two years, at least—from October, 1775 to October, 1777—Washington was fighting the battles of the Revolution under the folds of "the first distinctive American Flag indicating a union of the colonies." This flag was made at Cambridge, Mass., in October, 1775, as the outcome of a visit from a Congressional Committee to General Washington's military headquarters on Cambridge Common. The original resolution dated September 30, 1775, "Appointed Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Lynch, and Benjamin Harrison a Special Committee to wait on General Washington at Cambridge, Mass., to consult with him touching the most effectual method of continuing, supporting, and regulating the Continental Army."

The Committee was in session with Washington, from October 18 to 22 inclusive, returning to Philadelphia by November 1 to render their final report to Congress. Meanwhile the Commander-in-chief, acting on his own initiative, on the first day of January, 1776, hoisted over his headquarters in camp the new flag that was afterwards known as the Union Flag, the Grand Union Flag, or the Cambridge Flag, in history.

In a letter dated January 4, 1776, Washington wrote from Cambridge to Col. Joseph Reed, Secretary to the Committee from Congress and military secretary to General Washington, as follows—"For, on that day, January 1, 1776, the day which gave being to the new Army, but before the (King's) proclamation came to hand, we had hoisted the Union Flag in compliment to the United Colonies."

From this we may justly conclude that the Committee of Conference, composed of Dr. Franklin, Mr. Lynch, and Mr. Harrison, had the subject of the flag under consideration; and that the flag prepared under their supervision was the one displayed as the flag of the United Colonies, on the day the army organized by them, General Washington, etc., went into being. It was also flung to the breeze, the same day, January 1, 1776, on the top of Prospect Hill, Somerville, being the highest point in the breastworks of Washington's besieging line around Boston. From this height it floated in plain sight of both the opposing armies thereafter during the war, until superseded by the Stars and Stripes.

On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress adopted the following resolution. Resolved: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate

red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." This resolution was not officially published to the world until September 3, 1777, and the newspapers of that period made no mention of it. Meanwhile the Cambridge Flag was the official national standard wherever Washington, the Commander-in-chief, appeared with his Army, on land; and was flown from the masthead of the infant Navy, on the high seas.

ANOTHER account of Washington's flag raising, January 1, 1776, by an eye-witness, is contained in a letter written by an English captain to the owners of his vessel at London. It was published in the British Annual Register and the letter was dated at Boston, January 17, 1776. The writer says: "I can see the rebels' camp very plainly—whose colors a little while ago were entirely red; but, on receipt of the King's speech (which they burned) they have hoisted the Union Flag which is here supposed to intimate the Union of the Provinces."

"The arrival of a copy of the King's speech, with an account of the fate of the petition from the Continental Congress, is said to have excited the greatest degree of rage and indignation among them; as a proof of which, the former was publicly burnt in camp, and they are said on this occasion to have changed their colors from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies."

This fact, then, was established, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the design of the first American Flag raised at Cambridge, by General Washington, January 1, 1776, was one of thirteen stripes alternately red and white, with crosses of St. George and St. Andrew joined together in the upper corner—the thirteen stripes indicative of the Union of the Colonies and their revolt against the mother country; and the sub-joined crosses, in the canton, representing what there was left of the allegiance due to her, and yet, but partially acknowledged. The design was one step only removed from the Star Spangled Banner as we have it to-day.

When we reflect that it was not merely political independence that this flag stood for, but for the right to establish for the colonies a Government of their own, "Conceived in freedom and dedicated to liberty," the Cambridge Flag then becomes of supreme importance in our national history. It was the first decisive step away from the

mother country, and in any matter of supreme importance it is always the first step that counts the most.

In Frothingham's "Siege of Boston," p. 283, in a footnote, is found the following: "This Union flag also was hoisted at Philadelphia, in February (1776) when the (first) American fleet sailed under Admiral Hopkins." A letter of that date says, "It sailed amidst the acclamation of thousands assembled on the joyful occasion, under the display of a union flag with thirteen stripes emblematical of the thirteen united colonies."

Rear-Admiral Preble, U. S. N., in his "Origin and Progress of the Flag of the United States," says, that "Two and a half months after this Grand Union Flag raising at Cambridge on March 17, 1776, the (Cambridge) flag was displayed for the first time in the streets of Boston. The occupation of Dorchester Heights compelled the evacuation of Roxbury by the British, and on the afternoon of March 17, 1776, a detachment of Americans, under Col. Ebenezer Learned, pushed its way through the crow's feet and other obstacles thickly strewn in its path and unbarred the gates of the deserted stronghold" (of Boston). "This flag was borne by Ensign Richards, and the troops were accompanied by General Ward." He then concluded, "thus, we have contemporary evidence enough as to the time and place when 'the Grand Union striped flag' was first unfurled."

AFTER the evacuation of Boston by the British, some of the English officers wrote letters descriptive of their feelings. One writes, March 26, "Expect no more letters from Boston—we have quitted that place. . . . Neither Hell, Hull, nor Halifax can afford worse shelter than Boston." Another writes, March 25: "We were cannonaded fourteen days by the provincial army, and after many losses embarked aboard the vessels and have got thus far. We do not know when we are going but are in great distress. The spectacle is truly terrible. The provincials, after we left Boston, marched into it with drums beating and colors flying."

Finally, in a debate in the House of Lords at London, May 19, 1776, it is recorded that the Duke of Manchester made a remarkable speech, reviewing the military operations at the siege of Boston, criticizing General Howe severely and he ended by saying—"Let this transaction be dressed in what garb you please, the fact remains that the Army which was sent to reduce the province of Massachusetts Bay, has been driven from the capital, and the standard

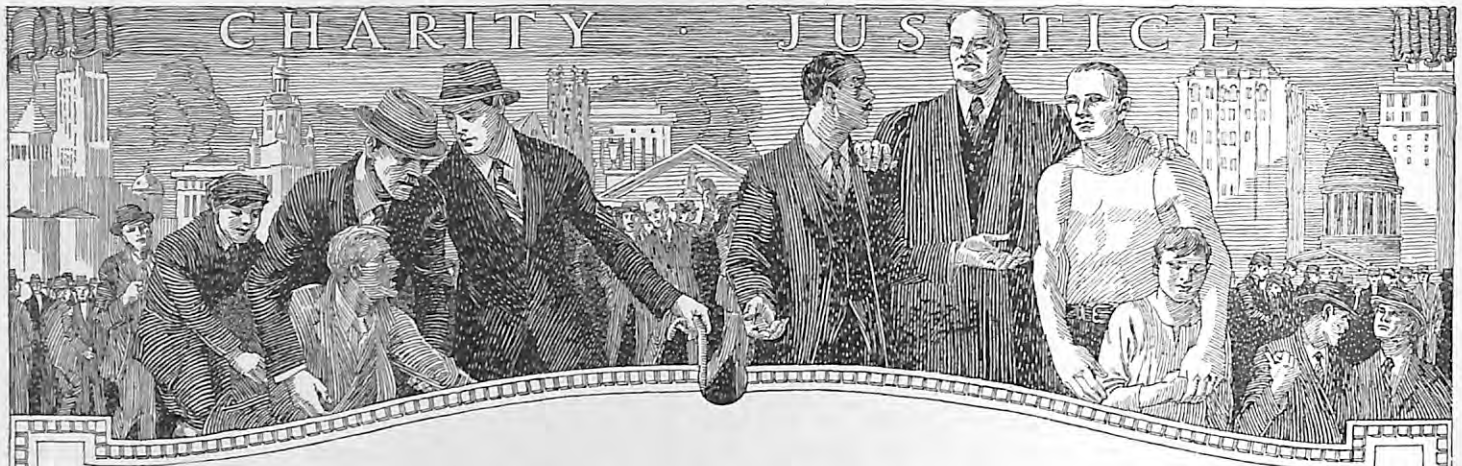
of the provincial army now waves in triumph over the walls of Boston." In addition to these continued references to the Cambridge Flag by eye-witnesses and men of that period, we have the military orders of General Washington, himself, during the early part of 1776. They are found in Force's American Archives, fourth series, vols. 4 and 5.

The general orders for January 1st, 2d and 3d contain details regarding organization and equipment of the new "Continental Army," extending even down to providing orderly books for the separate companies. On February 20,

(Continued on page 60)



Wadsworth House, Washington's Headquarters in 1775, where the first Cambridge flag was flown



EDITORIAL

TOLERANCE

IN THE Grand Lodge Session so soon to convene at Portland, Oregon, there will be questions presented for discussion, resolutions introduced for adoption, matters of policy considered, about which there will be variant opinions and opposing views. It is always the case. In so large a body, composed of men from all sections of the Country, who have had widely different experiences in their local lodge associations, this is inevitable.

But it is also very wholesome. It indicates a lively interest in the affairs of the Order, and the possession of opinions based upon experience and observation and thought, and not merely supine acquiescence in what some one else may think.

However, it is well to suggest that the possession of a definite opinion upon any question should not render one intolerant of the opposite views of others no less sincere and honest. Rather the situation should inspire an attitude of fraternal consideration and prompt a judicious resurvey of the whole matter, in the light of those opposing opinions and their sustaining reasons. Maybe the other fellow is right after all.

And in any event, the Grand Lodge is a body whose actions are governed by the majority vote. When that is once cast, every member should loyally accept the decision without resentment or bitterness; for it must not be forgotten that the Order of Elks is an organization of real brothers in whose hearts those unfraternal sentiments should have no place.

DEBT

MARK TWAIN once said that a reasonable number of fleas are good for a dog, because they keep him occupied and prevent him from thinking too much about his other troubles. According to the same philosophy, it has been said that a reasonable amount of indebtedness is good for a man, because it keeps him hustling and restrains him from heedless extravagances.

It is undoubtedly true that there are circumstances in which the assumption of debt is wise and in accord with sound business principles. But, generally speaking, debt is a grievous burden. It not only curtails the enjoyment of desirable comforts and pleasures; but its insidious tendency to grow ever greater and more burdensome fre-

quently leads to the inability to provide even reasonable necessities.

What is true of the individual is no less true of the subordinate lodge. A reasonable indebtedness, incurred for a legitimate purpose, may be justified. But unless it be carefully watched and wisely provided for, it is likely to grow into a real burden that materially interferes with appropriate fraternal activities.

The custom of formally celebrating "the burning of the bonds" is born of long experience which teaches that the release from debt is an event worthy of being marked by true rejoicing. It is well to remember that material prosperity is governed quite as much by the total of liabilities as it is by the total of assets.

Debt and Happiness may not be total strangers to each other. But they are only casual acquaintances at best. It is almost impossible for them to be on friendly terms.

LETTERS

THERE is a real charm and delight in the receipt of a letter from a friend, written in his own hand and impressed with his personality; filled with characteristic expressions and chattily reminiscent of friendly associations; containing frank comments on subjects of mutual interest and entertaining descriptions of experiences with people and places. Unfortunately that delight is all too rarely experienced.

It is an accomplishment worthy of cultivation to be able to write such letters; for it is one which gives pleasure to writer and recipient alike. It is the next best thing to a friendly chat. And with the knowledge of that double pleasure involved, it would seem strange that we so seldom enjoy, and confer, that pleasure, were not the explanation so obvious.

It is to be found in the hurry and rush of modern business and social life. These have caused the writing of interesting personal letters to become almost a lost art. The telephone, the telegraph, and the radio, as means of prompt communication, and the universal use of stenographers and typewriters, have tended to make us all look upon the writing of personal letters, in our own hands, as a species of drudgery which is continually deferred. And when they are finally written, that attitude is so apt to be reflected in them that they fail of their intended purpose.



Too often, like the postponed visits "back home," they are so long delayed that the need or occasion for them has wholly passed, leaving only the unhappy consciousness of another lost opportunity to display a thoughtful affection really entertained.

There will not, perhaps, be a single reader of this editorial who will not at once call to mind some fraternal brother, friend or loved one, to whom a personal letter from him would bring a pleasure and happiness that would brighten the whole day. Why not write it?

BY THEIR WORKS

THE Order of Elks is annually performing an aggregate of service to humanity which deserves to be better known not only to its own members but to the public generally. It may be assumed that they are familiar with the fraternity's activities in their respective communities; but it is likely that but few, even among Elks, realize the splendid totals.

The reports of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare for the past several years have contained this information; and they deserve a more careful study than they have received. The activities of the Committee have been primarily directed to the encouragement of the subordinate lodges to a wider and more extensive service to their respective communities. But the compilation of the records of those services, in a compact volume, has made available, in convenient form, statistics with which every Elk should be reasonably familiar.

No member of the Order can read those reports without a feeling of pride in the fact that he has had some share in the making of the fine record therein contained. And no person, even though not an Elk, can study that record without being moved to admiration for an organization which so consistently translates its high purposes into practical achievements.

It is not for the purpose of boasting of this record that this comment is made. Elks do not perform services for the sake of praise or with a view to advertising them. But it is proper that the members of the Order should know of its accomplishments for the good of mankind; and it is proper that the public generally should know of these things so that the Order may maintain its proper place in public esteem as a great practical humanitarian organization.

It is to be anticipated that the Annual Report of the Committee to be made at Portland will be no less interesting and inspiring than those of the preceding years. And it is commended to the careful perusal of every attendant upon the Grand Lodge. It is particularly desirable that the representatives should familiarize themselves with its contents, so that they may make intelligent reports of its outstanding features to their respective lodges throughout the Country.

It is in these Annual Reports that is to be found the record of the "works" of the Order of Elks by which it may be rightly known of men.

RITUAL REVISION

ONE of the most important matters to be considered by the Grand Lodge at Portland will be the report of the Committee to which was referred the revision of the Public Rituals of the Order. These Rituals are used when the Order is conducting public ceremonies, at which times the Order is on display and is to some extent measured by the appropriateness and beauty of its ritual texts as well as by the effectiveness of the exemplification.

It is to be hoped that arrangements will be made for a suitable exemplification of such of the rituals as may be materially revised, so that the Grand Lodge members may more intelligently consider them than would be possible upon mere verbal explanation of changes. And should such exemplification be provided it is earnestly to be desired that the members will attend and give careful attention to the proposed amendments and alterations.

The entire report of the Committee is commended to serious study. As has been stated before in these columns, changes should not be made merely for the sake of change. Stability and permanence are desirable features of ceremonial forms. They grow in beauty and impressiveness with added years of observance. And only such alterations should be approved as are clearly indicated to be improvements.

The Committee has given studious and intelligent consideration to the subject; and their recommendations should carry great weight. But the final decision rests with the Grand Lodge and it should be thoughtfully and intelligently determined, so that there may be no further occasion in the near future to engage in what so frequently amounts to mere "ritual tinkering."



CHICAGO ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHING COMPANY

The photograph above shows the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building as it looked a month ago—the exterior very nearly completed

A Group
of
Decorative
Bronzes



*For the Elks
National Memorial
Headquarters
Building
in Chicago*



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

ELOQUENT of the beauty and dignity that will be the keynote of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, the bronze pieces shown here bear witness to the care and thought with which every detail of the structure has been considered. On the opposite page is one of the two flag-staff bases that will stand on the lawns in front of each wing of the building. Above are the great doors which will give entrance to the vast circular memorial hall, the central feature of the edifice. Flanking the doors are decorative wall lanterns and, at the bottom of the page, massive candelabra surmounted by frosted glass globes. The building itself and all its accessories are being designed and constructed not for one generation, but to represent the Order of Elks and what it stands for as long as the fraternity shall exist.

(The bronzes were modeled by Raffaello Menconi Inc., under the supervision of the architect, Egerton Swartwout, and were cast by the Gorham Company)



A Call From the U. S. A.

The American Legion \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund

By James A. Drain

National Commander, the American Legion

LIGHT is breaking for the thirty-five thousand war orphans, the thirty-five thousand orphaned and dependent children of World War veterans, not in Armenia or elsewhere beyond the seas, but here in America at our very doors who need help. And it is time; for the number mounts, as with each setting sun fifteen more American disabled veterans of the Great War die; fifteen more whose deaths are of record, to say nothing of those who in increasing numbers die unknown. Thus the casualty list goes on, halted by no paper Armistice.

Personal attention of one sort or another must be given to every one of these thousands of children. They need to be followed up, need some one to see that they are not deprived of the advantages and the opportunities in life which their fathers would have given them had they not died for country. More definite aid is needed for five thousand of them. And for the several hundred emergency cases, for the children who are in dire straits, help, if it is to be given at all, must be given at once.

The American Legion has undertaken this task. The American Legion with its 11,000 posts scattered in every city and town and hamlet all over the nation and with the 6,000 cooperating units of the Legion Auxiliary. The Legion came in contact with this problem through its work for the disabled veterans of the war. So many times we found a problem in child care connected with a problem in rehabilitation for some veteran, down and out, sick, unable to work, needing hospitalization, unable to get it because of the law's delay or the veteran's own inability to prove a claim for government aid, unwilling oftentimes even where such aid had been obtained to go to the hospital because it meant privation for wife and children.

The problem of the children was studied carefully. Plans for meeting the emergency were formed. This year sees great strides in the practical application of the Legion program. Aid is given to the surviving parent, where possible, to maintain the home and keep the children together in it. Good American families are sought out and children, after careful investigation and legal adoption, are placed with them. Other children are being cared for in regional billets operated by the Legion, under the conditions and amid the love of home. With every day the Legion's arrangements

for insuring that every homeless child of a World War veteran shall have a home are becoming more complete and more adequate to the distressing situation.

For the disabled veterans the Legion is carrying on with the same personal service which it has been giving them ever since

men fresh from the horrors and sufferings and hell of war met and formed an American Legion. The work we do is to protect the disabled from those who would victimize them, and to act as advocate for them. Many of these men do not know their own rights under the law. Many can not build up a legal case to establish them. The Government can not do it. The Legion can and does. It seeks out these men, learns the facts, builds up a case, fights it through.

Nor is that all the Legion does for the disabled. It studies their problems. It insists that no resource of modern medical science go untried to effect their cure. It seeks better hospitals, better diagnosis, better care. It suggests needed legislation and aids in its passage and in obtaining necessary appropriations. It visits the men in the hospitals and in their homes. It aids their dependent families, relieving the men of care and anxiety for their loved ones. It does everything which it knows how to do to give to the necessarily cold, impersonal work which the Government undertakes a warm, human touch.

The Legion has felt that it was its duty to undertake these two great tasks—for the disabled and for the orphans. It has done the best it could do under a hit-and-miss financing. We feel, however, that this work can not be allowed to depend on chance, that it is far too important to the welfare of the nation and too sacred a duty to those who gave the most to country—for that. So, with the endorsement of the President and many other nationally prominent men and women, we are raising a \$5,000,000

endowment fund to insure that this work shall go on properly so long as there shall be need of it. The principal of the fund is to be held intact, only the income being used.

We felt that the general public would want a part in fulfilling this obligation, one which rests upon them equally with the Legion. The crusaders of 1917 are back—and they and the orphans of their fallen comrades are looking to the nation to make good its promises and to ease the pains and privations which they bear for country's sake. We and they look to them with confidence that they will match action with promise, promise with need, and care for their own.

Your local American Legion Post will gladly give you any further information you may desire regarding this endowment fund.



A Picture of Unusual Interest
to All Elks

THIS photograph—which has no connection with the article that surrounds it—is of peculiar interest as it shows the oldest living Past Grand Exalted Ruler, in point of date of service, together with the present Grand Exalted Ruler. On the left is Hon. William E. English, of Indianapolis. When Mr. English was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1886 the total membership of the Order was 5511. At the end of his year it had grown to 7334. With him is shown Hon. John G. Price, of Columbus, Ohio, whose term draws to a close this month

New Home of Wichita, Kan., Lodge No. 427

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price Dedicates Building

THE new Home of Wichita, Kan., Lodge No. 427 was recently dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler Price. The program in celebration of the event was opened with a luncheon to Mr. Price and to the many distinguished visitors who were present for the occasion. Among these, in addition to other representatives from a number of Kansas Lodges, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Louis F. Goerman, Charles R. Lodge and W. H. McKone. Following the luncheon a "dedication class" was initiated. This class was the largest group of candidates ever initiated within the State of Kansas at one time. That evening a banquet was tendered to the Grand Exalted Ruler in the main dining room of the new Home after which the formal dedicatory ceremony was conducted in the Lodge room by Mr. Price, Exalted Ruler Thomas Elcock and other officers of Wichita Lodge.

The new Home, which represents an investment of over \$500,000, is located near the center of the business district and within walking distance of the city's principal buildings and railroad stations. Five stories high, and with a frontage of 125 feet, it is one of the largest Elk Homes in the Southwest. Built of reinforced concrete, stone and brick, the dignity and symmetry of its design make it one of the fine examples of American artistic achievement. The entrance is a portal of

classic beauty in which marble, bronze and stone are combined. The whole interior of the building and its furnishings carry out the attractive appearance of the exterior. Broad staircases, the large men's lounge

parlors all testify to the completeness and good taste of the Home. The Lodge room is reputed to be one of the finest in the region. Concealed lighting in the ceiling panels permits the use of multicolored lights that lend beauty and impressiveness to the ritualistic work. This room has a stage of sufficient size to permit theatrical entertainments. Through grill-work, washed air is forced from the basement, making the room comfortable even in the warmest weather.

The fourth and fifth floors are occupied by the gymnasium, shower and locker rooms. The gymnasium which is fully equipped measures 65 x 95 feet. Another attractive feature of the Home is a beautiful tiled swimming pool which is 60 x 30 feet and ranges in depth from 3 to 9 feet.

For permanent or transient guests the new Home also provides excellent accommodations. Each living room set aside for this purpose is superbly furnished and each is provided with tiled bath.

Ground for the new Home was broken on December 24, 1923, and the cornerstone was laid on May 29, 1924. Since the vision of a new Home began to take on concrete form two years ago, the membership of Wichita Lodge has grown

from less than 1,100 to over 2,000, and it has attained, by virtue of its many activities, a high place in the regard of the entire community.



SMITH & HODGE

with its Flemish oak paneling and rich draperies; the library, the banquet hall, the billiard and pool room, the bowling alleys and the luxuriously appointed ladies'

Mother

By Hon. William H. Atwell

LIFE'S great book holds many magic words, among them are justice, honor, patriotism, love, work, brother and wife. Each of these has a great latitude, and a great longitude, a great depth and a great height. Probably the entire dimensions of them have never been fully measured. But there is another word that represents the most marvelous personality that the world has ever known; that word is "mother." Mother has no geography, she is in all lands; no particular locality, she is everywhere. All of the tenses, past, present and future, have their superlative in the rich fullness of her heart. All temperaments—warm or cold, nervous or phlegmatic, trusting or suspicious, fearless or fearful, strong or weak, sensitive or hard—have harmonious companionship with her.

All ages—babyhood, manhood, old age, womanhood, motherhood, fatherhood, widowhood, wifehood, childhood—find in her an exhaustless dictionary.

Every minute of life—every condition—has a haven of solace in the warmth of her arms. Prisoner and prince, pauper and rich man, defeated and victorious, sick and well, disgraced and honored, all equally share right of entry to this unfailling reservoir of consolation.

She has a matchless brand of intelligence. To equations, science, literature, economy

and philosophy, she may not respond, but she has a mastery of the truth which brings the magician's fingers for the untying of all knots that trouble her loved.

Her prayers are not often spoken. They are largely wordless prayers. The sunken eyes are prayers; the trembling lips are prayers; the drooping hands and back all bent, to me are prayers most eloquent; her repressed sighs are voiceless prayers, yes, and her smiles are benedictions.

Her love is like the springtime—and there are no other seasons. It lasts as long as life.

During the World War, a mother lost her soldier son. The news came in dispatches from across the Atlantic. He had fallen fighting nobly, and at the head of his regiment. She was inconsolable. "Oh, that I might see him again!" she prayed. "If only for five minutes—but just to see him!"

An angel answered her prayer. "For five minutes," the angel said. "Quick! Quick!" said the mother, her tears turning to momentary joy. "Yes," said the angel, "but, think, he was a grown man. There are thirty years to choose from. How would you see him?"

The mother paused and wondered.

"Would you see him," said the angel, "as a soldier dying heroically at his post? Would you see him as you first saw him in his uniform? Would you see him as on that day at school when he stepped to the platform to receive the highest honors a boy could have?"

The angel smiled. "Would you see him as a baby at your breast?"

"No," said the mother, "I would have him for five minutes as he was one day when he ran in from the garden to ask my forgiveness for being naughty. He was so small and he was very hot and the tears were making streaks down his little face through the garden dirt, and he flew into my arms with such force that he almost hurt me—I would see him as he was then."

Even as there are countless photographs of her child, each filmed at each minute that has marked the days, the weeks, the months, the years of his or her life, so there are shades and displays and tones and depths and reaches in mother that no phrase-maker has ever quite described. The completest ideal is just a little short of the accurate. No mother is just like any other mother. There can be no generalization. She is quite personal and "God gives her to us because He can not be everywhere."

The foregoing address was delivered in Dallas by Judge Atwell on Mothers' Day.



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

AS WE go to press with this issue, reports are coming in to the magazine from all parts of the country describing the Flag Day exercises held on June 14 throughout the Order. We wish it were possible to print all these accounts in detail, for they testify in a very wonderful way to the high patriotism of every Lodge. Unfortunately it is impossible to do this, considering the number of Lodges and the amount of space it would involve to report the Flag Day activities of each. We take this occasion, however, to congratulate the Flag Day Committees of the various Lodges and the members on the impressive way in which the Order's reverence for the Flag was again publicly observed in every community.

Representatives of Army and Navy Visit Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge

By special permission granted by Admiral R. E. Coontz, a large number of officers and men from the fleet which recently visited those waters attended a meeting of Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616 at its Home. The visitors represented forty-two Lodges throughout the United States and territories, members being present from almost every State in the Union, besides Guam and Panama. A special Hawaiian entertainment and a supper were provided for the guests.

Maj.-Gen. John Leonard Hines, who succeeded General Pershing as commander of the Army, was also a recent visitor to the Home of Honolulu Lodge. A beautiful floral piece was sent him by the members on his arrival in Hawaii, where he had come to act as referee in the war games recently held there. Major-General Hines is a member of Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39.

Work Begins on New Home of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge No. 221 has begun work on the handsome new Home which it is erecting at Laura and Adams Streets. The structure will be two stories high, of stone, concrete and tile, and will cover the entire lot 105 feet square. The ground floor of the building will have room for nine stores, six on the Laura Street side and three on the Adams Street side. An exceedingly attractive Lodge room will be among the many features of the building. It is expected that the new Home will be ready for occupancy some time in December.

New Home of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge To Be Dedicated September 5

Plans are being perfected for the formal dedication on September 5 of the beautiful new Home of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46. The

Grand Exalted Ruler and many other prominent members of the Order are expected to be present for the ceremony which will be part of an elaborate program arranged for the occasion. Though the formal dedication will not take place until September, the building is now practically finished, and the membership has already celebrated its first regular meeting and initiation in the new Home.

Jackson, Miss., Lodge to Pay For Child at Summer Camp

Jackson, Miss., Lodge No. 416 recently voted to send a child to the Mississippi Health Camp for children this July and to appropriate a sum of money to defray the expenses involved. The action came after Dr. F. J. Underwood, State Health officer, had addressed the membership, pointing out the importance of the work being done at this camp for frail children. The Lodge will in all likelihood also pay the expenses of another child during the month of August.

Jackson Lodge has already a splendid record for service rendered to needy children of the city and county. It is felt that many other Lodges of the State will doubtless follow its example and send youngsters to the camp this summer.

A Suggestion to All Travelers To the Grand Lodge Convention

All members of the Order who are traveling to Portland, Ore., this year to attend the Grand Lodge Convention are urged to remember the huge losses continually incurred by forest fires and to do their bit to prevent them by exercising care at all times while traveling through the national forests. If every member will refrain from throwing a lighted cigar or cigarette stub from a car window or an automobile into the dry grass, and make sure his camp-fire is put out on leaving his camp—it would be a big step toward the conservation of our forests. As Portland, Ore., is the lumber metropolis of the country this suggestion should have a special significance to all members who are going there this month.

Charity "Smokers" of Denver, Colo., Lodge Bring in Tidy Sum

In Denver, Colo., there is a strong liking for the manly art. At the same time, in Denver Lodge No. 17, there is a strong liking for the ability to have a heavy charity fund on tap at all times, with the result that boxing and charity have been combined in Denver Lodge with most satisfactory results. A year ago, that part of

the entertainment work which pertained to the "smokers" of the Lodge was placed in the hands of James B. Cassaday, with instructions to provide both entertainment and funds for charity work. The result shows a payment into the charity fund of \$6,534.43. All this by providing legitimate, clean fun to members of Denver Lodge No. 17, and without calling upon outside assistance, such as is so often done with shows, carnivals, indoor circuses and the like. And to say nothing of bringing the thousands of the members to their own Home for their evening's amusement.

Grand Exalted Ruler Guest at Arkansas State Elks Association Meeting

The Arkansas State Elks Association recently closed a most successful two-days' convention at Pine Bluff. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was the guest of honor, and many other distinguished members of the Order and representatives and visitors from practically every Lodge in the State were present. The following officers were elected for 1925-1926: C. A. Roth of Little Rock Lodge No. 29, President; A. F. Triplett of Pine Bluff Lodge No. 149, First Vice-President; R. L. Smith of Russellville Lodge No. 1213, Second Vice-President; Homer Vaughn of Texarkana Lodge No. 309, Third Vice-President; R. L. Lund of Little Rock Lodge No. 29, Secretary and Treasurer. The new trustees are Frank Andrews of Brinkley Lodge No. 1262, L. J. Kosminsky of Texarkana Lodge No. 399, and W. N. Adams of Arkadelphia Lodge No. 1140. Russellville will be the meeting place of the Association next year.

Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge Holds Banquet and Initiation

A large banquet and initiation were recently held by Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge No. 301. The function was well attended by members from many surrounding towns. The degree team of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge No. 519, who were accompanied by the orchestra of that Lodge, exemplified the ritual for the initiation, and following the ceremony an excellent minstrel show was put on by members of Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349 which was heartily enjoyed by the members.

Canon City, Colo., Lodge Has Aid of Co-operative Society

Canon City, Colo., Lodge No. 610 recently organized a Co-operative Society which is composed of members, their wives and other women of the community interested in welfare and charity work. The chief purpose of the Society is to visit the families in need of assistance and

to help them in the most intelligent and beneficial way. Clothes, food, and medical aid have been given in a large number of cases, and the Society plans to continue this work throughout the present year.

Members of Providence, R. I., Lodge Enjoy Annual Frolic

The annual Frolic held recently under the auspices of Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14 at the Elks Auditorium was one of the most successful and pleasant events conducted by the Lodge this year. The members and their ladies enjoyed a good dance program, and also a number of excellent acts by well-known vaudeville artists.

Pardon Commissioner Appointed To High Judicial Office

Hon. Jefferson B. Browne, Pardon Commissioner, who recently resigned from the Supreme Court of Florida, has been appointed Judge of the Twentieth Judicial Circuit, comprising Monroe County only, an office just created by the Florida legislature. Judge Browne will be located hereafter at Key West, where he is a member of Key West Lodge No. 551.

Material Progress Made on New Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

Work is progressing rapidly on the new \$2,500,000 Home which is being built by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99 at Sixth and Parkview Streets. Workmen began laying the exterior plaster late in May, and it is expected that the concrete structural work on the building will be completed by July 23. The new Home, for which ground was broken October 29 last, will be in every respect one of the most remarkable buildings in the Order.

Rochelle, Ill., Lodge Buys Desirable Property for Home

Rochelle, Ill., Lodge No. 1501 has purchased the Shottenkirk property on the corner of Sixth Street and Fourth Avenue for its Home. The present building on the property will be occupied as temporary quarters pending the working out of plans for remodeling and improvements. Though instituted only a short time ago, Rochelle Lodge has already given ample evidence of the progressive spirit among its membership.

Grand Exalted Ruler and Distinguished Party Visit Pennsylvania Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, J. Edgar Masters; and by Charles S. Hart, Business Manager of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, recently visited a number of Lodges in Pennsylvania. At New Kensington, Pa., Lodge No. 512, they were the guests of honor at a luncheon at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. F. Horne of the Lodge presided. Mayor Daniel Burns welcomed them in behalf of the city, and among the other speakers was Harry I. Koch, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. Brief addresses were made in response by each of the visitors.

Leaving New Kensington, the members of the party proceeded to McKeesport, Pa., Lodge No. 136 where they enjoyed a delightful visit. The party were honor guests that evening at the banquet given by Wilkinsburg Lodge No. 577 in celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener and a number of other distinguished members of the Order were also among the after-dinner speakers on this occasion.

The following day Mr. Price and his party visited Washington, Pa., where a luncheon had been arranged in their honor at the Hotel Washington by Washington Lodge No. 776. Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Esquire and Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, a number of officers of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and other members prominent in the activities of the Order in Pennsylvania were also present at the luncheon.

Leaving Washington late in the afternoon the party went to Charleroi, Pa., Lodge No. 404 where a special banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler and in observance of the Lodge's twenty-sixth anniversary was held. Paul A.

Kimmins, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, welcomed the guests and introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener who acted as toastmaster. The fact that Charleroi Lodge has given two Grand Exalted Rulers to the Order—John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters—and that both of these gentlemen were present, made the occasion a memorable one. The presence of beautifully gowned ladies at the banquet added a further touch of distinction to the evening. One of the most enjoyable features of the evening's entertainment was the Haydn String Quartet which rendered an excellent program of classical music.

Commendable Welfare Work Done By Monrovia, Calif., Lodge

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Monrovia, Calif., Lodge No. 1427 will have much to its credit to report this year regarding its activities. In addition to the usual generous distribution of gifts at Christmas and Thanksgiving, the Lodge has contributed to many worthy civic movements. These include cash donations to the Kiwanis Club Preventorium, and the Old People's Home; the formation of the Boy Scout Troop and other Big Brother activities. Medical aid, food and clothing were also supplied to many needy families during the year.

Tribute Paid to Past Exalted Ruler Fisher of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge

A large number of representatives from Lodges throughout New York Southeastern District, including many distinguished members of the Order, were present at the testimonial dinner recently tendered to Louis A. Fisher, Past Exalted Ruler of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842, at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Clark of Mount Vernon Lodge was the toastmaster who introduced the after-dinner speakers. Among those who expressed their high regard for Mr. Fisher and for his achievements while Exalted Ruler were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Sydney A. Syme, Frederick A. Hughes, and James T. Hallinan; James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association, and Peter S. Beck, Vice-President of the Association; Past Exalted Ruler

Daniel C. Nolan of Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge No. 707, and Judge O'Keefe. On behalf of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253, Peter S. Beck presented Mr. Fisher with a handsomely bound volume of autographs of the members of his Lodge. Mr. Fisher was also the recipient of a handsome diamond ring, a gift of the members of Mount Vernon Lodge, and a solid gold life membership card-case from personal friends and admirers.

In addition to more than 300 members of Mount Vernon Lodge there were many officers and members of Lodges in New York City, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens Borough, Freeport, Yonkers, and Jersey City. The whole evening from start to finish was a most enthusiastic and brilliant function which gave proof of Mr. Fisher's popularity among the Lodges throughout the Southeastern District.

Coffeyville, Kans., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-third Anniversary

Many visiting Elks from Kansas Lodges in Independence, Cherryvale and Nowata were present recently at the festivities conducted by Coffeyville, Kans., Lodge No. 775 in celebration of its twenty-third anniversary. Addresses, a vaudeville show, some old-time fiddling and a buffet banquet were the main features of the evening aside from the initiation of a large class of candidates by the team of Coffeyville Lodge. The principal speaker of the night was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. R. Lodge of Independence Lodge No. 780. Conspicuous among the entertainers was the Elks Quartet of Independence which rendered several appealing selections during the evening.

Wide Field of Welfare Work Covered By Glendale, Calif., Lodge

Glendale, Calif., Lodge No. 1289 ranks high among the Lodges of the Order in its Social and Community Welfare work both in the amount of money expended and in the breadth of its activities. Last year, besides many donations of cash, clothing, food, and medical aid, employment was found for a large number of men and women. A Boy Scout Troop was organized and

The handsome new Home of Waco, Texas, Lodge No. 166 which was dedicated this Spring. The ceremony was attended by many representatives of Southwestern Lodges





PHOTO BY REITZ STUDIO

Two views of the handsome new country club-house of Decatur, Ill., Lodge No. 401, which was recently dedicated. It is ideally located in one of the beauty spots of the state overlooking the waters of Lake Decatur. The picture on the left shows the large ballroom with its stage. Below is a view of the exterior, revealing the charm and size of the building, erected at a cost of \$50,000

the Lodge took an active interest in all affairs conducted for the welfare of the city and its institutions. An act of charity and thoughtfulness which deserves special mention is the Lodge's custom of paying monthly visits to the tubercular patients who live alone in little colonies among the hills of Tujung. Fruit and many other luxuries are brought regularly to these unfortunate men and women, of which there are more than 100.

Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Breaks Ground For New Million-Dollar Home

Ground was broken a short time ago for the magnificent new Home which is being built by Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23. The building will be one of the most attractive in the State. A marble lobby, ballroom, dining-room, and gymnasium will be among its main features. The structure will be six stories high, of brick, trimmed with limestone. The three upper floors will offer excellent accommodation for traveling members of the Order.

Alabama State Elks Association Meets in Birmingham

The third annual convention of the Alabama State Elks Association met recently at Birmingham, where the delegates and visitors were guests of Birmingham Lodge No. 79 during the two days of the meeting. Dr. John W. Perkins of Birmingham Lodge was elected President for the ensuing year. Hugh Bagley, also of Birmingham Lodge, and C. L. Haley, of Florence Lodge No. 820, were elected Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Practically every Lodge in the State was represented and much business of importance to the Association was transacted. William L. Harrison, City Commissioner of Birmingham, made the address of welcome in behalf of the city, and the retiring President of the Association, Judge Harvey M. Blue, was the principal speaker at the opening of the convention.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Continues To Help Crippled Children

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge No. 289 continues its excellent work among the crippled children of its jurisdiction. Many cases have been investigated and a large number of unfortunate youngsters have been helped by operations and by special treatments. A trained social worker is retained by the Lodge and generous and willing cooperation has been given by the hospitals and doctors of the city.

Recently the Annual Spring Athletic Games were held for the benefit of the Lodge's Crippled Kiddies' Fund. On August 4 an outing will be given the cripples and their families on Verona Lake. A special entertainment and the distribution of gifts will be features of this annual event.

Grand Exalted Ruler Price Guest Of Ashtabula, Ohio, Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price recently

visited Ashtabula, Ohio, Lodge No. 208, where he was the guest at a special meeting and banquet held in his honor. Accompanying Mr. Price was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Blake C. Cook of Kent, Ohio, Lodge No. 1377. Following the enthusiastic ovation given the Grand Exalted Ruler, City Manager W. M. Cotton greeted the honored guests, extending to them the key of the city and assuring them of the esteem in which they and the Order were held in Ashtabula. Mr. Price addressed the diners, complimenting Ashtabula Lodge on its achievements. Following the banquet, a delightful musical program was one of the main features of a special entertainment.

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge Holds Outing and Kiddies' Day

The annual outing and Kiddies' Day of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge No. 1112 this year eclipsed all previous events of its kind. A record number of worthwhile prizes were awarded in the various games and contests in which both young and old took part. Barbecued meat, hot coffee, candy, bread and butter, ice-cream and soda were served free to all who attended the outing which was held at Sawyer's Camp.

Sanitarium Patients Enjoy Show Given By Connecticut Members

A large number of the patients at the Gaylord Sanitarium of Wallingford, Conn., were recently treated to a very enjoyable evening's entertainment by the Connecticut Past Exalted Rulers Association. A group of entertainers, taken by bus to the sanitarium, presented a minstrel show in the assembly hall of the institution. Through the kindness of the Association the trip to Wallingford was arranged in such a manner that the entertainers enjoyed every bit as good a time as their audience. The patients voted the show one of the best that had ever been presented at the sanitarium.

Puyallup, Wash., Lodge Now Has Handsome New Home

An elaborate program of festivities marked the formal dedication of the new Home of Puyallup, Wash., Lodge No. 1450. A banquet, a special entertainment at the civic auditorium and a ball for the Elks and ladies, and the initiation of a large class of candidates were some of the outstanding features of the celebration. The event was attended by many distinguished members of the Order and representatives from a number of surrounding Lodges.

The new Home is an exceedingly attractive one. Occupying a frontage of 100 feet on the main street of the city, the old English type of club-house has an appropriate setting. The

architecture is of the Tudor period, of brick construction, terra-cotta trim and tile roof. Along the entire front of the building is an open terrace with a tiled floor, from which entrance is had to both the ladies' parlor and main lobby. The Lodge room is so designed that it can be converted into a gymnasium, and space is also provided in the building for a swimming-pool and a larger Lodge room when necessary.

Puyallup Lodge has enjoyed a fine growth in prosperity since its institution three years ago. Beginning with a charter list of 63 it now has close to 700 members in good standing.

Many Attend Annual Carnival of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge

Thousands of citizens of San Antonio visited the fifth annual carnival recently conducted by San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216 in its Home. Five floors of the big building were given over to carnival activities. The attractions included a bathing-girl revue, a merchants and jobbers exhibit, carnival pastimes of various kinds, free vaudeville shows and dancing. Valuable attendance prizes were distributed among the visitors nightly. Proceeds from the carnival went into the building improvement fund of the Lodge.

Eureka, Calif., Lodge to Conduct Circus for Charity Fund

Eureka, Calif., Lodge No. 652 will conduct a big circus for the benefit of its Charity Fund, July 1-5. A tent, 100 x 200 feet, will house the main show and many unusual attractions will be featured. There will also be a balloon ascension, parachute drop, band concerts, races and games for the children with many prizes for the winners. A large number of performers are scheduled to take part in the pageant which will open the circus.

Nevada Elks to Have Country Club On Shore of Lake Tahoe

Reno, Colo., Lodge No. 597 has organized the Nevada Elks Lake Tahoe Country Club, the membership of which is open to Nevada Elks only. The property consists of 23 acres situated on the shores of the beautiful Lake Tahoe, the "Lake of the Sky." Lots for building are available to all members in the State at actual cost price, and the membership includes club privileges. The property will be improved by the building of wharves, installation of lights and many other community needs, and by the erection of a central club-house.

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben-

jamin F. Feinberg, assisted by the officers of the Lodge, recently dedicated the handsome new Home of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge No. 1494. A large gathering attended the ceremonies, representatives of many other Lodges being present. The principal speaker of the day was Hon. H. A. Jerry, a Past Exalted Ruler of Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge No. 621, who praised the Lodge for its progress and its accomplishment.

The new Home is one of the most attractive in northern New York and provides the members with comfort and excellent facilities for social and Lodge activities. Though instituted only a year ago, the Lodge has enjoyed a remarkable gain in membership and has accomplished, in addition to acquiring a Home of its own, many laudable services in the community.

McGill Stray Antlers Club Will Have New Club-house

Some time during the month of August the McGill Stray Antlers Club at McGill, Nevada, which is made up of members of various Lodges, will dedicate its new club building, upon which construction began last March. Because a large number of the McGill Strays are members of Ogden, Utah, Lodge No. 719, the officers of this Lodge have been invited to dedicate the new Home. The building will be one of the finest in the State, providing ample facilities for club and social activities. It will face the public park and will be only a short distance from the magnificent Copper Club, the dormitory and home of the Copper Company employees.

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge Looks After Crippled Children

During six months the Crippled Children's Clinic conducted by Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge No. 128 has examined 145 patients and many successful operations have been performed. Nearly 300 treatments were given by Miss Behrns, the trained nurse of the Clinic, who also made 82 visits of cooperation with physicians, social service workers, nurses and teachers. In addition, 246 visits to the homes of patients were made and treatments given to those who were unable to visit the Clinic. The Clinic also supplied many braces, special shoes, etc., to a large number of unfortunate youngsters. Nearly \$3,000 was expended by the Lodge during the six-month period for the work of its clinic.

Butte, Mont., Lodge Lays New Home Corner-stone

Before a large gathering of members, representatives of other Lodges and many distinguished members of the Order, Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240 recently laid the corner-stone for the handsome Home it is erecting on South Montana Street. The exercises were preceded by a parade from the present Home to the site of the new, the members marching in two long lines headed by the Elks Drum and Bugle Corps in their striking uniforms of white and purple. Between the lines marched the officers of other Montana Lodges headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. A. Hawkins and J. N. Minor, Secretary of the Montana State Elks Association. The address of the day was delivered by Past Exalted Ruler J. A. Poore of Butte Lodge. An interesting feature of the ceremony was performed by Exalted Ruler P. J. Driscoll in sprinkling water from Old Faithful Geyser on the mortar used in laying the corner-stone.

Plans Go Forward for Meeting of California State Elks Association

The next annual meeting of the California State Elks Association will be held in San Francisco, October 8-10. The Association will be the guest of San Francisco Lodge No. 3, and the meetings will be held in its handsome new Home. The usual State Association activities will be held this year, which include ritualistic, drill and band contests; contests in baseball, bowling, golf and trap-shooting. Many valuable prizes will also be awarded in the parade. Reports from the Social and Community Welfare Committees and Big Brother Committee will be among the principal reports to be discussed at the business sessions.

Grand Exalted Ruler Conducts Initiation of Large Class

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was recently the guest of Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4, where he conducted the initiation of a large class of candidates. The occasion was a memorable one and was attended by many prominent members of the Order in that region. Though the evening marked the first big initiation night under the new officers of the Lodge, the ritual was beautifully and impressively exemplified.

New Lodge at Saranac Lake, N. Y., Recently Instituted

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge No. 1508 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George J. Winslow of Utica, N. Y., Lodge No. 33.

Boy Scout Troop Endowed in Hawaii By Member of Mother Lodge

Through the kindness of Maurice Deiches of New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1 a Boy Scout Troop has been equipped and endowed in the receiving station of the Hawaiian leper colony at Honolulu, in the name of New York Lodge. Some three years ago, while on a visit to Hawaii, Mr. Deiches performed this act of generosity in recognition of the courtesies extended to him by Honolulu Lodge No. 616, of which the Scoutmaster, Sam W. Robley, is a member.

District Deputy Receives Handsome Present from Lodges in District

Representatives from the 16 Lodges of the California South Central District recently gathered at the Home of Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415, where a special meeting was held in honor of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank R. Cryderman. A very entertaining program was rendered, and during the evening Harry M. Ticknor of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge No. 672, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, presented Mr. Cryderman in behalf of the District with a beautiful piano in appreciation of his faithful services.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The following purchases of property and building plans have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees:
Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge No. 503. Erection of

a new Home on site already owned by the Lodge. The building will be three stories, 150 x 130 feet, the first floor to be arranged for stores, the second floor for Lodge room, gymnasium, dining-room, library and lounge, billiard-rooms and buffet, and the third floor for living-rooms for members. The building site has been appraised at \$75,000 and the estimated cost of the building is \$200,000 with furnishings at \$25,000.

Idaho Falls, Idaho, Lodge No. 1087. Purchase of a three-story brick hotel building, 75 x 100 feet, to be used as a Home, for \$27,000.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Gives Children Delightful May Day Party

For the fifth consecutive year, Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34 held its annual May party for the orphans and crippled children of the city. Children representing every sect and race from 15 institutions around the city were brought to the party. A great vaudeville bill, presented through the cooperation of Detroit theatres and booking agents, entertained the youngsters without cost, during the afternoon. After the show they were served with ice-cream, cake and cookies, and as they left every child was given a huge bag filled with peanuts, cracker-jack, oranges, raisins and candy. Close to 2,000 children attended the party this year.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge May Have Summer Playground

Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92 is considering the establishment of a summer playground for its members. An option was taken some time ago on 365 acres of land located on the shores of beautiful Lake Killarney, 21 miles south of the city, near the new Tacoma Highway. On the scenic spot the members may take, according to present plans, a twenty-year lease for cabin sites and summer homes facing the lake, while picnic grounds, central building, parking spaces, other facilities and eventually a golf course, will be provided.

Beautiful New Home in Sight For St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge No. 829 recently purchased an attractive piece of property on Cordova Street and is planning to erect a handsome new Home on the site. The property is situated in one of the most desirable sections of the city, directly opposite to the Ponce de Leon Hotel. In connection with its building project St. Augustine Lodge recently launched a selective membership campaign, which was carried through with enthusiasm.



Members of South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge No. 1344 occupy this attractive Home

(CREDIT JAMES H. YAUER)

Gardner, Mass., Lodge Has Renovated Its Attractive Home

The Home of Gardner, Mass., Lodge No. 1426 has been recently renovated and redecorated throughout, making it one of the most attractive Homes in the state. The excellent dining-room facilities, and the first-class chef that is in charge, assure all Elks touring through the region that good food may be had in attractive surroundings at the Home of Gardner Lodge.

A Departure from the Usual Custom of Social Sessions

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211 recently inaugurated a departure from the usual custom of social sessions which has proven a decided advantage and which has been the means of bringing about a finer understanding among the various fraternal groups of the city. It is the custom of this Lodge to invite, from time to time, representatives of other Orders in the community to visit its Home. A special entertainment is arranged for the occasion and speakers of prominence are asked to address the members and guests. The Masons, Knights of Columbus, and a number of other fraternal bodies, have enjoyed these interesting evenings. It is the purpose of the Lodge to continue this practice until every local fraternal organization partakes of the hospitality of its Home.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price has granted dispensations for the institution of the following new Lodges:

South Haven, Mich., Lodge No. 1509.
Cicero, Ill., Lodge No. 1510.

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge Organizes Symphony Orchestra

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge No. 885 has organized a symphony orchestra which bids fair to be one of the most outstanding assets of the Lodge. Its particular function is to furnish music during Lodge sessions, at entertainments, and to play occasionally in the Home on Saturday nights. Later on the orchestra plans to present a series of public concerts.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Shows True Spirit of Elk Charity

To stimulate interest and create good fellowship within the Lodge as well as to instill the spirit of the Order in the hearts of a number of young men of character who would make good Elks, San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168 recently staged a novel entertainment for its members and their invited guests. A special program was provided for the occasion which included music by the Lodge's orchestra, the Chanters, and numbers by many professional entertainers. The outstanding event of the evening was a

Lotto game participated in by newly initiated members, and to which the older members contributed twenty-five cents each toward a fund, ostensibly to be presented to the two winners, but which, to the surprise of all present, was used for a different purpose. At the conclusion of the match, the Chairman of the evening introduced a blind man as his guest to whom was presented the first prize money amounting to nearly \$100. The winner of the second prize also had the pleasure of using his winnings to help a young man of the community in need of assistance.

The action of the Lodge in both of these worthy cases made a deep impression on the invited guests and resulted later in the signing of a large number of applications for membership.

Braddock, Pa., Lodge Stages Successful Juvenile Follies

The children's annual spring dancing festival, known as the "Juvenile Follies," was staged recently by Braddock, Pa., Lodge No. 883 at the Capitol Theatre. Every seat in the spacious house was occupied and many stood up to see the wonderful performance of the youngsters. The young artists, sons and daughters of the members of the Lodge, were greeted with salvos of applause which left little doubt that there was any one present who was not thoroughly pleased with the show. This annual show is a direct outgrowth of the children's dancing classes which are provided through the winter by Braddock Lodge. These classes will be continued next season under the same competent instructor who has made them so successful.

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge Invites Travelers to Convention

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186 extends a cordial invitation to all members going to the Portland Convention to come by way of Wenatchee, which is midway between Spokane and Seattle on the Great Northern Railway. Its handsome Home will be open to all who stop off in that city, and visitors will be taken for rides through the beautiful valley—one of the wonders of the region.

Home of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge Now Free of Debt

Jackson, Tenn., Lodge No. 192 recently celebrated the removal of all indebtedness on its Home by burning bonds amounting to \$17,500 which had been previously paid by the Lodge. A banquet, followed by a fine musical program, was enjoyed by the many members and guests who attended the ceremony.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Holds Benefit For Crippled Children

A large number of the crippled children of the Iola Sanitarium were recently guests of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24 at a field day held for

their benefit. The trip from the institution to the baseball park was in the form of a parade, with all the cars carrying the youngsters beautifully decorated and bands playing. A special program of sports was given at the park including running races, high jumping, gymnastic exhibitions and a ball game. Funds raised by the admission charges will be used for the care of children who are in need of specialists, the purchase of crutches, braces, and other necessary equipment.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge Pays Tribute to Its Dead

In keeping with the motto—"Living or dead, an Elk is never forgotten"—Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge No. 695 has instituted an annual custom of specially decorating the graves of its deceased members. Solid bronze markers have been placed on the graves this year, and in the future plans will be formulated for an annual formal outdoor tribute. The bronze markers are beautifully inscribed, each bearing the name of the departed member, year of birth and date of death. A handsomely designed elk's head also adorns the marker.

Ogden, Utah, Lodge Begins Work On Addition to Home

Work is progressing rapidly on the addition which Ogden, Utah, Lodge No. 719 is building to its present Home. When this is completed, and when the numerous other changes in the old building are finished, Ogden Lodge will have practically a new Home. Among some of the notable improvements will be a Lodge room with a seating capacity of about 900, and which will provide a hall floor space 67 x 81 feet.

Upon the opening of the building in October, it is planned by the Lodge to hold a six-day carnival in the Home to which the public will be invited. Immediately following the opening, it is expected that an invitational selective membership campaign will start which will continue throughout the winter. By spring, 1926, Ogden looks forward to having at least 2,000 members who will take part in its Silver Jubilee, to be celebrated a year from this July.

Interesting Facts Concerning Membership in Nevada

Based on their latest annual reports, the six Lodges in Nevada have 3,105 members in good standing. This is estimated to be about 38 members per thousand inhabitants, a figure far above the average for the rest of the country. Considering the fact that it is more difficult for members to attend meetings in Nevada than in most other States, on account of the great distances, this showing is a remarkable one. The recently formed Nevada State Elks Association is another indication of the progressive and cooperative spirit prevalent among the Lodges of this State.

Washington State Elks Association Meets at Vancouver

The regular summer session of the Washington State Elks Association will open this year on July 13 at Vancouver. The Convention Committee of Vancouver Lodge No. 823 has put forth every effort to make this meeting one of the best ever held, and a program has been arranged which will include the presence of many Grand Lodge officers. In addition, a number of important questions will be brought before the Association for consideration and determination.

New Home Is Being Built by New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge

One of the finest Homes in the state is being erected by New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge No. 324 on Livingston Avenue at Carroll Place. It is estimated that when the building is fully completed it will represent an investment close to \$400,000. It will be four stories in height and will have two entrances, one on Carroll Place and the other on Livingston Avenue. To rear of the main structure will be located a one-story building of brick, 72 x 116 feet. This will contain four bowling alleys, with ample facilities for spectators. There will also be a grill, pool and



This spacious building is the new Home of Everett, Wash., Lodge No. 479

billiard room and swimming pool. The second floor of the main building will contain the banquet hall, 80 x 100 feet, and on the third floor will be the Lodge room, 44 x 75 feet. This will be one of the most attractive rooms of the Home. It will be handsomely furnished and will have artistic lighting effects, and also special electric installation for the ritualistic work. The exterior of the building will be built with a granite base, and have tapestry brick and limestone trimming. It is the opinion of the architects that the members will be housed in their new Home by April 1, 1926.

Waukesha, Wis., Lodge Celebrates Dedication of New Home

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price assisted by Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Chauncey Yockey, Exalted Ruler of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46, and officers of the Lodge recently dedicated the handsome new Home of Waukesha, Wis., Lodge No. 400. The ceremony was the culmination of a three-day program of special events arranged in celebration of the formal opening of the new Home. District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers O. R. Roenius and B. W. Arnold; George Dwinnell, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, and a number of other well-known members of the Order took part in the dedication exercises. Music by the band of Waukesha Lodge and the Chanters of Milwaukee Lodge was an attractive feature of the program.

Miami, Fla., Lodge Helps Tornado Sufferers

When a tornado occurred recently in the jurisdiction of Miami, Fla., Lodge No. 948 the members took food and clothing to the afflicted. The Lodge also pledged \$500 at once for relief of the sufferers, and \$500 more at the next meeting.

Mother Lodge Gets Big Legacy To Increase Hospital Facilities

A handsome legacy of \$5,000 was recently given to New York Lodge No. 1 in the will of Hugh McGuire, who died recently at the Home of No. 1 where he had lived for the last 15 years. The legacy, in terms of the will, is to be used to either enlarge the present hospital accommodations maintained by the Lodge in the Post Graduate Hospital, or expended, at the discretion of the Lodge, in securing another bed in a hospital within its jurisdiction. This gift is characteristic of the generous spirit Mr. McGuire manifested through the many years in which he was active in the affairs of his Lodge.

Pennsylvania Passes Splendid Law Due To Efforts of Scranton, Pa., Lodge

Due to the efforts of Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123, Pennsylvania recently appropriated \$250,000 for the educational and vocational training of the 50,000 crippled children of the State. The bill, recently signed by Governor Pinchot, besides appropriating the money, calls for the appointment of a committee which shall select a site for a home where the cripples may be trained. In addition to this, \$38,800 is provided the State Welfare Department to take a census of the afflicted children. Scranton Lodge is to be highly commended for its great work in bringing about this far-reaching piece of humanitarian legislation. Former Senator Edward F. Blewitt and William I. Barriscale, Chairman of the Lodge's Crippled Kiddies Committee, deserve special mention for originating the bill. Each of them also devoted much of their time and effort to getting it through the legislature and signed by the Governor.

San Francisco Lodge Opens Home—Formal Dedication This Month

A two day's program of celebration marked the opening of the new million-dollar Home of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3. Many prominent members of the Order on the coast were present, and representatives from other Lodges and the public took part in the festivity, which was in the nature of a civic event. The new Home will be formally dedicated by



The bronze statue which stands at the entrance of the Elks Rest in Syracuse, the gift of Miles S. Hencle, Secretary of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge No. 31

the Grand Exalted Ruler immediately after the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Ore., this month, thus assuring the presence of a distinguished gathering of Grand Lodge officers who will make the trip from Portland, to San Francisco especially for the ceremony.

Opelousas, La., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Waldo M. Pitkin, who was accompanied by Phineas Moses, Secretary of New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 39, recently dedicated the new Home of Opelousas, La., Lodge No. 1048. An excellent program, including a dinner-dance, had been arranged in celebration of the event.

The new Home has practically every facility which Elks' Homes in much larger cities afford. There is a ladies' reception hall, a reading room, ballroom, a Lodge room capable of seating 200, a social hall, gymnasium, kitchen and a large banquet hall. The entire building is equipped with typhoon fans, and has hardwood floors throughout.

Governor of Oregon Makes July 16 A Holiday Throughout State

At the request of the Lodges of Oregon, Governor Walter Pierce, who is a member of La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433, will declare July 16 to be a legal holiday. This will be done in order that every Elk in the state can attend the Grand Lodge Convention Parade at Portland. Governor Pierce was urged to this action by the receipt of memorials from every Lodge in Oregon.

Death Claims Past Exalted Ruler Of Longmont, Colo., Lodge

The recent death of John A. Donovan, Past Exalted Ruler of Longmont, Colo., Lodge No.

1055 was the cause of deep sorrow to his many friends throughout the Order and a real loss to his community. For more than a quarter of a century he had been a resident of Longmont, and was the Mayor and an Alderman of his town many times during that period. In 1902 he was initiated into Boulder, Colo., Lodge No. 566. In 1907, when Longmont Lodge was instituted, he was one of its charter members. From that time until the day of his death he was one of the forceful, outstanding characters in the upbuilding of the Lodge. His interest in the Order was wide, and his fine, manly personality was known to many members in all sections of the country.

Massachusetts Lodges Are In Flourishing Condition

Massachusetts Lodges in the Northeast District, of which Arthur G. Ledwith is District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, are in a very flourishing condition. Malden Lodge No. 965 recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary, and Melrose Lodge No. 1031 its nineteenth, the Governor of the state being present on both occasions. Medford Lodge No. 915, which celebrated its nineteenth anniversary, also had the honor of the Governor's presence at its banquet board. While these Lodges are comparatively young and within the shadow of Boston Lodge No. 10, they are all very prosperous and leaders in the life of their respective communities.

Iowa City, Iowa, Lodge Observes Silver Anniversary

Iowa City, Iowa, Lodge No. 590 recently celebrated its Silver Anniversary with an elaborate program. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was the guest of honor and among the

(Continued on page 70)

Directory of Subordinate Lodges

For the Year 1925—1926

Compiled by Fred C. Robinson
Grand Secretary, Chicago, Illinois

Key to Meeting Nights

After each secretary's name in this directory you will see a number. Each number signifies the night or nights of the month on which the lodge holds regular meetings. The key to these numbers is printed herewith:

- 1—Mondays.
- 2—1st and 3rd Monday.
- 3—2nd and 4th Monday.
- 4—Tuesdays.
- 5—1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- 6—2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- 7—Wednesdays.
- 8—1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- 9—2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- 10—Thursdays.
- 11—1st and 3rd Thursday.
- 12—2nd and 4th Thursday.
- 13—Fridays.
- 14—1st and 3rd Friday.
- 15—2nd and 4th Friday.
- 16—Saturdays.
- 17—1st and 3rd Saturday.
- 18—2nd and 4th Saturday.
- 19—Sundays.
- 20—1st and 3rd Sunday.
- 21—2nd and 4th Sunday.

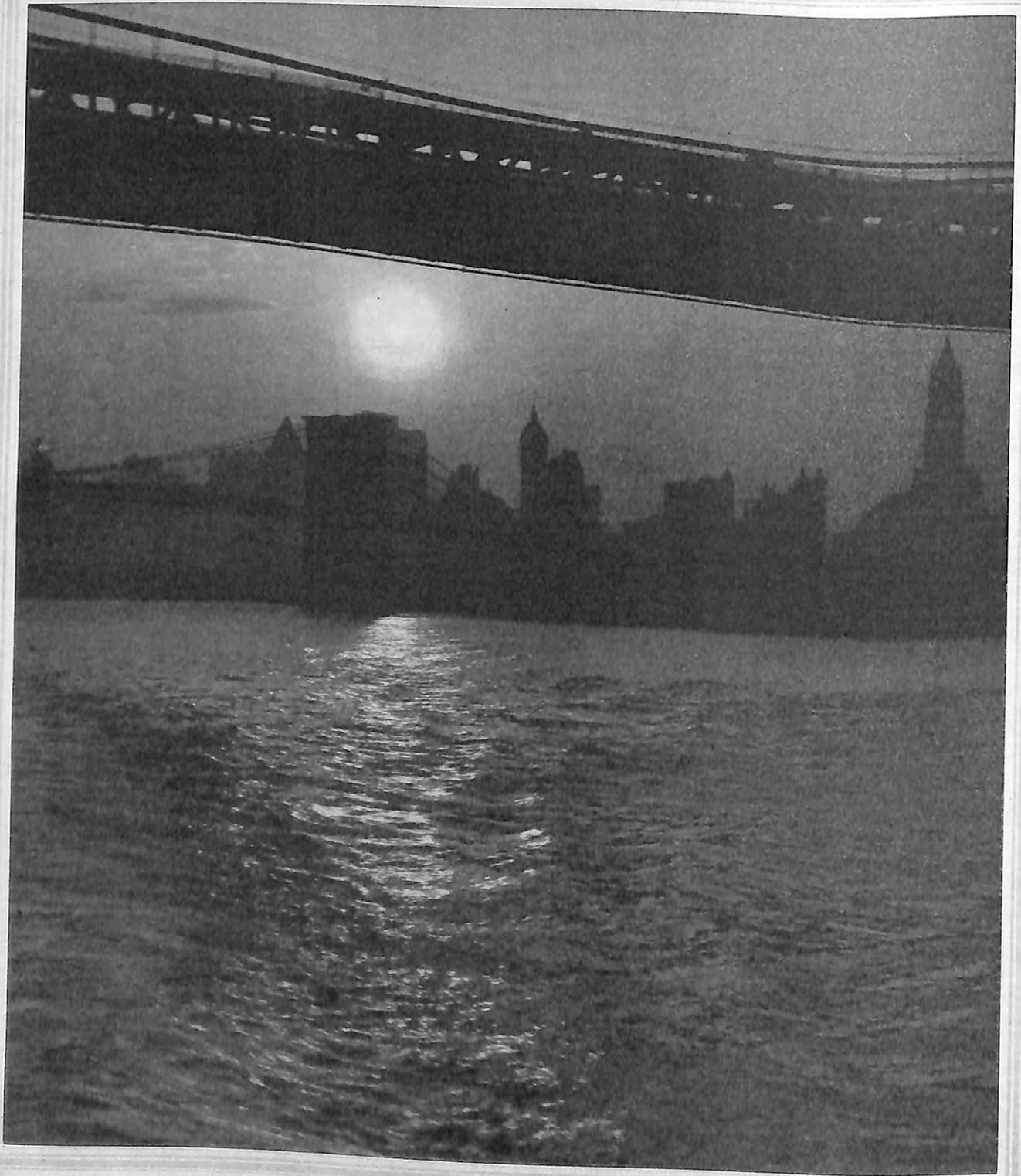
Aberdeen, Miss., No. 620—Frank B. Maier, Exalted Ruler; Frank Ransom, Secretary—12.
 Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046—William L. Buttz, Exalted Ruler; Grant H. Mountain, Secretary—14.
 Aberdeen, Wash., No. 593—C. N. Stockwell, Exalted Ruler; H. L. Oliver, Secretary—10.
 Abilene, Texas, No. 562—Fleming D. James, Exalted Ruler; Don R. Marshall, Secretary—16.
 Ada, Okla., No. 1275—Harry P. Scheinberg, Exalted Ruler; J. T. Roff, Jr., Secretary—3.
 Adams, Mass., No. 1335—Andrew G. Scott, Exalted Ruler; Charles H. Tower, Secretary—9.
 Adrian, Mich., No. 429—H. Thane Bauman, Exalted Ruler; Fred H. Tag, Secretary—12.
 Agana, Guam, No. 1281—F. J. Gevers, Secretary—8.
 Akron, Ohio, No. 363—Roy B. Meade, Exalted Ruler; Thos. S. Heffernan, Secretary—5.
 Alameda, Cal., No. 1015—Pierre M. Willemin, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Higby, Secretary—1.
 Alamosa, Colo., No. 1297—A. D. Graham, Exalted Ruler; P. T. Poxson, Secretary—4.
 Albany, Ga., No. 713—C. W. Thomas, Exalted Ruler; R. L. Kearsey, Secretary—7.
 Albany, N. Y., No. 49—Peter A. Buchheim, Exalted Ruler; Edward P. Hanlon, Secretary—7.
 Albany, Ore., No. 359—M. D. Shanks, Exalted Ruler; Al. Jensen, Secretary—10.
 Albert Lee, Minn., No. 813—F. A. Franz, Exalted Ruler; Chas. Donahue, Secretary—2.
 Albion, N. Y., No. 1006—James T. Bennett, Exalted Ruler; R. Pollo Stillman, Secretary—9.
 Albuquerque, N. M., No. 461—Jos. L. Regensburger, Exalted Ruler; Frank A. Stortz, Secretary—9.
 Alexandria, Ind., No. 478—Lafe Moreland, Exalted Ruler; P. H. Martin, Secretary—10.
 Alexandria, La., No. 546—E. Leo Ball, Exalted Ruler; H. B. Ake, Secretary—11.
 Alexandria, Va., No. 758—Harry F. Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; George H. Railing, Secretary—3.
 Alhambra, Cal., No. 1328—Leon S. Utter, Exalted Ruler; Purley O. Prince, Secretary—13.
 Allegheny, (Pittsburgh), Pa., No. 339—Charles G. Lane, Jr., Exalted Ruler; G. J. Schondelmeyer, Secretary—10.
 Allentown, Pa., No. 130—Robert K. Schantz, Exalted Ruler; Fred D. Kutz, Secretary—6.
 Alliance, Neb., No. 961—S. E. Wible, Exalted Ruler; Percy H. Cogswell, Secretary—13.
 Alliance, Ohio, No. 467—L. J. Starkey, Exalted Ruler; Geo. Sheets, Secretary—13.
 Alma, Mich., No. 1400—Paul Gee, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Howlett, Secretary—4.
 Alpena, Mich., No. 505—B. A. Deyeo, Exalted Ruler; H. Joachimsthal, Secretary—11.
 Alton, Ill., No. 746—John F. McGinnis, Jr., Exalted Ruler; F. E. Coppinger, Secretary—11.
 Altoona, Pa., No. 102—E. H. Delo, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Storm, Secretary—9.
 Allus, Okla., No. 1226—J. E. Kalb, Exalted Ruler; Alexander DeLuca, Secretary—9.
 Alva, Okla., No. 1184—O. L. Hayden, Exalted Ruler; Oscar S. Callison, Secretary—14.
 Amarillo, Texas, No. 923—C. M. McCullough, Exalted Ruler; Claude LeNeuve, Secretary—1.
 Ambidge, Pa., No. 983—Earl W. Hopkins, Exalted Ruler; Harry Schwartz, Secretary—12.
 Americus, Ga., No. 752—J. R. Stallings, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Morgan, Secretary—7.
 Amsterdam, N. Y., No. 101—Frank Baird, Exalted Ruler; Herman T. Wessell, Secretary—8.
 Anacosta, Mont., No. 239—S. O. Evans, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Clinton, Secretary—11.
 Anacortes, Wash., No. 1204—Fred E. Bertrand, Exalted Ruler; E. A. Ratliff, Secretary—7.
 Anaheim, Cal., No. 1355—Forest B. Callan, Exalted Ruler; R. L. Royalty, Secretary—9.
 Anchorage, Alaska, No. 1351—Lyle W. Larsen, Exalted Ruler; F. A. Martin, Secretary—4.
 Anderson, Ind., No. 209—Earl C. Morris, Exalted Ruler; M. A. Steele, Secretary—7.
 Anderson, S. C., No. 1206—Raymond E. Cochran, Exalted Ruler; Robt. B. Findley, Jr., Secretary—12.
 Annapolis, Md., No. 622—Charles Nelson Brooks, Exalted Ruler; Wm. G. Sullivan, Secretary—7.
 Ann Arbor, Mich., No. 325—LaVerne Cushing, Exalted Ruler; Ernest E. Gurnner, Secretary—8.
 Ansonia, Conn., No. 1269—Charles H. Jenison, Exalted Ruler; George F. McNamara, Secretary—6.
 Antigo, Wis., No. 662—T. J. Reinert, Exalted Ruler; C. L. Olk, Secretary—3.
 Apollo, Pa., No. 386—John Zimmerman, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Hildebrand, Secretary—14.
 Appleton, Wis., No. 337—James H. Balliet, Exalted Ruler; Thos. J. Long, Secretary—8.
 Ardmore, Okla., No. 648—Clarence Atkins, Exalted Ruler; Julius H. Kahn, Secretary—6.
 Argonia, Ark., No. 1004—Chas. T. Ryan, Exalted Ruler; Percy H. Machin, Secretary—9.
 Arkadelphia, Ark., No. 1149—D. N. Graves, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Lowdermilk, Secretary—10.
 Arkansas City, Kans., No. 956—C. H. House, Exalted Ruler; John N. Floyd, Secretary—2.
 Arlington, Mass., No. 1435—James E. Doughty, Exalted Ruler; Francis L. Dalton, Secretary—6.
 Asbury Park, N. J., No. 128—Thomas A. Clancy, Exalted Ruler; Charles Rugarber, Secretary—15.
 Asheville, N. C., No. 1401—E. E. Stafford, Exalted Ruler; N. P. Mulvaney, Secretary—7.
 Ashland, Ky., No. 350—C. R. Levi, Exalted Ruler; O. R. Schmauch, Secretary—8.
 Ashland, Ohio, No. 1360—W. L. Rybolt, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Gardner, Secretary—5.
 Ashland, Ore., No. 944—Millard W. Grubb, Exalted Ruler; J. Edw. Thornton, Secretary—16.
 Ashland, Pa., No. 384—Geo. T. Sharp, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Rich, Secretary—2.

Ashland, Wis., No. 137—W. J. McCoshen, Exalted Ruler; L. W. Pool, Secretary—5.
 Ashtabula, Ohio, No. 208—T. H. Burger, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Breen, Secretary—10.
 Aspen, Colo., No. 224—L. C. Shoemaker, Exalted Ruler; John Bowman, Secretary—7.
 Astoria, Ore., No. 180—Carl M. Williams, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Clinton, Secretary—10.
 Atchison, Kans., No. 647—J. Wallenstein, Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Edwards, Secretary—5.
 Athens, Ohio, No. 973—R. F. Demers, Exalted Ruler; Alex M. Moore, Secretary—4.
 Athens, Ga., No. 790—Frank Postero, Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Waskey, Secretary—14.
 Atlanta, Ga., No. 78—J. Turner Pitten, Exalted Ruler; B. C. Broyles, Secretary—10.
 Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276—Clarence E. Knauer, Exalted Ruler; Geo. B. Stoddard, Secretary—7.
 Atlantic, Iowa, No. 445—Roscoe L. Brown, Exalted Ruler; John J. Rapp, Secretary—3.
 Attleboro, Mass., No. 1014—Edmund L. Pasington, Exalted Ruler; Virgil Blackinton, Secretary—3.
 Auburn, N. Y., No. 474—Joseph F. Ibbotson, Exalted Ruler; Charles A. Dayton, Secretary—8.
 Augusta, Ga., No. 205—Wm. T. Gary, Exalted Ruler; Hugh Kinchley, Secretary—5.
 Augusta, Kans., No. 1462—Harry O. Mangold, Exalted Ruler; L. N. Lenoir, Secretary—3.
 Augusta, Me., No. 964—Charles W. Cyr, Exalted Ruler; Harris S. Day, Secretary—12.
 Aurora, Illinois, No. 70—Nelson H. Millard, Exalted Ruler; Leonard J. Applegust, Secretary—8.
 Austin, Minn., No. 414—T. R. Dowd, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Scallon, Secretary—6.
 Austin, Texas, No. 201—Tom Atlee, Exalted Ruler; C. B. Anderson, Secretary—9.

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Bainbridge, Ga., No. 986—Glen T. Tonge, Exalted Ruler; H. F. Hamil, Secretary—5.
 Baker, Ore., No. 338—Frank J. Penrod, Exalted Ruler; Walter S. Kennon, Secretary—4.
 Bakersfield, Cal., No. 266—J. Bruce Payne, Exalted Ruler; James Egan, Secretary—4.
 Balboa, Canal Zone, No. 1414—Mace M. Jacques, Secretary, Box 345—18.
 Ballard, Wash., No. 827—Arthur L. Theisen, Exalted Ruler; Dwight S. Hawley, Secretary—10.
 Baltimore, Md., No. 7—George Joeckel, Exalted Ruler; Charles R. Klosterman, Secretary—7.
 Bangor, Me., No. 244—Chester P. Stewart, Exalted Ruler; Walter I. Brown, Secretary—12.
 Bangor, Pa., No. 1106—Arthur R. Albert, Exalted Ruler; R. F. Yabraes, Secretary—15.
 Baraboo, Wis., No. 688—Elmer S. Johnston, Exalted Ruler; Adolph Andro, Secretary—2.
 Barberton, Ohio, No. 982—Noble G. Kirby, Exalted Ruler; Edward A. Jacobs, Secretary—10.
 Bartlesville, Okla., No. 1060—Cecil J. Prashaw, Exalted Ruler; E. L. Meng, Secretary—9.
 Baticuria, N. Y., No. 950—Albert F. Kleps, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Homelius, Secretary—5.
 Bath, Me., No. 934—Horatio A. D. Mikels, Exalted Ruler; Roscoe H. Shaw, Secretary—12.
 Baton Rouge, La., No. 490—Carroll S. Mayer, Exalted Ruler; Louis J. Ricard, Secretary—7.
 Baille Creek, Mich., No. 131—Paul W. Bates, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Neale, Secretary—7.
 Bay City, Mich., No. 88—Selwyn A. Lambert, Exalted Ruler; Thomas C. Hughes, Secretary—10.
 Bayonne, N. J., No. 434—Jack Feinberg, Exalted Ruler; John F. McCarthy, Secretary—8.

Beacon, N. Y., No. 1493—James A. Kennelly, Exalted Ruler; William A. Forrestal, Secretary—12.
 Beardstown, Ill., No. 1007—Harry D. Anderson, Exalted Ruler; Edwin S. Knight, Secretary—8.
 Beatrice, Neb., No. 619—L. C. McEwen, Exalted Ruler; V. B. Solts, Secretary—11.
 Beaumont, Texas, No. 311—Leo L. Ryder, Exalted Ruler; San S. Solinsky, Temporary Secretary—4.
 Beaver Falls, Pa., No. 348—I. E. Gordon, Exalted Ruler; H. B. Chandley, Secretary—12.
 Beckley, W. Va., No. 1452—W. W. Kite, Exalted Ruler; R. R. Bunton, Secretary—9.
 Bedford, Ind., No. 826—C. M. Lane, Exalted Ruler; Nick Conklin, Secretary—10.
 Bellaire, Ohio, No. 419—Samuel Duga, Exalted Ruler; Russell Heathington, Secretary—4.
 Bellefontaine, Ohio, No. 132—J. M. Cooke, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Zoz, Secretary—2.
 Bellefonte, Pa., No. 1094—W. W. Gherry, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Armstrong, Secretary—3.
 Belleville, Ill., No. 481—Arno Grossart, Exalted Ruler; Wilbur E. Krebs, Secretary—8.
 Belleville, N. J., No. 1123—Milton L. Shifman, Exalted Ruler; Henry Gemeinhardt, Jr., Secretary—3.
 Bellevue, Ohio, No. 1013—C. W. Jenkins, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Schuster, Secretary—8.
 Bellingham, Wash., No. 194—Ira V. Wilson, Exalted Ruler; G. Ed. Rothweiler, Secretary—10.
 Beloit, Wis., No. 804—Robert S. Dailey, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Perkins, Secretary—9.
 Belton, Texas, No. 1131—Lee A. Walker, Secretary—6.
 Bemidji, Minn., No. 1052—W. F. Marcum, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Jerrard, Secretary—10.
 Bend, Ore., No. 1371—T. H. Foley, Exalted Ruler; C. T. Terril, Secretary—4.
 Bunnington, Va., No. 567—William P. Hogan, Exalted Ruler; Henry T. Stickles, Secretary—6.
 Benton Harbor, Mich., No. 544—Harry W. Smith, Exalted Ruler; D. H. Green, Secretary—11.
 Benton, Ill., No. 1234—Thurlow G. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; J. T. Carroll, Secretary—6.
 Bergenfield, N. J., No. 1477—Albert B. Lembeck, Exalted Ruler; John Wm. Fallon, Secretary—9.
 Berkeley, Cal., No. 1002—Luther A. Dunlap, Exalted Ruler; Arthur B. Leslie, Secretary—7.
 Berlin, N. H., No. 618—Edward O. Gilbert, Exalted Ruler; P. J. Hinchey, Secretary—9.
 Berwick, Pa., No. 1138—Wilson M. Moyer, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Hicks, Secretary—5.
 Bessemer, Ala., No. 721—John E. Golden, Exalted Ruler; Wm. J. Hagerty, Secretary—7.
 Bessemer, Mich., No. 1354—Pearce E. Graham, Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Duda, Secretary—9.
 Bethlehem, Pa., No. 191—William Wirt Lynn, Exalted Ruler; R. J. Harte, Secretary—9.
 Beverly, Mass., No. 1309—Roscoe H. Pratt, Exalted Ruler; P. Joseph McKee, Secretary—9.
 Bicknell, Ind., No. 1421—Lum Landis, Secretary—13.
 Big Rapids, Mich., No. 974—Jay W. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Barney Lacer, Secretary—10.
 Big Springs, Texas, No. 1386—N. C. Bennett, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Hodges, Secretary—13.
 Billings, Mont., No. 394—J. Henry Nibbe, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Sackett, Secretary—9.
 Biloxi, Miss., No. 606—Edward L. James, Exalted Ruler; John Schwenck, Secretary—7.
 Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852—Chas. D. Humphries, Exalted Ruler; Jess C. Hovcr, Secretary—1.
 Birmingham, Ala., No. 79—Henry C. Goodman, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Bagley, Secretary—4.
 Bisbee, Ariz., No. 671—Chas. P. LeMieux, Exalted Ruler; J. A. Kelly, Secretary—14.
 Bismarck, N. D., No. 1199—J. L. George, Exalted Ruler; L. K. Thompson, Secretary—14.
 Blackfoot, Idaho, No. 1416—Mark B. Tuehy, Exalted Ruler; Leon J. Chapman, Secretary—2.
 Blackwell, Okla., No. 1347—Harvey O. Swan, Exalted Ruler; Hal Rustenhaven, Secretary—5.
 Blairsville, Pa., No. 400—Edw. M. Larkin, Exalted Ruler; J. G. New, Secretary—8.
 Blocton, Ala., No. 710—J. R. Young, Exalted Ruler; B. H. Gatlin, Secretary—12.
 Bloomfield, N. J., No. 788—Clarence A. Popp, Exalted Ruler; Wilmer L. Baldwin, Secretary—6.
 Bloomington, Ill., No. 281—Mathew Rosenberg, Exalted Ruler; O. Seibert, Secretary—2.
 Bloomington, Ind., No. 440—Geo. W. Henley, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Lill, Secretary—7.
 Bloomsburg, Pa., No. 436—J. Harry Mensch, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Sloan, Secretary—11.
 Bluefield, W. Va., No. 269—W. M. Keister, Exalted Ruler; John F. Land, Secretary—8.
 Blue Island, Ill., No. 1331—James W. Withers, Exalted Ruler; Edward L. Kruse, Secretary—10.
 Bluffton, Ind., No. 796—Carl Helms, Exalted Ruler; Earl Warnock, Secretary—10.
 Blytheville, Ark., No. 1211—H. S. Davis, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Proctor, Secretary—10.
 Bogalusa, La., No. 1338—J. J. Carter, Exalted Ruler; G. G. Timberlake, Secretary—11.
 Boise, Idaho, No. 310—Elbert S. Delana, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Johnson, Secretary—7.
 Bonham, Texas, No. 941—W. B. Leeman, Jr., Exalted Ruler; George S. Blakeney, Secretary—5.
 Boone, Iowa, No. 563—Robt. McBirnie, Exalted Ruler; Robt. T. Fisk, Secretary—11.
 Boonville, Ind., No. 1180—Floyd H. Nestor, Exalted Ruler; Herman J. Becker, Secretary—1.
 Boonton, N. J., No. 1405—Fred W. Bain, Exalted Ruler; A. S. Freeman, Secretary—2.
 Boston, Mass., No. 10—Daniel J. Kane, Exalted Ruler; P. F. McCarron, Secretary—29.
 Boulder, Colo., No. 566—Hugh Mark, Exalted Ruler; James Cowie, Secretary—10.



From a camera study by John Kabel

*Manhattan
From the East River*

*IT IS the hour of silhouettes
In the city of fabulous towers,
Beautiful, reaching Manhattan,
Hung between cloud and water!
Coming over the waves of the river,
You can hear the sound of the shadowed city,
As homeward bound through the aisles of granite
Her million children go.*

Charles Davies

Landis, the Super-Umpire

(Continued from page 21)

grasping magnates wanted to get in an extra game and get themselves that much more money in ill-gotten games.

They shrieked and they raged in the stands. They hurled their torn score-cards into the field. Some of the more impulsive started to uproot the chairs. A riot seemed impending.

As I said before Kenesaw Mountain Landis presents a figure that stands out in any crowd. He wears a soft floppy hat that has a personality itself and from under it drops a long leonine mane, gray in color. He can not be mistaken for anybody else.

One of the fans spotted him from far back. "There's George Landis," he shouted. "Let's tell it to George Landis. He's the guy."

The mob swarmed around the box of the High Commissioner, growling and screaming, "How about it, Judge? Are you going to stand for it, Judge?"

At that moment the Judge learned just how the lesser umpires must feel when the stands and the bleachers become enraged at a decision. He waved back the multitudes. He had made his decision.

The decision was to the effect that all of the proceeds of that particular game were to go to charity. There would be no "sordid commercialism." Nobody would profit but some crippled soldiers and some of the numerous charities of New York City. The multitude was satisfied. The super-umpire had given the popular decision, when it seemed that a popular decision was impossible.

Then what frequently happened to Mr. Will Hays, who holds a similar position over the motion picture industry happened to the High Commissioner of Baseball. You will recall that whenever Mr. Will Hays announces that Hollywood has become really puritanical one

of the ladies of the colony starts shooting or one of the gentlemen starts eloping.

The Judge was pointing with pride as it were to the moral condition of baseball when the Dolan-O'Connell case broke right in his face just in advance of a world series. The Judge acted with great promptness. Young Jimmy O'Connell confessed that he had offered a bribe to Heinie Sands "not to bear down too hard" in the game that decided the pennant race in favor of the New York Giants.

Cosy Dolan, the coach of the Giants, accused by O'Connell of having "put him up to it" said that he did not remember, that he could not recall. Judge Landis suspended this pair indefinitely.

Subsequently Dolan asked for a rehearing. His attitude became a bit belligerent. Whereupon the Judge cast aside judicial dignity and became belligerent also. He informed Mr. Dolan that he would defend himself and assumed the fighting attitude of the ancient pugilist Figg, in the old wood cuts. Mr. Cosy Dolan withdrew leaving the title in the hands of the High Commissioner.

Early in his occupancy of the post of super-umpire Judge Landis addressed a mixed gathering of players and magnates during the session of the "Ivory Market" at Louisville, Kentucky. The "Ivory Market" is the annual meeting of the minor leagues, so-called because there is much trading of players during the meeting.

"I want the players to know," said Judge Landis, shaking that mane and gesticulating with that long finger, "that in all disputes between players and magnates I will be inclined to take the side of the players."

This was not talk of a judicial nature. It annoyed a few of the magnates present. But it impressed the players. Every player feels that

the umpire is against him. Here was the super-umpire of all baseball declaring that he favored the players and there was no reason to doubt him. It was not a good declaration for an umpire to make. Umpires should be absolutely impartial, neither for the people nor for the interests, as one might say.

But the High Commissioner's attitude seemed to be, "Well I said it and what of it?"

I do not think that there is anything of the poseur about the High Commissioner. He faces batteries of cameras without batting an eye and he always "screens well" as they say in the moving picture industry. But I do not think that he seeks the limelight. He is one of those persons who are sought by the limelight.

He is slight in figure but even in repose gives the impression of tremendous energy and vitality. He has the faculty of fixing his auditors with a glittering eye and holding them as the wedding guest was held by the glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner. When he becomes confidential he will not only hold the listener with his glittering eye but he will hold him firmly by the lapel.

With all of his intense earnestness the High Commissioner has a sense of humor. He has let fall many a little epigram that indicates this. The cares of the hundred million dollars worth of responsibility rest lightly on his shoulders.

The Judge has two favorite recreations. One is to sit in the stands at a baseball game. The other is to be on the golf links. His work demands that he sit through the summer at baseball games. In the Spring it calls him to tour the training camps, most of which are located in Florida where there are golf links.

The super-umpire revels in his job. Small wonder. Few men find themselves as happily placed as Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 25)

you are to be married to a woman smaller than you."

Alan rested his hand on Beverly's arm.

"That's where you're wrong, Squint. I do."

They left the kitchen. Squint gazed affectionately after them.

"Ellen," he remarked, "life certainly is a queer thing."

"Listen at the wise man. What thought is getting lonesome in your brain now, Squint?"

"I was just thinking," he answered reflectively, "how sorry I'd be to get the job of bumping Mr. Beckwith off."

Beverly and Alan stood side by side in the living-room, their bodies touching. They were both keenly alive to the contact, but neither remarked upon it.

The front door opened and Johnny Ames breezed into the room, dragging by the hand the embarrassed and reluctant form of his best girl.

"Folks—Mae Deshler. Mae, meet Beverly."

Beverly advanced quickly; she injected the full force of her warm, friendly personality into the smile of welcome which she bestowed upon the voluptuous Mae.

Their hands met. For a few seconds they stared at one another. Then, quite simply and naturally, Beverly kissed her brother's fiancée.

"Welcome home, Mae."

MAE was embarrassed into silence, but Johnny waxed exultant. He kissed her on the back of the neck.

"What'd I tell you, Ol' Kid? Ain't Sis a regular feller, huh?"

But Mae did not take her eyes from Beverly's delicate features.

"I hope you are going to like me, Beverly..."

She was bustled off into the bedroom where she doffed coat and hat and stood forth radiant in a gown which she had fondly fancied would knock 'em dead. It was a marvelous creation of dark blue trimmed with gold... but she was so pathetically eager for Beverly's approval that it came unstintedly.

"Splendid! That gown is beautiful—and so are you, Mae. I don't blame John."

The girl flushed. "Thanks, Beverly. And just a word—I ain't ever been here before because I and you ain't the same sort; we don't hardly speak the same language. But I just want to say this, so there won't be no misunderstanding: You don't love Johnny half as much as I do."

And Beverly knew that she spoke truly.

The first two courses of the dinner did not stamp the affair as a signal success. It was not that Mae was ill at ease in her handling of food or forks; she had been thoroughly trained in the city's best restaurants—but she was on company manners; whereat Johnny squirmed and chafed and wondered what was eatin' on her.

Alan saw—and understood—and struggled. He joked with Mae about their first meeting.

"Thought I was trying to date you up, didn't you, Mae?"

"For a minute; yes. Then I seen that you was different. You wasn't awkward enough or easy enough—and your eyes didn't have the right look."

"And then you got scared?"

"Sweet Agnes! I'll say I did. I thought you was a flatfoot and that something had went wrong about Johnny. When you finely told me who you was, I like to have died with surprise. And I was *that* relieved!"

"He ain't such a worse brother-in-law," proclaimed Johnny proudly. "And he's a bearcat when he gets under way. Can you figure him putting the hooks to Nick Webb with a poker?"

"John!"

"Well, he did, didn't he?"

"You never can tell about these thin-faced guys," commented Mae sagely. She was beginning to feel her feet on terra firma again: "I've met all kinds of men, but it's the lean-jawed ones that does the most unexpected things. Now, Johnny here's jaw is square—"

"What you doin', Mae; slammin' me?"

"I wouldn't do that, sweetness. Not Mae

... and not before the parson has pronounced the I-told-you-so's."

Slowly and surely the festal spirit took possession of the odd little family group. Mae, seeing that she was accepted at face value, became her natural, ebullient self. Her loudly pleasant voice and her full-throated laughter rang through the dining-room.

Johnny was in a seventh heaven: he had been afraid of this meeting with his sister... jealous of the effect which Mae might make. And now that a friendly status was firmly established, he fairly bubbled. Every few minutes he would lean over to whisper in Beverly's ear.

"Say, on the level, Sis, ain't she a darby?"

"She certainly is, John."

"No polish or nothing fancy: just all wool and a yard wide..." Then, with a grin, "Or nearly that much."

DINNER finished, Ellen cleared the table. Then she and Squint were summoned for the distribution of presents from the tree.

These were the absurd gifts: the real ones were reserved for the next day. There was a cap-pistol for Squint, whereat he grinned his twisted grin; and a child's broom for Ellen. There was a mechanical automobile for Johnny and a miniature manicure set for Mae. For Beverly there was a tin cook-stove and for Alan a game of indoor golf. They pulled the poppers from the tree and donned the paper caps which were contained therein and finally they chose sides and indulged in a game of Alan's golf.

It was a merry, carefree party. For an hour the sinister atmosphere was dispelled and the eyes of all sparkled with genuine delight.

Ellen and Squint went home; even as the kitchen door closed behind them the last thing heard was Ellen's strident voice and Squint's pleading answers. In the living-room they turned on the phonograph and danced... Alan was the veriest novice and Mae undertook to teach him. He proved a willing, if

(Continued on page 50)



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New York

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 49)

inept, pupil and they laughed uproariously at his antics.

Midnight. Mae insisted that it was time for the party to break up. Beverly went with her to the bedroom.

"I've had a wonderful time, Beverly. Perfectly swell."

"So have I. I'm sorry you've never given me this opportunity before."

"I was scared: on the level, I was. I kept putting it off and putting it off. I'd have went flooie if Johnny's sister hadn't fell for me. Of course, I ain't much, but . . ."

"I understand, dear. And we're good friends now: forever and ever?"

"You said it!"

"You must make Johnny bring you around tomorrow afternoon. It looks like a white Christmas, and Alan is planning for all of us to go to Shadow Lake for some sleigh-riding."

"Ain't that swell?"

"Just the four of us . . . you'll go?"

"I won't do nothing else."

At the door the last goodnights were said. Johnny rang for the elevator.

"Goodnight, Mae."

"Night folks. Had a swell time; believe me, I did. 'Night both of you—Beverly and Alan."

They waved as the elevator appeared. And then, as they stepped into the cage, Mae sang out a final adieu—

"See you next Christmas!"

The cage dropped from sight. Alan felt Beverly's figure stiffen as her fingers closed about his. They turned and entered the apartment; in spite of himself Alan shivered.

In the elevator, Mae was anathematizing herself for the thoughtless, inadvertent break. She was almost in tears.

"Johnny," she wailed, "I ain't got but one brain—and it's dead!"

CHAPTER XXII

IN THE three months which followed, the unusual family life settled somewhat into a groove. To the casual observer, the everyday routine of the Beckwiths was that of any young married couple of moderate means. Inclement weather caused Johnny to be with them more than usual, but even so, there were two or three days of each week when he reported himself absent.

One bit of news Johnny did bring early in January—he had been given a new partner. "I've got a hunch" said Johnny, "that North must have heard about the affair between Nick and Alan. I ain't sure—but I'm pretty positive. Some one heard Nick say he didn't see what right North had butting into his private affairs. But even if North has passed the word for him to lay off, that ain't no sign that you don't have to keep your eyes peeled Alan. This here Nick is nasty medicine."

March was a particularly bitter month: Alan and Beverly took long walks together in the afternoons and at night sat in their cozy sitting room, chatting. They made the acquaintance of a young couple who occupied an apartment on the same floor of the Avonmont and there were occasional evenings of bridge, which Alan played exceedingly well; and of mah-jong, which he detested.

Daytimes he was with Beverly a good bit more than heretofore, but he was scrupulous in seeing that she had plenty of time to herself. He joined a Y. M. C. A. and took up again a sport of his youth—hand-ball, where his long, flexible frame and keen eye proved of enormous advantage and he developed rapidly into an excellent player. As for Beverly, she spent her mornings marketing: she delighted in visiting the neighborhood stores and choosing for herself the particular cuts of meat which pleased Alan most, and in selecting choice viands from the grocer's shelves.

Occasionally they took Johnny and Mae Deshler to the theatre. The local stock company commanded their admiration and the quartet attended regularly every Tuesday night. Occasionally Mae and the boy took Sunday dinner with them, and once in awhile Martha Garrison was their guest. It was on one such occasion that Garry's observant old eyes verified

an instinctive feeling which had troubled her for some time. With characteristic directness she came to the point as she sat alone with them after the evening meal.

"What is wrong with you two children?" she inquired bluntly.

"Wrong? Why Garry—whatever put such ideas into your head?"

"They aren't ideas, Alan: it's a certainty. You're young and in love with each other and you have everything in the world—but there's an undercurrent that a body can't miss from the minute they enter the front door. Now, what is it?"

They assured her it was nothing, but after she had gone they became very silent and serious. Alan changed to smoking-jacket and slippers and Beverly settled herself with embroidery in the big easy chair.

They realized that there was much to be discussed, and they knew, too, that each had been avoiding it for the past three months. It had been such a delicious three months, so long as they did not permit themselves to think . . . and in each other's society that had been easy. But each had been staring into the darkness and wondering.

It was a queer situation and apparently an unanswerable one. But most disturbing of all was the knowledge of their mutual love and the insurmountable barrier between them.

Actually, they did not speak of their love, but it showed in every look and word and gesture: it was in the yearning light of her eyes and the tragedy which shone therefrom; in the care and thought of her which dominated his every thought. They had not previously touched upon the Damoclean sword because of the pain that it must bring. But tonight—

"Beverly—" he leaned forward earnestly, "we're thinking of the same thing. Why not thresh it out?"

She did not pretend lack of understanding.

"What is there to thresh out, Alan?"

"A good many things, dear. It's been six months now—the six happiest months of my life. There are seven months remaining."

"Yes. And then—?"

"I'm not kicking," he said softly. "I went into this with my eyes open. I knew just what it meant . . . but I didn't know you. For the first time in my life I have learned the meaning of love and of home. I held cheap the life which I had been living for years . . . but I can not hold my present life so cheaply. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Alan. Before, you didn't want to live. Now things are different."

"Exactly. And I used to think that where there was a will . . . only I quit believing that during the years when I was struggling to keep my body nourished and clothes on my back. But now the will seems stronger—the strongest will in the world. It is the will to live."

"Is it possible?"

"I'm stubborn enough to believe that anything is possible. Even this. The thing is unthinkable: I, not quite twenty-seven years of age, doomed to death in exactly seven months! And yet I can't see a way out."

"There isn't. You are dealing with Andrew North."

"He certainly isn't utterly bereft of all human qualities, is he?"

"Yes. God knows I have reason to believe that. I was with Al Conroy one day and the next he was dead: murdered by orders of Andrew North. Do you wonder that I can't regard him as possessed of human emotions, or of the faintest hint of softness?"

"I don't wonder . . . Mind you, if there was an honorable way out, I wouldn't hesitate to take it. I can't bear the idea of standing by and letting fate overtake me—particularly when I know just when and how it is coming."

Her eyes narrowed and she spoke slowly, earnestly: "North is a man without ethical standards; your compact is illegal and horrible basically . . . you would not be blamable for breaking it in any way you could."

"You have an idea?"

"I've had a thousand; any one of which might be good against any other man. The obvious

thing is escape. But that is impossible. We're surrounded by spies of this man: if I so much as packed a suitcase Andrew North would know it through Ellen. Every move you make is reported to him by Squint Scoggins—he himself would see a break in your routine almost before you knew that the routine had been broken. This new man who is acting as John's jailer . . . The thing is monstrous, impossible, in a twentieth century civilization, but it happens to be a grim, stark fact. Don't get the idea that North doesn't know what we are thinking and discussing—part of his uncanny power is his very knowledge of human nature."

"He warned me in advance. I didn't believe him. But I had not then met you."

"BEING in love with me, Alan—only makes your position harder. But you would have wanted to escape anyway. Six months ago you were cold and hungry and depressed. Nothing seemed worth while. A year of comfort and bodily ease and mental enjoyment—and you'd have wanted life as keenly as you do now. It's a natural instinct—this clinging to life—and North knew it."

"Therefore," Alan spoke quietly, "under his code I'm entitled to no consideration?"

"Not a particle. From this viewpoint there can be no argument. And since we know that he must have anticipated any move we can possibly make—and that he is merciless . . ."

"You surely can't expect me to sit back and do nothing?"

"What else is there to do, Alan?"

"I don't know . . . I've been living in a dream for the last three or four months, Beverly—ever since I knew that I loved you and that perhaps you love me—"

"You know that I do."

"I've been afraid to wake myself; fearful of facing realities. I've told myself that I had ten months—then nine—then eight . . . and I know now that pretty soon I will be counting in smaller figures: three months—two months—" He lighted a cigarette and the fingers which held the match were trembling. "I'm afraid to think farther than that. And yet, Beverly, I wonder if you can understand me when I say that if North will show no mercy, then I must go ahead with my end of the bargain?"

"No! Alan! you don't know what you're saying! Surely, you wouldn't k-kill yourself—just because you told North . . ."

"Yes, dear. He himself argued against it. He invested twenty-five thousand dollars in my honesty: invested it because he believed me—accepted my word. I'm afraid I cannot go back on it."

"But, Alan—it's not reasonable! That you should do this—without an effort at escape . . ."

"I'm sorry. It isn't North's fault that I have changed my mind. He has done his part."

"I wish to God he hadn't."

"But he has. He has played square. I can do no less."

"And you mean to sit back placidly and let your life run its course: you mean to do nothing?"

"Not exactly . . . You see, Beverly, I don't entirely agree with your opinion of Andrew North. The man is, after all, a human being. There is a brain in his head and a heart in his body; he can experience happiness and misery just as we can . . . he may be morally twisted and even warped—but he is a man. And a man will understand."

"Not North."

"Yes, North. I am going to him tomorrow. I am not going to plead: I am going to state facts. I am going to see if we cannot adjust this thing some other way."

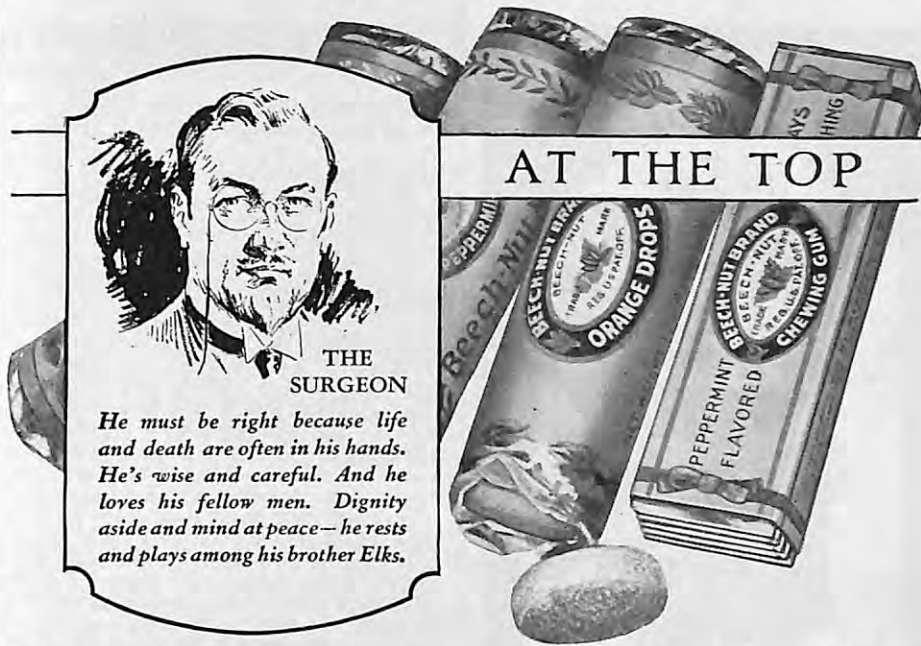
She laughed harshly. "God help you! I might believe that the ocean would turn to nectar and the pavements to gold—but not that Andrew North will show mercy."

"Just the same, I shall try. And Beverly—his voice sank low. "If he should give me a chance . . . if he should raise the death sentence . . . would that make things different between us?"

She raised her eyes to his. "Alan," she replied gently, "No matter what North says—I love you and I am your wife."

He bit his lip and turned away. "Knowing that, dear—I shall make North do as I wish. When a man wants something as I want you . . ." He paused abruptly.

(Continued on page 52)



Decides in favor of Beech-Nut

WITH practice, *wisdom* grows in men—and *discernment* and *discrimination*. The canny ones select Beech-Nut Gum, Beech-Nut Mints and Beech-Nut Fruit Drops. They know the difference between Beech-Nut and other confections. They know that the flavors of Beech-Nut Confections melt into the mouth—and they don't know where to find other flavors to match 'em.

There is sure enough comfort in Beech-Nut. A Beech-Nut Orange Drop—when a man has been perplexed—has sweetened many a sour "no" into a pleasant "yes". Most Elks Clubs keep a generous assortment of Beech-Nut Confections. The members like them and they like them to be placed conveniently and arranged for easy choice. The price of a package is only a nickel.

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Name City

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The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 51)

"And even that," she said bitterly, "has passed into the hands of Andrew North."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE city was proud of the Royal Arms Apartments. The structure stretched haughtily skyward on the most desirable corner of the very best residential section, and its architecture was a considerable improvement over the soap-box design which—for economical reasons—is habitually employed in the construction of such buildings.

Andrew North occupied a choice apartment of seven rooms on the fifth floor. An elderly and decidedly competent cook catered to his modest needs. North scorned a man-servant and, as a matter of fact, would have been jealous of the intrusion on his solitude.

Into his great living-room Alan Beckwith came the next evening at eight o'clock. He was more impressed than he cared to admit. North lounged in the corner of the room, the reading light beside him had been extinguished and the big room was only faintly illuminated by the glow of a piano lamp in the music room which adjoined. He nodded Alan to a seat and dismissed the cook with a gesture.

Alan was not at ease. North seemed to fill the tremendous room. Even in the half light Alan could see the expressionless, inscrutable face, the half-mocking light in the cold gray eyes. It made his task seem harder. . . . He accepted a proffered cigar and came to the point, albeit his voice was not as steady as he would have wished.

"I have come, Mr. North, to discuss myself."

"Yes."

"I imagine you have anticipated something like this . . ."

"Certainly."

"Well—I haven't disappointed you. But there is something I want to make clear at the outset: Six months ago you and I entered into an agreement. It was clear cut and absolute. You have more than fulfilled your side of that contract, and while I have come here to-night to talk with you about the possibility of amending or mitigating my obligation—I want to say that should you oppose my suggestion, I am ready to do what I have agreed."

"Excellent!"

Alan fancied that he detected a note of sarcasm in the man's voice. He wasn't sure . . . and North's face betrayed no meaning beyond the word.

"I shall state things as simply and concisely as possible. Of course you were right in advising me against this compact. You said that luxury and physical contentment would give me a desire for life which I have not had in years. Yet even at that I don't know that I would be here tonight had not another element entered into the thing: an element which probably you did not anticipate."

"And that is—?"

"Mr. North," said Alan simply, "I have fallen very deeply in love with Beverly."

"Hmm! Propinquity."

"Perhaps. But I think it is more than that. When she came to me, I did not know who she was. Under the circumstances of our marriage, I naturally suspected that she possessed a past which would scarcely stand probing. But ignorant as I was, I fell in love with her. Later I learned that she is—the right sort—and that simply intensified my feeling."

"Beverly cares for me, too. And in the three months I have known that I have tried to avoid thinking of next October. Naturally a man does not care to occupy his spare hours with contemplations of his death. When I entered into this contract with you I tried to bring myself to believe that I had died that night when I talked with you in Markstein's. Through all of this I have struggled to be true to that idea. I have battled to accept my allotment of happiness and rid my mind of the rather ghastly prospect of what is coming."

"Mr. North—believe me when I tell you that I have tried. But the thing is not humanly possible. I am on the threshold of my twenty-seventh birthday; for six months I have enjoyed creature comforts and the experience of a first

love. I have learned that I want to live . . . perhaps if only because I know that my death will bring additional sorrow to a girl who has had little else in her life.

"I am not welching: I have no intention of doing so. But I had to come to you; there was the chance that we might hit upon some scheme whereby you would be satisfied and I would be permitted to live." He spread his hands: his rather ascetic face was aglow with passionate earnestness, his voice trembled.

For a few moments North looked at him out of his blank, fishy eyes.

"Just what do you propose?"

"I don't know. But suicide, under these conditions seems so infernally barbarous!"

"It is, exactly that. Frankly, young man, I rather like you. I should prefer that you live. But—" and North's voice crackled through the room, "but this is not a question of sentiment. It is cold business."

"My position is this: It does not matter to me whether you live or die. By the end of October I intend to have in my hands the sum of one hundred thousand dollars as the result of this transaction. If you can bring me that sum of money—all well and good. I shall never bother you again. If you can not—I shall see that our original agreement is carried out to the letter."

North's voice was calm, unruffled. It was as matter-of-fact, as impersonal, as though Alan had come to sell him a book or a share of stock. It did not betray a hint of emotion or of human sympathy. He was casually conversational . . . Alan shivered and bent his head.

"It is for you to say, sir. I am sorry, of course—"

"Just what did you expect?"

"I hardly know. I'm afraid I've been pretty well dazed during the past six months. I suppose I am absurd, but I had the idea that if, perhaps, I could return to you the twenty-five thousand dollars or so that you have invested you would forget the rest."

"You don't know me."

"Or perhaps, sir, that you might accept my obligation for the total amount of one hundred thousand dollars and allow me several years to pay you."

"That is not reasonable. Money in dribbles does not interest me, and, besides, I cannot see that I could reasonably expect to collect a hundred thousand dollars from a man who six months ago was ready to commit suicide because he could not buy food to eat or clothes to wear."

The logic was irrefutable, and Alan frankly admitted as much.

"That is reasonable, sir. Mind you, I do not question anything you choose to do. My life is forfeited to you—I have no intention of attempting to crawl; of that you may be assured—"

"I am," interrupted North grimly. "I never take chances. Nor do I trust anyone."

"I have reason to know that, sir. I am sorry, of course—"

"Just what have you been doing with yourself for six months?"

"I believe you know as well as I do."

"Your physical actions—yes. But your mental slant . . . ?"

"I'm afraid I've been a bit cowardly, sir. I have been trying to enjoy myself—to saturate myself with pleasure to the point of forgetfulness."

"Ostrich, eh?"

"Yes. I haven't had much success, which is why I came to you tonight. I believed that you might be appealed to—"

"Let me repeat: You do not know me."

"I am learning. Oh! it's quite all right. I cannot criticize or condemn. I boasted to you at the outset that I am a gentleman—and I made a gentleman's agreement. I shall carry it out."

North rose. It was quite evident that he considered the interview at an end.

"I am glad to hear that, Alan. At the termination of the twelfth month we will pay the premium for the second year. At that time we can discuss the details of your death."

Alan matched the man's cold-bloodedness.

"As you will, sir. A brain such as yours should be able to evolve a law-proof plan."

North accompanied him to the door. Alan made one last desperate attempt.



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"This is final, Mr. North?"
 "Of course."
 "And my only chance is—?"
 "One hundred thousand dollars. I don't care one way or the other about your carcass. Bring me the amount of that policy by the middle of next October and I shall wish you all the luck and happiness in the world."

Alan left the building. The shrill blasts of mid-March cut through his clothes and chilled him to the bone. He bent his head against the gale and pulled the collar of his coat tightly about his neck.

The interview just finished seemed unreal—impossible. And then his laughter: as harsh and cold as the winter wind, came to his own ears.

"One hundred thousand dollars! Oh! for the courage to be a coward!"

CHAPTER XXIV

JOHNNY was at the Avonmont when Alan returned. His face told the story even before he spoke and Johnny broke out into a fervid expression of his opinion.

"It's a damned shame—that's what." Alan settled himself in a chair. He tried consciously to rid his face of its funereal expression, but the effort met with slight success.

Beverly, every nerve in her body tense; every muscle taut; every fibre of her yearning to comfort this man—waited silently. But Alan saw her soul shining through her eyes . . . and he told gently and without bitterness of the interview, so that his very recital was a plea in behalf of North. At length he finished and there was silence in the room for a minute or two before Beverly spoke.

"It's splendid of you to take it this way, Alan."

"There's no other way . . ."
 "A hundred thousand dollars!" Johnny was appalled at the magnitude of the amount. "Holy smoke! he doesn't want much."

"Only what he's entitled to, Johnny." The boy's face hardened. He came over to Alan and dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm awful strong for you, old man. And I'm the guy who's getting the benefit of this rotten deal: I hate the idea. It makes me feel like a dirty coward. If you want to make a break—"

"I'd never do that, Johnny."
 "The more fool you. There ain't a lick of sense sticking around to be slaughtered. I was just thinking that you and Sis could run for it . . . it'd be easy if you went at it careful enough. You've got a barrel of time to plan."

"No. I hate mock heroics—but I couldn't do that."

"You're a blooming nut—that's what you are, with my compliments. Ain't he, Bev?"

"I don't know." Her answer came slowly. "I admire him for it—the ethics of it. Oh! the whole thing is in such a miserable mess . . . we're all involved so horribly . . ." Her lips set in a firm red line and her eyes flashed combatively. "You've got to raise that one hundred thousand dollars!"

Johnny snorted derisively—and was amazed to see that Alan regarded Beverly seriously.

"Yes. I must try, anyway."

"Let me see . . . It seems impossible, but—"

"I used to think, dear, that nothing was impossible. Perhaps—with my new goal—nothing is."

She was intent on an idea. "How do we stand financially, Alan?"

"Hmm! Roughly, I'd say we have about twelve thousand dollars left. I'm afraid that's not a sufficiently large sum to work very effectively for us. Wildcat investments, perhaps—"

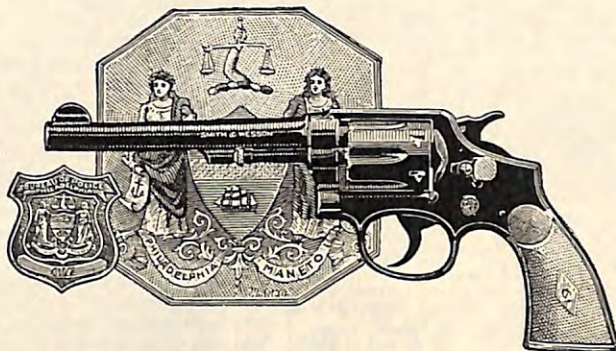
"No. That won't do." Beverly turned to her brother. "I want you to run out this evening, John. I want to talk things over with Alan."

The young man took his hat and went. As the front door slammed behind him Beverly crossed the room and placed a hassock on the floor at Alan's knees.

It was their first decided physical contact and her nearness made the blood race hotly through his veins. His long, slender fingers reached out and passed hungrily through her hair. . . . He bent reverently and touched his lips to the top of her head, and then gave ear to her earnest, passionate plea.

"Alan, we've got to accomplish the impossible."

(Continued on page 54)



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The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 53)

It can't be done—but it must be done. It means too much to both of us . . . you must work, and no matter how things break, you mustn't stop to wonder whether you're progressing fast enough. That would be fatal, because miracles don't happen and when you begin figuring earnings against the total needed, you'd go crazy with worry.

"We've got to work together, dear; right up to the ultimate moment. We can keep this apartment because North has paid the rent—and Ellen because she is in North's employ. But we're both going to work; don't say no. I want to help—even in my tiny, futile way."

"Can we do it? Beverly?"
"No. But we mustn't admit that ever again. We must go out together and buck through with never another admission that it can't be done. And you, Alan—you must work as you've never dreamed of working: morning, afternoon and night. Invest your money in yourself . . ."

"What sort of work?"
"I don't know. But perhaps if you could get a position as salesman with one of these big real estate firms which are developing new subdivisions . . . you see, dear, it must be a job where the earning powers are limited only by the capabilities of the individuals. That means working on a commission basis, of course. Oh! it's a hopeless, impossible task, Alan—but we must do it. This inaction can't go on any longer. The months are getting fewer—we've got to do something, no matter how pitiful and ineffectual that something is."

His arms went around her shoulders—very, very gently. He bent his lips to her ear: "You're wonderful, dear. You make me feel as though even this impossible thing is possible. I shall go out to-morrow and investigate . . . I have a few ideas. Perhaps—who knows . . . ?"

She looked into his face: her eyes were shining. "Alan—would it help you any—to take me in your arms? To kiss me?"

He crushed her to him with a strength which surprised her. She returned his kisses with a passion matching his . . . and then he released her and stood looking at her with burning eyes.

"I shall succeed, Beverly."
"You must," she answered quietly.

When she came into his room the following morning, he had gone. There was a note pinned to his pillow.

Beverly dear:
I didn't want to wake you. But I've started in

quest of the golden fleece—and, oh! how golden it will be. ALAN.

All day long she listened for the telephone, but she did not hear from him until that afternoon at four o'clock. The front door opened and he burst into the apartment, his face proclaiming vast enthusiasm.

"I've got it, dear. The right sort of a job—it's a chance . . . not much of a chance, but perhaps if I really have the superhuman powers you make me believe I possess . . ."

"Where? What is it, Alan?"
"Real estate. And it's with Starr & Watkins on their Forest Grove proposition!"

She clapped her hands with delight. She knew of Starr & Watkins as the leading realtors of the city, and Forest Grove, their new development adjoining the city's finest residential section, was the most pretentious thing in the real estate history of the community.

"I had a long talk with Dan Watkins. He seemed to like me. At first he offered me a salaried position, and was pleased when I refused it. Of course, the property almost sells itself; not only because that firm is behind it, but also because of its inherent soundness. And he is going to give me five per cent. on the gross as commission. I don't know why . . . he assured me that on such high-class property the usual commission is not customarily more than three per cent.; but he said he had a hunch. You see, Beverly, it's up to me now. The lots sell for an average of four thousand dollars. That is two hundred dollars per lot commission. My total earnings are limited only by my ability as a salesman . . . and I'm going to make sales history in this town. I believe it . . ."

"You will, Alan. I know you will. You've got to!"

"He explained to me that I might sell nothing. Most of his salesmen have been at the game for years—they have worked up long lists of prospects: I'm starting blank—without anything. I've got to do it all myself."

She looked into his glowing face: she took his hand between both of hers.

"We're going to be very happy, Alan."
He threw back his head and laughed. "Happy—and busy. And how different it will make things look—just to be doing something; to be fighting a battle—no matter how uphill . . ."

"And the reward?" she whispered.
He met her gaze squarely.
"When I shall have succeeded," he said softly, "the reward will be claimed."

(To be continued)

Kill or Cure

(Continued from page 19)

stuttering. It was that that made him leave his private practice in the first place, to take the city job, and in those days it was making him a sort of hermit. I could see him flaring up when she mentioned it. 'We-w-well, s-suppose I g-g-give him a ch-ch-chance to c-cure me?' he exploded. 'If he d-does, a-all right. If he d-doesn't, I'll put him in jail, where he b-b-belongs.'

"She got a bit heated up too, when he mentioned the word 'jail,' and she just looked at him for a while as though he were some kind of unpleasant animal in the menagerie. Then she said: 'All right. Come to my father's house to-morrow night, after supper, and he'll cure you.'

"The Doc hesitated, and seemed to be trying to say a thousand things at once, and at last managed to get out the answer: 'I'll c-c-come! But re-m-m-m-mem-b-ber what I said!'"

"Much as I sympathized with the girl and her father—he *hadn't* done any harm so far, I was sure of that—something made me advise Doc Rudiger not to go. I had seen men like Joe Gloom in the old country, men who thought they had discovered some wonderful secret of philosophy in books, and might do dangerous things with it. I tried my best to warn the Doc, though I had nothing definite to put before him—but everything I said seemed to make him all the more determined—he was taking a challenge. In the end I decided that it was Gloom who'd need my sympathy rather

than the Doc, and I gave up trying to persuade him.

"But that night I happened to be going by Joe Gloom's shabby little house out on the edge of the meadow, and it looked terribly lonely to me, with only a tiny light showing at an upper window and nothing behind it but a cluster of telegraph wires, and the smelting mills, with their exhausts flaming up red every little while and then disappearing. And the only sounds you could hear were the wind humming in the wires, and the hooting of a freight train passing along the Bay.

"Anyway, I didn't like the idea of the Doc's going there alone after the foolish threat he'd made, and I dropped in at his house the next evening—he was a young bachelor in those days, and living with his parents—and I made him take me along. I wanted to see what the stuttering cure was like, I said. His face grew kind of grim when I mentioned that. He didn't say a word from the time we got on the trolley until we got off, at Canal Street, or while we were walking through those dark meadow roads.

"When we banged at the door of Joe Gloom's house, it wasn't opened by the girl, as usual, but by Gloom himself. He was in slippers and a velvet house-jacket, and he was holding a lamp—the only light you could see anywhere. He didn't have a word to say to the Doc, but he looked at me and said: 'Good evening. I was expecting you, Mr. Lubomirski,—and I be-

lieved it was true. When he'd let us in, he slammed the door, and I thought I heard a lock snap—I didn't like that. Then he led the way up a narrow staircase, every step of it creaking under our feet. Upstairs, we were in a little room looking out on the black meadows, lit up only once in a while by a flare from one of the factory chimneys far away. They'd send a sudden red flash against the dirty window, giving you the feeling that the house was burning down in one gulp of fire, and then die out again.

"Gloom set his lamp down on the table—a white-enamelled kitchen table that he used as a desk. The only other furniture in the room was a broken-down leather couch, an old wooden rocker, and a red-and-black screen near the wall, opposite the entrance. The walls were painted a sickly yellow, and the plaster was a crazy-quilt of cracks. 'You must pardon the shabbiness of my office,' Gloom said. He waved us to a seat on the couch, made the motion of starting a polite bow, and then gave me an uncomfortable moment by walking to the door, turning the key in it, and putting the key in his pocket. 'I don't want to be disturbed,' he explained. 'I can't keep office hours like a regular doctor, and people come to me at all sorts of hours. You are a busy man, Doctor Rudiger. Shall we begin?' 'J-j-just as y-y-y-you p-pl-lease,' said Dr. Rudiger. 'Only r-re-m-mem-ber—'

"THE bargain you made with my daughter? Perfectly,' the Czech said, and made his tiny bow again, and disappeared behind the screen, which covered the entrance of another room. He came back with a plate on which there were two large white-coated pills, and a glass half-filled with water. 'First,' he said, 'take one of these.'

"The Doc got indignant again. 'If I n-n-needed any p-p-r-roof you're just a p-plain faker, I've got it! P-p-p-pills for s-s-stuttering!' But he took one of the pills, and, looking very disgusted, swallowed it and drank the water. 'And n-n-now w-what?' he asked.

"Have patience, Doctor—just a little patience,' Gloom answered. 'And—be seated—please.'

"The Doc went back to his uncomfortable seat alongside me on the broken-sprung couch, and Gloom took up his rocking-chair, setting it down near the door. Then he took out of his vest pocket an enormous gold watch, all covered with carving, such as you usually see only in Europe. I was getting restless now. If ever a man looked mad, that man was Joe Gloom, examining his watch, tilted forward in his foolish little rocking-chair, with a fanatical gleam in his eye. 'Now let me make an explanation to you, Doctor,' he said very deliberately. 'You have made a bargain with me, and if I fail in my end of it you threaten to put me in jail. Very well. Without knowing it, you have made a bargain with fate. 'There is a preparation that I have put into one of these pills, that will cure stuttering, and many other defects and deformities—please—do not interrupt—but fate is a strange thing, and a dangerous one to meddle with. How do I know that it is written that you should be cured of your stuttering. So I have put in the other of those pills a deadly poison that kills in ten minutes. I do not know which one you have taken, but it is a fair bargain with fate—if you are not killed, you will be cured.'

"Joe Gloom put back his watch, shrugged his shoulders, and let the rocker carry him back a way, then stopped it with his foot. But when I jumped up and made a dash for the door, he was standing in front of it, with one hand on his hip pocket. 'Sit down!' he shouted to me. 'Sit down!' the Doc whispered. 'The man is mad! He's got a gun in his pocket!'

"While I was standing there, scared and angry and undecided, Joe Gloom spoke again, and I thought I recognized the great calmness you sometimes find in a lunatic, as he said: 'Gentlemen, I give you my word I don't know which of the two pills the doctor has taken. Be reasonable, Mr. Lubomirski. You have two locked doors to go through. Anyway, you could not possibly get to the hospital in less than half an hour—and if he took the wrong pill, everything will be over in less than nine minutes now.'

"I could not help admiring the Doc's courage as he sat back with his hands folded, pale as the pill he had swallowed, and waited. Frightened?
(Continued on page 56)



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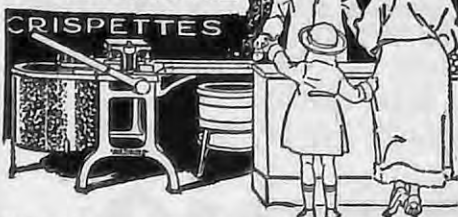
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Kill or Cure

(Continued from page 55)

Yes. Scared from the roots of his hair to the tips of his toes, and trembling with it, too. But that was why it was all the braver of him to say, without any fuss: 'Very well. That isn't long to wait.'

"I looked around desperately for some way of calling help, but Gloom, noticing what I was after, said: 'No—there is no telephone in my house. I am a poor man, you see.'

"'Doctor,' he added, 'you too are, I think, something of a philosopher. Perhaps, since time is short, you would like me to explain to you my philosophy of fate.'

"As matter-of-fact as a school-teacher explaining something out of a text-book to his class, he went on: 'I do not hold that things work out always the way fate wills them. A man, if he is brave enough, may tamper with fate—but it must be a fair gamble that he makes. Fate—'

"AGAIN I made a silent move in his direction. He noticed it—nothing seemed to miss his fanatical black eyes—and his hand dropped to his hip again, casually. 'Mr. Lubomirski,' he said, 'perhaps you would like to go to the kitchen—behind the screen, there—and get a glass of water for the doctor? He looks pale, and I think he would like it.'

"Any chance to explore the place, to get away from his sharp eyes and form some kind of a plan, was welcome. I went, quickly. When I came back with the glass of water, which the Doc took with shaky hands, Gloom was still explaining his crazy philosophy, using words a yard long that were altogether too much for me. I don't think that the Doc got much out of it, either. He seemed to be of the opinion that he had taken the wrong pill—and if I could read his expression, the thing that hurt him most was the thought that that innocent-looking girl had brought him into the trap.

"Well, Gloom talked on and on, for what seemed a horribly long time, then suddenly sat down and pulled out his watch again, snapping the case open with a click that was like the pulling of a trigger. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I congratulate you on your courage—and your luck. It is past nine-thirty. You took the good pill.'

"For the first time during his ordeal, Doc Rudiger stood up now—and Joe Gloom might have had to stand rough handling if he hadn't been infernally quick in stepping out of the reach of Doc's hands. 'Why are you so savage?' he asked calmly. 'You reached for my hip pocket. I have nothing there but the key to the door, and here it is.'

"He dropped the key into Doc's outstretched

hand, but it fell clattering to the floor. And now it was Doc's time to talk—and how he did talk! Every bit of his fright seemed to have turned into white-hot rage, as he pitched into Gloom, wild for revenge. 'You contemptible sneak, it's only by the grace of luck that you aren't a murderer,' he shouted. 'You'll hear more about this, and don't you forget it! I came here in good faith to give you a chance, and you, you low charlatan, you dirty trickster, you—'

"The Doc seemed to have a great many more things to say, mostly variations on the same theme, but he didn't get much further. Gloom just stooped in an unconcerned sort of way to pick up the key. 'Come, come, Doctor,' he said. 'We made a bargain that I was to go unmolested if I cured you—and you are not stuttering now.'

Lubomirski the story-teller paused now, apparently submerged in his memories, and pulled hard on the eighth of my cigarettes, blowing voluminous smoke-rings. "And nobody ever *did* hear the Doc stuttering, after that day," he said at length, turning away his sharp profile.

"Alex," I demanded suspiciously, "do you mean to tell me that those pills really *were* different?"

"They were."

"And you aren't ashamed to tell us that you just sat there and waited until the ten minutes were up?"

Lubomirski shrugged his shoulders. "I was coming to that," he said, "but you newspaper boys are always in a hurry. What you are in such a hurry about, only the good Lord knows—but you *are* in a hurry. . . . Well, one of the pills was made of white bread. The other was rye. I found that out from Joe Gloom's daughter, when I went in the kitchen. It seems that it was her idea, this stuttering cure."

Lubomirski climbed down from the typewriter table, stretching his bony arms, and with a fine gesture swept the remainder of my package of cigarettes into his coat pocket. "And now gentlemen," he said, "you will want to go on with your work. News is more important than a nineteen-year-old story anyway, and you'll have to be doing that obituary. Let's see—where did I leave off? 'Dr. Rudiger was fifty-one years old, and had been for twenty-four years health officer of the city of Harley. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Mary Rudiger, nee Glomszic, or Gloom—'"

"But I guess you can finish it yourself, boys," the little Pole concluded, draping his neat black coat tighter around his narrow shoulders as he started to go. "You said it was only good for, two sticks, anyway."

A Matter of Oriental Imagination

(Continued from page 8)

"You—and a scientific investigation!" snorted Jones contemptuously. "You know as much about scientific matters as I know about the home policy of the ancient Peruvians. Kick through with the truth!" And, when Sheng Pao did not reply, only continued smiling: "All right! I know when you don't want to talk, sitting there like—pardon the mixed metaphor—a cross-grained Buddha that has swallowed the canary! But what's the idea of sending this letter by special runner? It's March—the hottest month in this beast of a land! Your little joke will cost us the equivalent of five hundred pounds best rubber."

"Charge it to my personal account!"

"I will, by ginger!"

Still smiling, the Manchu called on the governor, who was hard at work.

"Forgive me, Sir Thomas," he said. "I am afraid I am disturbing you."

"Come in just the same," was the Englishman's genial reply. He knew that the other, being a Mongol and thus as punctilious as an old Boston spinster, never called during office hours unless on urgent business. He held out his cigarette case. "Have one?"

"Thanks."

Sheng Pao lit a cigarette. He was silent for a

minute or two, and Sir Thomas waited quietly. He knew the other's slow mode of procedure. Something important was in the wind. He was sure of it. Doubly sure since he, too, had heard about the mysterious insect bites that were causing the firm's Yans to desert, and their quite as mysterious visits to Navarro d'Albani's back veranda.

But he was destined to be disappointed. The Manchu's words, when he spoke finally, seemed to have nothing to do with either official or urgent matters. For he asked for the loan of a certain volume of a scientific encyclopedia from the governor's well-stocked library.

He was amazed. And his amazement grew at the Manchu's next words:

"Who makes the laws of Maong-Probong?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Idle curiosity, Sir Thomas."

"I don't believe you. But I'll tell you. This is a crown colony. The crown—or rather the Colonial Office—governs through me, and I report back to it direct, without the interference of Parliament or Cabinet. I try to keep as many of the native laws as is humanly—or humanely—possible. But I can pass whatever new law I think right on my own initiative, and the Colonial Office ratifies it as a matter of course. Does that answer your question?"

"Yes." But Sheng Pao did not rise to leave the governor to his work. Instead he continued: "You know the laws in other parts of the British Empire—South Africa, for instance?"

"I can look them up whenever I want to." He reached out to a shelf over his desk and took down a volume. "Here is the Criminal Code for the Union of South Africa."

"May I look at it?"

"Go to it!"

Sheng Pao opened the book, consulted the index, found a paragraph, and showed it to the Englishman.

"Could you make this law applicable here in Maong-Probong?" he asked. "At once? Without telling a soul?"

"Easily. All I'd have to do would be to pass it myself and cable it in code to the Colonial Office people. They'd ratify it inside of ten days, and it would be law—well—a week from Saturday. But why all these hypothetical questions? The particular crime to which this law applies could not happen here."

"Then what harm would it do to pass it? There are many laws on the statutes—out-of-date, practically in abeyance. Let this be one of them! Will you do it? To-day? At once? Secretly?"

The governor studied the other's bland features. He half guessed the reason for the strange request; felt a high elation at the glittering, romantic possibility; then dismissed it.

No! It could not be true!

Still, suppose it were . . . ? Why—his thoughts soared—there was that old imperialistic dream of his which London had never been able to see. But if he could show the means, the extra revenue necessary . . .

He would have liked to ask Sheng Pao a number of questions. But he knew that it was useless. The man would reply—yes!—but reply with that courtly, gliding Mongol ambiguity which carries no meaning.

For a long time the governor considered.

"Very well," he said finally. "I'll pass the law at once. It will be on the statutes a week from Saturday. And," he sighed resignedly, "I lay you odds the Colonial Office gentry will think the tropics have affected my brain."

"They may change their opinion—after a while. You will keep it secret until it becomes a law?"

"I'll warn the Colonial Office in my cable to keep mum. Still—they may blab . . . and then, of course, the gossip will drift back here. What does your partner think of it?"

"I have not told him. Nor shall I."

"What?" laughed the governor. "You don't mean to say that there is trouble between our local Pylades and Orestes?"

"No, no! Can there be trouble between the yolk and the shell? I love that stubborn American—by the Buddha! But . . ." He shrugged his fat shoulders, was silent.

"All right. Be as secretive as you please."

Sheng Pao walked to the door. There he turned.

"By the way," he asked; "does the reward still hold good?"

"Which reward?"

"The thousand pounds you offered for any information sufficient to jail d'Albani."

"Rather! But nobody'll ever claim it!"

The Manchu bowed.

"I may—some day!" he said; and he left the room, while the governor looked after him, puzzled, wondering.

But he did what he had promised. He wrote the cable message and sent it *via* Rangoon to London—the famous cable which was destined to cause so many rumors in the latter place and in Paris and Amsterdam, and ultimately much world-wide sensation.

All that day and evening Blennerhassett Jones continued in his sarcastic and slightly grieved mood.

For the Manchu, instead of devoting the cooler hours after sundown to the transaction of business, a game of chess, or a friendly wrangling over the differences between East and West as was the partners' long-established habit, kept his nose glued to a page in the volume of the scientific encyclopedia which the governor had sent over. He read steadily, with frowning face.

And Jones knew from past experiences what that portended. He knew that Sheng Pao

(Continued on page 58)

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A Matter of Oriental Imagination

(Continued from page 57)

possessed to the full that amazing racial quality of the Mongols which enables them to acquire and digest the most heterogeneous knowledge, less with the exercise of constructive mentality than with sheer tenacity of purpose and an extraordinary, steel-riveted memory.

He asked him several times what he was studying. But Sheng Pao would not say. Once Jones rose quietly, walked up in back of his partner, and tried to steal a glance at the heading of the page. But Sheng Pao closed the book before he had a chance to see.

"Do not worry," the Manchu said with a maddening smile, as the other returned to his seat. "It is but my Oriental imagination which is at work—feeding its weak stomach with the ripe fact-fruit of exquisite Western learning. . . ."

Thus Wednesday came, Thursday, Friday, while the special runner of Jones & Sheng Pao sped through jungle and sodden, miasmatic river land toward the Forest of Seventy Spears; while, since the runner had a wife, the wife a lover, and the lover a wife of his own, rumor wove its gossamer net from the two partners' bungalow to the native quarter and thence to the back veranda of the Grand Hotel where Navarro d'Albani smiled and counted—smiled and counted.

The man who told him the news was a certain Van Nga, a lean, pock-marked Kmers from French Indo-China, his confidential servant for many years, as great a rogue as his master, but utterly devoted to him.

"Are you not afraid?" asked Van Nga whom three years in a stinking French colonial jail had made slightly nervous.

"Why should I be? Let them send a dozen runners. They will find out nothing."

"But . . ."

"Be quiet, O great and uncouth cockroach! To-night some Yans arrive from up-country. Make the little room ready."

The week passed. The next week began. Sir Thomas was right. A government clerk blabbed. Excited whispers spilled over from the Colonial Office into Threadneedle and Lombard Streets.

"I say, old dear!" asked a City broker. "Have you heard . . .?"

"Can't be true!"

"I'll cable to my agent in India!"

So gossip doubled on its track, streaming back to Asia, and via Calcutta to Maong-Probong.

There Jones turned to his partner:

"What do you think of the new law the governor is proposing to introduce?"

"Oh—" the Manchu replied shamelessly—"the tropics must have affected his brain."

"What devil's devising is in back of this new law, O my master?" was Van Nga's similar query as he kowtowed before d'Albani.

"A law is one thing," replied the half-breed. "To prove the crime is another. Somebody suspects. But there is no proof. The Yans will not give us away. They are making too much money. What other proof is there? Still—I have made enough. You and I will take to the jungle—go East to Siam."

"When?"

"Friday."

"Let us go at once!"

"No. I had word from up-country. Thursday some Yans are coming. Friday is time enough. Why—with a few hours' start in the jungle, nobody can catch us. We will reach Siam the following Wednesday. And then—a boat to Europe . . ."

Again he smiled and counted.

TUESDAY came—and the Manchu still studied his scientific tome; d'Albani still smiled; Blennerhassett Jones still growled; and the cosmopolitan hodge-podge of traders at Laots buzzed with excitement and expectancy—while in the Forest of Seventy Spears, Li Chang McBane read the letter which the special runner had brought and shook his head.

He was Scotch on his father's side. Lack of thrift had always seemed to him a low form of moral turpitude. Like Jones, he was indignant at the Manchu's extravagance in hiring a special runner for what seemed a whim.

But an order was an order. According to the written directions he packed a little box, gave it to the runner—and puzzled.

Wednesday came. Thursday.

And, on Thursday night, looking from the window, Sheng Pao saw some jungle-weary Yans lope down the road and enter d'Albani's back veranda. An hour or two later, he heard a great bustling issuing from the hotel. He left the bungalow, crossed the street, and, cautiously hiding in the purple, trooping shadows, saw sharply outlined behind a thin grass curtain the silhouette of Van Nga. The latter was braiding his elfin locks with a sticky paste of flour and water—as if preparing for a long journey . . .

He heard, too, d'Albani's sibilant voice: "To-morrow—shortly before the noon hour . . ."

"But—" remonstrated Van Nga—"it is the hottest hour of the day!"

And the half-breed's laugh: "That's just why. Everybody will be asleep!"

At which Sheng Pao raised his hands to heaven and prayed to the Buddha in whom he believed only in moments of dire need.

"O Excellent Lord Gautama!" he whispered. "Lend speed to the runner's feet!"

IN THE meantime, the runner was doing his best.

Back through the level expanse of the young rubber shoots he returned; skirting the mangroves which hid the river; across the steaming jungle putrid with the stench and riot of silent death; through the frowning forests where the giant trees sighed with somber resignation as the merciless orchid creepers, leaping from trunk to trunk in many-colored festoons, choked them in the embrace of their cable-like coils—back!—back to Laots—straight back to the little bungalow of Jones & Sheng Pao, where he swooned at the Manchu's feet, holding up the box with his last shred of strength.

It was early in the morning—Friday. Blennerhassett Jones had gone for a swim. Sheng Pao was alone. He opened the box; examined its contents; consulted the scientific volume; then slipped the box into his loose sleeve and called on M. Paul Boileau, a French assaying chemist who had once lived in the Transvaal and had recently come to Maong-Probong.

Manchu and Frenchman conferred for a long time. The latter busied himself with vials and chemicals.

Finally he looked up. "Mon Dieu!" he whispered.

"Am I right?"

"I think so. But I have to make another experiment. It will take me a while."

"How long?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Too slow!" Sheng Pao consulted his watch. It was getting on toward eleven. "I give you until noon."

"But—it is impossible . . ."

"Two thousand rupees!" And, when Boileau hesitated: "Three thousand!"

"Very well, monsieur!"

Five minutes later, Sheng Pao burst into the governor's office.

"When will the new law be on the statutes?" he asked, without stopping for his usual ceremonious greetings.

"The Colonial Office cabled yesterday morning. It has been a law over twenty-four hours."

"Get your check book ready!" called the Manchu as he turned to the door.

"Check book?"

"Yes!"—breathlessly. "Thousand pounds—reward—d'Albani!"

"But . . ."

"Back around noon! Wait!"—and, perspiring profusely, Sheng Pao left, and ran toward the bungalow of Captain Goldingham of the police.

"Quick!" he cried.

"Quick—how—where—what?"

"I want you to arrest d'Albani!"

"The Lord be praised! What has he done?"

"I don't know yet. At least—I am not absolutely sure."

"How can I arrest him then?"

"He is getting ready to run away!"

"Jolly good riddance!"

"No, no! You *must* arrest him!"
 "Without a warrant—or at least reasonable suspicion? Can't be done, old fruit!"
 "Very well . . ." Sheng Pao lied shamelessly—"he assaulted me—so did his servant Van Nga—hit me with a bottle!"
 "Who hit you with a bottle?"
 "Both!"
 "So you swear to . . . ?"

But already the Manchu had hurried out, and Goldingham decided that, even if it should turn out to be a false arrest, the governor would not blame him very much, given the half-breed's past record. So, accompanied by half a dozen Rajput policemen, he went to the Grand Hotel, colliding on the threshold with d'Albani and Van Nga, who were on the point of leaving, small packs on their shoulders.

The half-breed protested violently when told he was under arrest, exclaiming that he was "a Berr-ity subject, sar! What have I done, sar?"

"You hit Sheng Pao with a bottle."
 "A lie, sar!"
 "Maybe. But, lie or not, it's the jolly old jug for you. Come along!"

And come along he did. So did Van Nga, who stammered tearfully:

"*Hayah!* We should have left last Monday—as I told you, O my master!"
 "Shut up, cockroach!" cried d'Albani, kicking his devoted retainer viciously in the shin.

IN THE meantime the Manchu, whose pale-gold face was turning a blotchy purple with his unwonted physical exertions, returned to Boileau's office. The moment he entered, the Frenchman threw his arms about his neck.

"I take it," smiled Sheng Pao, "that we were right?"
 "Absolutely! It is superb—it is—ah—words fail me!"

The other picked up the little box. Some of its contents still remained.

"Would you care to take charge of the workings in the Forest of Seventy Spears?" he asked.

"I shall be delighted, *Monsieur!*"
 Sheng Pao left. Hurrying back to the governor's palace he heard himself hailed by name and saw his partner coming up the street.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the Virginian. "People say you've gone crazy. . . . They've seen you since early morning dashing all over town like a wild hyena! Good Lord, man! It's the tropics—and a hundred degrees in the shade—and you are . . ."

"Fat. I know. And also cursed with an Oriental imagination!"

Sheng Pao walked on rapidly, with Jones in close, spluttering, grieved attendance.

"The jungle tract," he commenced as soon as he faced the governor, "belongs to my firm?"

"Yes. It's patented ground. You own it outright."

"Whatever is on the land—or above—or below—is ours?"

"So the charter reads. If a man steals as much as a pound of rubber, you could prosecute him for theft. What about it?"

"A few days ago, Sir Thomas, I asked you to pass a certain law?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the Virginian. "Are you the one who's responsible for . . . ?"

"He is!" interrupted the governor. "And I fancy the Colonial Office gentry are still cracking jokes at my expense."

"They will not laugh after to-day," replied the Manchu and, drawing the little box from his sleeve, he poured the contents on the table.

It was dry clay, of an odd bluish-gray color, with here and there a tiny black clod.

"What is it?" asked Sir Thomas.

"It comes from the Forest of Seventy Spears—and it is blue ground!"

"You mean—that . . . ?" The governor was beginning to understand.

"Yes!" The Manchu's voice rose shrilly, triumphantly. "Blue ground—as at Kimberley, in the Transvaal—Boileau examined it—he agrees with me . . . blue ground—diamond-bearing ground . . . *diamond* . . ."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sir Thomas. "Why—it . . ."

Suddenly he was silent.

His mind leaped into the future. Diamonds spelled money, extra revenue—and revenue would mean the building of the railway which

(Continued on page 60)

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A Matter of Oriental Imagination

(Continued from page 59)

had been his dream for the last twenty years—the railway for which the Colonial Office had never been able to find the necessary capital—the great railway which would connect Upper Burma with Southwestern China.

Sharply Sheng Pao's words cut into his day-dreams:

"Would you mind writing me your check for a thousand pounds?"

"What for?"

"The reward for information sufficient to jail d'Albani. You see—the law has been in force over twenty-four hours—the law which gives a minimum sentence of three years to those who buy stolen diamonds."

"What has d'Albani to do with it?"

"Only last night, as I shall be able to prove, he bought diamonds from some of our run-away Yans. For weeks he has been buying them. Then rumor drifted back from London to Laots. He heard about the law. He decided to leave to-day."

The governor frowned.

"How did the Yans hide the stones?" he asked. "There's my law against drugs. Hasn't Goldingham . . . ?"

"He examined all the tribesmen who came to town—examined their hair, their ears, their nostrils. But he is not a doctor."

"A doctor? What do you mean?"

"There were those mysterious insect bites, do you remember? Many were the Yans affected by it. They came to Laots. Then, passing always through the back veranda of d'Albani's hotel, they returned to their villages—cured, and stinking with wealth. And one night, looking at some of the Yans, I noticed that all the bites were exactly alike! Exactly alike!" he repeated, turning and smiling at his partner, "just as if the mysterious insects were blessed—ah—with an almost American efficiency."

"But—how . . . ?"

"A little cut with the knife, eh? A raw diamond pressed deep into the flesh—the skin allowed to grow over it, eh? And then . . ."

"By Jove, you're right!" laughed the governor, writing his check.

A few minutes later Jones and Sheng Pao were returning, arm in arm, to their bungalow.

"Behold, my friend," said the Manchu banteringly, "there is indeed a certain shining worth in the Oriental's imagination. It gives body and meaning to the infinite atom, and it . . ."

"Cut it out!" growled the Virginian with mock ferocity. "You've got the governor's check!"

Our First National Flag

(Continued from page 27)

general orders recommends that every regiment ought to have a flag and the same for each grand division. The general orders for March 4, 1776, anticipating a general engagement which was supposed inevitable, as soon as Dorchester Heights should be occupied, state, "that the flag on Prospect Hill and that at the laboratory on Cambridge Common be hoisted only upon a general alarm, etc."

On July 9, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was read in New York, in the presence of Washington, by one of his aids, under the folds of the Cambridge flag. A letter from the military secretary of General Howe, to the Earl of Dartmouth, dated New York, July 25, 1776, says of the Americans: "They have set their standard in the fort upon the southern end of the town (New York). Their colors are thirteen stripes of red and white, alternately, with the English Union cantoned in the corner."

ON MAY 15, 1776, when the Virginia Convention in Congress assembled, "to declare the United Colonies free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance to crown and Parliament of England and to compose a Confederation of the Colonies, there was a great parade, civil and military combined, and, according to an eyewitness, the Union flag of the American States floated over the Capitol." "This," says Preble, "could have been no other than the flag inaugurated by Washington at his camp in Cambridge, 1776. In fact the Cambridge flag, or Grand Union flag, was the official National standard wherever the commander-in-chief appeared with his army, and it floated in triumph over the capitols of at least four states: New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia."

Preble states on page 271, vol. 1, of his "Origin of the flag", that "when the Declaration of Independence was received at Easton, Pennsylvania, on July 8, 1776, the colonel and all other field officers of the first battalion repaired to the courthouse. The light infantry company marched there with drums beating, fifes playing and the standard, 'the device of which is the thirteen united colonies' was ordered to be displayed." Preble says, "This confirms my opinion that the flag of America was no other than the Grand Union of Cambridge."

Furthermore, there is a strong ground for believing that the Grand Union Flag was, from the beginning, adopted as a naval ensign by the warships of the navy of the United Colonies. That the Royal Savage, an American man-of-war, wore the Continental Union Flag on Lake Champlain in the summer and autumn of 1776, is proved by the following statement by Benson

J. Lossing, the historian of the Revolution: "Among the voluminous papers left by General Philip Schuyler, and now in my possession, is a sketch, in water colors, of the schooner Royal Savage, one of the little fleet on Lake Champlain in the summer and autumn of 1776, which was commanded by General Benedict Arnold. This drawing is endorsed in the handwriting of General Schuyler, 'Capt. Wyncoop's schooner.' Wyncoop was from Kingston, Ulster County, New York, and formerly commanded the Royal Savage. At the head of the mainmast, in the drawing, is a flag composed of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and in the corner where the white stars on a blue field in our national flag appear, is the British union—the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew."

"This is proof positive and for the first time absolutely settles the question, what was the device of the Union Flag mentioned by Washington," says B. J. Lossing, whose testimony in relation to the Revolutionary history has never been questioned. The original of this drawing has since been deposited in the New York Public Library.

It is generally conceded by most historians that General Philip Schuyler and General Arnold were responsible for most of the hard fighting in northern New York state in the fall of 1777, that bottled up Burgoyne's army and led to its final surrender at the Battle of Saratoga.

If I am right in my assumption that Major General Gates, who actually received the surrender, was only a figurehead (as it afterwards appeared) then it is reasonable to suppose that the Battle of Saratoga, the most decisive battle of the war, was fought and won under the folds of the Cambridge Flag, sometimes called the Continental or Congress colors.

Furthermore, in the naval world it is well known that an armed vessel, without an authorized flag, and sailing the high seas, is everywhere accounted as a pirate. So, it was clearly necessary to adopt a flag for the navy as well as for the Continental Army. The flag adopted, as it appears from this contemporary picture, was undoubtedly the Cambridge flag, the flag of the United Colonies of America.

The navy of the colonies during the latter part of the year 1775 consisted only of armed vessels maintained by private enterprise and by Boards of War or by the Navy Boards of the different colonies. On October 20, 1775, the same day that the Congressional Committee, appointed to confer with General Washington at his camp in Cambridge, left for Philadelphia, he wrote a letter suggesting to the Congress that a flag be adopted "so that the vessels may know

(Continued on page 62)

They Thought I Was Bluffing



—When I Told Them I Learned Music Without a Teacher

YOU could have heard a pin drop in the room! I had just finished playing Rubinstein's "Melody in F." My friends were actually dumbfounded—they couldn't believe their ears. At last I was the center of attraction instead of a mere onlooker! It was just like a dream come true!

"Why, you didn't know a single thing about music not so long ago, Bob"—"How in the world did you ever do it?" A note of half envy, half admiration unconsciously crept into their voices after they had recovered from the unexpected surprise which I had just furnished. "Yes," said Jim, "what sort of a trick have you played on us—I thought you weren't musically inclined." "Oh, he's been taking lessons for years and has kept it a secret"—followed Betty and Sue in rapid-fire succession. "You can't fool us though, you never learned to play that well without a teacher."

"Well, you're all wrong—every one of you," I replied, chuckling with glee. "I'll admit that a short time ago I didn't know one note of music from another. And as far as special talent goes—well, I never had any. And although I had always longed to be able to play the piano it was more or less of an empty dream. For I just couldn't stand the thought of learning music from a teacher and going through a lot of monotonous scales and exercises. It just went against my grain.

"So I've just contented myself with sitting around envying others who could play—watching them have

all the fun. Until one night last March I was reading a popular magazine and suddenly an announcement caught my eye. It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. At first I laughed, like you folks, I thought that such a thing was a joke. Somehow or other I didn't believe it was possible to learn music by mail. But that announcement set me wondering. So I decided that the only sensible thing to do was to investigate. And—well, you know the rest."

From the very beginning I was enthusiastic about my wonderful course in music. Each new lesson was better and easier than the last. Everything about them was so simple that a child of eight could understand it. It was great fun—actually as fascinating as learning a new game. And I always played real notes and catchy tunes. No tricks, puzzles or makeshifts of any kind.

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Members are urged to immediately notify their Lodge Secretary of any change in their mailing address, and the Secretary is required by Grand Lodge Law to promptly report all such changes. Only by this cooperation can the members be assured of receiving their copies of the Magazine.

Our First National Flag

(Continued from page 60)

one another." But the general Congress made no provision for a naval flag distinct from the Grand Union Flag already hoisted in January, at Cambridge as stated.

Meanwhile, the French king, through his Secretary, M. Vergennes, sent Emissary De Benvouloir to the colonies to assure them and the American people that they were esteemed and much respected by the French nation. This agent reported to M. Vergennes "that they (the colonists) had given up the English flag, and had taken the devices of either a rattlesnake with thirteen rattles, or a mailed arm holding 13 arrows," the flag of defiance and war. This may have been a reference to some of the regimental colors already in use by some of the separate colonies. But, so far as the navy was concerned, we find from the records "that the day signals of the fleets on February 17, 1776, at the Delaware Capes were to be made by using the 'Grand Union Flag at the mizzenpeak' which was to be lowered or hoisted according to the information conveyed under the code of signals furnished."

John Paul Jones, senior of the lieutenants appointed to the New Continental Navy, in a letter to Robert Morris of Philadelphia, dated October 10, 1783, says: "It was my fortune as senior first lieutenant, to hoist the flag of America the first time it was displayed." Admiral Preble says, vol. 1, p. 23, "It is not known with certainty what flag Jones calls 'the flag of America' though there are reasons for supposing it the Grand Union Flag of thirteen stripes displayed at Cambridge on the 2nd of January and identical with the Union flag displayed by the Virginia convention in May."

The original commission of John Paul Jones as Captain in the U. S. Navy, now preserved in the rooms of the Naval Historical Society of New York, runs as follows: "I do hereby certify that John Paul Jones was duly commissioned and appointed to command the armed sloop Providence and that this ship is now employed in the service of the United States of America. Witness my hand, October 29th, 1776. John Hancock, Prest." The original commission of Capt. Jack Barry to command the armed brig *Lexington*, was also issued by John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, dated Sept. 23d, 1776. The *Lexington* is credited with being the first ship of the new Continental Navy to get to sea and display the Grand Union Flag. It is also claimed that the first British flag was struck to him on the high seas, on April 17th, 1776, when near the Capes of Virginia. The *Lexington* supported the honor of the Continental flag on the seas, by capturing, after a chase and spirited action, the British brig *Edward*, mounting two more sixteen four-pounders than the *Lexington*. The *Lexington* had only four men killed, while the *Edward* was cut to pieces and suffered a severe loss. Preble says, vol. 1, p. 243, "That she was the first vessel that bore the Continental flag to victory on the ocean. . . ." "This *Lexington* of the seas, therefore," he concludes, "occupies the position in our naval annals that the *Lexington* from whence she derives her name does, from having been the arena of the first conflict of the colonies with England."

IN FOREIGN ports the new Flag of America (the Grand Union or Cambridge Flag) was everywhere joyously welcomed, outside of England, with respect and proper naval salutes. The first vessel to obtain a salute for the Continental Flag from a foreign power was the brig *Andrew Doria*. She sailed from Philadelphia in September, 1776, bound for St. Eustatia, W. I. On her arrival, at the port, she saluted the Dutch flag, and her salute was returned by the Governor, who was subsequently removed from office for his indiscretion. A letter describing the incident, to the Maryland Council of Safety, says that: "The Captain was most graciously received by his Honor the Governor, and all ranks of people. All American vessels here now wear the Congress colors."

In August, 1777, the ship *General Mifflin*, commanded by Captain McNeill and wearing the Continental colors, was saluted at Brest, in France, much to the indignation of the British ambassador. "This," says Preble, "is the second salute to the Continental striped flag, of

which we have any account." A letter from Newport, October 21, 1776, says, on the authority of a Captain Vickery, just arrived from the West Indies: "No vessel is suffered to wear English colors in any French ports, but Continental colors are displayed every Sunday, and much admired."

A letter dated Southampton, England, November 11, 1776, says that the brig *Kingston*, Captain Reveness, "this day arrived fourteen days from Oporto, and brought advice of sixteen privateers at Bilbao, and four at Ferrol, Spain, and that their colors are a red field with thirteen stripes where our union is placed, denoting the united rebellious colonies."

Boston, December 5, 1776, Captain Barboe, in a vessel belonging to Newburyport, Mass., arrived at Squam from Bilbao after a thirty-three day voyage. With him came a passenger, Mr. George Cabot, of Beverley, Mass., merchant, who stated that the Spanish and French ports were open to our cruisers and that they permitted American vessels to carry the American flag in their ports.

While it is not our purpose to write the naval history of the Revolutionary War to prove that the Cambridge striped flag was the official naval ensign of the new nation at home, nevertheless, it is interesting to note the friendly respect it everywhere inspired abroad on the continent of Europe, especially in France, Spain, and Russia. Then, as now, and as in the late World War, the *freedom of the seas* was the great issue involved in the struggle for supremacy among the European powers.

England declared as contraband of war and seized the ships of neutral nations on the high seas carrying supplies, and interned them. As mistress of the seas, her navy claimed the right of searching neutral ships. And though her assumed right was challenged by an appeal to international justice, law, and custom, officers and crew were often held as prisoners of war. Naturally her attitude provoked deep resentment and soon all the nations of Europe were arrayed against her and their sympathies were aroused for the struggling American colonies. The flag of Washington was welcomed everywhere in the ports of Europe on the continent and help extended on every side.

In an oration delivered on July 4, 1859, before the municipal authorities of the City of Boston by Hon. George Sumner, brother of Hon. Charles Sumner, distinguished U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, some remarkable facts are cited that are not without interest in this connection. "In 1776," he says, "the great powers of Europe were at peace, and England was at full liberty to throw on our shores the whole force of her arms."

It was not France alone which came to our aid. During that summer of 1776, one of those brave men who were the creators of the naval glory of our country, Capt. John Lee, of Marblehead, cruising under commission from Congress, having taken and sent home five valuable prizes, and finding it necessary to refit and obtain supplies and munitions of war, entered the port of Bilbao in Spain. The captains of two of his prizes and a part of their crews were on board. These officers immediately protested against their capture, and had Captain Lee arrested on a charge of piracy. The local authorities sent the documents of the case to Madrid, together with the commission granted by this new and unknown power (America). Here was a critical juncture in our affairs. On the decision of the Spanish Ministry depended, not alone the fate of Captain Lee, but whether some of the most important ports in Europe should be opened or closed to our cruisers and privateers. The English minister in Spain brought all his influence to bear against us. At this moment the Declaration of the Fourth of July, 1776, reached Madrid. The complaint against Captain Lee was dismissed; supplies for his ship and aid in repairing it were furnished; and public declaration made that in Spanish ports, the new flag of America was as free and as welcome as was the old and haughty flag of England.

The National Geographic Magazine, vol. 32, No. 4, in its issue of October, 1917 (see p. 288), reproduces the earliest perfect reproduction of the Cambridge Flag. It occurs on a bit of

Colonial paper currency, issued by authority of Congress, on April 2, 1776, by the State of North Carolina, for a sum equaling seven dollars and a half. The Grand Union Flag forms a conspicuous part of the decorations appearing on the bill which is numbered 7985, indicating a large issue, and sanctions officially and validates the bill. This use of the imprint of the Cambridge Flag as a seal of State to standardize the currency of the new nation would seem to establish its identity as the officially accepted standard of the nation, beyond all questions or dispute. To an impartial mind, it is clear that the flag of the United States of to-day was derived from this flag in the simplest and most natural manner. The old Cambridge flag represented the hopes and aspirations of the revolted English colonists, the new flag with its stars expressed their firm determination to throw off the English yoke and to become a new nation. They no longer were Englishmen, they were Americans.

So long as the United States exists as a nation, the flag will preserve its present form, modified only by the addition of new stars as new States are admitted to the Union. But it will forever

tell the story of the thirteen colonies and its growth into a Union of forty-eight sovereign States. The flag of any nation, which is but a mere bit of bunting in color and seemingly of fantastic design, is something more than a painted rag. Those who behold it thrill at the sight of it, and why? Because they see in it the very embodiment of the genius and aspiration of the whole nation.

The American flag is an emblem of peace. Though baptized in blood, consecrated with tears, and blessed in prayers, it has always stood for the reign of law and universal brotherhood throughout the earth. The flag of the United States of America has been carried to victory on foreign soil, in every continent of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and has never known defeat. It has never been trailed in dust or dishonor. It is respected today by all the world as the flag of a mighty nation dedicated to liberty and justice for all. Its origin is no longer in doubt or obscurity, but can be truthfully and historically traced to its birth in Cambridge, Mass., in that memorable year, 1776.

Three Cheers and Twelve Books for Ardent Americans

(Continued from page 17)

was negotiating some commercial treaties. One child was seventeen and the other eleven when they returned to this country, and Jefferson was appointed Secretary of State by Washington.

Enlivening the book are some strikingly good portrait reproductions of our national heroes. I'll admit that in reading the volume I sprang about, from picture to picture, picking out the chapters that related to the most fascinating looking of these gentlemen. No, it wasn't high-minded. Merely human.

Alexander Hamilton came off very well. A hot-tempered, steel and fire look about him, I'll say. And with a mouth like fate itself. Who wouldn't read his story after looking upon him as he is shown with his white stock tied so exquisitely, and the subtle suggestion of a ruffle on his manly bosom.

Hamilton's brilliant and tragic career could belong to no other face in this book. The story discloses his beginnings in the Island of Nevis, his energy and genius when he was a student at Columbia College (then King's College), his inciting, at the age of seventeen, those whom he had come to consider his fellow countrymen and at eighteen writing such fervid and revolutionary pamphlets that even as a boy he began to take his place amongst American patriots.

If, like me, you wander through this book led by certain pictures, you'll probably pick out the story of Chief Justice John Marshall next. The photograph of Andy Jackson may scare you a bit—the way his hair grows off his forehead isn't very promising. But if you read about him you'll find an impetuous, imperious old pioneer with astounding streaks of gentleman.

And so it goes. A great gallery. All the way down to Woodrow Wilson.

A small child visiting us was found poring over this volume, enchanted. I wish I could tell you of some beautiful and patriotic thing that Mrs. Bolton's work had inspired him to say. But I can not. His only remark was: "Gee, look at this man's picture. Look's like he had his mouth full of water, and not knowing whether to squirt it out or not, and sort of winking at you not to give him away."

Horrified, I bent over his shoulder. He was gazing at Gilbert Stuart's painting of George Washington.

Webster's Poker Book

By H. T. Webster, George Ade, George Worts, Marc Connelly and R. F. Foster

AND right here let us stop our patriotic reading for a moment while we contemplate a remarkable book which has just been sent to me by the Editor of our magazine.

"This month," quoth he, "being given over to reflections on our country in general, you surely can find an appropriate niche for this masterpiece by cartoonist Webster and our old friends George Ade and Marc Connelly and the

rest of the crowd. What about linking it up with the growth of the States! Surely poker follows the flag! Surely it helped build up the West, and you must know that the most distinguished literary circles of New York would almost cease to exist if poker were to be subjected to the three-mile limit law!"

There was no answer to all this, though the interpolation of this joyous volume did threaten to mar the fine effect we are aiming at this month. But—I took the book and read it, and was lost. I laughed aloud, and wished that instead of merely writing about it I could, through its inspiration, play one good game with the people who read this page.

It's a man's book, there's no doubt of that. Still, if you wish to break down feminine prejudice against that Saturday Night Poker Club leave the book around, carelessly, and see if it doesn't work wonders.

The thing has been put together by a lot of good fellows who know poker and the limitless fun that is to be found in friendly session. The text pages by George Ade, who wrote "Fables in Slang," etc.; Marc Connelly, author of "Beggars on Horseback"; George F. Worts, historian of this favorite pastime, and R. F. Foster, regarded as the greatest living card expert, all contribute to a brilliant and side-splitting entertainment.

The leading feature of the book, of course, is Webster's cartoons, many of which have appeared in New York newspapers.

I should like to quote you some particularly rare paragraphs, but there is a copyright line which makes that a terrible risk. You will simply have to get the book for yourselves.

And, there's a surprise. It is really more than a book. Everything comes with this admirable publication except the table, the other fellows and the sandwiches. For, look! In the back of this astounding affair is to be found a little drawer, and in the drawer a set of chips (good enough), some I. O. U.'s with a Webster drawing, and a set of invitation post-cards, illustrated, all ready for you to send out for that game next week.

Looking at the book dispassionately it did remind me for a moment of those educational-and-play drawing books for children with which one received tracing paper, colored crayons and what not, to encourage one to be a good and industrious boy. Well, since men are merely grown up children, the secret drawer and its contents will undoubtedly prove to be a stroke of genius on the part of its authors.

A Short History of the United States

By John Spencer Bassett, Ph.D.
Professor of American History in Smith College

THIS being what it is, it doesn't stand a ghost of a chance of ever becoming one of the best sellers—more's the pity—but without doubt it is among the best of our histories, and carries the

(Continued on page 64)



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TO THE MAN

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THERE are a hundred books for your wife, sir; there are no books for you. Great authorities guide her along the heights of motherhood. For fatherhood there is little guidance; yet what responsibilities modern fatherhood involves!

We say *modern* fatherhood because the world is different. Time was when a new little life added no appreciable burden. Food was cheap; clothes were cheap; schools were cheap; help was cheap.

We have left behind forever the world in which things were cheap.

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Twenty years ago it was estimated that the cost of raising a child to its sixteenth year was \$2,500.

Today the cost is \$5,000.

Twenty years ago the average cost of a college education for a boy or girl was \$2,000.

Today the cost is \$4,800.

The earning of money is not the sole, or even the principal obligation of fatherhood. But it is vital. You want this little boy or girl of yours to have as good a chance as you had—a better chance. You are thinking about that very much in these serious days.

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It is the privilege of this Institution to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power, to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

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This book is a father's book. It answers the question, "How can I be sure of money enough for the fine, big things of life?" In the interest of this son or daughter for whom you hope so much, send for it *today*.

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Send me the new revised edition of the booklet "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

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Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....



Three Cheers and Twelve Books for Ardent Americans

(Continued from page 63)

narrative of national affairs right down to President Harding's election in 1920. Which is being very snappy for a history.

Of course, you are all pretty much acquainted with the plot. The only thing, then, that could interest you anew would be the style and the way the thing is put together.

As to that, it is the easiest history in the world to find your way around in. And as to most of us a history is now merely a book of reference, this should constitute an unmixed blessing and save many a trip to the public library.

The text is marvelously full and entertaining. Little things like these will delight any reader:

The old story of the Queen of Spain selling (or was it pawning?) her jewels to help Columbus westward ho, is given a neat little crack on the head. All the Queen needed for Mr. C. was \$59,000, and as she was Queen of Castile in her own right, it looks pretty safe that she kept that necklace and those rings and just went to the mint in Castile and got what she wanted.

And then that story about John Cabot and King Henry VII. In a tiny ship with a crew of only eighteen men, Cabot came exploring this new side of the world in England's name. He reached Newfoundland and skirted the coast southward for three hundred leagues, and on his return to England was rewarded by the careful sovereign with a gift of ten pounds and an annual pension of twenty pounds.

Doubtless thrift is the path to the White House, as President Coolidge says, still it does seem that appreciation of a dauntless captain should have been carried a pound or two further than that.

Well, the whole book is full of unexpected light, right through to the end.

The record of the Great War, also, is here. It is the first time I have met and studied it in a serious history. It gives one a strange feeling. To have lived during the days of a great struggle is to feel that one belongs in some small measure to it. To meet its record in these dignified and classic pages withdraws it, in a way, from us, and makes it belong now to the girls and boys in school.

Recommended for everyman's bookshelf.

Our Presidents

By James Morgan

LISTEN to this:

Presidents have been dreary mediocrities; perhaps most of them have been only commonplace. But Americans boast, as well they may, that there never has been a President who has intentionally betrayed his great trust. . . . The Presidents, taken as a whole, form a matchless line. . . . Certainly no dynasty could afford to invite comparison. Neither the Hapsburgs nor the Hohenzollerns produced, in half a thousand years, two princes who are equals in world fame of Washington and Lincoln.

It's true, of course. And what is also true, is that it is dollars to doughnuts that a great many of us don't know very much about our Presidents except the shining stars among them. The main political facts of their administrations—we've learned these somehow. But what I mean are the little intimate sidelights that give us the men themselves, make them human.

I'll confess that the names of James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce, Rutherford Burchard Hayes and others were merely sounds in the wind to me until I read Mr. Morgan's book.

The title of his work puts one off a little, but don't let it mislead you. This is not dry history. This is racy, brisk, invigorating biography. Nuggets abound. Little things that a "seller" of Presidents would call talking-points, and which may be very handy to have up one's sleeve at dinner parties or other gatherings where you have to converse with some show of knowledge.

For instance: Martin Van Buren and Roosevelt are the only Presidents who have not been wholly descended from inhabitants of the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

It was a son of Van Buren who coined the slogan, "Vote early and vote often."

William Henry Harrison had the blood of Pocahontas in his veins.

Millard Fillmore was the second Vice-President to be promoted by the death of his chief. Old Edward Moran, a White House attendant through many administrations, took Mr. Fillmore to look at a handsome outfit whose owner was leaving Washington and would sell at a bargain.

"This is all very well, Edward," Fillmore said, "but how would it look for the President of the United States to ride around in a second-hand carriage?"

"But sure," argued old Edward, "Your Excellency is only a second-hand President."

Which was frightfully rude, don't you think?

The news that James Buchanan was the last President to wrap his neck in a stock, may or may not be history. But the reason why this same Buchanan went to his grave a bachelor is very surely romance. In the incident of the packet of love letters from his old sweetheart, discovered in a bank vault after his death and burned unread, there vanishes in a thin little spiral of smoke what, without a doubt, would have made a famous and dramatic story.

Father Abraham

By Irving Bacheller

1859 A.D.

A country torn over abolition.

Fugitive slaves in the north.

A splendid Northern boy leaving home to carve a future for himself.

A visit to a great plantation in Virginia.

The boy decides that slavery is all wrong.

Springfield—Abraham Lincoln—the presidential campaign.

The boy's life under the radiance of Lincoln's glory.

War!

Love, intrigue, victory!

It's all here in this story by Irving Bacheller, which begins on a farm in northern New York State, and ends in Washington with Lincoln's assassination.

A well-known middle western newspaper refers delicately to a certain group of citizens as "the ham-and-egg public." There can, we feel sure, be no slur intended—if they know ham and eggs. Those foods are priceless in the morning, and at other times of the day as well. It must merely be their smart Aleck way of referring to good, plain, homespun folk.

It is this public (which includes the bulk of us) that Irving Bacheller has written "Father Abraham" for. The higher and more obscure aspects of literature may, in truth, not often be approached in this good yarn. Still, it tells a straight story in a kindly, straight way. It is an American tale for Americans about the greatest American of us all.

The love motif that runs through "Father Abraham" is a shining thread, properly twisted to hold our interest.

America—The Great Adventure

By George Philip Krapp

THERE'S only one quarrel with this book.

It should have been written earlier. When I recall, and perhaps when you recall, the drab, cold, dispassioned and careful records that we called our "history books," we should cry aloud with anguish. (And it wasn't so long ago, either!)

But this is history "as is history." This is exciting, young, sweeping romance. In short, Professor Krapp's story of America is done in red, white and blue. If we didn't know it was all true, we wouldn't believe it. We'd say anything so entrancing as this must be fiction. For history, like virtue, I fear, has somehow been associated in our minds (such silly minds!) with dullness. But, thank heaven, the change is at our door.

Very shortly the youth of the land may weep to go to school, and dread to be dragged home again where they may have to pore over stupid romances and drowsy tales of imagined peril and fortune by mere fiction writers!

"These were the early glorious days of river travel, when the spirit of adventure was in the air, when every barge and boat was a golden argosy sailing into a golden future."

Thus says Krapp, giving ordinary history a nice little lesson on how to disport itself, and showing us how one can write about the opening-up of the frontier.

I can think of no more patriotic way to celebrate the Fourth than to give this shining book to some one you care for.

Paul Bunyan

By James Stevens

IT IS a sign that we have truly "arrived" when we not only boast a history but also a legend. And who can say which has a greater influence over the minds and hearts of the people.

Paul Bunyan is the traditional hero of the lumber camps of the West. He is a fabulous giant. You may picture his size for yourself when you recollect that he dwelt in a cave as large as ten Mammoth Caves. A trimmed pine tree with a charred end he found just the right size for a pencil, and he combed his beard with another pine tree—so you see! His bellowing voice crashed forests to the ground, and all things that transpire in the North woods have some connection with him. All the vicissitudes of the logging life are laid to his account, and all the rules and strange, unwritten laws of the forest emanated from him.

This legend of Paul Bunyan is American folk lore, pure and simple. But Bunyan is blood relation to some of the old Greek fellows, and those half gods that Wagner cast the spell of his music upon—Siegfried, Wotan and the rest.

Mr. Stevens, who has worked in the lumber camps, has gathered together the yarns and superstitions that have piled up around Paul Bunyan's name. He has put them into a book which deserves, and is receiving, much acclaim.

One most delectable touch is the story of how the bears in Bunyan's particular woods were frightened by a blue snow, and ran and ran and ran until some of them reached the polar fields, and safety. But the fright had turned their hair white, poor dears! And that's that!

The American Government

By Frederic J. Haskin

OUR institutions and their functions. Our laws and their meanings. In fact, our entire government with the seven veils torn off. Read this book and know all. Read and be the intelligent citizen that nature intended you to be, etc., etc. You know what we mean.

This is, seriously, a really marvelous book. There should be small boys crying it in the streets: "Extra! Extra! All about the United States!"

Who wouldn't buy! It is no less entertaining because it reposes soberly on bookshop tables. Most instructive. Well illustrated.

The Indestructible Union

By William McDougall

WILLIAM McDOUGALL, Professor of Psychology at Harvard, has given us in this volume a scholarly view of our national life—not life governed by geography or economic development, but life based on the underlying psychology which animates our different groups.

This may for a moment sound like a book written for students only, but Professor Mc-

Dougall's arguments are presented simply, and any of us who feel the call of a larger understanding of ourselves and our neighbors will be richly rewarded by spending a little time over this very consistent and helpful piece of work.

Parties and Party Leaders

By Anson Daniel Morse

THIS book, which everyone who votes must surely find of great value, is made up of essays, notes and scattered writings by the late Professor of History at Amherst College. They have been edited by Dwight Whitney Morrow, and put into splendid form.

The title of the work is descriptive in full of its subject matter. The enthusiastic and patriotic mind that was back of these papers gives a distinct flavor to the volume. Through his writings we very surely discover Professor Morse as a scholar and a gentleman (a phrase that is slowly being deleted from our vocabulary). We also perceive Mr. Morrow to be a loving disciple.

Highly recommended.

* * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: With a deep desire to enhance the practical value of this Book Section, the Book Review Editor will be happy to answer, to the best of her ability, such inquiries concerning the book world as our readers may care to make. When writing, please enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Books Reviewed This Month

The Declaration of Independence, by Carl Becker. (Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York)

Drums, by James Boyd. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

Famous American Statesmen, by Sarah K. Bolton. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York)

The Poker Book, by Webster, Ade, Worts, Connelly, Foster. (Simon & Schuster, New York)

A Short History of the United States, by John Spencer Bassett. (The Macmillan Company, New York)

Our Presidents, by James Morgan. (The Macmillan Company, New York)

Father Abraham, by Irving Bacheller. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis)

America—The Great Adventure, by George Philip Krapp. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)

Paul Bunyan, by James Stevens. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York)

The American Government, by Frederic J. Haskin. (Frederic J. Haskin, Washington, D. C.)

The Indestructible Union, by William McDougall. (Little, Brown & Company, Boston)

Parties and Party Leaders, by Anson Daniel Morse. (Marshall Jones Company, Boston)

When I Am Here

By May Riley Smith

When I am here I do not fear to die
For I should only slip through this bright door
Into another Heaven, nor ask I more
Than this dear spot to measure Heaven by.
This House of Peace, this Home of Flowers
where I
Have reached both hands to Beauty, who before
Hid half her face from me, nor ever wore
This lovely gown, soft stained with flower
and sky.

I do not fear Death here, and yet and yet
I think that when I turned from this sweet
place
And dared one backward look of fond
regret,
And caught as now the shining of your
face
Above your snowy phloxes, I should say
"Forgive my foolish boast, Death, let me
stay."



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Dangers of Margin Stock Speculation

By Stephen Jessup

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A READER writes this department a frank letter citing the case of a friend who made a good deal of money in the recent rise in stocks by buying railroad shares on margin. He asks why, in view of his friend's successful operation, buying stocks on margin receives so much condemnation on the part of most bankers and other financial counsellors.

Evidently impressed by his friend's success, he tells us that he contemplates emulating him, but admits that warnings persist in his mind and therefore he would like to know just what and how great the risks are. He refers to his friend more than once as a shining example that money can be made quickly on margin in the stock market.

We shall try to answer his question here, so that not only he but other readers of this magazine may have a view of the case against margin speculation.

It is not denied that money has been and will be again made in that way. Some men do nothing else, year in and year out, but trade in stocks. A few of them have made comfortable fortunes. The majority make a living, not more than and probably not as much as they would have made if they had devoted the same brains and energy to a profession or business. These men are known as "professionals." Being in close touch with financial matters, and studying business conditions generally and the progress of corporations individually, they are able to win more often than they lose. Probably the chief reason for this is that, from experience and concentration, they avoid many of the mistakes made by "the public," by which is meant the great body of men with whom stock speculation is a side line to their main business or profession.

The pitfalls awaiting the public are several.

First, comes the human failing of desire to get something for nothing; to get money without giving work or some bona fide exchange for it. It should stand to reason that if professionals and "floor traders" cannot make money easily, the outsider who dabbles or acts on a tip or a "hunch" has a far less chance. "Floor traders" are members of the Stock Exchange who, through the investment of upwards of \$90,000 or \$100,000 in the membership, have the privilege of going on the floor of the Exchange and trading without having to pay the expensive commissions which the outsider has to pay, averaging \$30 for buying and selling each 100 shares.

Tips and Hunches

It is astonishing that an otherwise intelligent man will risk his hard-earned money in the stock market without investigating carefully—or investigating at all—where it is going. If he buys an automobile he examines many makes and kinds of machine; talks to other men who have owned them; tries them out; views the subject at all angles. When he buys a hat or an overcoat he takes pains to ensure every dollar's worth. But when he speculates in stocks he will act on impulse, rumor, and so on—anything except knowledge and care. One is reminded of the story of the man who bought several shares of a mining stock named Trinity. When asked why he did it he said: "Well, I saw Bethlehem Steel went up fast, and I sorter like these biblical names."

The Percentage Against

The outsider's speculation is in reality only another form of gambling. He is not a student of finance. He is a neophyte, who bets on quotations. As in all gambling games, there is a "kitty" in favor of the house. For the amateur stock speculator the "kitty" is an expensive animal to feed. Every time he buys 100 shares of stock he has to pay \$15 (in some cases more), and every time he sells 100 shares he parts with another similar amount, as well as the Government and State taxes totaling \$4. As he owes his broker from 60% to 90% of the total cost of the stock and has to pay interest on the amount so lent to him, every day he holds the stock costs him money. It is true that a dividend-paying stock furnishes an income that offsets this interest charge, but most of the speculation to which

we are referring occurs in the common stocks of railroad, industrial, oil and mining companies, and many of them have not reached the dividend-paying stage—or have passed it.

The Invisible Eighth

A part of the percentage against him is the "invisible eighth," which is the fractional loss he would suffer if he bought and sold the same stock at the same price without any decline occurring in the market at all.

If the market quotation for a stock, for instance, is 99 $\frac{7}{8}$ to 100, his buying of it would be at 100 and his selling would be at 99 $\frac{7}{8}$, so that he would lose the one-eighth, which on 100 shares is \$12.50. The eighth is the minimum fraction in which trading occurs on the Stock Exchange. Sometimes the bid and asked prices are separated by a quarter, and sometimes by three-eighths, a half or a whole point or even more. But there is no escaping the minimum eighth, and it helps to form the "kitty" against the trader.

All in all, therefore, when he has bought his stock at 100, it really has cost him from 100 $\frac{3}{8}$ to 100 $\frac{1}{2}$, and he would have to sell at that level or better in order to get out even.

Buying at the Top

A mistake made by "the public" is the buying of stocks after they have already enjoyed a rise and when they are very active, when apparently everybody is buying them, and when talk of much higher prices is rampant. These conditions are an effect, not a cause, but the novice interprets them in the reverse way. The time to buy most things cheaply is when other people do not want them. Stocks are no exception. It requires courage. In times of depression stocks are low and frequently can be bought at or below their real worth, but this is not the time when "the public" buys. Seeing no activity and no advance, it waits and waits until a series of daily advances in prices provides a spectacle so tempting that at last it decides to act on Oscar Wilde's saying that the best way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.

Brokers will tell you that the public rarely starts buying to any extent until an advance has been in progress for some time. Those who buy when prices are low are usually shrewd investors who enter the market only at such times and sell out in boom times. They have great patience, and sometimes wait weeks, months or even years before they decide that prices are attractive. They make money in Wall Street and make their capital yield them far more than 5% year in and year out. But we are not discussing them. We are discussing the amateur margin speculator.

Buying Too Much

Another fault of the outsider is that he buys too much stock. He uses all his funds for his initial commitment, and when the market goes against him he has no reserves upon which to fall back. Instead of buying 100 or 200 shares to start, he should buy 25 or 50, keeping the rest of his available funds to protect himself in case of trouble.

A man with \$1,000, for example, will buy 100 shares of stock on a 10-point margin. If it goes up 5 points he has made about \$500, on paper, and is happy in the thought of 50% on his money in a few days instead of 5% per annum. But if the stock goes down 5 points his brokers want the deficit made up with more margin, and he has no more to put up. Yet he hates to take his loss. In this situation he is tempted to sell solid investments, to borrow, or to do other foolish things, oblivious of the fact that he is over-trading and is on the road to trouble.

Taking Losses

Another weakness is the inability to take a small loss. The professional, as soon as the market goes against him and he sees that his judgment was wrong, pockets a loss of a point or so. The amateur is stubborn. Because he bought his stock at 100 he cannot bear to sell it at 99 or 98. He will not realize that he has made a mistake. He confidently believes the stock will recover, and waits for it to "come back."

He is not playing to win now, but to get even. The majority of margin speculators are playing to get even. If they told the truth they would admit that they would be happy if only all their stocks would return to a level to enable them to get out without loss.

Sometimes the amateur "averages down," i. e., at a decline of several points he buys more stock, calculating that the price is bound to recover and when it does he will have a good profit on his later purchases and will come out even on his original purchase. If he has patience and resources and can sit through one or more declines he may be able to accomplish this, but often he is obliged to wait a long time, and he finds that the mounting interest charges are a heavy handicap.

Not Taking Profits

Another weakness is the inability to take a profit. This may sound like an absurd statement, but it is the truth that the amateur, even when his judgment or "hunch" is right and his stock advances from the price he paid, resolutely refrains from cashing in. He has a curious ambition to sell out at the very top. As long as the stock continues to rise he is happy. He feels that he actually is the clever fellow he has long suspected. If the stock declines a little he tells himself that it is only a reaction. Nine times out of ten he sits and watches his profit vanish entirely, and then faces the inevitable loss.

It is axiomatic that the public buys on an advancing market and sells on a declining market; in other words, buys at high prices and sells at low prices.

Another maxim is that only a fool buys at the bottom and sells at the top; in other words, only a fool tries to do the impossible.

Another well-worn saying is that "You never go broke taking profits."

Pyramiding

There is a popular idea that the margin speculator loses his money only in a declining market. This is incorrect. He loses it just as effectively, if not more so, in an advancing market. This may sound strange, but experience and analysis show that it is true. It brings to light another fault—pyramiding.

Suppose that the amateur buys his stock at the right moment and immediately it starts climbing. After an advance of 10 points he has a profit large enough to form the marginal basis for another commitment the same size as the first. He plunges. For every subsequent point—dollar per share—advance he is now making twice as much money. But each point decline will cause him twice as much loss. Declines are inevitable in the strongest of advancing markets. They are called "reactions." It is obvious that they are bound to occur, else stocks long ago would have reached dizzy levels. Reactions occur for various reasons. Profit-taking is one of them.

When a series of reactions sets in, the amateur finds himself committed two or three times as extensively as he originally meant to be, and, with the increased burden he is carrying, a reaction or two of only a few points will be sufficient to wipe him out.

This pyramiding, as it is called, is only another form of greed and over-trading. It is bred by the over-confidence resulting from initial success. Those who pyramid rashly blind themselves to the obvious fact that even in the best of bull markets prices do not advance perpendicularly. While pyramiding can be occasionally accomplished successfully by an able speculator plentifully endowed with experience, nerve and cash, it is almost a sure finish for the amateur.

A glance at the history of the stock market will show that on the whole it has had a series of swings. Like the pendulum, when the swing has moved considerably in one direction, it is ready for little or no further move in that direction, but is about to start on the return trip. The margin speculator with a profit, therefore, would be wiser to take it than to saddle himself with more stock at the higher level. Considering that the market does not advance indefinitely, the trader does well to take his profit in any case, for the chances are in favor of his being able to replace the same stock lower down, and, with the profit to his credit, his position is correspondingly strengthened for his fresh commitment.

(Continued on page 68)



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Dangers of Margin Stock Speculation

(Continued from page 67)

The truth is that the stock market does not beat the amateur. He beats himself. Money is made in the stock market, but only by men of experience, who have self-control; who do not over-trade; who get out the moment they see they are wrong; who are content to wait for an advantageous price level to buy and an equally advantageous price level to sell; who do not attempt to trade every day or every week; who are not swept off their feet by gossip, rumor and enthusiasm on the part of others. But these men are exceptions and probably would make as much money, if not more, by buying and selling other things than stocks.

END OF PART ONE

Investment Literature

S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York, will be glad to send a copy of their new thirty-six page booklet, "Forty-three Years Without Loss to Any Investor."

Adair Realty & Trust Company, Atlanta, Georgia, will be glad to send you a copy of their new list of offerings. Address Department H12.

The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo., will be glad to send on request the following booklets: "Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail."

Arnold & Company, Washington, D. C., will be glad to send a copy of their interesting booklet, describing Arnold's Certificates, on request.

The Strauss Corporation, 300 Madison Avenue, New York City, will be glad to furnish you with their new and comprehensive booklet dealing with their First Mortgage Gold Bonds yielding from 6½% to 7%. Sent on request.

"Why Florida First Mortgage Investments Pay up to 8%"—a concise, common-sense statement of five logical reasons why investors may at this time send their money to Florida and get 8% on sound first mortgage security." Sent without charge on request made to the Trust Company of Florida, 807, Trust Company of Florida Building, Miami, Florida.

The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2106 Bedford Bldg., Miami, Fla., will send free on request a copy of their illustrated book "8% and Safety."

Chisholm & Chapman, 52 Broadway, New York City, have issued a very helpful booklet on Trading Methods, which they will be glad to send free on request.

George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., are getting out a very interesting book telling how to start and build a fortune. Copy will be sent free on request.

"Fifty-Two Years of Proven Safety"—A handsomely illustrated booklet sent free on request by writing to The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

Shannon & Luchs, Inc., Washington, D. C., have gotten out a new book entitled "Safety Supreme," which will be sent free on request.

The Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J., have recently published a very helpful booklet entitled "Life Insurance Trusts." Copy gladly sent on request.

Please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE when writing.

Directory of Subordinate Lodges

(Continued from page 47)

Yakima, Wash., No. 318—Grover Burrows, Exalted Ruler; Harry J. Lee, Secretary—12.
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Zanesville, Ohio, No. 114—D. R. Turner, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Lamiman, Secretary—7.

A Story of Arctic Heroism

(Continued from page 12)

to the northward as far as the eye could see. This failure was intensely disappointing. Lieutenant Lockwood, who had been ill for months, now seemed to relinquish all hope, but he faced death like a soldier. Afterwards, in his diary, were found these words, so indicative of the courage of the man who had penned them:

"If our fate is the worst, I do not think we shall disgrace the name of Americans and soldiers."

By the first of March, when Greely had intended to cross on the ice to Greenland, the strait was wide open. Three separate and distinct gales in the latter part of February had broken up and carried away the ice so that open water could be seen in all directions. At that time it would have been possible to cross in the open boats to Greenland, but the party did not have sufficient strength to remove the boat from the building and carry it down to the open water.

Three weeks later everyone realized that the beginning of the end was at hand. They had long since given up hope of rescue, and were now too weak to make an escape even if the way lay open before them. They were huddled together in damp and unsanitary quarters, and in their enfeebled condition could barely crawl about the camp, or attempt to catch shrimp or seaweed. They thought and talked of little but food. Starvation now claimed Christiansen, an Eskimo hunter, and Lynn. During the winter Lynn had continued to repeat, almost daily, the motto of Kentucky, peculiarly applicable to themselves: "United we stand; divided we fall." Elison, gradually becoming weaker and more feeble, asked the doctor if he could not do something for his itching feet, unconscious that they had been amputated months previous. He had suffered the loss of all his fingers, one at a time, and was compelled to convey food to his mouth with a spoon and fork lashed to the stump of each arm. Such pitiful incidents as these, and the deaths of Cross, Christiansen and Lynn drove the men almost to despair. The fates seemed to be against them. The channel was open, precluding escape over the ice to Greenland; there was no game to be had; and no hope of rescue until summer, if at all.

Rice and Frederick now pleaded to be allowed to attempt to find the cache of English beef which had been abandoned by them the previous November in the effort to save Elison's life. At first Greely objected because of the risk involved, but the men pointed out to him the desperate straits to which they were reduced, the value of the meat, and their confidence in their ability to find the cache. At last Greely consented, and they started on their quest.

During the first part of the journey they encountered a terrific gale; drifting snow blew into their faces, and it was impossible for them to light the alcohol lamp which they had brought along to heat the food. So, without food or drink of any kind, exhausted and ill, they crawled into the sleeping bag and lay down on the ice to rest. The drifting snow soon covered them completely, and they were held prisoners for almost twenty-four hours. When at last they freed themselves they were too nearly frozen to attempt to cook, so they plodded on for several hours to restore their circulation.

After a warm meal they started toward the point where the meat had been cached. There disappointment awaited them. Though they searched every inch of snow-covered surface for the provisions which meant life or death to all of them, not a trace was to be found; the ice had drifted out to sea, taking the precious meat with it!

Stunned by the realization that their struggle had been in vain, they turned toward home, but Rice, who had been getting gradually weaker, soon found he could go no farther. Though Frederick gave him hot food and drink and urged him to keep up, it was a physical impossibility.

(Continued on page 70)

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All of the investment houses carried in the Financial Department have been carefully investigated by us; and we believe them to be reliable.

We have recently prepared a very interesting booklet, "Selling Securities by Mail," dealing with magazine advertising for investment houses. This booklet covers every phase of magazine advertising, copy, media and follow-up, and we believe that investment houses will find it very helpful. We will be glad to send a copy on request. In writing, please use your letter head.

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A Story of Arctic Heroism

(Continued from page 69)

Rice lay back on his sledge in the supporting arms of his companion, and expired within a few minutes.

Starved by slow degrees for months, weakened by his severe and exhausting labors over the rough ice, chilled nearly to numbness, alone on an extended ice field, Frederick felt that he could not go on. But he knew that if he failed to return to the camp, some of his companions would venture out in search of him. So, summoning up every ounce of his waning strength, Frederick stumbled along for miles until he reached his sleeping bag. Here, weary and disheartened, he rested.

Next morning, after having a little food and drink, Frederick went back to the spot where his dead companion lay and buried him in the snow and ice. Trudging another six miles back to his sleeping bag, he loaded his belongings on the sled and started for the hut. Dragging his sled as far as his enfeebled condition would permit, he would take a little food, get into his sleeping bag, and sleep for a short time. As soon as he awoke, benumbed and stiff, he would crawl out of the bag, travel on until he was thoroughly warmed, then prepare some tea and food and march on again as far as possible. In this way, he managed to return to the hut without even having touched his dead comrade's rations. So another brave man gave evidence of his strength of purpose and self-denial in the face of extreme necessity.

Death was by this time a frequent visitor at the camp. Lieutenant Lockwood and others, including the doctor, passed away in May and June, and the plucky Eskimo hunter was drowned in an attempt to get food. It was necessary to have one man shot for his repeated and brazen thefts from their scanty store of provisions, leaving but thirteen of the original twenty-five. (The Secretary of War wrote Greely after the return of the expedition, saying that he entertained no doubt of the necessity and the entire propriety of his action, under the circumstances, in ordering the execution of this soldier.) Greely was ill and exhausted, and the few of his men who had not already been laid in their last resting place were feeble and wretched; some of them raved incoherently, while others lay quietly waiting for death, which they looked forward to as a blessed release. On one occasion, shortly before the surgeon died, he and Greely had engaged in an acrimonious discussion. One of the enlisted men attempted to defend the doctor, and for a time mutiny seemed imminent. This unfortunate incident is mentioned to show that, in addition to the other troubles of the party, Greely had to face difficulties from which the leaders of other Arctic expeditions have been free.

June opened wretchedly, with a howling gale, driving snow, and a temperature near the freezing point. For a day and a half the party had nothing whatever to eat. Everybody was quite miserable, not only from lack of food, but from the cold, to which in their enfeebled condition they were very sensitive. Millions of ducks and geese flew past, but the hunters were unable

to obtain any. By the twenty-first there were but seven men left of the twenty-five; and they calmly faced the inevitable. By the following morning the survivors were completely exhausted. For almost two days nothing in the way of nutriment except a few bits of seal skin had passed their lips. The end was approaching.

BUT help was speeding to them in their extremity. Toward midnight, above the roaring of the gale, Greely heard what he believed was a faint whistle. Scarcely daring to hope that he heard correctly, he asked Sergeant Brainard and one of the other men if they had strength enough to go outside and look around. When they returned and told him there was no sign of a vessel, the faint flicker of hope that had stirred gave way to despair. Soon, however, they heard a strange voice, and then another. The long agony of waiting was over. It was Captain Schley, later of Spanish War fame, who had reached the Greely expedition in time to snatch the survivors from death.

Tenderly they were cared for and nursed back to health. But it was too late to save poor Elison, who, sick and maimed, lived only long enough to reach the first Greenland port on the way home.

And so the tragedy of Cape Sabine went down into history, and nineteen lives were added to the hundreds who have died in Arctic wastes. In justice to the dead, and also to the living, it should be said that their arduous labors, heroic endurance, and unflinching determination had advanced the American flag to an unparalleled latitude on both land and sea. The expedition had carried out the scientific program allotted to it; it had increased the world's knowledge of the physical characteristics of Grinnell Land. What is more remarkable, its members, in one of the most extraordinary and successful boat journeys of the age, had brought their records to a safe place at the price of great bodily suffering, through a dense polar ice pack, and to a point where they would eventually reach the world. The victims of scurvy and starvation had died in the interests of science. The blame for their loss rests, not upon Greely, but upon the commanders of American rescue vessels, who failed to rescue the party and to lay down food depots along the coast sufficient to sustain them until a vessel could force its way through the ice to Cape Sabine.

Through long winter nights the aurora borealis blazons its challenge across the Arctic sky; but its beckoning lure no longer calls to the heroes who are sleeping their last long sleep in that icy waste. No poppies bloom above their heads. In fact it was only a year or two ago that their names were engraved upon tablets of bronze by the National Geographic Society. But up at that "farthest north," in solitary defiance to the elements, the remnants of an American flag may still flutter in the wind—memorial to the men who died in its service.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 39)

other distinguished participants in the event were Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. G. Cluett of Sioux City, Iowa, Lodge No. 112, and several officers of the Iowa State Elks Association. A feature of the celebration was the presence of twenty-five charter members of the Lodge, each of whom was presented with a handsome silver souvenir of the occasion. Preceding the banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Price was the honor guest at a luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce in which the members of the Lions Club joined in welcoming him to the city. Following the banquet there were a number of special entertainment features, including music, athletic events, and vaudeville sketches. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was broadcast from radio station WSUI and was heard in many parts of the country.

Boston, Mass., Lodge Conducts Historic Track Meet

The enterprise of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10 was again recently exemplified when it conducted one of the most important indoor track meets ever held in the country. The meet was staged in Mechanics Hall and afforded all Boston the opportunity of seeing the greatest group of distance runners ever brought together, indoors or out. Nurmi, Ray, Hahn and Connolly were some of the stars that took part in the meet. Commenting editorially on the spirit of the Order as manifested in the staging of such an historic meet, the *Boston Herald* said: "When the Elks go out for something, whether it is a ritual, a convention, a charity, a home or an athletic meet, usually they get it."
(Continued on page 72)

"When the Thing that Couldn't has Occurred!"

(—from the Mandalay Edition of Kipling. Volume 26, page 232.)

... that expresses the phenomenal spell of Kipling's pages, and also it is eloquent of the achievement in this new edition. You can here, and now, possess Kipling at *less than one-eighth* the cost of the same inclusive contents and the same large type of the glorious de luxe edition.

KIPLING is known and understood *less* than any other universal writer. That sounds paradoxical when you think that people everywhere quote him every day. But what do they quote? A few inimitable stanzas; a few penetrating epigrams—to judge him by these is like judging the depths and colors of the ocean by the sparkle of a single wave.

Have you ever read, for example, "The Mark of the Beast"? Critics proclaim this remarkable story the greatest "horror story" in our language. "De Maupassant pales by comparison," said F. A. Waterhouse in the Yale Review. In that story, when the Silver Man steps out from behind an idol, his body shining like frost—you find one of the most intense and greatest moments in literature. Yet how many people who think they know Kipling have read the marvelous pages of this Oriental tale?

And that is only a single instance of hundreds of Kipling's stories. Among them are such compelling titles as "Without Benefit of Clergy," or "The Man Who Would Be King," or "The Phantom Rickshaw."

To have such stories—scores of them—in your home where you can know them and own them is to enrich your own life experiences.

Yet there is more in Kipling than these marvelous stories. For again and again does the name of this author ring around the world. Here is a treasury of some of the most enchanting and original poetry in all literature. The man who wrote

*"If you can keep your head
When all about you are losing theirs
And blaming it on you . . ."*

can also take you and me "by the old Moulmein pagoda, looking Eastward toward the sea. . . ." Or into the jungle where we find "the law of the jungle, as old and as true as the hills." And there are five hundred such poems here—that are merely an item in this astounding collection of stories, novels, essays, letters and poems. Every page of Kipling is of sterling worth. If ever there is a gilt-edge security in books it is this. And Kipling's value is enduring. Tomorrow he is just as potent as today.



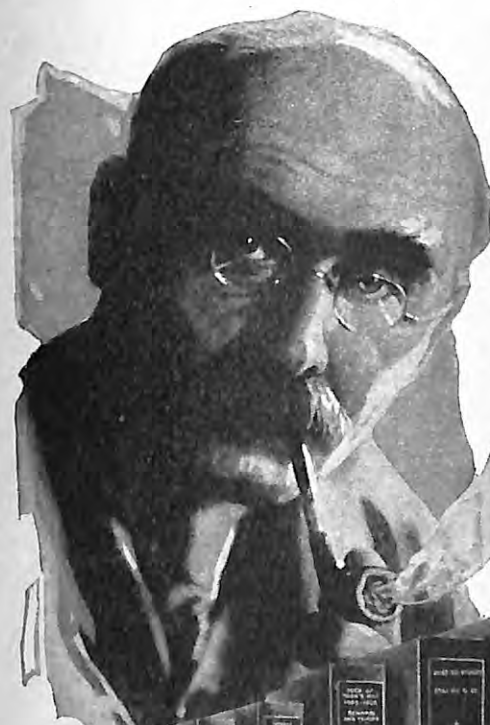
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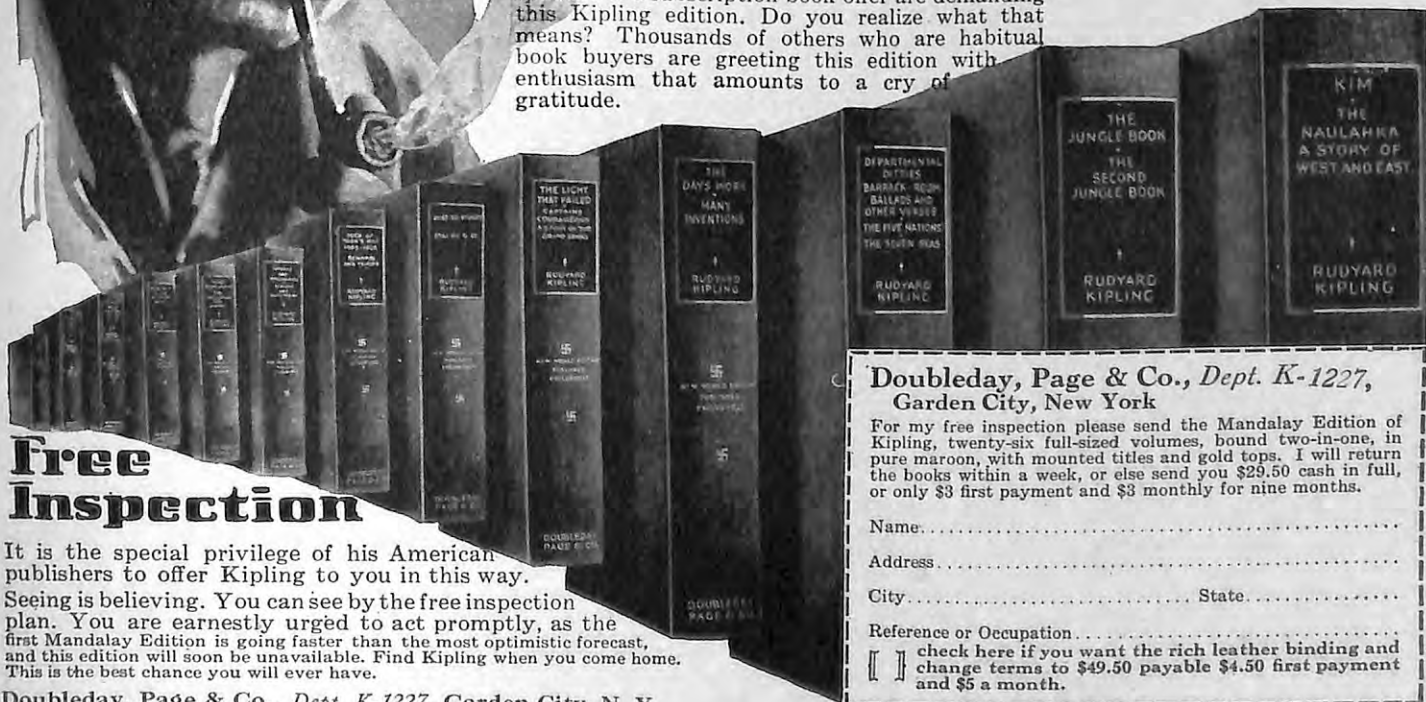
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 70)

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge Host to New York State Elks Association

The annual convention of the New York State Elks Association was recently held at Niagara Falls, N. Y. The meeting called forth the largest gathering of members in the history of the Association. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was the guest of honor and many other distinguished members of the Order were present for the occasion. The opening exercises to which the public was invited were largely attended. Corporation Council George W. Knox formally welcomed the visitors to the city, and Exalted Ruler John B. Morden welcomed them on behalf of Niagara Falls Lodge No. 346. The exercises were patriotic, with vocal and instrumental numbers featuring the program. Grand Exalted Ruler Price and Hon. James A. Farley, President of the Association, addressed the gathering.

At the opening business session held the following day in the ballroom of the Hotel Niagara the following officers were elected for 1925-1926: President, William E. Fitzsimmons of Albany Lodge No. 49; Vice-President of Southeast District, Martin A. Maher, Yonkers Lodge No. 707; Vice-President Northeast District, Theodore Kalbfleisch, Jr., Glens Falls Lodge No. 81; Vice-President South Central District, Martin Purtell, Elmira Lodge No. 62; Vice-President North Central District, H. Will Evans, Oneida Lodge No. 767; Vice-President Western District, Clayton C. Blood, Albion Lodge No. 1006. Secretary, Amon W. Foote, Utica Lodge No. 33, and Treasurer, Jay Farrier, Oneida Lodge No. 767, were both re-elected.

Niagara Falls Lodge had arranged a widely diversified program for the entertainment of the visitors, and the whole city joined with the Lodge in giving them a hearty welcome. Business places and private homes were decorated with flags and bunting, giving the city a most festive air. The band and drill team contests were witnessed by large crowds and the gigantic parade which brought the convention to a close was one of the most brilliant that ever marched through the streets of Niagara Falls.

The prize-winners in the various contests were as follows: Rochester Lodge No. 24, Bronx Lodge No. 871, and Buffalo Lodge No. 23 finished in the drill-team competition in the order named. In the parade, the first prize for the greatest number of men in line went to Buffalo Lodge. Medina Lodge No. 898 was second. Albany Lodge No. 49 marchers were judged the neatest appearing, and were given first prize in this event. New York Lodge No. 1 was the winner of the first prize for coming the longest distance. The band of Buffalo Lodge captured first prize in the band contest.

The next annual meeting of the Association will be held in Syracuse.

Reception Given to Visitor From Khartoum, Egypt

Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Fred A. Morris and Mrs. Morris recently gave an elaborate reception at the Home of Mexico, Mo., Lodge No. 919 in honor of Mr. Raoul Escher of Khartoum, Egypt, who was their guest. All the members of the Lodge and their families were invited to meet Mr. Escher, and the reception and the dancing that followed were enjoyed by a large number. The reception was preceded by a piano recital by Miss Willie Morris, the talented daughter of Mr. Morris.

Exalted Ruler John C. McEnroe Of Newark, N. J., Lodge, Dies

It is with a feeling of deep sorrow that we report the sudden death of John C. McEnroe, Exalted Ruler of Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21. Mr. McEnroe was a leading spirit in the affairs of his Lodge and was known and admired by a host of friends throughout the East. At the time of his death he was secretary of the Hudson River Vehicular Tunnel Commission.

The funeral services, held at the Home of Newark Lodge, were conducted with simple

dignity, practically every member of the Lodge being present to pay tribute for the last time to their Exalted Ruler.

Manila, P. I., Lodge Extends Invitation to Portland Visitors

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was recently in receipt of a cablegram from Manila, Philippine Islands, Lodge No. 761 in which Exalted Ruler William L. Applegate of the Lodge extends a hearty invitation to all Grand Lodge officers and delegates to the Portland Grand Lodge Convention to visit Manila following the meeting.

New Home for Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge. Grand Exalted Ruler is Guest

Work is going ahead rapidly on the beautiful new Home which is being built by Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge No. 290. Plans are already under consideration for the formal dedication of the building which will take place in the near future.

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and Charles E. Witt, Assistant Grand Secretary recently visited the Lodge and were the guests at a large banquet and entertainment given in their honor. The distinguished visitors to the city were also present at a luncheon of the Kiwanis Club where the Grand Exalted Ruler made a brief address. The membership of Waterloo Lodge turned out in great numbers to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler and representatives of many other Lodges in the region joined in the welcoming festivities.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Mourns Passing of Past Exalted Ruler Gray

Deep regret and a real sense of loss is felt throughout the Order at the recent death of John A. Gray, Past Exalted Ruler of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878. Mr. Gray was one of the charter members of the Lodge and was always active in its affairs. He served on the original Building Committee, and also served on the Committee which erected the present beautiful Home of Queens Borough Lodge. The funeral services held in the Lodge Room of the Home were impressive to a high degree, and the number of members present was a wonderful tribute to a man known and loved by many.

Illinois State Elks Association Holds Successful Convention

The Illinois State Elks Association met at Murphysboro, Ill., on June 2, 3 and 4 for one of the most successful and pleasant conventions ever held in its history. Murphysboro Lodge No. 572 entertained the convention in spite of the fact that Murphysboro experienced a terrible tornado on March 18—less than three months prior to the convention. The attendance at the convention was especially good, delegates coming from every section of the State, and thousands of visitors thronging the city, which was beautifully decorated. A splendid program covering the three convention days was provided. A spectacular parade on the closing day was one of the feature events.

The convention was honored by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Murphysboro Wednesday morning, and departed Thursday afternoon. While there he addressed a business session of the Association and also spoke at the weekly noonday luncheon of the Murphysboro Rotary Club. In both addresses he stressed the fact that the convention was a successful one, and that Murphysboro had shown a remarkably quick recovery from its recent disaster.

Louis Forman of Bloomington Lodge No. 281 was elected President of the Association, and the other officers for 1925-26 were chosen as follows: First Vice-President, George H. Horsfield of Murphysboro Lodge; Second Vice-President, John A. Thiel of Harvey Lodge No. 1242; Third Vice-President Winfield Jordan of Pana Lodge No. 1261; Secretary, George W. Hasselman of La Salle Lodge No. 584; Treasurer, William Gullett of Mt. Carmel Lodge No. 715; Trustees, J. W. Yantis of Shelbyville Lodge No. 793,

Eugene Welch of Galesburg Lodge No. 894, John O'Keefe of Highland Park Lodge No. 1362, and C. D. Midkiff of Harrisburg Lodge No. 1058.

In the competitive events, Carlinville Lodge No. 1412 captured the ritualistic contest, and Belleville Lodge No. 481, the parade trophy.

The next meeting will be held at La Salle.

News of the Order From Far and Near

As part of the Flag Day exercises, Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge dedicated a large swimming pool which was built by the Lodge for the Children's Home of Hamilton.

Donaldsonville, La., Lodge recently initiated a large class of candidates.

Meadville, Pa., Lodge recently contributed \$250.00 to the local Community Chest Fund.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge has outgrown its present quarters and is contemplating the building of a new Home.

The team of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge has won the city bowling championship and the Kincaid Trophy, emblematic of that title.

Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge recently celebrated its fifth anniversary at the Berkeley Hotel.

Marlborough, Mass., Lodge recently tendered a testimonial dinner to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. McGann at the Westminster Hotel in Boston.

Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge plans to give a series of Cabaret Suppers during the summer.

The orphans of St. Anthony's and Sacred Heart were recently given an outing by Kearny, N. J., Lodge.

Newton, Mass., Lodge made a profit of close to \$5,000 from its May Festival. It was voted to turn over \$1,600 to the Lodge's Welfare Fund and the balance to the Charity Fund.

One of the most successful events conducted recently by Omaha, Neb., Lodge was the Fashion Show presented in the large city auditorium. Close to \$6,000 was realized by the Lodge.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge will stage a benefit picnic on July 4 for the school for Crippled Children which it maintains.

Eufaula, Ala., Lodge was in charge of the barbecue dinner recently tendered the Civil War Veterans by the American Legion. The dinner was served on the picturesque bluffs overlooking Chattahoochee.

A group of members of Alameda, Calif., Lodge have formed the El Kala Club. An interest in long cross-country hikes and walking expeditions is required of all members.

Montclair, N. J., Lodge recently laid the cornerstone of its new Home on Park Street.

Dover, N. J., Lodge, one of the first Lodges to adopt the budget system in the conduct of its affairs, finds this method is a great help in the management and direction of finances.

Galena, Ill., Lodge recently gave a dance at the Royal Palace Hotel which was highly successful. A short time ago this Lodge also initiated a good sized class of candidates.

Captain William Sparks, organizer of the famous Withington Zouaves, and Exalted Ruler of Jackson, Mich., Lodge recently reported a successful membership campaign that added many names to the roster of his Lodge.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge took part in the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of a stained glass window placed in Wilshire Boulevard Congregational Church as a tribute to the veteran actor, Frederick Warde, a member of St. Louis, Mo. Lodge.

Melvin G. Winstock of Seattle, Wash., Lodge has been invited to deliver one of the principal July 4 addresses at Portland, Ore.

The float entered by Benton Harbor, Mich., Lodge in the Blossom Week Parade held recently in the twin cities won the sweepstakes prize of a silver loving cup and also the first prize in the Lodge division.

Deep sorrow at the death of Vincent P. O'Neill was recently felt by all his fellow members of Ashland, Pa., Lodge. Mr. O'Neill, who took a most active interest in all the affairs of the Lodge, served conspicuously overseas in the World War.

Modesto, Calif., Lodge plans to dedicate its new Home on or about July 4.



Take the Word- of a Man You Know

KNOWING tires is a specialized business. You might study them constantly, yet, because your experience is confined to those tires on your own car, still remain only partially informed about tires in general and specific brands in particular.

The tire merchant, on the other hand, knows tires from long experience and contact. It is his business. He watches their performance, knows what to expect under given condition, knows how to choose the tire which meets your particular needs.

And this knowledge he gives you with his service and with the tires he sells you.

You probably know the merchant who sells Lancasters in your community. He is an established business man, one chosen to represent Lancaster exclusively because of his standing, dependability and facilities for service. The fact that he is a Lancaster Certified Merchant is our further assurance that he measures up to his job.

Take this man's word on tires and you take the word of a man that you know and we know for his ability and readiness to be of service.

Lancaster Merchants are so carefully chosen there are still communities in which none has yet been appointed. In such case, write us, giving the name and model of your car and we will see that you get service.

THE LANCASTER TIRE
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USE THIS COUPON!

In case there is no Lancaster Merchant in your community at present, send us this coupon, giving size and type of tire used on your car and we will see that you get Lancaster Tires and the proper service.

The Lancaster Tire and Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I am interested in the Lancaster Idea. I drive a

_____ model _____ car and use

_____ type tires,

(BALLOON--SEMI-BALLOON--STANDARD)

size _____

Signed _____

Address _____

LANCASTER

CORD TIRES

Shave every day—be comfortable

COLGATE'S

for better shaving



What a difference a few years make in fashions! How absurd some of them seem to be, when we look backward!

Would we be willing to adopt the grotesque styles to which our grandfathers submitted? It would take a constitutional amendment, at least, to drive us to such things.

If the compelling purpose back of whiskers that reached from ear to ear, and skirts that left no room for doubt was to eliminate difficulty in telling the sexes apart, its effectiveness can hardly be questioned.

Here a disturbing thought intrudes. Since women have gone in for knickies and bobs and gubernatorial authority, it is conceivable that whiskers may in time have to serve again, as they served originally, to show that men are men.

The horror of such a possibility becomes evident when we see how the well-groomed man of today would look with such whiskers as were fashionable sixty years ago.

A clean shave daily with Colgate's makes a wonderful difference for the better. It has become a business, as well as a social requirement.



TODAY—

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes a wonderful lather for easy and comfortable shaving.

It emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair of the beard, permitting moisture to penetrate and soften it *at the base*, where the razor's work is done.

You will realize as soon as you try it that Colgate's gives a better shave. It leaves the face soothed and velvety.

Thousands of men are turning daily to this new comfort in shaving.

Let us send you a trial tube of this marvelous cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the attached coupon, with 4c.



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Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

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Address.....

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Established 1806
NEW YORK

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