

The Elks

20 CENTS A COPY

AUGUST, 1925

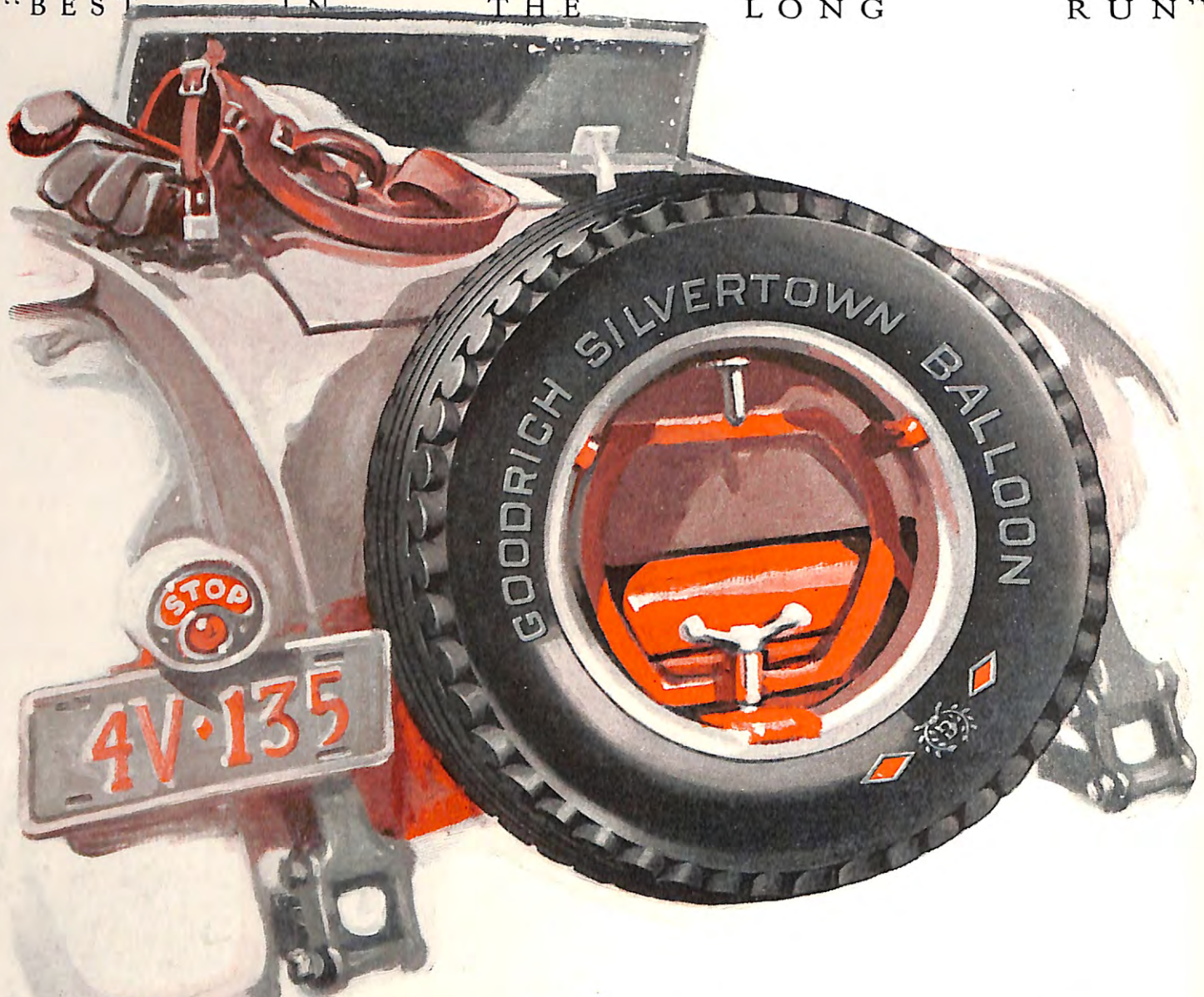
Magazine



In this issue.

"First Prize" by Freeman Tilden, "The New West and the Cowboy" by Arthur Chapman, "The Taste of Power" by Samuel McCoy, and other features

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

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



Volume Four
Number Three

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER
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- Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101
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- Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201
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If any Lodge has accommodations, but is not listed here, The Elks Magazine will be glad to include it on request without charge.

A wonderful two years' trip at full pay— but only men with imagination can take it

ABOUT one man in ten will be appealed to by this page. The other nine will be hard workers, earnest, ambitious in their way, but to them a coupon is a coupon; a book is a book; a course is a course. The one man in ten has imagination.

And imagination rules the world.

Let us put it this way. An automobile is at your door; you are invited to pack your bag and step in. You will travel by limited train to New York. You will go directly to the office of the president of one of the biggest banks. You will spend hours with him, and with other bank presidents.

Each one will take you personally thru his institution. He will explain clearly the operations of his bank; he will answer any question that comes to your mind. In intimate personal conversation he will tell you what he has learned from his own experience. He will give you at first hand the things you need to know about the financial side of business. You will not leave these bankers until you have a thoro understanding of our great banking system.

When you have finished with them the car will be waiting. It will take you to the offices of men who direct great selling organizations. They will be waiting for you; their time will be at your disposal—all the time you want until you know all you can learn about marketing, selling and advertising.

Again you will travel. You will visit the principal industries of the country. The men who have devoted their lives to production will be your guides thru these plants in Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and in every great industrial center.

Thru other days the heads of accounting departments will guide you. On others, men who have made their mark in office management; on others, traffic experts and authorities in commercial law and credits. Great economists and teachers and business leaders will be your companions.

The whole journey will occupy two years. It will cost you nothing in income, for your salary will go right along. Every single day you will be in contact with men whose authority is proved by incomes of



\$50,000, \$100,000, or even more.

Do you think that any man with imagination could spend two years like that without being bigger at the end? Is it humanly possible for a mind to come in contact with the biggest minds in business without growing more self-reliant, more active, more able?

Is it worth a few pennies a day to have such an experience? Do you wonder that the men who have had

it—who have made this two years' journey—are holding positions of executive responsibility in business everywhere.

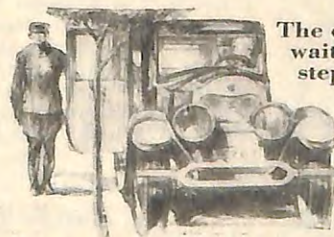
This wonderful two years' trip is what the Alexander Hamilton Institute offers you. Not merely a set of books (tho you do receive a business library which will be a source of guidance and inspiration thruout your business life). Not merely a set of lectures (tho the lectures parallel what is offered in the leading university schools of business). Not merely business problems which you solve, and from which you gain definite practical experience and self-confidence.

All these—books, lectures, problems, reports, bulletins—come to you, but they are not the real Course. The real Course is the experience of the most successful business men in the country. For two years you live with them. In two years you gain what they have had to work out for themselves thru a lifetime of practical effort.

Send for this famous book

If you are the one man in ten to whom this page is directed, there is a book which you will be glad to own. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business." It costs you nothing, yet it is permanently valuable.

If you have read this far, and if you are at least 21 years of age, you are one of the men who ought to clip the coupon and receive it with our compliments.



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Personalities and Appreciations

A Source of Welcome Annoyance

NOTHING we have published has caused us so much annoyance as Octavus Roy Cohen's serial "The Iron Chalice." It was bothersome enough in the early stages, when only a couple of instalments of the story had appeared, and everywhere we went people began talking about it before we could take our hat off or even find a chair. There was a regular chorus: "That story of Cohen's is a corker." "Best story Cohen ever wrote." "I never read serials—but that Cohen story of yours. . . ." We heard about it on every hand.

But as time went on, and our readers became more and more breathlessly enmeshed in the plot, our troubles increased. Friends have dropped in, by the score, or telephoned, in a fine frenzy, demanding that we tell them how the story was going to end. Of course we have been obliged to refuse, in every case. Once or twice, however, the idea came to us that we might print a little note in the Magazine running something like this: In answer to insistent clamors from our readers we wish to announce that "The Iron Chalice" ends thus and so. It would have saved us a tremendous amount of time and trouble. But we refrained. We had to consider our duty to Mr. Cohen.

And so we make the following announcement instead: "The Iron Chalice" retains its excitement and its mystery right up to the last instalment and the only way to find out how it ends is to wait for the September issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



Biography in Brief

ASKED by the editors for a short history of himself, Arthur Chapman, author of "The New West and the Cowboy" in this issue, supplied the following:

"Born, Rockford, Ill., somewhere between the Civil and Spanish-American wars. Descended on, or rather ascended to, Denver in the nineties and never got over the thrill the West gave him. Has covered various Western States horseback, afoot and by auto. Wrote the verses, "Out Where the West Begins," somewhere between the Spanish-American and World Wars and thereby boomed the postcard and song industries, though not to his own profit. Author of a book of Western verse, under title of "Out Where the West Begins," which can be secured in limp leather or boards as the purchaser prefers. One novel, "Mystery Ranch," is still selling several copies a year in Tasmania. Author of "The Story of Colorado," a history of that State. Home in New York during last five years, with exception of frequent intervals of disappearance, in the course of which he has been found in the West gathering material."

Mr. Chapman has written many articles for THE ELKS MAGAZINE but none, we believe, will have been found more interesting than his two latest contributions: "The New West and the Cowboy" and "Flaming Forests." The latter, which will appear next month, tells of the havoc wrought by forest fires, of the thrilling experiences of men who fight them, and of the steps taken by the Forestry Service to prevent them.

Not in the West alone, but in the South, in the North and in the East, forest fires cause millions of dollars' worth of damage every year. Every individual Elk can help to prevent this needless waste. Mr. Chapman's article, coming in September, covers the subject graphically and thoroughly. Be sure to read it.



A Hunch That Justified Itself

AWAY back in 1922, it seems like yesterday, when the first number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE was being put together, a delightful, timid person came to the office and asked if we needed the services of a book reviewer. The question took us aback somewhat. We hadn't thought about it. "W-e-e-ll," we temporized, "this is going to be a big magazine, you know, and none of the big magazines publish book reviews." Our visitor smiled. "I know," she replied, "that's

why I came to you. I think the fact that the other big magazines don't review books is all the more reason why you should. Your subscribers," she added slyly, "all read, don't they? Why shouldn't they be interested in books? I'm sure I could review books in a way that would make your subscribers interested."

Naturally there was nothing to say to that but to suggest to our visitor that she go ahead and write some reviews. And she did. And we've been printing them almost every month from that time to this.

Our book reviewer, who has made a place for herself as a welcomed contributor, is still timid and still delightful. We would print her articles about books more regularly than we do were it not for her one grave fault. She is sometimes a little late with her manuscript. Not terribly late, you understand, but just too late to enable us to put it in the issue for which it was intended. Perhaps this public exposure of our reviewer's occasional derelictions will have a certain effect on their frequency. We hope so, for her reviews are worthy of a place in the magazine every month.

Miss Claire Wallace Flynn—for that is the person dealt with above—is one of the few native New Yorkers in existence. She was born in one of the stately old houses on Gramercy Park. Her father was for many years editor of the New York *Herald*, which may account, in part, for her ability to write. For Miss Flynn does write extremely well, as you have probably discovered for yourself, and has been managing editor of magazines as well as a contributor to them.



It Gives Us Pleasure to Introduce—

WILL IRWIN, who needs no introduction to the American public, but who should be introduced to you in the role of a new contributor to THE ELKS MAGAZINE. For the September issue Mr. Irwin has written an article entitled "The Sage Brush Tourist," drawn from his experiences in crossing the country in a Ford. "Cood wine needs no bush" and articles by Mr. Irwin do not need our praise. For those of you—if any—who are not familiar with Mr. Irwin's career, we would like to say that, like many another writer, he began as a newspaper man, serving as reporter and editor of San Francisco and New York papers, switched to the editorial end of magazine publishing and then turned exclusively to writing. Mr. Irwin's work as a war correspondent earned him decorations from several of the Allied governments. But he does not wear them.



A Very Early Victim

SAMUEL DUFF McCOY, whose short story "The Taste of Power" is one of the features of this issue, became an addict to the writing habit while very young. He began contributing to magazines at the age of sixteen and has been keeping at it ever since. Mr. McCoy, one of the best reporters and descriptive writers of the day, has served on the editorial staffs of many big newspapers. In 1923, when the New York *World* investigated the death of Martin Tabert, flogged to death by a whipping boss in a Florida prison camp, Mr. McCoy was the man chosen for the assignment. The result of his articles was the revision of Florida laws relating to convict leasing and corporal punishment. For this achievement, the *World* was awarded the Pulitzer gold medal for the most worthy journalistic work in 1923.

Mr. McCoy is the author of a novel, a book of poems entitled "Merchants of the Morning," and was the founder and first editor of *Contemporary Verse*. Born in Iowa, his early boyhood was spent in China, where his father was a missionary.

"He Went About Doing Good"

*Speech of Acceptance by Grand Exalted Ruler
William H. Atwell, Before the Grand Lodge
at Portland, Ore., July 14th*

HENRY WARD BEECHER said that, "next to ingratitude the most painful thing to bear is gratitude." Doctor Johnson wrote that "gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; it is not to be found among gross people." Talleyrand said that "gratefulness is the least of virtues; ingratitude the worst of vices"; while Addison assures us that "there is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude."

Whatever may be the logic of the poet—whatever may be the philosophy of the great essayists—the sophistries, pitfalls, or heights of gratitude, I cannot allow you to go without letting each one of you know that an ocean of gratitude rolls, and swells, and ebbs, and flows in my heart.

There is the courtesy of the offering. A unanimous choice. Though twelve full months have passed since Boston's great reunion, and, though the Order is teeming with worthy and deserving brothers, no one sought to make this year's honor competitive.

Then, too, not a single promise of preferment has been made. I enter upon the duties of the office of Grand Exalted Ruler without commitment. Not even my private secretary has been chosen. There has been no ulterior force of any sort or kind. I enter upon the duties with an open mind, and without shackles of any sort.

It is a great thing to be chosen by the ballots of citizens to political office; it is a great thing to be chosen by the Governor of a State or the President of a nation for important work; but it is a still greater honor to be chosen by the voice of a great fraternity where selfishness plays no part, and where love is the dominating spirit.

For this fine thing that you have done to me I am intensely grateful!

I summon all strong-thinking and nation-loving Elks to a twelve-month consecration to the motto,

"He Went About Doing Good."

This fraternity, made up of men who do not waver, worry, whine, nor wrangle—this fraternity, that is made up of men who love, and laugh, and serve—this fraternity that does not slur its tasks—this fraternity that is not one thing within and another thing without—this fraternity that is not hard and cold and selfish; this fraternity which is made up of men of the morning, this fraternity—men of the sunrise—I salute!

You are to be guardians and saviours to little men and women. You are to hear the call of life; you are to know that bodies are more than gold, and that the soul of a child or the virtue of a woman are of more value than the building of a city!

Your fields are to be broadened. The city is not to be neglected, but the smaller town is to have a redoubled energy. Christmas and Thanksgiving are to be left on the calendar, but any day, and any need, and any time are to be the hours of service.

"The way is long and sometimes very weary, and we crowd and bruise one another in passing," but to relieve somewhat the great emptiness that



*William H. Atwell, of Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71,
elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge
Meeting in Portland, Oregon, July 14, 1925*

Boston

frightens so many away from the right we are to labor, and when old and gray our journey will be more joyous because we have done so.

The petty shams of clever men and the mistakes of foolish good men shall not stand between us and the "Old Time Religion"—a tonic for both person and country.

"It is the old-time religion,
It is the old-time religion,
It is the old-time religion,
It's good enough for me.

"It was good for our fathers,
It was good for our fathers,
It was good for our fathers,
It's good enough for me."

I want to see printed across every letterhead that is in every Lodge room in America during the next twelve months, "HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD." I wish to see it indelibly impressed upon every heart; burned into the busy brain of every one who wears the antlers.

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD," not only to the individual, but "HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD" to his country. The stirring days of the present and the mysterious, veiled, unseen days of the great future that lies out before us, must not dull our intellects to the vital importance of continued watchfulness for the perpetuity of our country and the glory of our institutions.

Every Elk must be not an *intermittent* foe, but a continuing gladiator—a foe—of any band that would seek to play the "Internationale" in the United States of America. There is no place in any of the forty-eight rooms of this great national mansion for red except as one of the stripes in Old Glory. There must never come a moment of mistaken freedom when we may look on lethargically, while the orator, either on the soap box, or on the rostrum, either in open, or in secret, attacks the fundamentals of our government and gives utterance to treason.

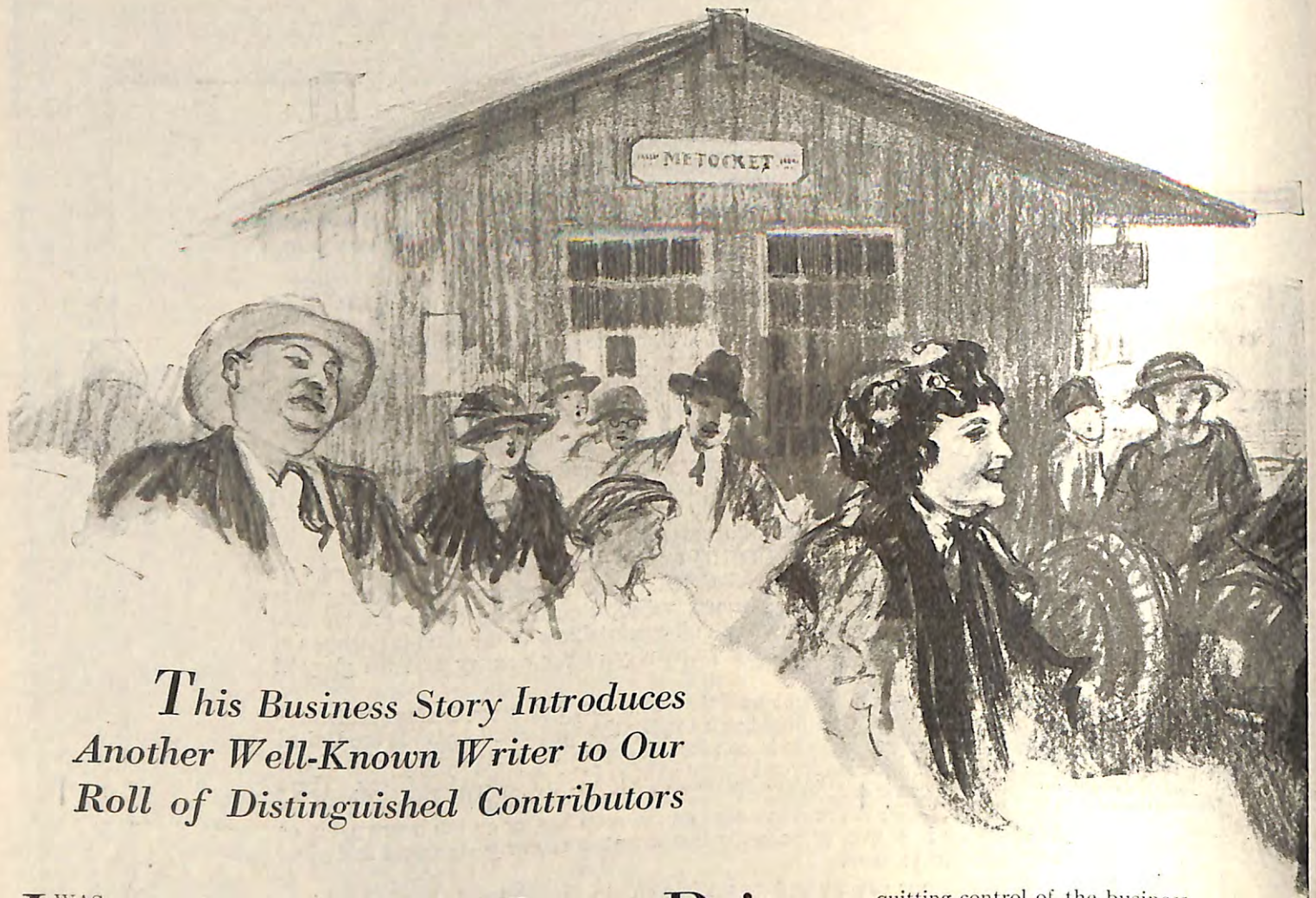
Because our government was a free gift to us; because it cost us nothing; because we take it as we do the air, and the sunrise, and the sunshine and the showers, we must not forget that it is the result of a struggle that lasted for more than seven hundred years. It is the child of the blood of our forefathers. It is the body that was bought by struggle and sacrifice and bitter suffering. It came to us as the harvest of a hundred battle-fields all seared with wounds, all grimy with blood, all eloquent of banishment and confiscation; redolent of prison and dungeon; the recompense of rack and thumbscrew and cruel punishment. Are we to enjoy, and with such enjoyment allow it to die? Or are we to continue to be militant lovers of the Constitution and militant soldiers of freedom; constant, everlasting crusaders for this great thing that we call the freedom and liberty of the United States of America?

We are to stand beside the President when he takes the oath of office; when he signs the laws; when he orders out the army and the navy. We are to stand in the chamber of the Supreme Court, when that, the greatest earthly tribunal, courageously strikes the life from unconstitutional enactment, or breathes the spirit of energy into necessary decision. We are to stand in the halls of Congress and inspire the legislator with the fulness of his oath of office. Silently and reverently and constantly present are we to be with every office-holder in the land, that he may be just and Constitution-loving and Constitution-keeping.

We are to be in all places of amusement—the theatre, the moving picture, the amphitheatre, the coliseum—everywhere, standing immutably for our great country and its everlasting mission.

And now, my brothers, let us at this moment of consecration pray for deliverance from those things that estrange men. May we in this common love for man and country lose all little prejudices and mushroom affiliations which stand between us and the big things that mark us as members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks!

God bless and keep you!



*This Business Story Introduces
Another Well-Known Writer to Our
Roll of Distinguished Contributors*

First Prize

By Freeman Tilden

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

I WAS over at the club the other night, and who should be there but old Dick Clayfield.

"Hello, Dick!" I said. "I thought you'd gone up to some little New England town, to handle the advertising of an orthodox washing-machine company, or some such?"

"I was, but I'm not," replied Dick, with that kind of an expression which you get from biting into a winter apple about the middle of August. "I'm back again, and looking for a job."

"Couldn't stand the small-town pace!" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, I could. I liked it. So did the wife. In fact, I'm looking for another job out in the rugged hills, just about as far from Broadway as that one was. Only I'd like a little bigger side-dish of luck with the next one, if it's all the same to the gods."

Of course, when a man says he's just got through with a job, and talks about luck in the same breath, you can't help suspecting that he has been selling short quarts of service, or has been getting facetious with the petty cash, or flirting with the boss's wife, or something like that. But I know Dick Clayfield well. I know he's honest. I don't know that he's brilliant; but he's something better than brilliant: he has a shrewd, well-founded knowledge of selling with the printed word, and he's one of these chaps who, when he's working on a problem, has to be told what time it is. Besides, Charlie Schwab says that luck plays a real part in business affairs; and he knows more about commercial jinxes, jonahs, rabbits-feet and voodooos than I ever expect to know.

Dick sensed what I was thinking. "Oh, I know," he said wearily. "I shouldn't have used the word 'luck'. It sounds

fishy. Still—how much time have you got?"

"Anything up to eight o'clock to-morrow morning. I'm alone in town. There's a nice breeze coming in these windows. Why not tell it right here?"

He did.

"I dug this job out of an advertisement in *Printer's Ink*," began Dick. "You know that I'd been wanting to get away from New York for a long time. The wife is a country girl, and never really liked the skyscrapers, and the youngest boy was looking altogether too pale and underweight. This lead sounded pretty good, so I went up there to interview them, at their invitation. When I saw the town, and met the Smedleys, I knew I was right. It's one of these pretty white-and-green New England villages, with a big elm-shaded Common, and a clean, fast river dashing through it. Even the name of the town was attractive—Metocket. Metocket was an Indian chief. If he was still living, I know of at least one more scalp I'd like to have him get. However, I'll try to control my righteous indignation.

"Josiah Smedley, the head of the company is a glorious old fellow with snow-white hair, a white beard, and eyes that bore you like a pair of gimlets. I liked him the minute I saw him, and I think I made a hit with him, too. He's about seventy, but tall and rugged as the hills around Metocket. But, rugged as he is, the old man is gradually

quitting control of the business and handing it over to his elder son. The younger son is a missionary in Africa. Kind of funny, isn't it? The Smedleys manufacture washing-machines. So if they miss fire on godliness, they have a second chance on cleanliness.

"THE younger Josiah Smedley is not as well domed as the old man. I don't mean that he's anybody's fool, but he never had to plug for his pennies the way the old man did, and he struck me as being rather vain and sleepy. However, he was mighty pleasant to me, and just as basically square and straightforward as his father. It looked to me as though I had struck oil. The salary I mentioned was satisfactory, and the machine they made is the kind you can tell the truth about and feel a pride in selling. Now, add to all that the fact that they have liberal views about modern merchandising, and aren't afraid to spend money if they see it coming back with merry companions, and I ask you how a man of fifteen years' experience, with a good reputation for results, could fall down on a job like that?"

"I don't know," I said. "It doesn't sound possible."

"It isn't possible. But it happened. I'll proceed. By the way—what do you think of prize contests, as advertising?"

"I don't think about prize contests as advertising," I answered. "I was so ill-advised as to indulge in one, once. The memory of it gives me a charred and seared feeling at the base of the brain."

"My feeling about prize contests," went on Clayfield, with deep feeling, "is more acute and lively than yours. To my mind, an advertising man who suggests, aids or



Hazel Fern Pedrick arrived in Metocket one forenoon, and stepped off the train into the bosom of a mob of seventeen people or so

He told them he was thirty years old. He strewed around some other small scraps of more or less harmless mendacity. But, chiefly, he started a prize contest. It was the first, and the only advertising work he did. After that got under way, nobody had time to do anything else.

"This blonde bird, with the oscillating name, told the Smedleys that the way to get the Smedley Purolave—which is the rather clumsy name they call their washing machine—idolized by every housewife in the land, was to have a prize contest, and give a thousand dollars to the wizard of fatuity who could make the most English words out of the name SMEDLEY PUROLAVE, using Noah Webster as an authority, and being careful not to employ the identic letters more than once. There was the usual blubber about neatness and accuracy counting, about employees of the Smedleys not being eligible for the prizes, and about the decision of the advertising department of the Smedley Manufacturing Company being final. The first prize was one thousand dollars, the rest of the prizes were small, amounting in all to five hundred dollars more.

"Well, this was bad enough. Several companies which started prize contests in 1873 have almost recovered from the black eye the accursed contests gave them; and there was a fair chance that the younger Smedley's son, if he ever had one, would live to see the day when the blot would be almost invisible on the Purolave escutcheon. But the brilliant Mr. Wink wasn't satisfied with this adventure. Oh, no; dear, dear, no! He wanted something much more romantic, and the Smedleys got something more romantic, too. Wink actually got the Smedleys to advertise that the winner of the first prize would also be given a job in the

abets a prize contest of any kind, should be towed out to sea and sunk without trace. A prize contest is a childish substitute for thought, on somebody's part. I'll wager that if you should drill straight through the head of an advertising manager who starts a prize contest, the borings would show nothing but low-grade porcelain."

"Perhaps that's excessive, Dick," I said. "But in general I agree with you. Don't tell me *you* started a prize contest up there!"

"Of course I didn't. But I finished one. And it finished me. And, believe me, before it gets through, it may finish the Smedleys. Have I claimed your interest?"

"I am agog, Dick."

"Right.—Well, then, in my first talk with the elder Smedley, he puts his cards on the table. He said, 'Mr. Clayfield, we've been experimenting here, with a young man who sold us his services as an advertising manager, and I regret to say that he has not made good. You will meet him later. He has been here three months, and will remain nine months more, because we made a contract with him. At present, he is in the mailing department, and is not even signally successful at that. One of your first problems will be to take care of a prize contest which he suggested to us, and which—I regret to say—we started.'

"The old man told me about the prize contest. After hearing about it, I wanted to meet my predecessor as soon as possible. I wanted to see what kind of an intellectual

behemoth could think up such a prodigy of misfortune, all by himself, without a glossary. When I saw the young man, I could believe it. His name is Wink. Oh, no, I'm not making up the name! I tell you his name is Wink. He protruded upon my gaze as a person six feet and some inches tall, with enormous hands and feet and a mat of yellow hair ironed right down over his left eye-brow, and seemingly varnished with some kind of macassar-oil substance. He seemed to be about twenty-four years old, but was a delayed shaver, and had boyish down on his upper lip and below his ears. Nothing exactly feminine about him—and yet he didn't seem to have grown up. But talk! Boy, what a flood of words! I could see how he had managed to get that contract from the old man and his son. He had simply drowned them in oratory, and when they were going down for the third time, he had shoved a contract into their hands.

"WHERE this Wink learned the nothing which he knew about advertising, I don't know. I think he read it in some book that was never printed. He gave them the names of two firms he said he had worked for, and his declamation was so convincing that they never wrote to find out.

Harley
ENNIS
—

advertising department of the Smedley Company, if he or she wished, and should happen to be aged between 20 and 30 years.

"Now, you may say that the Smedleys must have been crazy to go into this thing. The truth is, I'm sure, that old man Smedley shied at it, and would have vetoed it, had not his son been entirely captivated by Wink's eloquence. And at that, the old man was game! He never referred to the matter, in talking to me, except in the plural possessive. He called it 'our unwise experiment'. He never blamed it exclusively on the son, or even on Wink. A fine, clean old sport!

"Well, you see then, how the thing sized up! The Smedley Company was going to give fifteen hundred dollars to the word-squirrels who collected the most verbal nuts, and was going to incur the everlasting hate and calumny of the million or more patient dubs who would get no prizes. That, in itself, is about all one company, even rated well in Bradstreet, can stand. But in addition, the company was going to become the godfather, guardian and Santa Claus of the chief successful contestant, whether black or white, Mongolian or Siwash, crippled or unhinged, male or female, cock-eyed or slue-footed, so long as said winner was between the ages of 20 and 30 years; and the advertising department was going to have this incubus wished on it till death did them push apart. Of course, I'll acknowledge that some bright person might accidentally have been acquired in that way. But, honest injun, do you know of a really high-class mind which ever won a prize of this kind? I don't say it never happened. But you know what the chances are.

"WHEN I arrived on the scene of carnage, the smoke was already drifting away, and the mangled corpses of the unsuccessful word sleuths were represented in the office by letters of proxy. The advertising had been marvelously successful, if you think of advertising merely as notoriety. In that case, old Doc Cook, and the ill-fated wahoo who imported rabbits into Australia for pets, were geniuses of advertising. Nearly everybody in the country seemed to have competed in this contest. It took seven typists and a dozen other hands almost a month to answer foolish questions alone. The postage bill almost made Metocket a first-class post-office. The postmaster became so puffed up that he threatened to run for Senator. The usual number of people sent special deliveries to ask if 'smee' was a word, as, for instance, when somebody asks 'who is it?' and the answer is 'smee'. Three hastily enlisted Western Union boys wore out incredible shoe leather between the Metocket railway station and the business office of the Smedley Company. The gist of the telegrams was: 'kindly do not award that prize before you hear from me. I am coming, Father Smedley, two hundred thousand strong!' And the tricks of the babes! Why, lad, the heathen Chinee is simple and unsophisticated! We got photographs of loving clients, taken in all kinds of poses in company with Purolave washers, to indicate that though their list of words might not be as long as somebody's else, their hearts were in the right place,—and please send the thousand in one dollar bills!

"But, as I say, I missed the principal groans of the wounded. The contest had

been decided when I got there, and all that was left for me to do was to write advertising brilliant enough to redeem the business from the depths of hatred into which the prize contest had plunged it. Already letters were pouring in, to the effect that the writer had used the Purolave to the exclusion of any other washing machine, for blankety-blank years—usually giving a date earlier than the invention of the machine—but after your rascally fake and dirty—sometimes spelled 'durty'—treatment, I shall hereafter use the Wumble washer. I remember one vehement letter, scrawled on a paper-bag. It insulted everybody connected with the company, and then added that the writer's daughter was a school-teacher, and knew every word in the dictionary, and therefore had clearly been swindled out of her rightful money.

"AND, by the way, nobody had yet noticed that the sales of Purolave machines was increasing. In fact, there was a slight decrease, possibly because everybody was so busy hunting words that they hadn't time to do washing.

"The winner of the first prize was Hazel Fern Pedrick, of Sand Bluffs, Nebraska. Before I arrived in Metocket, she had been duly declared elected, the check for one thousand dollars had been sent to her, and I was told that she was to be expected at any moment. To make sure that there hadn't been any tampering with the mechanism, I took the trouble to go over the word-lists of the prize winners, which had been tied up and put in the vaults. There was no question whatever about Hazel Fern's pre-eminence at this game. Her list made the others look economical. It covered sheet after sheet of typewritten pages. If any man had told me that so many separate words could be made from SMEDLEY PUROLAVE, I'd have called him out of his name. A good many of the words were obsolete, and many of them were technical and scientific, but there was nothing in the rules against such words, so long as they were to be found in Webster's Unabridged.

"After looking at the list



She pulled a quick breath. . . . Then she looked down at the stone on her finger

of Hazel Fern, I began to feel better. It was nicely typewritten, too. I said to myself that this contest might be partly justified if Hazel Fern turned out to be a crack stenog. But if she wasn't—I paled at the thought. So did old man Smedley. For, at this late date, he had begun to realize that nothing had been said in the terms of the contest about getting rid of the winner, if the winner should turn out to be an ocarina. No doubt some legal subterfuge could be found, but it might be expensive, and it would not conduce toward popularity.

"Old man Smedley and I began to talk it over. We almost decided that I should make a flying trip out to Sand Bluffs and compound the felony by sugaring Hazel Fern out of her yearning to visit New England. In fact, the old man was willing to go as high as a thousand dollars—making two thousand in all—to settle with Hazel Fern at a distance. But, just as the old man was sleeping on this scheme over night, the cyclone struck.

"A big, fat, bulky letter which we received next morning threw the fixing plan into the discard. The letter, enclosing a wad of clippings and other reading matter, was from the editor of the Sand Bluffs Record. A glance at this basket of journalism told us the story. Hazel Fern Pedrick had become a celebrity, and the Sand Bluffs Record was running a prize contest for the most popular Sand Bluffs matron, to chaperon Hazel Fern to Metocket. One prize contest deserves another. The Sand Bluffs editor got there with both feet, and his feet were twelves. He was papering his end of Nebraska with three-sheets about the local female genius, 'our winsome, clever Sand Bluffs girl, Hazel Fern Pedrick', giving the story of her life from the time her folks moved out to the plains from Pennsylvania. The local band was going to play when Hazel stepped on the east-bound train in company with the most popular chaperon. There was some talk about turning out a military guard of honor. And the editor wasn't giving anything away, let me tell you. I noticed that every year's subscription to the Record was worth one hundred votes.

"Well, that settled that. Hazel Fern was coming to Metocket, with the bells on. To try to steer her away would bring down on the Purolave Company the indignation of the whole State of Nebraska, and possibly the contempt of all washing prospects west of the Mississippi. The only thing left for us was to watch and pray—watch the trains, and pray for ourselves.

"Hazel Fern Pedrick arrived in Metocket one forenoon, about ten thirty, and stepped off the train into the bosom of a mob of seventeen people or so. You see, Metocket isn't like Sand Bluffs. If the Metocket people are emotional, they stay at home and try to conceal it. Sand Bluffs would probably have fired twenty-one guns. When Hazel and her chaperon gazed off the train into that sea of seventeen faces, I thought they looked disappointed. Four of the faces were: myself, the two Smedleys, and Wink. They asked Wink to come along, I suppose, because he deserved to. Wink was tremendously excited. In spite of all the slurring remarks about the prize contest which had been made in his hearing, Wink hadn't yet quite got rid of the feeling that he had made a ten-strike for the company.

"I saw the chaperon first. She was a buxom, pleasant-faced woman. She alighted into the



I might have been mistaken, but as Wink passed Hazel's chair, I was convinced they telegraphed each other with their eyes

arms of one of the receiving committee. I mean me. The man who was going to receive Hazel was the senior Josiah Smedley. Well, it was his money. From over the shoulder of the chaperon, I saw old Josiah suddenly look bewildered and faint. I knew that he had just received Hazel.

"How can I tell you what Hazel looked like? I'm no Shakespeare. They say Shakespeare used a regular vocabulary of fifteen thousand words. You couldn't do justice to Hazel Fern with a single word less. But I'll try to give you a faint impression of the first prize winner. She weighed about a hundred and eighty. She wasn't monstrous, but just one of those grain-fed gals who consistently eat too much. What they take off with the graphophone exercises with one *jambe*, they put on at the dinner table with the other *bras*. Do you like my French? Delicate, isn't it? I'll bet she had, at bottom, a peaches and cream complexion, but at top she had plastered it all over with cosmetics, and had painted her lips vermilion, and had penciled her eyebrows. You could have taken enough black off her lids to write a form letter. And her clothes! Say, she had spent the whole thousand dollars on that trousseau!

"I HAVE tried to describe the exterior. What shall I say of the—the—what you may call the inner being? Perhaps I had better say nothing. Time will tell. But let me say that when I looked into those eyes of Hazel Fern, I felt that I was looking at a dry arroyo in Southern California. There might have been something there once, but it was gone. In that baby face was a broad expanse of nothing whatever.

"I know it isn't gallant to talk about a lady that way. I know it. But if there's any merit in this yarn, it is that it's true.

"I've got to follow the facts. Besides, I wasn't the only one who was thinking these

things. Old man Smedley's face was a study. His mouth had that falling look, well described by Marc Antony. Oh, what a fall was here! On the other hand, I could see that Smedley junior did not share our emotions. He was shy and remote, but he looked rather pleased. Wink seemed in ecstasy. I thought he had better be tied, so that he wouldn't rush at the damsel and kiss her.

"I had one thought: the young lady should have been bought a ticket for Hollywood! She was being cast for the wrong part. She would have looked well, fading away to THE END in the strong arms of some galumphing gazabo of the silver screen. She was absolutely made up for it, barring yellow ochre. We led the conquering heroine and her chaperon to the Metocket Inn, and installed them in a room which had a bath and running water—across the hall.

"On the way over, Hazel Fern talked impetuously about nothing, and gave us all a sweet, careful scrutiny. I got it this way: that she didn't think much of me, of Wink, or the younger Smedley, but she rather adored old Josiah. I mean nothing insinuating by this. All I intend to convey is that this girl was of the sort that feel safer if their friends are well-to-do, and benevolent in appearance. She appeared to be contemptuous of Wink. I couldn't make out whether he was infatuated with her or not. He was in a state of infatuation all the time, mostly with himself; but if nothing else showed up, he would have become infatuated with the town pump. He talked incessantly on the way to the hotel. Old Josiah frowned upon him, but Wink thought the frown was meant for the rest of us, because we interrupted him with a word now and then. It was a big day in Metocket. The factory worked as usual; but the office force was demoralized.

"By seven o'clock that night, all the

pretty girls in Metocket had declared that Hazel was a hussy, and then rushed off to the drug-store to see if they could duplicate her war-paint. Hazel was, quite obviously to me, a perfectly nice girl from a decent family, and if she looked stupid, perhaps her look was worse than her work. I maintained hope; and entertained the chaperon at the expense of the firm, who wanted to send her back west with a good opinion of the washing-machine and its makers. I did my best. I took her to the movies once, and showed her the spot where a clergyman fell off a haywagon and broke his neck, in 1806. I would have taken her through the factory and showed her how they solder tinware but she flagged that excursion, saying that her husband was a plumber. She expressed herself as well satisfied to have come, and even better satisfied to be going, and left on the afternoon of the second day. She had a quiet talk with Hazel before she left. I don't know what she said, but I suppose it was the usual advice of a matron to a maiden—not to become enthusiastic about wooden money.

"THE train pulled out, bearing the chaperon, and Hazel Fern was left on my hands. It was now my job to teach her the advertising business, if there was any more business after we finished pacifying the infuriated losers in our prize contest. Every time the prize contest was mentioned, Hazel elevated her chin one inch, and went through Delsarte motions with her chubby pink hands. She had an artistic temperament. The Sand Bluffs editor had told her so. It interfered with work. Also, her clothes interfered with work. I suggested to her, the first day she sat in my office, that I'd like her to wear something simpler and more business-like than crepe de chine. I could see the whole force of girls coming to work looking like mannikins in a department

(Continued on page 66)



The New West and the Cowboy

By Arthur Chapman

Crow Indian cowboy, on a day herd among Montana's weird rock formations

THE manager of one of the biggest cattle outfits in Northwestern Colorado answered a telephone call at the home ranch.

"All right, Jim," he said. "I'll be over with the barb wire as soon as I can get some oil and gas in the car."

Thus briefly and unconsciously he emphasized some of the elements that have brought about striking changes in the cattle business in the Far West. Telephones, automobiles, and, above all, the barb wire, stretching interminably on every hand—these are among the things which have dimmed, though they never can quite destroy, the fine glamour of romance that has always clung about the calling of the cowboy.

The telephone call had come from Ranch No. 8, fifty miles away. There were seven other cattle ranches, all under the direction of one man. The big car, standing in the home ranch yard, was seldom idle. In

early days the manager of the outfit had done all his journeying on horseback, but now his saddle was seldom taken down from its peg in the stable.

The case of this ranch manager was not peculiar. It was being duplicated in all other parts of the cattle-raising West. The "dry farmer" had proved that he could raise crops on lands which first-comers had passed over as worthless agriculturally—and he had put up his fences. The writer had been out on round-ups in Wyoming, Montana and Colorado, where now the gleaming top of a chuck wagon is never seen. Great herds were broken up because of the restriction of the public range. Then came the price collapse of 1919-20, from which the cattle-raiser has not yet recovered. Only the strongest outfits weathered that collapse. Thus the pressure of economics added its changes to the cattle business.

On the drive to Ranch No. 8, the manager went into some matters of cause and effect. In early days, when he had come to Northwestern Colorado, the cattleman had only to turn his stock out of the gate and let it rustle. Nowadays cattle must be fed at least four months out of the year. Hay is a big and ever-present problem. Alfalfa runs from \$2.50 to \$7 a ton, and was much higher during the war. Cowboys get from \$40 a month up, with board and lodging. A foreman gets \$60. Grazing fees on State and Government land have doubled in recent years. The cattleman must watch continually against dis-

ease. In particular, blackleg must be vaccinated against. In spite of all the care that can be exercised, there is a heavy mortality among calves at the round-ups. Cattle on restricted range become poor rustlers. Cows do not wean their calves, as on the open range, and become weaker in consequence. They often get bogged down when weak, and die. Purebred stock must be bought to keep up quality—and if anyone believes that purebreds can be picked up at a bargain, let him try.

ON THE eight ranches under his care, the manager explained, between three hundred and four hundred persons are employed. Not even the biggest ranches can raise enough hay for their own use and must go into the open market and pay whatever happens to be the ruling price for alfalfa. Ranch hands are hard to get, he said, and there are many I.W.W. among them—not among the cowboys, but among the hands that must be hired to get in the hay. Saddles and harness have gone up in price. A saddle that used to cost \$40 is now \$75, and other things are in proportion. The ranches must do their own slaughtering, to supply their beef needs. As to other food supplies, the city dweller thinks he is being robbed, but let him pay top price, plus freight and other haulage charges, for grub for a cow outfit remote from the railroads, and he will realize how well off he is.

But these are minor difficulties, according to the ranch manager, when compared with such problems as the restriction of the range and the decline of normal consumption. "Grazing homesteads," he declares, "have worked more harm than good. They have permitted the fencing in of areas which really are not large enough to support individual cattlemen, but which cut seriously into the range that might be used by other



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"Red" Sublette doing a daredevil stunt, riding a bucking steer at the Frontier Days' show, Cheyenne. Right—A Colorado cow camp outfit during the fall round-up season



F. L. MOULTON

outfits. As to the decline of normal consumption, "meatless days" during the war started that, he says. The public was educated out of its daily beef-eating habit. Then came the competition of cheaper pork, not to speak of the decline of beef exports.

These things explain, from the view-point of the cattleman, why the Secretary of Agriculture said in a recent report that the only solution of the depression in the cattle business is "raising fewer and better cattle." Also they explain why there is a vast difference in the management of the cattle business to-day from that in the industry's heyday when economy was a word that was unknown.

The big outfits of early days were run on a princely basis, because of the enormous margins of profit. If a herd came through a hard winter with a loss of not more than 20 per cent., its owners considered themselves lucky. A gray-haired banker at Trinidad, Colorado, formerly a cattle owner, gave the writer some sidelights on the prodigal spirit of the times.

"THE losses of cattle on the range and on the round-ups were enormous," he said, "largely due to the carelessness of the cowboys. If a steer was found bogged down, a cowboy was more likely to shoot it and ride on his way than to stop and try to get it out. If a cow or calf was injured on a round-up, it was shot. I brought in a stray calf once that I found on the range, and ordered it taken care of. The order caused grumbling among the cowboys who usually let such strays die. The cost of a round-up was ridiculously heavy. I sat in at a meal at one of my own round-ups, where I counted twelve different items on the bill of fare. Talk about a course dinner at a New York hotel! And the outfits themselves did foolish things. There is still a stone wall to be traced for miles down Cimarron way, which was built as a line fence by a cattle company."

Yet the cattlemen prospered in spite of these things and in spite of their losses through thievery, or rustling. Cattle thieves were numerous and well-organized in those days, and their toll of the herds was enormous, but to-day the rustler is eliminated. Smaller herds, better care on the range, and "air-tight" methods of brand inspection, have done away with the greatest menace to the cattle grower. But this result has not been achieved without a long, hard battle.

Many of the most desperate outlaws of the West started as cattle thieves, and the owners began fighting fire with fire. Cowboys were hired as much for their ability to



Horses frequently buck after they have been saddled in the morning on the round-up

shoot as to ride and rope. But the big herds on the unfenced ranges were too tempting to be left alone. Small ranchmen who were expert with the running iron, in changing cattle brands, ran their live-stock holdings up suspiciously. When those holdings became too large, vigilantes visited the suspected rustler and he was hanged. Then the rustlers banded together and there were wars which cost many lives.

The last and greatest cattle war—unless exception be made of the war in Lincoln County, New Mexico, in the '70's—was in Johnson County, Wyoming, in 1893. The Johnson County war was entirely the outgrowth of cattle rustling. The big outfits claimed that their herds were being depleted by an organization of rustlers. There were lynchings, including the hanging of a woman known as Cattle Kate Averill, and then there came reprisals in the form of assassinations. Northern Wyoming grew to be an armed camp, and the attention of Congress was called to conditions there.

Before any official action could be taken, the cattle owners recruited a small army of gun fighters in Texas and from other States, and invaded Johnson County for the avowed purpose of capturing the sheriff, who was alleged to be in sympathy with the

rustlers. On the way to Buffalo, the county seat, the invaders surprised two suspects, Nick Ray and Nate Champion, at the K. C. ranch house. Ray was shot as he stepped to the door. Champion fought off the invaders and kept the army at bay until late in the afternoon, when a wagon-load of hay was run against the house and set afire. As Champion made a dash for liberty he was killed.

By the time the invaders reached the T. A. ranch, farther on the road to Buffalo, they found their progress disputed by an overwhelming force of armed men. The invaders barricaded themselves in the ranch house and were rescued, after a battle of several hours' duration, by soldiers from Fort McKinney.

Even this war did not stamp out cattle rustling in Wyoming. The stockmen took other means to protect their property. They hired "stock detectives"—men who were known to be "quick on the draw." One of these detectives was Tom Horn, a noted scout and gunfighter. Horn had served as scout and interpreter in campaigns against Geronimo and other Apaches. He had been brought up among the Apaches and spoke their language perfectly. He was six feet tall, and strong as an ox. He had won bronco-busting and steer-roping contests in the Southwest, and was lightning with rifle or revolver.

Soon after Horn appeared on the scene, there were several assassinations of small ranchers in Northern Colorado and Southern Wyoming. Owing to the clever detective work of Joe LeFors, who had done much to

clean out the Hole-in-the-Wall gang in the Big Horn country of Wyoming, Horn was trapped into a confession that he had shot Willie Nickell, the fourteen-year-old son of a homesteader. In his confession Horn said that he had been "after" the



Kid Moore (above) riding Old Steamboat, the king of bucking horses. Left—A winter scene on the cattle range; the steers being driven to the point of shipment



elder Nickell, but that the boy had come upon him unexpectedly and, rather than let the lad spread the alarm, Willie had been shot down. In the confession, which was taken down in shorthand by a court official concealed in the room, Horn admitted other killings. For the Nickell murder he was hanged at Cheyenne.

Altering cattle brands afforded an easy way of concealing the rustler's work. Cattle owners used all their ingenuity in getting up brands that were proof against the cleverness of the thief with the running iron, but sometimes without avail. The Two Bar is a well-known brand in Northwestern Colorado. Rustlers ran a line diagonally between the bars, thus making a Z. They then added a bar, and claimed many Two Bar cattle under the Z Bar brand. The G brand was altered by continuing the circle and then adding a few marks around the outer edge, making the Turtle brand.

NOT even the United States Government was immune. The brand changers played no favorites. The cattle on the Indian reservations were run under the ID brand of the Interior Department. On the Crow Indian reservation thousands of cattle were run to the Dry Head mountains, where an organized band of rustlers changed the brand by continuing the circular line of the D, thus making ID the Two-Pole pumpkin brand. A courageous Indian agent found out what was going on. He got his Indian police together and made a raid into the bandit-infested Dry Head region. The rustlers were found at work, changing the Government brand, and they were put under arrest and sent to prison.

Gradually the cattle rustler began to yield to pressure. Part of it was psychological. If rustlers were troublesome in any district, the owners got together and hired a gunfighter. The more notches there were on the handle of the gunfighter's six-shooter, the higher his price. Also the quicker the cattle rustling ceased. Several years ago I talked with a gunfighter who had just "cleaned up" a district on the Colorado-Wyoming line which was reported to be

infested with cattle thieves. He was a small, quiet-spoken man, this gunfighter. He had been brought up on the frontier and had fought cattle thieves and other desperate characters all his life. Once when pursuing a cattle thief he had been shot from his horse. The bullet had grazed his skull, making him partially deaf. But his keen blue eyes made up for any defect in his hearing. He was uncannily quick at shooting with either hand. He had "cleaned up" the worst of Colorado's mining camps during a labor war, when the local officers had failed. And now the cattle rustlers had fled at his approach, his name alone being sufficient to cause terror.

Yet when I talked with this gunfighter, whose death list was put at various totals, and whose skill and courage as a marshal had caused him to be compared to Wild Bill Hickock, he was practicing pen-and-ink sketching at a drawing-board in his hotel room in Denver. And, instead of talking about his adventures in lawless mining camps or among the outlaws of the cattle range, he preferred to praise the work of a woman artist, whose style he was vainly endeavoring to copy satisfactorily. Such was Bob Meldrum, the last of the gunfighters, with his occupation gone.

To-day one doesn't often see a six-shooter "packed" in the cow country. This is especially true on round-ups. Cattle owners have frowned on the practice of gun-carrying. In fact they have been against it, except as a matter of actual necessity, for a long time. An old-time cattleman on the Arkansas River told me of his first awakening to the folly of the gun-carrying habit.

"It was along in the 'eighties," he said, "when all the cow-punchers seemed to think it necessary to pack shooting irons. A stranger came to the home ranch one day—a young fellow who was a regular tenderfoot. The boys told him that the 'white house,' as the main ranch building

was called, was a hotel, and he could go and help himself to the best room. It happened to be the boss's room, and he was mad when he got home and found the stranger stretched out on his bed taking a nap.

"The stranger came out into the ranch yard, and the boys, who were full of mischief, played a few more pranks on him, which he seemed to take in good part. His hat blew off and one of the boys shot a hole in it as it rolled along the ground. Without a word the stranger whipped out a gun and shot the cowboy through the stomach. Before the cow-puncher fell, he turned his weapon on the stranger and shot him dead.

"We were just about ready to start out on the round-up. There I was, with two dead men on my hands, all on account of nothing. I was pretty sore, and talked the gun business over with the boss. We were both agreed that such things had been going too far, as there had been other shootings just as foolish, particularly when the boys got out in camp. So the boss told me to end things if I could.

"I served notice on the cowboys that there were to be no shooting irons carried on that round-up. There was considerable beefing, but finally they agreed that they wouldn't pack any guns along. Well, we hadn't got many miles out on the prairie before I discovered that several of the cow-punchers had guns. In fact they brought them out and wore them openly. They were going to show me up.

I DIDN'T say anything till we were about thirty miles from the home ranch, and not another ranch within twice that distance. Then I stopped the bed wagon and began throwing the bed rolls out on the ground. The cowboys asked me what I was up to, and I tied into them right. I told them that any puncher who insisted on carrying a gun could pick up his bed and walk home with it—that he'd have to turn in his horse and hoof it as best he could, as the outfit was through with him.

"Well, I knew I had 'em in a place where they were weak. No cowboy likes the idea of walking. And being set afoot in the middle of the prairie, with his bed and saddle to pack, is no joke. I made 'em toss those guns into the chuck wagon, where they stayed in my care, and I guess we had the first gunless round-up ever held in the West."

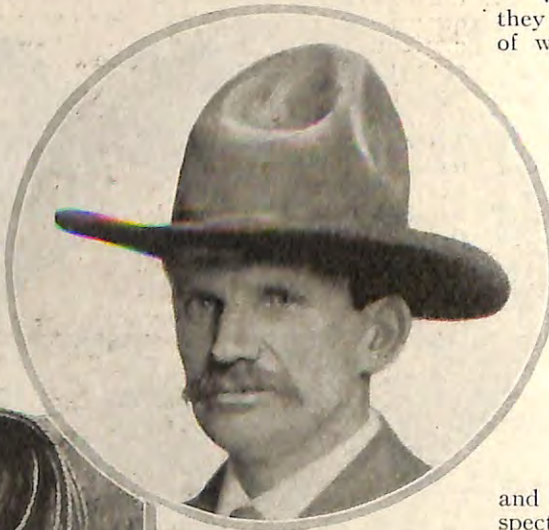
Many of the big herds in early days were owned by foreign capitalists. Much English money was invested in cattle ranches in Wyoming and Colorado. Parties of sportsmen visited these ranches every summer, and hunting expeditions were organized. On the 76 ranch in Wyoming, the English owners laid out a race-track. Blooded horses were brought in,

and there were races at which most of the spectators were Indians and cowboys.

The Prairie Cattle Company was one of the first of the companies under foreign ownership. It went out of business a few months ago, after fifty years of varying fortunes. Its brands were JJ and [J] JJ. It was owned by Edinburgh capitalists and most of its executives were Scotchmen who knew little of the ways of the American cowboy.

One of the managers drove up to a camp and gave orders to a cow-puncher to go and grease the wheels of his buckboard. Now a cowboy of the old school was above menial work of any kind, outside of those tasks which had to do with the saddle. But the

(Continued on page 70)



A champion roper of early days (left), W. E. Fitch of Wyoming. Above—Bob Meldrum, last of the celebrated Western gunfighters



Zita Johann
and
Walter Gilbert

REDDALE EVANS

THE fact that "Aloma of the South Seas" continues to draw large audiences in spite of torrid weather, justifies the belief of its authors, John B. Hymer and Le Roy Clemens, that there is still a powerful lure in any tale of that savage paradise. Aloma, played by Miss Johann, is the beautiful, savage queen of one of the islands who falls in love with a white man, and seems inclined to overlook the attractions of her brave native lover, Nuitane, played by Mr. Gilbert. But it all comes out right in the end and is quite dramatic.—E. R. B.



KENDALL EVANS

Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess, who were last seen together in "The Bright Shawl" before Miss Gish joined her sister in Italy for the filming of "Romola," are to appear in "The Beautiful City," a story of New York's East Side; Dorothy as a young Irish lassie and Dick as her Italian sweetheart



This chilly scene is from Charlie Chaplin's new drama called "The Gold Rush." It is a satire on the Alaskan gold frenzy and is said to have a strong vein of pathos running through the story. The picture will have a general release sometime during the fall



NIKOLAS NURAY

Aline MacMahon, who was so successful in her impersonations in the "Grand Street Follies" last year, is a member of the new "Artists and Models, Paris Edition" company. This revue, far more entertaining than last season's offering of the same name, is particularly notable for its speed

The early fall will bring Mary Pickford to the public, not as a little Cinderella, but as a hoyden of the gas-house district of New York in its most notorious days, who survives many vicissitudes to grow up to marry a truck driver and live happily ever after. The picture will be entitled "Little Annie Rooney"



H. G. RAHMN



EDWARD THAYER MONROE

The dancer who has probably done more than any other single individual to spread the fame of the South Seas' national gyrations is betaking herself to the movies. We speak of Gilda Gray, who, after sweeping the country in a whirlwind dancing tour, is now abroad buying a trousseau for her autumn moving picture debut

W. C. Fields and Ray Dooley in a scene from the summer edition of the "Ziegfeld Follies." The American Girl is glorified with all the glittering gorgeousness Mr. Ziegfeld is wont to lavish on her, and the revue is well seasoned with the humorous antics of the two comedians pictured below, and the ubiquitous Will Rogers

Captions by Esther R. Bien



BERNARD AYAS



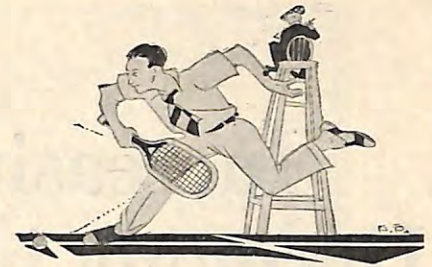
Rose Rolanda
in the
"Garrick Gaieties"

NIKOLCH MURAY

THE junior players of the Theatre Guild have put on this revue which gives them an opportunity slyly to poke a little fun at the Guild by cleverly burlesquing two of its latest successes. It has a quality of fresh and sparkling spontaneity; is colorful and tuneful and attractively mounted, and often genuinely amusing. There are a number of good dance numbers of which this Mexican fiesta scene with Miss Rolanda and Starr Jones is one of the most picturesque.—E. R. B.



We Go in for Sports



And Find an Amazing Lot About Them in this Group of Books

Golf

THE Autobiography of an Average Golfer," by O. B. Keeler, will prove a summer reading treat not only to the golfer, but to any one who likes a volume of kindly, ambling reminiscences on the following of a fine hobby. If you never saw a golf course, or if your knowledge of golf clubs is so limited that they all look alike to you, you can not fail to appreciate this account of an indefatigable enthusiast who for something like twenty-seven years has followed the Ancient Sport, advancing from utter dufferdom to a player of much efficiency.

Life itself enters the record and stamps itself on many of the pages; runs away with the technical part of it, as it were, while Mr. Keeler tells us stories of his boyhood, little interesting and personal incidents, yarns about famous players or famous games. Most important of all is the account of his own illness from which this devoted golfer recovered with one knee as unbending as iron and a wrist which for a time was paralyzed.

Still this "golf addict" played on crutches and with a craftiness which an able-bodied sportsman never would have thought of. Here again obdurate will-power won, and, again, as in the case of Tilden's lost finger and his weakened grip, practice was the whole story.

The author, as perhaps many of our readers know, is a newspaper man, a writer who dashes off splendid accounts of championship matches. For years he has chronicled the golf doings of Bobby Jones, and altogether he is just the man to have essayed an intimate, likable book like this.

Mr. Keeler lays down a few rules, not dictatorially, of course, but by virtue of his long apprenticeship. They have to do with the choice of clubs, the keeping of your mind on the game, and the very important point of taking your time. In fact, we are told that the commonest fault in golf is the hitting of the ball too soon.

All in all, this is an excellent addition to a golfer's library. Mr. Keeler has known almost all the professionals and crack amateurs of the game, has written about them for the press, has played with them, been advised by them, and has had, goodness knows, ample opportunity to study them. All of which can not but make his deductions about the game valuable.

Tennis

PLAG the holes in your game! There is far more pleasure in tennis if you have no fear about your strokes. There is no sensation more thrilling than the impact of the ball on the strings of a racket as a perfect stroke turns it back against your opponent."

Thus writes Bill Tilden, 2nd, in his brilliant book "Match Play and the Spin of the Ball," and makes us all pull the belts of our ambition a little tighter.

Although designed to aid the person who already plays pretty good tennis, it is not

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Sketches by Herman Palmer

above the head of the veriest beginner who generally likes to be talked to as though he were an intelligent human being.

There is perhaps no sport in the world more popular than tennis, one that so many different kinds of people play, in so many countries and through so great a range of ages. It is little wonder that we so eagerly read all the books we can get on the subject, go to all the tournaments that come within the range of our possibilities and are found quietly marking off a little court in the side lot or discovered practicing a good service against the garage door.

Tilden's book, the inside story of great competitive tennis, is for any "tennis bug" who, hopes the author, "will have as much fun reading it as I had writing it." I can imagine even a person who never has held a racket in his hand getting a thrill out of this volume, and being possessed with the amazing feeling that he has been sitting beside a court watching alert and perfectly poised bodies darting here and there, doing mysterious things with rackets which appear to be part of their arms, and being also conscious of a ball which is obviously the most important thing under heaven—a heaven blue, cool and all full of fresh breezes. Not that Tilden goes into the scenery that surrounds tennis, nor does he become poetical. This is purely a record of tennis technique, but no erudite writing on the whys and wherefores of the game can take the undiluted outdoor fun away from even reading about it.

Much space in the book is devoted to "spin," or twist, or cut, or curve, or whatever term you prefer to give your control of the ball. Tilden's points are all illustrated by descriptions of the "spin" of great players—Billy Johnston, the Kinsey brothers, Richards, Patterson and many others.

As he does with "spin," so does he handle the questions of grip and timing, body position and footwork. His rules on footwork are explicit:

- "1. Await a return facing the net.
- "2. Play every shot sideways to the net.
- "3. To reach a ball, advance the foot that is away from the shot.
- "4. To get away from the ball, retreat the foot that is closest to the shot.
- "5. The weight must always travel forward with the stroke, no matter in what position you are playing."

But, you will say, this seems very simple. We don't have to read Tilden's book to



know that much. But wait. These little quotations are the merest pickings. Every position, every possible contingency is gone into, developed and played out on these pages.

As to whether "singles" or "doubles" is the best sport, the famous tennis champion has this to say:

"Singles is essentially a game of speed, punch, brawn; while doubles is a game of position, finesse, subtlety. . . . Doubles is one shot advanced over singles in every point and usually several shots. Singles is essentially a baseline battle with net trimmings. Doubles is a net battle with a baseline and aerial defense. The doubles game requires more finesse and subtlety because you have to guess two minds instead of one."

No doubt as to where *he* stands, is there!

The author, of course, has every right to talk, indeed, to preach of industry and practice. He has earned his title not by walking around courts nor yet by writing books on the game. His great success has come out of work, a "gift from heaven," and then some more work. When he lost a finger a couple of years ago, it looked as though it would put him out of tennis, but it didn't. However, he had to learn a great many things over again, especially how to grip his racket. There wasn't any defeat in him. So, when he says to the average player: "If there is a hole in your game, plug it by intensive practice," we know that he is giving first-hand advice, and that it is the only way to finally "pack a wicked wallop" in the forehand, or to volley well.

Women! Well, Bill Tilden gives them all credit as tennis players, but he does scorn the idea that they could ever be quite the equals of men in match play. "Physical limitations place an unsurmountable handicap on the women, which no amount of technical proficiency can overcome. . . . No woman can cover court fast enough or hit hard enough consistently to hold a man of equal skill on equal terms."

And, yet, as we look through the illustrations and find a picture of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen taking a flying leap toward a ball, and another of Miss Helen Wills suspended like a swift and invincible Victory in mid-air, we wonder if he is infallible in this statement.

I've spent a good deal of space on this volume, not criticizing it but merely endeavoring to hint at its scope and importance. The writing is concise, clear and interesting.

ANOTHER most welcome book, "Lawn Tennis," comes to us via England, and is written by Miss Kathleen McKane, the first British holder of a Wimbledon Singles Championship since 1914.

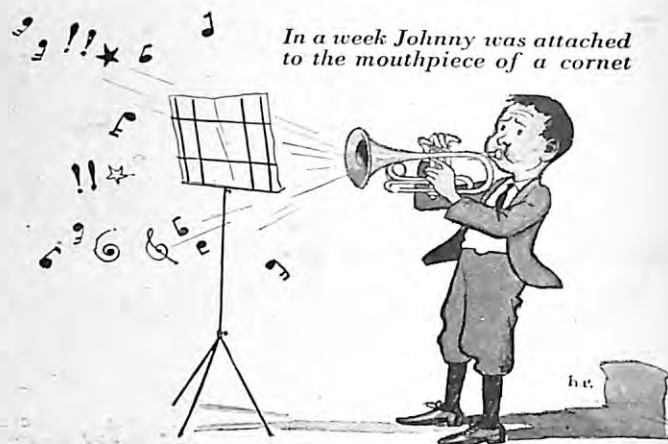
Her work forms a complete text-book for beginners and for those who have already acquired a little proficiency. Her lucid exposition is illustrated with a comprehensive set of "action photographs" which almost

(Continued on page 80)

Increasing the Harmony in America

By Earl Chapin May

Illustrated by Herb Roth



PA AND MA were having a meeting of the Jones Family Committee on Ways and Means. The subject under earnest discussion was: "What shall we do to keep Johnny out of trouble?"

Johnny, be it known, was the Joneses' first-born. He was a slim, pale boy, but had inherited not only the normal amount of original sin, but also a vast amount of excess energy and initiative. Johnny had just turned eleven. Boys four years older were turning to hip-flasks and petting parties and rather intimate jazz steps.

Pa and Ma had been brought up on orthodoxy, but they were not killjoys. They believed growing boys and girls should have a good time. But a lot of the growing boys and girls in their town seemed to be running wild. Two tragedies, due to high speed and youthful determination, had occurred in their street in one month. Pa and Ma did not want their Johnny to have such a finish. Hence the meeting of the What-to-do-with-Ours Committee.

"Johnny is musical," suggested Ma. "He wants to join a jazz orchestra."

"And play for dances, before he is out of grade school?" rejoined Pa. "There's too much of that going on already. That won't do for our son."

"But he can't sit home and twiddle his thumbs," remonstrated Ma. "Baseball and

football and skating keep him busy only afternoons. He must play with other boys and girls at other times, if he is to be a normal man."

"Let's talk to him," suggested Pa. So Johnny was called in on his own case.

"They're startin' a band at our school," the scion of the Jones family volunteered after a half-hour's discussion of the situation.

"What kind of a band?" demanded the suspicious Pa.

"A reg'lar band with clarinets, cornets, altos, trombones, drums 'n' everything," replied the young hopeful. "Goin' to have a reg'lar teacher and call it a class."

"Like the idea?" asked Pa.

"You bet!" asserted Johnny.

Pa and Ma looked at each other and nodded.

"Go to it," said Pa, and Johnny went.

Johnny lived at Gary, Indiana, a city of 60,000 souls much given to foreign blood, work in steel-mills and innovations in school management—one of our myriad melting-pots.

This is what happened to Johnny after the Jones' family conference.

He confided his musical ambitions to his grade-school teacher, who sent him to the bandmaster of the Gary public schools. That gentleman looked Johnny over, paying particular attention to his thin lips and even teeth, and testing Johnny's sense of rhythm. In a week Johnny was attached to the mouthpiece of a cornet, with which he labored one hour each school day, under his teacher's direction, in one of the thirty sound-proof booths arranged around a large room set aside for that purpose.

At the end of a month Johnny left his booth after forty-five minutes' daily private practice and

joined his fellows in group or ensemble playing in the center of the large room. In two months he was playing with a junior-school band—fifty youths with but a single harmonic thought. In two years he was a regular member of a senior-school band. This year he is one of the seventy-five members of the crack Gary Schools' Band that officially represents his city.

In four years of practicing and playing in the Gary schools, Johnny has not only become a creditable, proficient musician, but has also become a full-chested, straight-backed, self-confident husky, able to express himself through music instead of through hip-flasks, petting parties, joy rides and jazz dances.

Johnny Jones may not make his living as a musician, although he could if necessity compelled him, but he is a stronger; much better disciplined boy because he took up band music in the Gary schools. He is one of a half million American boys, many of foreign parentage, who are learning to love music in a practical way in public schools, from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Texas. Never in our history have we had so many efficient bands and orchestras in our publicly supported educational institutions. And the end is not yet. There is a reason—a reason as much moral as musical.

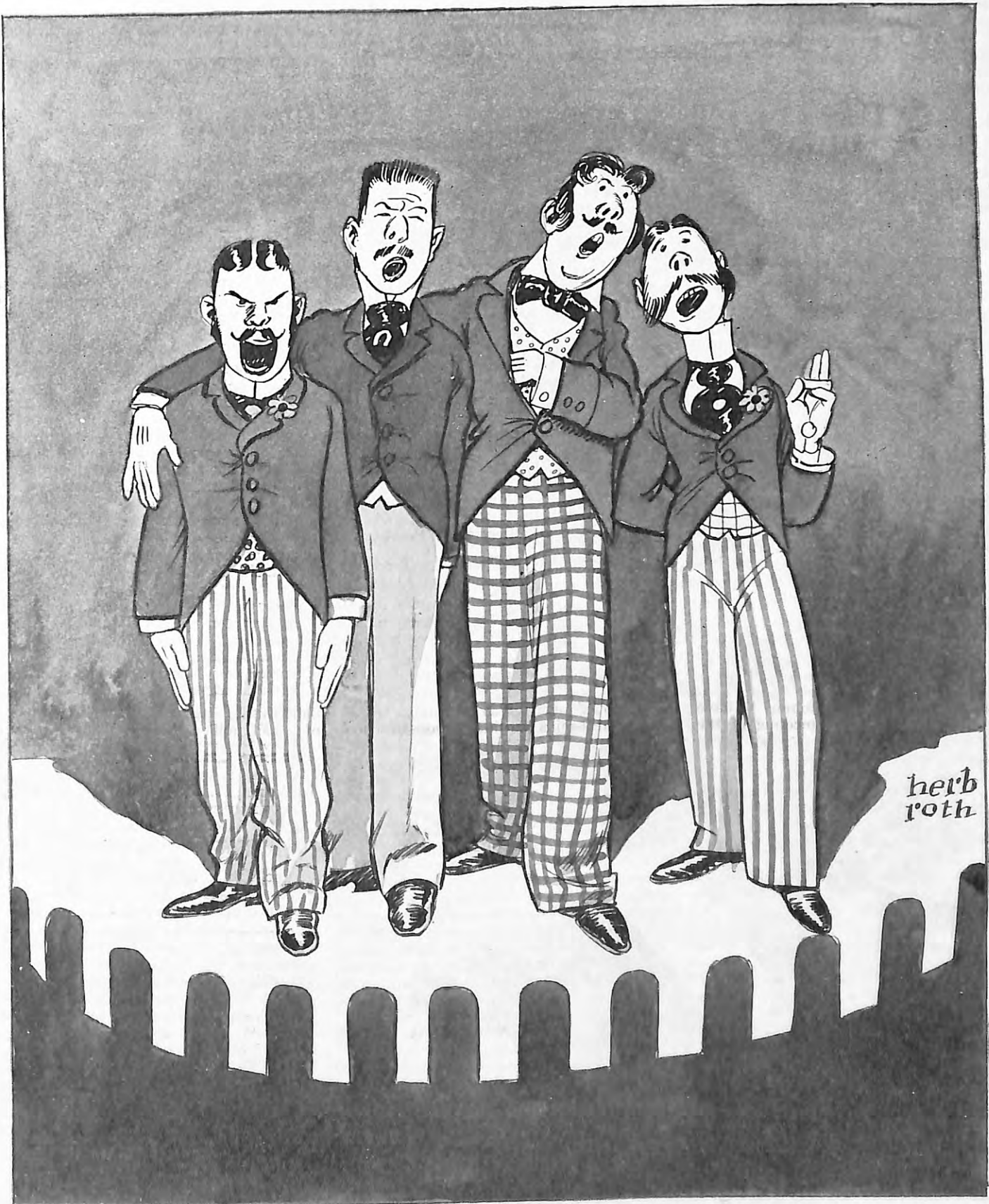
Tuning Up the Public Schools

IT IS one thing for an adolescent or sub-adolescent youth to toot a horn or scrape a violin all by his lonesome. And it is quite another thing for any fledgling to study and play a wind instrument or one of the fiddle family in company and competition with his youthful peers. "Company" and "competition" are the keynotes in the campaign now covering the country for more and better music in our schools. Better music in our schools will solve a good many problems now vexing fond parents.

I am aware that there is something to be said—and it is frequently and fervently said—against amateur musical organizations, particularly bands and orchestras. A lot of such things were said about me and mine in the departed days of the Rochelle Silver Cornet Band. But there is a world of difference between a group of half-baked musically inclined kids running wild and an organized musical unit functioning under the baton of a skilled teacher. It is that skilled teacher who draws the all-important line between the school bands and orchestras of thirty or even twenty years ago and the school bands and orchestras of this musical although material day.

Gary is not the only city that is building up the civic soul in a businesslike manner. It is not even the pioneer in this great national movement. The State of Maine





The same mellow stuff the handsome glee clubs used to sing back in 1870

has a half hundred school bands and orchestras, many of them in the smaller towns and villages. Massachusetts, with its 300 supervisors of music, ranks third among all the States in school music. Within the memory of the middle-aged, New England believed that Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic and Religion constituted the curriculum for any school. To-day the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are as partial to bands and orchestras as the Pacific coast boys and girls whose forebears crossed the continent in covered wagons. Staid old New Bedford,

long-time home of the mighty whalers, boasts of the New Bedford High School Band of seventy pieces. Many sister cities are similarly blest.

More than 300 school systems in New York State have supervisors and teachers of music who are boosting the band and orchestra idea. Nearly every county in Maryland supports music supervisors or teachers, pledged to public-school orchestras and bands.

Winston-Salem, North Carolina, has a public-school supervisor of instrumental

music with more than 200 trained bandmen in his charge. The city has purchased instruments for more than a hundred of its musically inclined school children. The Morton High Symphony Orchestra, under its supervisor of music, has made Richmond, Indiana, famous. Since an instructor in mathematics got behind the school-band movement at Evansville, Indiana, in 1917, that city of 75,000 has developed four high-school and ten elementary-school bands, all well equipped and well taught.

Similar stories may be told from coast to

coast. St. Cloud, Minnesota, has a school boys' band of more than 200 instrumentalists. Eleven hundred Wisconsin boys and girls played band instruments in one tournament at Lake Geneva, recently. The Jordan High School Orchestra of Salt Lake City, Utah, has a membership of sixty, and a more than State-wide reputation. The supervisor of orchestra music in the Los Angeles elementary schools assembled 2,400 boys and girls from 131 juvenile orchestras for a spring concert, participated in by 1,300 violins, 19 'cellos, 52 flutes, 63 clarinets, 115 saxophones, 171 cornets, 25 trombones, 9 horns, 127 bells, 151 drums, and 291 pianos. Equally remarkable work is being done in the Oakland, California, schools. Examples of the strength of this movement could be multiplied indefinitely.

THE humble mouth organ is not neglected in this great movement for better music in America. New York is not the only city celebrating harmonica contests in its parks. And Philadelphia, in addition to forming a Civic Junior Symphony Orchestra, has also paid its tribute to the mouth organ. At last reports there were 40,000 juvenile mouth-organ players listed in the Quaker City. A harmonica campaign preceded the formation of the orchestra. Of the 500 youthful candidates for orchestral honors, seventy were selected for a harmonica corps. They rehearsed last summer in the Philadelphia city hall under the benign patronage of Mayor Kendrick, a harmonica expert. The original seventy became ninety, meeting every Thursday night as the Boys' Council Harmonica Club in the mayor's recep-

tion room. There are mouth-organ clubs in every branch of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A.

There is a harmonica class of 150 among the blind boys at the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind. Some of the boys are well along in years. They are translating the harmonica instruction book into Braille to assist in the spread of mouth-organ knowledge in that institution. There is a harmonica class among the sailors at League Island Navy Yard.

Now the importance of this development of a love for sane music in the budding soul of America rests not so much on the technical perfection promised and frequently attained. It was, of course, important that an Indiana high school symphony orchestra should be able to play such an ambitious work as the overture to "Tannhäuser" before the 1922 meeting of the Music Supervisors' National Conference at Nashville, Tennessee, and to top this performance with Tschaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique" at a subsequent Supervisors' Conference at Cleveland. It means much to the national morale that a hundred high school pupils should win applause at a similar conference at Davenport, Iowa, by playing the "Priests' March" from Mendelssohn's "Athalie," although many of the musicians were so small that as they sat on ordinary chairs their feet did not touch the floor.

Competition Turns the Trick

But the really important point is that hundreds of thousands of our coming voters are perfecting themselves in safe and sane music by laboring

together in social as well as musical harmony. It's the competition that turns the trick.

As most men and women know, every orchestra or band is divided into sections—for violins, trombones, 'cellos, clarinets, etc. The place of honor in each section is the "first chair." The "first chair" violinist is the concert master, who ranks next to the conductor or director.

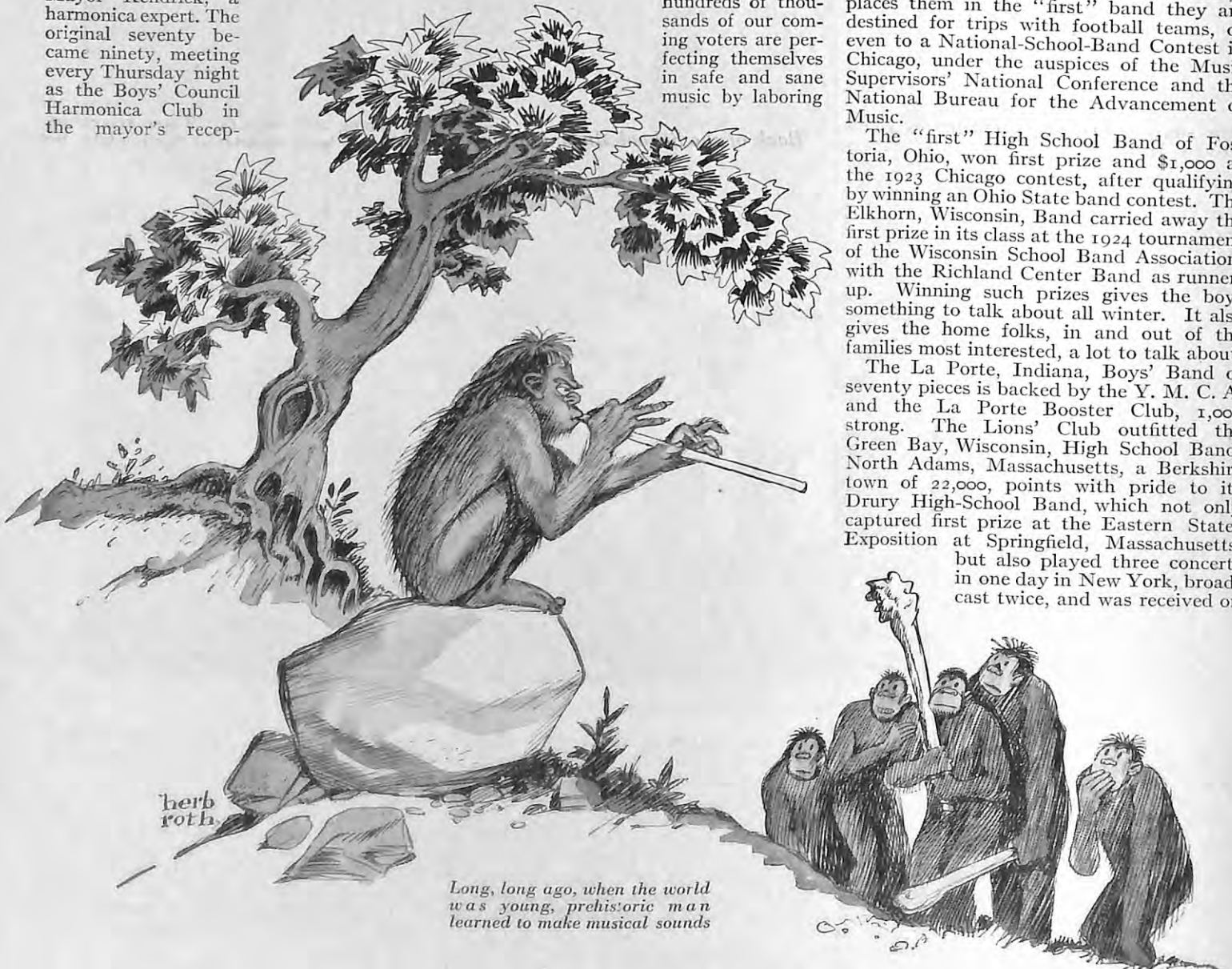
Players in these multiplying school bands and orchestras are assigned to chairs on the basis of preliminary tests. Then the excitement starts. A new piece is assigned each week, seven days in advance of performance. The pupils are permitted to take the music home for study. On the day for the weekly tryout a passage is played by each section. Then each individual, beginning with the coveted "first chair" of each section, plays it alone. The other students decide by raising of hands whether the "second chair" holder shall replace the "first chair" holder, etc. The following week the "first chair" may win back a lost position of honor.

The net result is that pupils who would automatically abandon private practice for the sake of practice and go fishing or to a dance or the ball game, practice like mad to win orchestral or band promotion.

THE same principle is followed in the maintenance of "first" bands and "feeder" bands. The members of the Rockford, Illinois, High School Bands, for example, know that when their "Music Master" places them in the "first" band they are destined for trips with football teams, or even to a National-School-Band Contest in Chicago, under the auspices of the Music Supervisors' National Conference and the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music.

The "first" High School Band of Fostoria, Ohio, won first prize and \$1,000 at the 1923 Chicago contest, after qualifying by winning an Ohio State band contest. The Elkhorn, Wisconsin, Band carried away the first prize in its class at the 1924 tournament of the Wisconsin School Band Association, with the Richland Center Band as runner-up. Winning such prizes gives the boys something to talk about all winter. It also gives the home folks, in and out of the families most interested, a lot to talk about.

The La Porte, Indiana, Boys' Band of seventy pieces is backed by the Y. M. C. A. and the La Porte Booster Club, 1,000 strong. The Lions' Club outfitted the Green Bay, Wisconsin, High School Band. North Adams, Massachusetts, a Berkshire town of 22,000, points with pride to its Drury High-School Band, which not only captured first prize at the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield, Massachusetts, but also played three concerts in one day in New York, broadcast twice, and was received on



Long, long ago, when the world was young, prehistoric man learned to make musical sounds

Way back in the early dawn of recorded history, the bards and singers contested before the kings and their courts



the steps of the City Hall by his Honor, Mayor Hylan.

There are a thousand thriving juvenile bands backed in the beginning and carefully brought into effective condition by local lodges of Elks.

Girls are just as much excited about this band business as are boys. Nearly half the North Adams Band are girls, and the band has a drum majoreess! The Janesville, Wisconsin, High School Band is exclusively feminine.

But both boys and girls learn business administration, parliamentary practice and the care of property as well as self-mastery and the mastery of music. Many bands buy their own instruments and uniforms and pay for them out of their profits from performances. The Steel High School Band of Dayton, Ohio, started in 1922 with twenty-five boys between fifteen and eighteen years of age. They had no uniforms, instruments or money—just boys. The band has doubled in size and earned \$2000 since its first rehearsal. It has become one of the many self-supporting and self-governing musical institutions.

A boy who devotes his leisure hours to playing in a school band or orchestra instead of being in a pool-room, who practices scales and intervals instead of "hooching" and "lounge-lizarding," is bound to get a pretty good start in life. A girl who goes in for good music in the home instead of jazz-dancing in public or joy-riding on the open road has a similar prospect of coming out all right.

"As a mental disciplinarian, music is invaluable," declares the superintendent of music at Rochester, New York. "And instrumental music is, in my opinion, the most effective of any subject, without exception. No subject taught in our public schools, requires such promptness and ac-

curacy in the solving of any problem as music. All children have this latent musical ability, more or less, and surely this is the side of their young and tender natures that should be developed."

Back of the School-Music Movement

There are many powerful individuals as well as organizations back of this music-in-the-schools movement. William Arms Fisher of Boston, who holds high place in American music, declares that the right of every child to a complete education at public expense is at last being recognized, and music, instead of being considered an aristocratic art belonging to the privileged few, is more and more being democratized and is coming into its true place and function in everyday life. The growth of real music in the public schools of the nation in the last ten years has been astonishing and has gained a momentum that is sweeping away timidity and indifference.

THE experiment of persuading school boards to purchase band and orchestral instruments for public-school organizations has been made with most satisfactory results in Kansas City and many other cities. While the instruments do suffer some wear and tear in the hands of the young hopefuls, they do not deteriorate any more rapidly than do desks and dictionaries. And graduation of one group of young musicians, finds the complete school-owned equipment ready and waiting for a succeeding group, whose members are keen to wrestle with violins, horns, fiddles, clarinets, tubas, "bull fiddles" and drums.

The scheme permits a perpetual coordination between public-school bands and orchestras and public-school glee-clubs and choruses. These latter have thrived from coast to coast since Lowell Mason of Boston initiated the teaching of "sight singing" in the Boston schools in 1838. But "school music," so called, only paved the way for the broader cultivation of a natural, beneficial gift, the development of which will go a long way toward permitting that self-

expression so urgently demanded by modern boys and girls.

Twenty or thirty years ago our normal-school kids were engrossed in skates, marbles, baseball and swimming, to say nothing of fishing and bicycles. These recreations have not been abandoned, fortunately, but the present-day adolescent is much more interested in such hectic forms of activity as radio, air-planes, autos and jazz. They learn much more rapidly than they did two or three decades ago, and they demand more outlet for their spiritual as well as their physical natures. That is where increasing devotion to music, within as well as without the public schools, is meeting the parents' present-day problem.

Dr. John James Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education and an outstanding figure in American school work, says, "One of the most gratifying trends of modern education in America has been the addition of music to the curriculum of so many of our schools. Music, in my opinion, might well be taught from the kindergarten up to, and in the high schools. This applies to both instrumental instruction and the voice.

"There is probably no influence more potent than music for Americanization purposes. Its appeal is instantaneous. It touches the heart chords and reaches the soul of the foreigner as nothing else can. For music speaks all languages. It is one band of brotherhood we have in common. It is the first Americanizing force the foreigner comes in contact with.

"The character of modern industrial and commercial development tends toward the mechanization of human life. In many callings men are never so little their own true selves as when they are at work. It is during the leisure hours that the individual powers and qualities are restored and developed. Music holds a safe and strong regenerative power for the individual during these hours immeasurably greater than the wearing excitements into which he is so often led.

"Instruction in music in our public
(Continued on page 78)



For Twenty Years Stode Had Been One of the Engine Room Crew—Twenty Years That Had Paralyzed Ambition—and Then Suddenly There Came to Him

The Taste of Power

By Samuel McCoy

Illustrated by Kenneth Fuller Camp

STODE looked at the little coaster hungrily. He wanted a job. He was down to nearly his last shilling. He had tramped the Thames river-front from Blackwall to North Woolwich; and only to be disappointed everywhere.

The coaster, bearing the name *Avonmore* on her bows, was no beauty. She was a stubby little freight steamer, scarcely a hundred and twenty feet long, rusty and dingy, an unkempt little scullery maid of the sea. But to Stode she was a last hope.

Steam-driven though the *Avonmore* was, she carried two masts on which trysails might be rigged at necessity. Cargo was going aboard, Stode saw, with tackle slung over her low bulwarks. She would be ready for sea in a day or two. Perhaps there was still a berth unfilled.

Her voyage, Stode had learned along the dock front, was to be from London to Belfast, a matter of eight hundred miles only. With the *Avonmore's* power, a set of the compound surface condensing engines of the vertical type, with a nominal horse-power of 83, it would take the coaster a week to reach Belfast. Loaded, she would make four or five knots an hour. She would plod along, crawl along, if you please; but there was no reason why she should not make it in eight days.

Eight days would mean not much of pay, and yet Stode longed fiercely for the job—if a job there was! There was a look of desperation in his dull blue eyes, eyes which looked out wistfully from his coal-grimed face. He had tried to be cheerful in the last letter he had written to his wife, had tried hard, telling her he was sure to be getting a berth soon; but the brave lie, traced with difficulty by his clumsy fingers on a bit of smudged paper, left small echo of comfort in his own heart. He had sent her, there in Liverpool, the bulk of the few pounds which had been his when he was paid off at the end of his last voyage; but by now that must be nearly gone; and as for himself, for the last two

nights he had been sleeping where he could. And he was fifty. . . .

As he timidly drew nearer the dock offices, nerving himself to take the shock of another rebuff, a youngish man came hurriedly along the quays, favored Stode with a searching glance as he passed, hesitated and called to him.

Stode faced toward him quickly. The younger man stood looking at him with a half sneer on his narrow sharp features. Stode knew that he himself looked disreputable enough. A week of tramping muddy streets, and days on the Embankment. . . . Stode felt, with a sinking at the heart, that the young fellow must turn away with a shake of the head. He could feel himself trembling.

"Ere you!" said the young man, contemptuously. "Want a job?"

Stode stood humbly. "Yes, mister," he said. "Wot are yer?"

"Fireman, mister," said Stode. He was afraid his voice was shaking, so intense was his anxiety.

"Don't need none," said the younger man, impatiently. He turned to continue on his way. Stode felt suddenly sick, as if he had been struck a stunning blow. The young man took two steps, then paused again.

"Old on!" he said. "Let's 'ave a look at yer book!"

Stode fumbled in his jacket and produced the little blank book that contained his record at sea—the record of twenty years, the names of a hundred ships, the days he had served on each.

Stode waited dumbly while the man flipped through its pages. For some reason he felt ashamed. Twenty years! and they had brought him nowhere! He felt his cheeks growing hot as the younger man's sharp eyes studied him.

"You come along wi' me," said the other unexpectedly. Stode followed him in dumb surprise, silent. He was incapable of

thought. It did not occur to him to seek to learn the officer's need for him. But a vague hopefulness, like that of a lost dog which has not been driven away, began to stir within him.

He followed his guide across the littered floors of the docks and up the gangplank to the decks of the little coaster. His feet, in their heavy boots, clumped upon the deck and he straightened up. He was at home.

Leaning against the rail, a blackened pipe between his teeth, lounged a dirty man in a dirty uniform. Stode's companion advanced toward him and indicated Stode with a gesture.

"Ere's a fireman," he said. "If 'e's fit for it, take 'im on as yer bloomin' assistant. I'll sign 'im on at fireman's wages."

"Oh, all right, Captain," said the other. Stode was conscious of an attitude of mutual contempt between the two men. The engineer officer had pronounced the word "captain" with a sneer. He stood looking from one to another hopefully, uncomprehending.

THE engineer pointed him toward a companionway aft. "Get along 't' tha' engine-room," he said. "We'll see wot yer know."

As Stode moved off, picking his way through the confusion of the incoming cargo, he heard the Captain's contemptuous whisper behind his back.

"He's a dumb fool!" the captain was saying. "Starvin' on the quays, that's wot 'e is. 'E's just the man for yer, Reece."

"For you, yer mean," he heard the other answer, with a snigger. Both men laughed then.

He was conscious of no resentment. They might say what they pleased of him, if it was he whom they meant. Let them give him a job, and he was grateful.

Reece, the engineer, was at his heels as he descended the narrow ladder to the engine-room. "Well, fireman," he cried as they

reached the platform, "do yer think yer could run a ship's engines?"

There was derision in his tone, but, in his amazement at the question itself, Stode paid no heed to its manner. His mouth fell open. He gaped.

"I mean it!" snapped Reece. "The skipper tells me ye've been at sea for twenty years—you know *some*think, don't yer?"

Stode looked around him slowly and drew a deep breath into his huge chest.

"Yes, mister," he said heavily. "But—it ain't—it ain't—regular." His blue eyes looked his mystification.

"Regular be damned!" snarled Reece. "That's *our* business! Do yer want a job or don't yer? Speak up, or out yer go!"

Stode hesitated. His heart seemed to suffocate him. He was in an agony of fear, lest he should find himself out on the quays once more, penniless and still hunting for work. But he recoiled in timidity from attempting a job "out of his line." He was appalled at the thought of entering this world, so much above him, the world of engineer officers, a world as remote from him as Saturn. The thought staggered him, frightened him.

And yet, at his back, pressed the hideous alternative of the days ashore, the bitter disappointments of a water-front where there were five men clamoring for every job, and where he was always the luckless one.

"Look 'ere," said Reece, suddenly wheeling. "There's no trick to it. Just watch the dials, after I've steam up. It's easy enough. Why, man, I've got no certificate myself. If the bloody owners want to cut down every shilling of wages, that's their lookout, ain't it, now? Wot d'yer say?"

Stode nodded, but miserably. He glanced again around the engine-room and then, to Reece's amazement, said quietly:

"I know these engines."

Reece stared, and said:

"You've served on this ship?"

"Yes, mister. I fired on 'er before. She's a Winsford job, up from where *I* come. Yes, mister, I know 'em."

"There yer are!" said Reece triumphantly. "Wot are yer bellyachin' about?"

Stode could not have told him. He had committed himself now to this undertaking. He would keep his jaws clamped over his inward conviction of his own ignorance.

"Regular pay," Reece added, "an' mebbe

a pound or two more, at th' end o' th' run. An' you'll get yer grub with us orf'cers, 'stead o' with a stinkin' crew. Ye'll be *givin'* orders, 'stead o' takin' 'em! 'Ow'll you like *that*?"

And he slapped Stode's tremendous shoulders with affected joviality.

Power! Stode had never had it. For twenty years he had been "one of the engine-room crew"—that collection of coal-begrimed wretches whose only requisite qualification was muscle, not mind. Twenty years of an existence below decks, twenty years made up of days so exhausting that they paralyzed ambition, twenty years during which there was strength sufficient only to do the job one was told to do—these should have brought to their patient and uncomplaining adversary the feeling, at this moment, of escape from their tyranny, of elation and the determination to visit upon others the cruelties the years had inflicted upon *him*.

BUT those interminable years had wrought quite an opposite effect. Now that this handful of authority—pitifully cheap, but bulking tremendous before *his* startled eyes—was so suddenly and amazingly tossed to him, on a day when he would have been glad for the penny tossed to a street-sweeper. He wanted none of it. It had come too late.

It dismayed him. He saw himself wrested from the anonymity which had warmed, sheltered and comforted him even while he sweated and starved. How, he asked himself, with horror and dismay, could *he* issue orders to the men with whom he had been so long submerged? It was unthinkable!

But he had no choice. There is neither richness nor poverty among men. There is only the power to choose.

On the five days that followed, while the cargo was being taken aboard, Stode had little to do except to listen patiently while Reece instructed him in his duties. The instruction was to the tune of curses. Stode endured them meekly. Indeed, he did not

seem to hear them. Something had entered into his spirit, something which lit his mild blue eyes with a joy which no curses could drive away. He was at the engines constantly; slowly, laboriously, studying over the meaning and use of each rod and pipe, each ejector, each valve. He neither ate nor slept. A fear that chance, working as capriciously as it had when it brought him to this glory, might suddenly take it from him, would seize him in his fitful slumbers, and, waking with a start, he would tumble from his bunk and seek the engine-room once more.

Stode gathered in the course of these days, although the information was of no particular interest to him, that neither the young captain, Bert Solly, nor the chief engineer, Reece, had been on the vessel more than a day or two before he himself arrived. The *Avonmore*, he learned, had just been purchased by a Bristol firm, and this was her first chartering under the new owners. Stode liked neither of the two officers. But he had no desire to put a name to his vague dislike, and, indeed, he saw little of Captain Solly. The young fellow spent all his time ashore. Stode, lying awake and thinking of his engines, could hear him come aboard late at night or early in the morning, shouting drunkenly. Stode would lie still, waiting for silence to come at last. In the morning he hurried to his engines and avoided Solly.

The stowing of the cargo—some four hundred tons of creosoted wood paving blocks and thirty or forty tons of pitch, for



"The pick of Canning Town!" said Captain Solly in a loud voice. He indicated the new crew with a grin. "Fresh from doin' time!"

a Belfast paving company—was left by Solly to the mate. The fireman, Stode, liked this man, a holdover from the old ownership; for the mate, though grievously ill, stuck to his work without a murmur. He was so sick that he could scarcely stand, and held on to stanchions like a ghost. Peering into the holds he gave his orders to the stevedores in a ghastly hoarse cry which plainly taxed his remaining strength. Stode, embarrassed, did what he could for him. They exchanged a word now and then, left to themselves on the little ship at night.

Alone together one night—Reece had also gone ashore with the captain—the mate raised himself on his elbow after a fit of coughing and looked down over the edge of his bunk at Stode, who was spelling out to himself an engineering handbook. "Mister!" said the mate, in his racking whisper.

STODE looked up quickly. He had never before been addressed as an officer. A joy ran through him, and he found himself rubbing his eyes with the back of his thick fingers. He could have wept for very happiness.

But the mate knew nothing of this. He leaned from his bunk; and his voice, proceeding from the face of a man already dead, stiffened Stode to attention.

"Say, Mister," he croaked, "do yer know anything about this ship—about what's goin' on, I means?"

Stode looked at him silently, his stubby forefinger marking his place on the page.

"'Cos I don't think you do," pursued the mate. "There's something wrong. This cap'n, now—do yer know 'e ain't never 'ad a ship before? Fac! An' 'e don't care nothin' about this one! He ain't done nothin' more than ter walk around 'er decks. Hinspect 'er? Not 'im. . . . An' this precious chief o' yours, 'e ain't much better. Wot does 'e know about yer henges? Nor cares!"

He interrupted himself by another effort to clear his lungs, while Stode still stared, then resumed:

"It's my belief they don't care whether this ship gets to port or not. Do yer know wot she makes under load? Four an' a half knots! Give 'er a bit o' heavy weather goin' around the Longships, an' she'll never get around 'em! She'll go on the rocks, 'cos she ain't enough speed to get out o' 'er own way!"

Stode muttered an ejaculation.

"Suit yerself," said the mate. He sank back on his blankets. "I've warned yer," his hoarse voice continued, coming out of the darkness of the bunk with the effect of a voice issuing from a grave.

Stode remained silent for a long while, his great shoulders sagging, his head resting in his calloused palms. At last he said, heavily, as though to himself:

"This be my only chance, Mister."

On the fifth day, the day the loading of the paving blocks was completed, there was a commotion upon the deck. Stode, happening to be on deck, found that the mate had fallen dead. . . . The crew struck work and marched ashore in a body. The ship, they

insisted, frightenedly, could have no luck. Captain Solly cursed at them ineffectually, then went ashore and scoured the gutters of Canning Town till he picked up a fresh crew.

There were eight of them, and a new mate. Stode looked among them for a face he knew, some fireman chum of other voyages. He saw none that was familiar. He was thankful for this. There would be none to see his discomfiture, none to carry back the story of his blunderings in his new post. "Fancy the likes of 'im settin' up as a horficer!"—to tell it, with guffaws, from pub to pub.

The new crew were strangers, and, Stode, decided, were strangers as well to stokeholds and boiler-rooms. They were dirty, but their dirtiness was not that of oil and grease and coal-dust. It was the dirtiness of alleys, of gutters, of Limehouse and the crawling warrens surrounding the gas works, the slime and filth of sewers. But it was not their clothing, wretched as it was, nor their bodily uncleanness which gave the lonely man watching them out of his pale blue and wistful eyes as they filed crazily past him, a feeling of revulsion. No, he had seen tattered men before. *He* had been, and still was—but no! *Was* he what he had been?

It made him unhappy, in a manner strange to him, that spectacle of men who were not men. As though seeking an anchor which would assure him of his own reason for living, he found himself thinking of his wife and of their love; for he had been fancying that if any of these men were to die no one would know that they had lived. . . .

"The pick of Canning Town!" said Captain Solly, in a loud voice, addressing the chief engineer. Evidently his selection of a crew pleased him, for he indicated them with a grin. "Fresh from doin' time!"

The new mate, Stode thought,

was careless. Half of the load of pitch—about fifteen tons—was still to be taken on board; and instead of finding room for its proper storage, Brown, the mate, stowed it on deck and so covered the hand pump. He, Stode, dared say nothing.

They got up steam that night. Stode discovered that the new men did not know how to handle shovel or slice-bar. Patiently he showed them, feeding the boilers with the deftness of twenty years' routine. They, mistaking his mildness for cowardice, jeered at him impudently. Stode, for a time, pleaded with them. This only increased their derision. Curiously, their disrespect did not anger him. He felt that they were right. He knew himself to be unqualified for a position of command, even of the humblest nature though this was. His slow brain racked agonizingly to cope with a demand upon it such as it had never been called to meet in all his years, years spent in implicit, animal obedience. Desperately he laid his hand upon the arm of the worst of his tormenters, and his thick fingers closed in what he meant to be a gesture of conciliation. The man, turning pale beneath his dirt, squealed in pain.

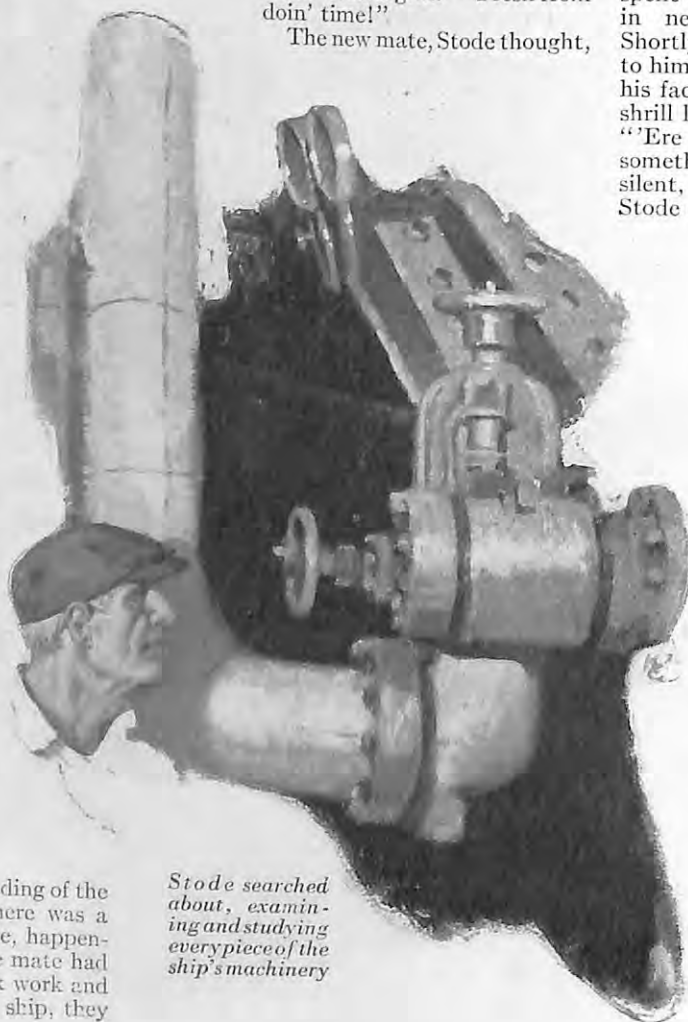
STODE released him, surprised. Rubbing his arm, the man bent to work, and the others, gazing alarmed, followed him. When Stode had waited until he was satisfied they had got the hang of their tasks, and had gone back to the engine-room, the man uttered a stream of obscenity. "Hell!" he ejaculated. "Look out for 'im! So 'elp me, 'e can kill yer wiv 'is fingers!"

The ship was ready for sea the next morning, but for some reason Captain Solly delayed its departure. He went ashore in the morning, returned almost at once, and spent the day pacing about the deck, plainly in nervous waiting for some message. Shortly after noon a telegram was delivered to him. Stode saw him tear it open and saw his face change as he read it. Solly gave a shrill laugh. "All right!" he said to Reece. "Ere we go!" He seemed about to add something, but glanced at Stode, and was silent, biting his thin lips nervously. As Stode moved on, he saw him staring wildly at the bit of blue-green paper in his hand. . . .

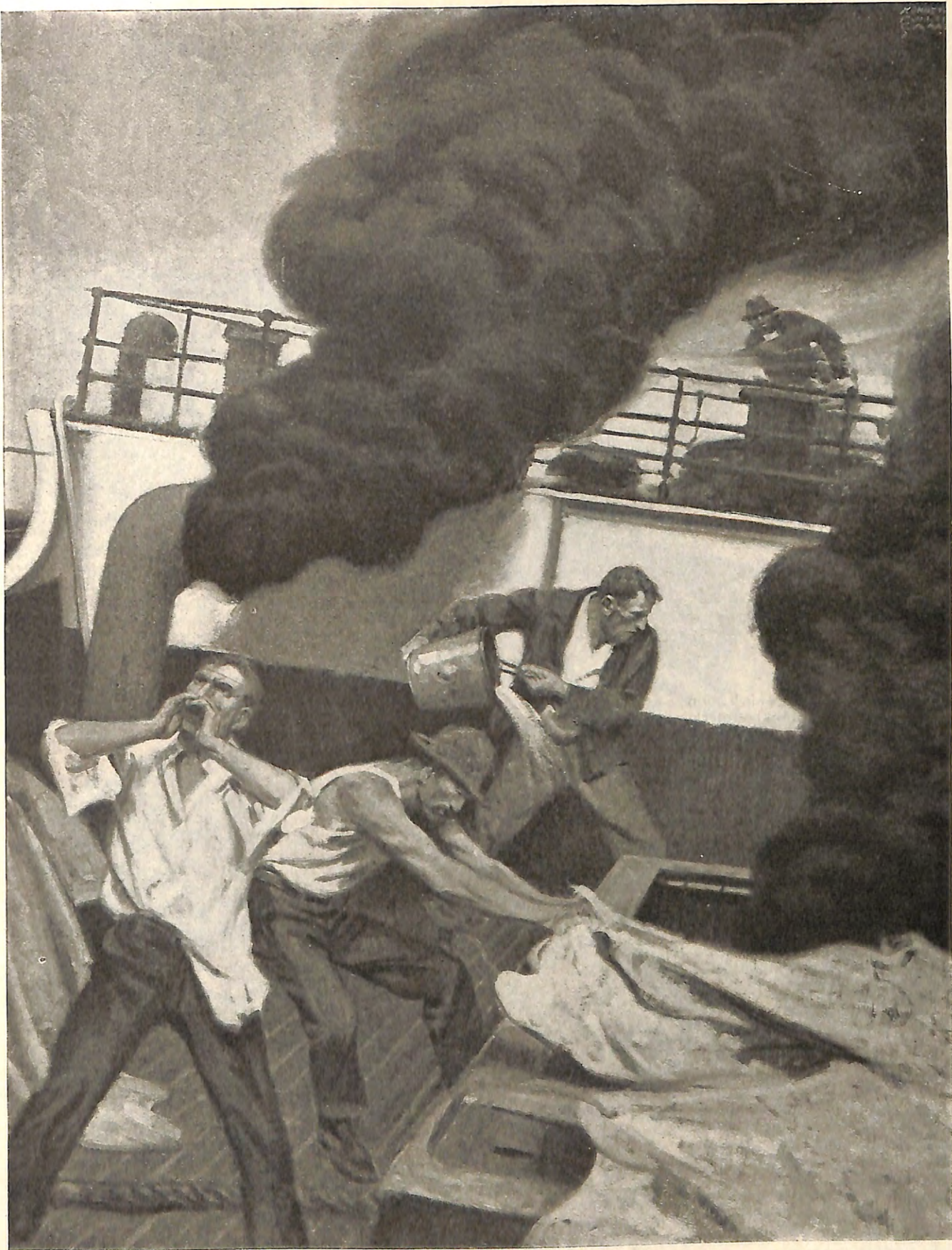
At five o'clock in the afternoon, the vessel left Victoria Dock and, with the tide with her, proceeded down the Thames in charge of a pilot. It was the thirteenth day of March. "We'll fetch Belfast by the twentieth, mister?" Stode ventured to ask Reece, hopefully, checking off the days on his fingers. A hope was stirring in his heart. If, on arriving at Belfast, he did not find work again immediately, a few shillings would take him by the cross-channel mail packet to Liverpool in a few hours. He would be home again!

Reece grunted. "We'll be lucky t' get anywhere," he said savagely. "Listen to her engines! a bleedin' bagful o' 'ammers—all slack!"

Reece seemed content to issue few instructions to him, but Stode could not rest. He searched about, examining and studying every piece of the ship's machinery, in whatever part of the vessel it was located. The damned fool, as Solly called him impatiently, took himself seriously. He nursed some notion in his thick head that it developed upon him o' conduct



Stode searched about, examining and studying every piece of the ship's machinery



himself as an engineer. It may have been his twenty years of service under engineers whom he had seen do this very thing. Solly swore at him. Reece laughed contemptuously. "Wot's the difference?" he said to Solly. "'E can't do no 'arm. Leave 'im to me!"

Beyond his work, Stode's slow intelligence comprehended one thing only: that Solly and Reece were lords in worlds above him. They had command. They had mastery. They *knew*. The one, he mar-

The smoke seethed below, billowed up. Frenziedly they rushed buckets of water and poured them down hatches and ventilators

veled, had conquered the mysteries of navigation. The other, he acknowledged with awe, held those bewildering titans, a ship's engines, under his sway. These two men had power. Therefore he gave them, gladly, utter respect.

The little ship, unkempt and coughing, drew slowly toward the sea. The river

widened. In the deepening dusk the shore-lights drew apart on either hand. Shoeburyness glowed to the north and Sheerness winked abeam. At midnight Stode came on deck for a breath of air, and stood at the rail, looking out silently into the darkness ahead. The breeze was freshening in from the sea, laden with sweetness. His head was hot and his body ached. He looked ahead into the darkness, too tired to think, and felt the salt breeze welcomingly cool.

(Continued on page 60)



Photograph by Armstrong Roberts

*A Youthful
Tragedy in One Reel*

*I DON'T know how it happened,
But everything's a mix.
I pulled the line and turned the wheel—
And now I'm in a fix.*

*But Daddy's coming very soon.
Won't he be pleased to see
There's such a lot of lovely string
All tangled up in me!*

New Faces in the Big Leagues

By W. O. McGeehan

FREQUENTLY they have observed in the writing of prize-fights, "Youth must be served." Hackneyed as it is, it has come to be regarded as one of the axioms of the ring. It never has been applied with any insistence to baseball.

The National Pastime for the past decade or more has been more or less skeptical to the rush of youth to the big leagues. But recently the owners and managers of baseball clubs are giving some thought to the youth of the land with a view to finding replacements for the ranks of the big-league baseball teams.

The Cobbs, the Johnsons and the Speakers can not last forever. Even Babe Ruth is by way of becoming a veteran and subject to indigestion, influenza and other ailments that afflict the unathletic. Baseball players become more and more brittle with the years. Managers like McGraw, who look beyond the season, try to carry on their rolls practically two baseball teams, a comparatively old one and a young one.

The big leagues want young players badly. They pay big prices for any young ivory that looks at all likely. Remember that it was not so long ago that the Giants paid \$75,000 for the unfortunate young Jimmie

O'Connell, who was practically worthless to them as a baseball player. Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy, the celebrated Connie Mack, paid \$50,000 for a young catcher, Gordon Cochrane, who shows every prospect of being worth that money and much more.

It is more of a gamble than dealing in any commodity, this dealing in young ivory. One very shrewd baseball club owner in talking of his scouts defended one who never seemed to have achieved any results.

"He never got you a good player," the critic protested.

"I know that," said the club owner. "But he saved me many a dollar by keeping me from buying a lot of bad ones."

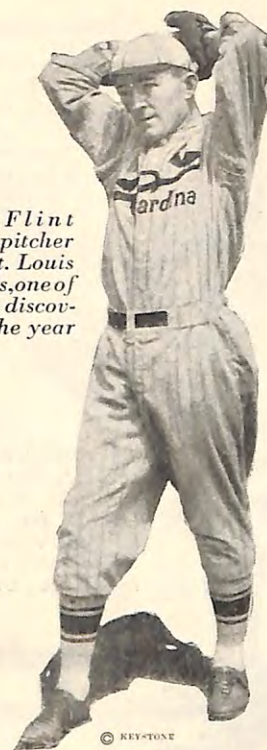
That was the scouting system of this particular club. First the manager would send out the positive scout who might report quite favorably on a player prospect. The negative scout would follow and turn in a report showing all the defects and the drawbacks of the player.

When an investment of from \$50,000 to \$100,000 is being contemplated, the investor does not care to place himself in the position where he is not absolutely sure that the prospective purchase is sound in limb and body. It is also important to know whether he has baseball sense and general sense to a reasonable degree. Then again painful experience has taught the magnates that character is of considerable importance.

The fans seem to have become less sentimental and even somewhat fickle. They are beginning to wish for new faces. They become less tolerant when their baseball heroes begin to show signs of slowing up. New faces have come to the big leagues and new players are making good. Baseball predictions made at the opening of the season have been made to look decidedly dubious owing to the infusion of new blood—or new ivory, if you insist on being technical.

After a long period of humiliation following his enforced scrapping of the "perfect baseball machine," the silent and sorrowful Mr. McGillicuddy is back with a young team threatening to take the leadership of the American League and to have him once more matching baseball wits with Mr. John Joseph McGraw. This is the result of scouting intelligently and in having faith in youth.

Charles Flint Rhem, pitcher of the St. Louis Nationals, one of the great discoveries of the year



Also it is good business sense. You buy a veteran or trade some young prospects for one and you may fill the want of the moment. But there is the future of the baseball club, a very expensive organization. The veteran's days are numbered. Of course there are veterans and veterans, but the rule can be depended upon to hold with annoying insistence. A good young player is a better asset than a better old player.

The most remarkable instance of the rush of youth to the big leagues is in the case of the New York Yankees. The Yankees, regarded as the most expensive aggregation of athletes under one ownership, came North with calamity and casualties. The greatest calamity and casualty was Mr. Ruth's historic case of indigestion.

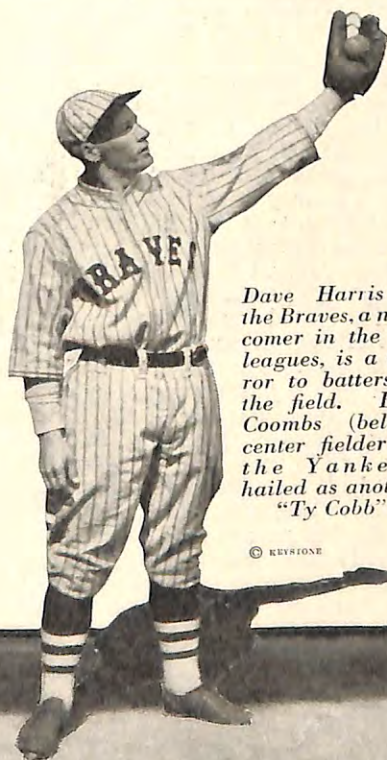
THEN Deacon Everett Scott, the veteran of all the shortstops, with the record for consecutive games played, seemed to show that he had played more than the allotted number. It was a case where sentiment had to be put aside. Once Scott, caught in a railroad wreck, hired a taxicab, after he had extricated himself, and rode fifty miles into Chicago that his record for consecutive games might be kept intact.

They wrote editorials about Scott and his fidelity to duty. Young men were urged to look to his example and all of that sort of thing. But it is going to be hard to explain to all of those young men now just what it was worth. Scott was benched and a recruit, Paul Wanninger, more familiarly known as Pee Wee Wanninger was sent in his place.

Pee Wee fielded and Pee Wee hit. There had been complaints as to the fielding of the veteran, and the cold figures of the batting averages showed that he was not hitting.

How the Yankees happened to get Pee Wee Wanninger is something of a romance in itself. Wanninger was playing with Augusta, Georgia. Reports concerning him were highly favorable. The figures in the league backed up the enthusiastic reports.

It so happened that five scouts, each from a different big-league club, gathered at the same time to get a line on the wonderful Wanninger. He seemed to have everything the reports alleged he had. It must



Dave Harris of the Braves, a newcomer in the big leagues, is a terror to batters in the field. Earl Coombs (below) center fielder of the Yankees, hailed as another "Ty Cobb"

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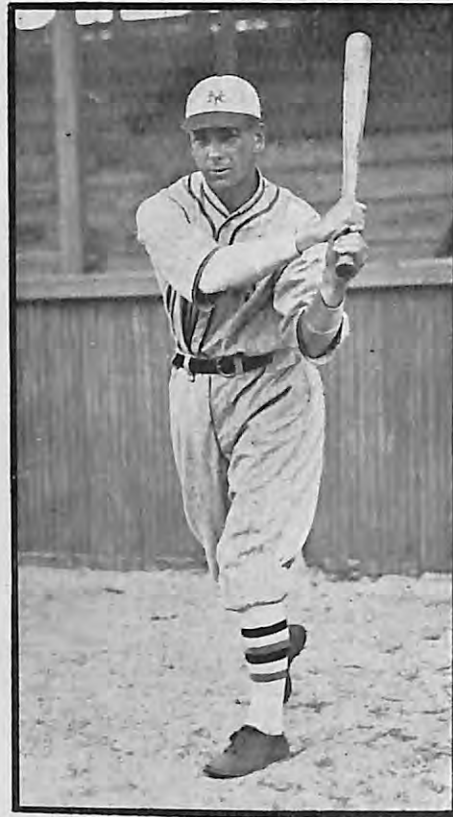


© P. & A. PHOTO



Charles Ruffing (left), the twenty-year-old pitcher of the Boston Americans, for whom many great things are predicted

Once they didn't think so much of Frank Walker (right) but now he's back in the big top once more, with the Giants



How the Yanks got Paul ("Pee Wee") Waninger is a romance in itself

have been that young Wanninger knew that the scouts were in the stand. He was striving to please. He had ambitions for the big league.

All five scouts were impressed. Then Wanninger extended himself and in sliding into a base broke his leg. Four of the scouts that night took the train for other parts. They had lost all interest in Paul Wanninger, minor leaguer. It was not likely that he ever would make the big leagues after that. A broken leg, especially a very recent fracture, was hardly a recommendation.

One scout remained. He was Mr. Robert Gilks, the Yankee's scout, whose particular territory is the South in general. Mr. Gilks, being a Southerner, spends his winters tin-canning through the South, hunting, fishing and gathering material for natural history romances.

Mr. Gilks tarried and talked to the surgeon who set the fracture. The surgeon informed him that Wanninger would be as robust as ever. It was a very simple fracture, the scout was assured, and after it had been

given a chance to knit the leg would be as strong as it was before the accident.

Gilks got into communication with his manager and owner, recommending that Wanninger be acquired. Mr. Gilks had turned in very few bad ones. The recommendation that a one-legged infielder be signed sounded a trifle out of the ordinary, but on the recommendation of Scout Gilks, Wanninger was signed with the Yankees while he was still lying in a hospital with his leg in a plaster cast.

THIS happened last year. Scout Gilks must be given the credit for having Pee Wee Wanninger ready to take the place of Everett Scott when his manager decided to force him to break his record for participation in consecutive baseball games. From this it may be judged that thorough scouting is no unimportant adjunct to a baseball team, especially the sort of scouting that will impel a man to miss a train in order to thoroughly investigate a minor leaguer with a broken leg.

It was the decision of the Yankee manager last year that somebody was needed to be ready to fill the shoes of Whitey Witt, hero of the pop-bottle-strewn battlefield of St. Louis. Whitey, who had been nicknamed the Agile Albino, was becoming less and less agile.

They secured to fill the small shoes of Whitey Witt, a young man named Earl Coombs from Louisville. He was a youth of great promise. It looked like the benching of the Agile Albino, who made no complaint, and did not even look sorrowful or resentful. Mr. Witt is a philosopher, taking a promotion to the Yankees or a pop-bottle on the temple with equal resignation.

Coombs was showing much promise of making good, when he broke his leg. It began to look as though the investment in the "Kentucky Cardinal" was a total loss. But Coombs is back this year playing center field with much speed and agility. Also he started to hit at a steady clip.

Correspondents following the Yankees have been talking of him as "another Ty Cobb." There never will be another Ty

Cobb, of course. This is merely another way of saying that Earl Coombs has become a real big-league outfielder with a great future.

Since these two young men came through you can not discourage a Yankee scout by saying that the prospect has a broken leg. In fact it may be that the Yankees have ordered their scouts to investigate and to report favorably upon all minor-league players with broken legs. The story of a broken leg anywhere in the bushes is the signal for a gathering of scouts.

The infant marvel of the last World Series was Freddie Lindstrom in his teens. Heinie Groh, the veteran third baseman and one of the greatest of the players in a pinch when a hit may mean baseball history, has a "trick knee." It goes back on him at the most inopportune times. It happened to go back on him while the Giants were going into a tough pennant race. It was then that "Childe" Lindstrom, not twenty, was sent in to do a grown man's work.

This player, who was a "mewling infant" when Walter Johnson was starting his big-league career, was one of the first batters to face Johnson. Lindstrom had no reverence for the veteran or his reputation. It must have been the sight of the baby-faced "Childe" Lindstrom that unnerved Johnson for the first part of that series. Lindstrom arrived in the big league with a bang.

There is another new face with the Giants this year. He is not exactly a youth, but he is an established big leaguer and will remain one for some time. The experience of Walker is unique. He is the essence of the modern business man among the players.

Mr. Walker was up in the big top, as they say, before, but he was not very highly regarded. It looked as though he would see a lot of baseball games from the bench, but that he would not take any active part in any. This chafed the ambitious young man. He bought his way out at a nominal sum and retired to Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

There he became manager of the Rocky Mount Baseball Club, where he had plenty of active baseball. Reports of his achievements in that section brought scouts. The scouts reported enthusiastically on Mr.

The infant marvel of the last World Series was Freddie Lindstrom





NEVSTONE
 Connie Mack paid \$50,000 for this young catcher, Gordon Cochrane. The Cubs are highly satisfied with the acquisition of John Brooks (right), new center fielder



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL



Another youngster of Connie Mack: Sam Gray (below), a very effective pitcher who has hurled himself into the lime-light within a year or more

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Walker. The Giants sent in a bid for him. The reply came demanding a higher sum. It was signed by Walker himself. Walker was his own owner, you see, and he did not place any low valuation upon himself. So Mr. Walker sold himself to the Giants and is a recognized big-leaguer drawing a big-leaguer's pay. Mr. Walker's faith in himself and his ability combined with his business acumen made him an asset not only to the Giants but to himself.

All of the new faces are not those of children exactly. I noted last spring among the new members of the Phillies gathered in by Art Fletcher the name of Nelson Hawks, first baseman. The name seemed familiar. Then I remembered.

In a certain company of a certain regiment in which I served in the Spanish War and in the Philippine Insurrection the first sergeant happened to be Bud Hawks, one of three brothers in the same company, all of them sergeants. Arriving in San Francisco after more than a year and a half of sojourning in the tropics, Sergeant Bud Hawks introduced his baby son, Nelson Hawks, to the company.

"He is going to be a baseball player," the first sergeant announced with much positiveness. Art Fletcher, manager of the Phillies and the baseball averages, will testify to the fact that Nelson Hawks has become a baseball player. Which proves that you can not fool a good first sergeant in sizing up men even when they are at a very early age.

THERE are new faces in all of the big-league clubs and new major-league players fresh, or almost fresh, from the minors. Besides Gordon Cochrane, the McGillicuddy of the restored confidence has Sam Gray, a youthful but very effective pitcher, who has hurled himself right into prominence within a year or more. The Boston Nationals are highly pleased with a center fielder who was a stranger to the big leagues until this season. He is Dave Harris, the Sheriff of Guilford County, North Carolina.

The Boston Americans, the once mighty Red Sox, are depending much on the right arm of a youthful pitcher named Charles Ruffling, who came from a place called Nakomis in Illinois. He is twenty years old

but promises to make Nakomis a famous place.

With the end of the bright college years the Detroit Tigers came into possession of Owen Carroll of Holy Cross, the greatest college pitcher seen in many a day. Detroit at the time had a place for a good pitcher. More will be known anon as to the adaptability of young Mr. Carroll to the big-league environment. But every scout from every club has seen Owen Carroll in action and the consensus of scout opinion was that Owen Carroll was ready to step into the box at any ball park long before they completed his education officially at his alma mater.

GEORGE SISLER of the Browns has a couple of very recently initiated big-leaguers who will tarry for quite a while. One is the right-fielder, Harry Rice. The other is Gene Robertson, a third baseman. They were up last year, but the fans and the experts felt that they were merely passing through a period of probation. Also there is Charles Flint Rhem, a pitcher who came from Rhens, South Carolina. He stands six feet two without his spikes. The Cubs are highly satisfied with the acquisition of John Brooks, center fielder of the American Association.

The ivory returns to the Brooklyn National and the Cleveland American League teams were not up to the general standard. It happens that way sometimes.

The time has come when the managers must find their players. The Yankees who found themselves in second division with this season well along were players acquired very frankly by purchase, and the price paid for the athletes was high. From Harry Frazee alone Col. Jacob Ruppert bought half a million dollars' worth of players.

Whenever a gap seemed to show on the Yankee front line, Colonel Ruppert pulled out the check-book and the magic fountain pen and replacements were found from other big-league clubs. It was all in the game, for professional baseball is a business as well as a sport. The rules did not bar buying and selling and trading and haggling and bartering. Some pennants were won in the open ivory market rather than on the ball-field.

But that day is past. The proof of that

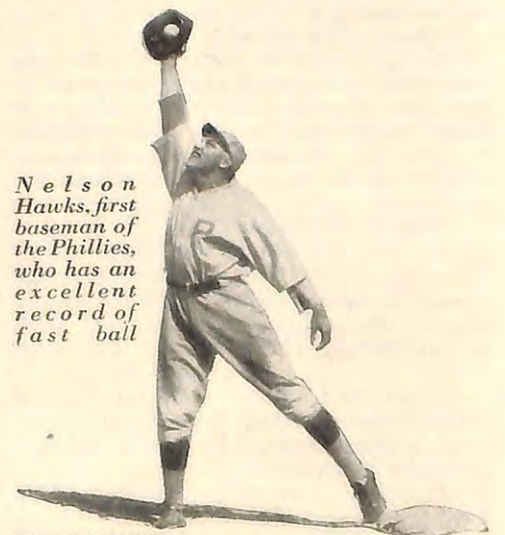
came when the late Charles H. Ebbets offered \$275,000 in cash for Rogers Hornsby of the St. Louis Cardinals. The offer was absolutely genuine, as I happened to know. But it was turned down the moment it was made. It meant the end of the buying and selling of stars or even of average finished big-league ball-players. The owners and the managers were forced to turn their eyes to the minors, the colleges and the lots. Many a future pennant will have been won by the scouts.

The three great ones, Cobb, Johnson and Speaker can not go on forever. Every year for many past the lugubrious ones have sent them into the slipped pantaloons. It has not happened, but it will happen. They have long passed the allotted or average age for active participation in the national pastime.

Others not so long in active service are passing, and there is a constant demand for replacements. When the great three go they can not be replaced by trade or by purchase. They must be in the making now and others are yet to be made.

This situation changes the attitude toward the recruits called to the training camps for their first inspection. The atmosphere of the training camp used to be cynical and

(Continued on page 64)



Nelson Hawks, first baseman of the Phillies, who has an excellent record of fast ball

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

The Iron Chalice

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Donald Teague

CHAPTER XXV

DAN WATKINS, junior partner of the real estate firm of Starr & Watkins, walked into the private office of his associate and seated himself on the desk.

"Arthur," he grinned, "I think I have made a damned fool of myself."

"Simple task. Suppose you explain the exact method you employed this time."

"I shall put it brutally, Arthur—so that you may counter right on the point of the jaw. I have just employed a young man as salesman on a commission basis. He has never in his life sold real estate; he knows absolutely nothing about it. And I not only gave him a job, but I assigned him to the Forest Grove stuff. No—wait a minute before you explode and mess up the whole office; I started him off on a five-per-cent. commission."

Arthur Starr's feet settled flat on the floor. He folded his hands across a corporation of decided proportions and withered his partner with a glance.

"And just why," he queried caustically, "did you perform this colossally idiotic feat?"

"Because," answered Watkins seriously, "I have a hunch I'm right. Joking aside, Arthur—there was something about this chap I couldn't resist. He's a fine looking fellow, obviously a gentleman—and educated. He was well dressed, immaculately groomed. But—while I'm a practical and prosaic business man—I saw tragedy in his eyes, and a feverish earnestness which amounted to—well, it didn't seem entirely human."

"A nut. At five per cent. . . ." But Starr was keenly interested; his jocularly cloaked a genuine respect for his partner's hunches.

"This man will be a winner," postulated Watkins. "I haven't a doubt of it. I want you to meet him."

"What is his name?"

"Beckwith. Alan Beckwith. He was here when I arrived this morning, and I've been closeted with him ever since. He grasps things readily and has the knack of getting to essentials. He has gone out now to buy a little car to carry his prospective customers in."

"Then he isn't broke?"

"Far from it. In fact, he declined an advance which I was silly enough to offer, and refused a regular salary. Perhaps that is why I offered him a flat five per cent. as against the three we pay our sales force."

Arthur Starr grinned. "Next thing I know," he chuckled, "you'll offer this freak a partnership. He seems to have hypnotized you."

"Frankly," answered Watkins. "He has."

Perhaps it was that hidden something

"It seems to me you're taking an absurd chance, Webb. North has just informed me that I'll be dead in two weeks at the most." "You'll be dead in two minutes at the most."

blazing through which marked Alan for success from the start. It was a quality which Dan Watkins never did explain satisfactorily, even to himself; and one which Arthur Starr derided—and admitted.

There was something about him—an intensity, a passionate earnestness—which caused business men, habitually brusque, to listen to him. Alan selected his prospects badly and at random: he canvassed big office buildings—and time after time he came in contact with men who had no reason whatsoever to be interested in Forest Grove lots. There were men who already owned their own homes—

"And certainly you wouldn't suggest, Mr. Beckwith, that these lots are a sound investment."

"Certainly not, sir. If you are not interested in building a home, I think I'd better not take any more of your time."

And there were men who loathed agents of all sorts and took a cruel delight in torturing them. These men usually started in that way with Alan, but there was a subtle something in his quiet purposeful manner which forbade curtneess: it was as though this particular sale must be negotiated . . . the man to whom he talked often terminated the interview with a queer feeling that he had become involved in an affair of genuine moment.

Of course, Alan never explained; never obtruded the personal element. He came to his customers as a salesman inspired with a firm belief in the value of what he strove to sell, and his harum-scarum, unorthodox manner of selecting prospects bore amazingly ripe fruit.

At the office they marveled as sale after sale was negotiated. In the first three months of Alan's employment he averaged two sales a week.

"The man is crazy," snorted Arthur Starr. "He picks 'em out of thin air and lands

'em. Look at some of these names—the hardest boiled babies in town—and Beckwith has their John Hancocks on contracts. Good as gold. I never would have sent a salesman near any of 'em. He's a wonder."

"Didn't I tell you?"

"Oh! you and your damned hunches. If you'd ever miss out once, I'd think you were human. What I'd like to know is—how does he do it?"

"With his eyes."

"Bah! You talk like he was a flapper. Who ever heard of a man selling lots with his eyes?"

"Don't they haunt you, Arthur?"

"Well, what if they do? I'm in the real estate game, ain't I? And I see him every day. No, it ain't the eyes, Dan—it's something a darned sight more elusive than that: there's something eating at Beckwith's heart. He's doing more than selling lots and making money—a darned sight more. I'm telling you! I don't know what it is, but it gives me the creeps—and makes me want to help him."

"You couldn't do the firm a bigger favor. Whatever this mysterious power—it's bringing results. Forest Grove is going over like a million dollars. I'm figuring already on extending it south a couple of blocks."

Starr's eyes narrowed. "D'yuh reckon he'll stay with us?"





"What do you mean?"

"The other realtors in this burg ain't stone blind. They've got their eyes on him: he's pretty much of a freak. He'll get offers."

"Alan Beckwith," said Watkins firmly, "is loyal."

"Yeh . . . and he ain't doing so worse, either. Rate he's going, his first year's income will be around twenty thousand dollars!"

"It's wonderful, all right."

BUT at that very moment Alan and Beverly were poring over sheets of paper which were covered with figures.

"It isn't going to be enough, Beverly. I've worked the best months of the year. April, May and June—the marriage months, the home-instinct months . . . and while twenty thousand a year seems pretty wonderful, it doesn't help very much under these circumstances."

Her hand dropped on his arm. "We've got to go right on, Alan. You've found yourself. You've learned what you can do. You've added another reason for living. Perhaps you have already used up the best selling season, but then you've learned a lot about it: you're a veteran now . . . and you've got to do better and better and better."

"I'll have to do better to continue the

twenty-thousand-dollar pace, dear. That will mean ten thousand to add to the twelve thousand we started with—after we've deducted living expenses. A total of twenty thousand won't look like much to Andrew North: he has already invested at least five thousand more than that."

"But if he sees a certainty of eventual repayment . . . ?"

"There's a chance, of course. I don't know—meanwhile, I'll just keep working and hoping and trying to accomplish the impossible. It's a queer thing, Beverly—if I had to go to-morrow, I could say 'Well, it is cheap at the price.' This nine months has brought a great deal into my life: you and our love and confidence in myself . . . trouble and worry have only keened my appreciation of the finer things. That's the way I'm looking at it now, dear; it has made me over and if my life is to be declared forfeit as the result—then it has not been worthless. And also, dear, I'll leave you well taken care of. . . ."

"Don't." She covered her face with her hands. "When you talk about—that—I forget that I am trying to be strong and to fight shoulder-to-shoulder with you; I forget everything save the horror of it, and I feel weak and want to cry."

"You're a little wonder, sweetheart. You've made me want to do all this . . . but isn't it silly, dear, for you to continue

working? Stenographer at twenty dollars a week!"

"That is twenty dollars, Alan."

"Yes, but the drudgery. My four hundred dollars a week average is a mere drop in the bucket: your twenty isn't worth making a slave of yourself. Believe me, dear, if it was of material benefit I'd say go ahead—"

"And I shall go ahead, Alan. If I were not doing something—no matter how pitifully little—I would go crazy. Four months from now . . . God! four months is a short time."

"A miracle might happen. I have hopes that when I go to North and show him what I've done and what I shall probably be able to do in the future—"

"North will not budge." Her tone was flat. "You realize that—don't you?"

And Alan, in perfect honesty, nodded.

"I'm afraid I do, Beverly."

CHAPTER XXVI

THERE was at least one other person who displayed a keen personal interest in Alan's success.

Squint Scoggins was worried and bewildered. For months now he had been following Alan's bewildering comings and goings with profound earnestness and not a little physical discomfort. Squint had come



to know every street and land and blade of grass in the beautiful Forest Grove subdivision. He hated it with enormous intensity. The more he saw of Forest Grove, the better the tenement district of the city looked to his weary eyes. And finally, in August, he insisted on discussing matters with his friend and prospective victim.

"Mr. Beckwith," he asked plaintively, "what's the big idea?"

"Of what, Squint?"

"All this runnin' around an' sellin' lots an' all."

ALAN smiled. "I'm a working man, Squint."

"Work! You! Holy Mother! it's me who's workin'. Honest, there's two or three times I almost quit me job, what with the chase you been leadin' me. Say, I bet Andrew North didn't suspect nothing about what you was goin' to do when he set one man to follow you around. Way you been gaddin' it's work enough for the city detective force."

"It has been rather tough on you. But it's necessary. I'm trying to earn money—and earn it fast."

"For what?" demanded Mr. Scoggins suspiciously.

Mae half ran into the living-room . . . terror shown from her eyes "Johnny!" she gasped. "Where has Johnny gone?"

"Frankly, Squint—because I would like very much to live."

"Aw say . . . You never told me nothin' like that before."

"I fancied you would take it for granted."

"Good Gosh! But shuh! how you reckon to raise a hundred thousand in just a few months sellin' lots that ain't even got houses on 'em."

"I don't expect to. But I can try."

"How you makin' out?"

"Wonderfully—but not miraculously. Only a miracle can save me."

"You mean you're gonna lose out?"

"Probably."

"And if you do?"

"You know more about that than I do, Squint. What Mr. North has told you—"

"Well," explained Scoggins painstakingly—"I don't wish you no hard luck, see; and I like you fine . . . but I got my career to think of, too; and it seemed that I was to get my big chance when it was time for you to hit the chutes. Not that I'd like

it, see; but I says to myself that if you're gonna get bumped off, why it might as well be me that does it as anybody else. Now don't get me wrong: I and Ellen would be awfully sad about it, and we'd most likely send a real swell set piece to the funeral—and if there was any way you could fix it so as not to cash in why there wouldn't nobody be no happier than us . . . but if somebody gets the gravy when your time comes—well, Mr. Beckwith, I sort of feel I've earned it."

Alan was grinning broadly. "You certainly have, Squint. And while you wish me all success you hope that North will not delegate the task of demising me to any one else, eh?"

"Uh-huh. You got me. Which is why I'm trying to get the low-down on how you are making out. If you're fixing to stay alive . . . well, I ask you; what use in the world is a gunman with nobody to practice on?"

"Like a rose with no one to enjoy its aroma. You're in a sad situation, Squint; but I think things will work out all right from your standpoint. You've earned the privilege, and I shall personally ask North that you be given the job."

"Say! that's awful white of you, Mr.

Beckwith. You see, I ain't never killed a feller, and I think North kind of doubts whether I'd have the guts. Because the only time I ever got a chance; well, I didn't do nothing more than crease that bimbo and the cops most got me. The word was passed around that I was a damned bungler."

"I see. And you seek opportunity to prove that the criticism was unjust?"

"That's it. You got me fine. Now I'm wishing you all the luck in the world, see; and I hope you don't have to croak—but if you do, Mr. Beckwith—" and Squint's voice took on a pleading note—"If you do, I hope you won't be forgetting your old friend, Squint."

"I sha'n't. That's a promise."

"Shake, Mr. Beckwith. And any time I can do you any little favors—"

"I'll call on you sure."

The little man seemed vastly relieved at the promise that he was not to be robbed of the fruit of his labors. And Alan went grimly on in his battle against the apparently insurmountable odds.

Time was growing short. The last hot blast of August had been chilled by the cool breath of early September. Business men were returning from their vacations, but lot-buying in Forest Grove was not progressing sensationally.

At that Alan was the freak of the local real estate world. Even through the scorching months of summer he had averaged two lots a week; an achievement colossal and almost unbelievable. He had lost flesh and his face was deeply lined. He worked from early morning until long after dark, labored without diminution of his magnificent, desperate energy.

MEN continued to give him ear—men who could not possibly become interested in Forest Grove building lots; men who already owned their own homes; men who could not afford to build. Alan retained that passionate earnestness which forbade brusqueness . . . and day after day he sold lots to men who afterwards wondered why they had bought.

But it was a losing, hopeless fight, and Alan knew it. The Specter was closer now, and the days were sweeping on inexorably. Beverly, too, seemed haggard, and recently they had not dared to touch upon the tragedy which was casting its shadow over their little apartment.

It was too late now for the miracle. Alan struggled gamely to make a showing which North could not ignore; he labored to convince North that it would not be a bad investment for him to collect his hundred thousand dollars over a period of years. If he could go to him with twenty thousand dollars in cash and a fair assurance of the future . . . he yet believed that North must have some of the milk of human kindness in his make-up. It was inconceivable that the man was as hopelessly cold-blooded as he seemed.

And there were others, too, who were watching the fight and praying for Alan's success. There was Mae Deshler. . . . Mae had lost a good deal of her vaunted pep; life was assuming a seriousness which did not sit becomingly upon Mae's lavish shoulders.

And Johnny Ames. Johnny had taken on years recently. His eyes showed the strain . . . and always when he returned from his liquor-running trips, his first query was of his brother-in-law's success. The results, amazing as they would have

appeared under normal conditions, were depressing in view of the impossibility of the task which Alan faced. And then one night Johnny and Mae came together to the apartment. The gay little calendar on Beverly's desk showed the sixteenth of September. Two weeks more, and then—

"Alan," opened Johnny abruptly. "You ain't got a chance, have you?"

"Of the hundred thousand? No."

"Or of convincing Andrew North?"

"There's a chance there, of course."

"Hell! Not with that bird. Now Mae and me have been talking, and we want to ask you a few questions."

"Very well."

"Suppose—" Johnny leaned forward and spoke with painstaking slowness. "Suppose North says nothing doing—which is just what he will say: what then?"

"You know."

"You mean you're going through with it?"

"Yes."

Johnny slammed one fist into the other. "It's a damned shame. You're a sucker—"

"I can't very well help it, can I?"

"Sure you can. If you mean Squint Scoggins and the rest of North's gang—well, I reckon in a city this size a bird can always get away from them. Now listen: I and Mae want you to beat it; clear out; go!"

"And if I should, Johnny—what will happen to you?"

He flushed. "We ain't talking about that."

"We most certainly are talking about it. It is very important right now."

"I guess I can take care of myself—"

"Not against North."

"Aw! the devil. . . . You ain't got no business being mixed up in a mess like this anyway, Alan. You're a different sort, and Sis is crazy about you—and you about her. What right have I got staying alive at the expense of your hide? It's a dirty, rotten shame—"

"You mean, Johnny, that you are willing to sacrifice your own life for my sake?"

"Hell, no! It's for Bev."



"I like you fine," explained Scoggins painstakingly, "but I got my career to think of, too"

A queer feeling suffused Alan. His big eyes rested on the youthful face of his wife's brother: nothing massive there, nothing magnificently heroic . . . yet—he turned to Mae Deshler.

"It's a ridiculous offer, isn't it, Mae?"

The big blonde girl did not reply immediately. And when she did her voice came with difficulty; her tone rather harsh—as though she spoke with great physical effort:

"Johnny and I have talked this over, Alan. He ain't offering to do a thing that it ain't up to him to offer."

"And you are willing?"

Tears coursed down her cheeks—"It's the only decent thing," she said simply. "And I guess I got a right to want my man to do what's decent."

CHAPTER XXVII

ALAN BECKWITH shoved his chair back from the table. Papers were strewn about, a mass of figures. "There it is, Mr. North—the whole business. Every deal I have negotiated, every sale I have made, is attested by my employers. They prophesy a great future for me."

"They are evidently ignorant of conditions." North's voice was flat and hostile. It fell dead in the big living-room of his apartment.

"Probably. At any rate, you can see for yourself—"

"What? That, spurred by desperation, you have achieved a very extraordinary success for a young man. What guarantee is there that this would continue if you were granted a reprieve?"

"My word, sir."

"You gave me your word that you would go through with this contract."

"I have every intention of doing so." Alan spoke with quiet dignity. "And if that is all you care to say—"

"It is quite all. You have annoyed me a great deal. I fancied I had made it quite clear, Beckwith, that I am not interested in you or your personal troubles. You entered into an agreement with me; you did it of your own free will and against my advice. I have no intention whatsoever of gambling on futures with you."

Alan matched the exterior chill of the man. He rearranged his papers—the pitiful papers upon which he and Beverly had expended so much heart-breaking effort; the papers with their record of his amazing achievements in the business world . . .

the papers which were papers to Andrew North. That and nothing more.

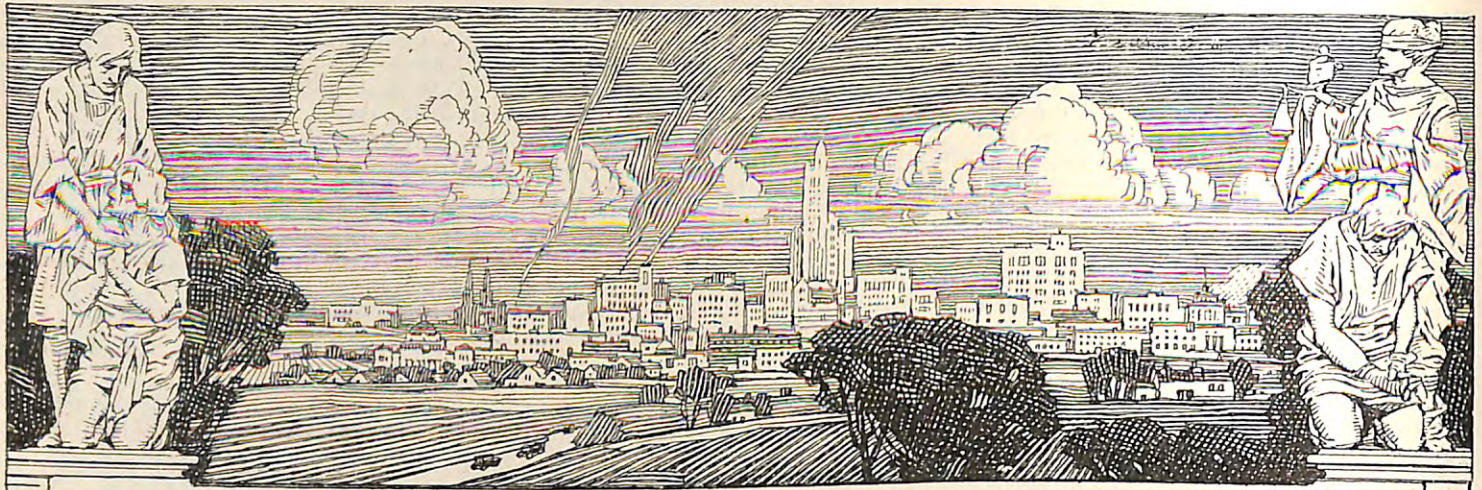
But if Alan's outward calmness equaled North's—he was experiencing an internal seethe which was quite different. The man was unnecessarily brutal. The fact that he was right did not mitigate his inhuman frugidity. He had listened patiently enough, with never the suggestion of a smile upon those lips which were reputed never to smile; without so much as a hint of real interest in the opaque eyes.

It had been patent from the first that North was bored, and now he did not hesitate to say so—

"You have been a great deal of bother to me, Beckwith; far more than I anticipated. I trust that this will be the last time."

"It will, Mr. North. You may rest assured of that."

(Continued on page 54)



Decorations by Franklin Booth

EDITORIAL

THE ELKS MAGAZINE tenders to retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Price its hearty congratulations upon his admirable administration of the affairs of the Order during the past year. And in doing so it is performing no mere perfunctory obligation of formal courtesy, but giving expression to a sentiment of sincere appreciation which is shared by the Order's entire membership.

No predecessor in the office has been more self-sacrificing in the performance of its exacting duties. He has set a new record in the official visitations to subordinate lodges, a service, which, however pleasant it may be, requires larger sacrifice of private interest than any other incident to the office. And by his dignity and forceful eloquence, by his example of loyalty and devotion to the principles of the Order, he has inspired the membership to renewed zeal and enthusiasm.

In becoming the junior Past Grand Exalted Ruler, he may well feel conscious that he has not only served the Order with distinguished ability, reflecting credit upon the Order and himself alike, but he has won for himself the affectionate regard of all its members with whom he has come in contact.

His official associates have most ably sustained their Chieftain with a loyalty and eager readiness to serve that has maintained the high standards of the past. Their efficiency is written into the records of the Grand Lodge Session at Portland. Their reward is the assurance of the sincere appreciation of a grateful membership.

To the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its cordial felicitations upon the honor which he has so worthily achieved and which was so graciously bestowed.

Brother Atwell is a man of scholarly attainments and broad culture. He is a distinguished lawyer and jurist. But above all he is a loyal Elk whose devotion to the Order has been exemplified by his consistent observance of its fraternal precepts. He has been an active participant in Grand Lodge sessions for many years and has rendered outstanding service as a member of the important Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

His charming personality and never failing courtesy will assuredly enlarge the already

extended circle of his admirers and devotedly affectionate friends throughout the Order. And his unusual equipment, together with his enthusiasm for the Order and all for which it stands, assure an administration that will lead the Order to loftier heights of achievement. To this end THE ELKS MAGAZINE bespeaks for our new Chieftain the loyal cooperation of every member of the Order, and pledges to him its own endeavors to render every possible assistance.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE

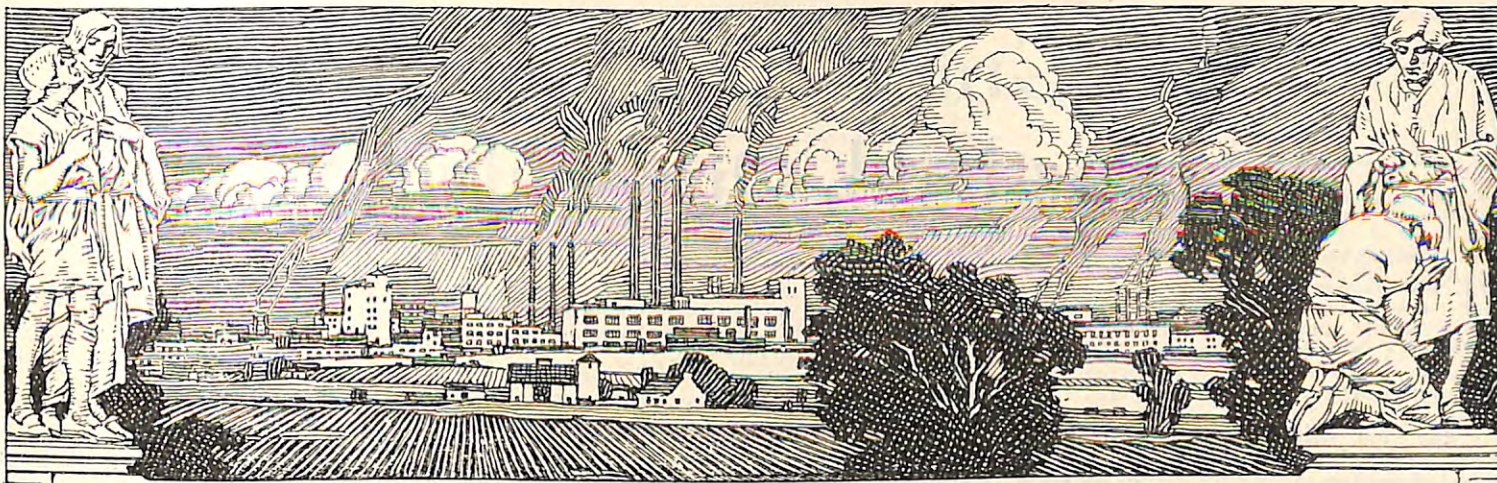
UNDER Grand Lodge statutes there are alternative methods provided for the management and control of the club houses maintained by the subordinate lodges. Perhaps in the larger number of instances the incident duties and responsibilities are conferred upon a House Committee. Indeed, whatever the particular method adopted, the persons so commissioned, as to that special service, are in reality a House Committee.

This is just a word of appreciation and commendation of the loyal Elks, all over the country, who undertake, and for the most part efficiently perform, the exacting duties of club house management.

There are no officials of the lodge whose activities are more variant, who are required to solve more problems, and the performance of whose duties calls for more diplomacy and tact. They are largely responsible for the good order and decorum on the premises; they decide when and for what purpose the club house may be used by others; the rules and regulations governing the club privileges are administered by them.

It is obvious that the House Committee are the natural recipients of complaints and protests against restrictions that some individuals find irksome, or against rules which they deem unnecessary. It is but human to complain of what causes personal annoyance or inconvenience. It is just as human to take for granted, without comment, what affords and insures comfort and pleasure. The House Committee, therefore, hear much more of complaint than they do of praise, however well they may perform their difficult tasks.

On behalf of the great body of grateful, but silent, members who are the beneficiaries of their unselfish labors, this tribute is offered, as a



sincere expression of fraternal appreciation of the splendid service that is being rendered by those who hold what has been rightly termed, "the most thankless job in the whole Order."

It would serve another most useful purpose if it should prompt a more frequent expression of appreciation on the part of individuals.

MEMBERSHIP FIGURES

LET not those who have learned, from the official reports to the Grand Lodge at Portland, of the failure to secure the increase in membership sought for, feel any concern over the stability of the Order, nor over the continued growth of its prestige and power among the people of our country. There is no occasion for concern; there is little occasion for surprise.

It was hoped by some that there would be a marked increase in membership. But it was frankly anticipated by many thoughtful Elks, familiar with conditions, that there would be a substantial decrease. The actual result, showing but little difference, should be entirely satisfactory to all except those who overestimate the value of mere statistical numbers.

For several years succeeding the World War the growth of the Order was phenomenal. It was abnormal in that the increase was made up, for the most part, of large classes which were initiated upon special occasions arranged with a view to attracting public, as well as fraternal, attention. It was inevitable that many were attracted by the pageantry and display of these occasions, by the impulse of the moment to "follow the crowd."

It is natural that of those thus attracted to membership, rather than by a serious desire to have a share in the great service the Order is rendering to country and to humanity, a large percentage would soon drop out, because of lack of interest. And for several years past losses from this class of members have been very heavy. It is a marked evidence of the Order's appeal to right-thinking, earnest, American citizenship, that, even in the face of these losses, the membership has substantially increased.

During the past year a new cause has operated to increase the number of those dropped from the rolls. The assessments levied by the Grand Lodge against individual members has been chargeable against the subordinate lodges as collection agents. Where the individuals have been delinquent in paying the assessments, the

lodges have been prompt to drop them from the rolls so as to escape the drain upon the lodge treasuries.

And this has been a very proper course. A member who is unwilling to pay his dues, both to the subordinate lodge and the Grand Lodge, is not only financial dead timber, but he lacks that interest in the Order essential in a true Elk who really contributes something to the strength of the Order.

It may be well to repeat here what has been stated before in these columns: The power and prestige of the Order is measured by the interested activity, the loyalty and earnestness of its membership, not by the mere numbers carried on the rolls.

The records submitted at Portland, showing the splendid accomplishments of the Order during the past year, are convincing proof that the Order is vigorous, alert and effective in performing the services to which it is dedicated. The matter of a small difference in membership is of little moment.

A RECOGNIZED PATRIOTIC AGENCY

THE Order of Elks has received another gratifying evidence of the high regard in which it is held by our government as a practical patriotic agency. It was the official request of the Secretary of the Navy that the Order should lend its active support to the movement to restore the historic old U. S. S. *Constitution*.

The plan of raising the needed funds from the school children of the country, as a lesson in patriotic service, directed the governmental attention to the Elks; for as the Secretary stated: "The B. P. O. E. has a great record for the welfare of the youth of our country." And it was felt that the local contacts through the subordinate lodges peculiarly fitted it to take a leading part in this patriotic campaign.

The request from so high an official of the government was a tribute to the Order's patriotism of which it may well be proud. And it is gratifying to know that the Grand Exalted Ruler very promptly responded, pledging every possible assistance the Order could render.

It is another demonstration of the real value of our Order as a practical, usable, patriotic agency; and of its ever-ready willingness to respond to every proper call made in behalf of truly patriotic service.

The Grand Lodge Meeting At Portland, Ore., July, 1925

Portland, Ore., July 17th, by telegraph

THE sixty-first Grand Lodge Convention held at Portland, Oregon, from July 13th to July 16th, 1925, was one of the most successful, productive and enjoyable sessions in the history of the Order. Every one in this active city, which had been gaily decorated in Elk colors, seemed determined that no wish of its twenty-five thousand visitors should be unfulfilled. Non-Elks as well as members of Portland Lodge outdid themselves in the effort to provide every possible form of entertainment, hospitality and convenience for the benefit of their guests. Automobiles were put freely at the disposal of officials and lay members alike and from the time of the arrival of the first delegations to the final dispersal of the visiting thousands every hour of every day was enjoyably programmed. For the comprehensive and efficiently managed schedule of entertainment the thanks and appreciation of the entire Order should be given the officers and members of Portland Lodge and its energetic Convention Committee, to the city officials and the citizens of Portland. It is impossible in this telegraphic summary to mention names of all the various convention committeemen, nor to do justice to the work they accomplished under direction of Past Exalted Rulers Joseph F. Riesch and Charles C. Bradley, Exalted Ruler Milton R. Klepper and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Barnett H. Goldstein, all of Portland Lodge No. 142. In the September issue the social side of the Convention will be fully covered and further credit given where credit is due. This article is necessarily a mere summarized report of the major happenings of the Grand Lodge Reunion.

The 1925 Portland Grand Lodge Convention was officially opened on Monday evening, July 13th, at the public session given in the beautiful municipal auditorium, Chairman Joseph F. Riesch of the 1925 Grand Lodge Convention Committee presiding. Features of the program were organ solos, singing and other musical numbers. Chairman Riesch delivered the opening address. Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart pronounced the invocation. Exalted Ruler Klepper of Portland gave an address of welcome on behalf of his Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Ben S. Fisher, President of the Oregon State Elks Association, made a welcoming address on behalf of that body. Hon. George L. Baker, Mayor, spoke on behalf of the State of Oregon, the City of Portland and the West in general. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price delivered a response and was accorded a rousing ovation.

The first business session of the 1925 Grand Lodge Convention was called to order at ten o'clock, Tuesday, July 14th, by Grand Exalted Ruler Price in the auditorium. There were present, according to the final figure of the Committee on Credentials, 13 Past Grand Exalted Rulers, 20 Grand Lodge officers, 24 Grand Lodge committeemen, 104 District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, 769 representatives, 119 alternates and 329 Grand Lodge members, making a total attendance of 1,378.

After the formal opening of the Grand Lodge came the adoption of the minutes of the Boston meeting in 1924, following which annual reports of the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officers, committees and commissions were filed and distributed. Most of these reports, in full or in part, are published in this issue.

Grand Exalted Ruler Price in speaking briefly of his report called the attention of the Grand Lodge to that portion of it dealing with his recommendation regarding the enlargement of the Elks National Home. He also urged that subordinate lodges in seeking new members give first thought to the factor of quality rather than quantity of membership. "The measure of usefulness of any Lodge," he said, "is determined by the quality of its membership."

The Grand Exalted Ruler appointed Past

Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Fred Harper and J. Edgar Masters to serve as the Memorial Service Committee. The Grand Lodge fixed the time of the services for eleven o'clock Wednesday morning, July 15th.

In accordance with Elk law the outgoing Grand Exalted Ruler nominated a new Justice of the Grand Forum to serve a five-year term. Mr. Price nominated Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1 and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. The motion to approve and confirm this appointment, made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, was unanimously carried.

Next came the reading of the preliminary budget by Chairman John Halpin of the Board of Grand Trustees. Following this a telegram was read by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin conveying to the Grand Lodge and to the Lodges of California the thanks of Santa Barbara Lodge No. 613 for the aid extended by them to that Lodge and to the city subsequent to the wrecking of both by earthquake. An acknowledgment of the telegram was sent at the direction of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The next order of business was the election of officers for 1925 to 1926. In an eloquent address which will be published in our next issue, Past Exalted Ruler Mike T. Lively of Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71, placed in nomination for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler the name of Hon. William Hawley Atwell, three times Exalted Ruler of Dallas Lodge, and at present United States Judge for the Northern District of Texas. Seconding the nomination, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan of New Orleans Lodge No. 30 emphasized the important service rendered by Judge Atwell to his Lodge, his town, his state and pointed out his familiarity with Grand Lodge activities and achievements. The election of Judge Atwell was unanimous and tremendously popular. His speech of acceptance, which is published in this issue, brought his listeners to their feet several times and was cheered to the echo.

Other Grand Lodge officers elected, all unanimously, were as follows:

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Dr. Carroll Smith of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge No. 9
Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge No. 924
Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Walter F. Meier of Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92
Grand Secretary, Fred C. Robinson of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge No. 297 (re-elected)
Grand Treasurer, John K. Burch of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge No. 48 (re-elected)
Grand Tiler, E. W. Kelley of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
Grand Inner Guard, John McW. Ford of Shreveport, La., Lodge No. 122
Grand Trustee, Clyde Jennings of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge No. 321

The election of officers over, Past Exalted Ruler Frank C. Sullivan of Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4, introduced Past Exalted Ruler William J. Sinek, who formally invited the Grand Lodge to make that city the Grand Lodge meeting-place for next year. "Chicago," said Mr. Sinek, "is not only advantageously situated and equipped for Convention purposes, but the fact that the Headquarters Building there is to be dedicated next July makes it a particularly appropriate city for the Grand Lodge Reunion, as the dedication can then be made one of the important features of the Convention." Speaking also in favor of Chicago, Hon. Martin J. O'Brien, its City Comptroller and personal representative of Mayor William E. Dever, pledged the cooperation of the city in helping to make the Convention a success, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell extended a welcome in behalf of the subordinate lodges of Illinois. The invita-

tion of Chicago Lodge to hold the 1926 Convention there was unanimously accepted by the Grand Lodge.

In order that the changes in the rituals might be fully explained and exemplified before the Grand Lodge by the Committee on Social and Community Welfare, to which they had been entrusted for revision, last year in Boston, explanations were made a special order of business for Tuesday afternoon and evening. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan of New Orleans Lodge, Chairman of the Committee, began the afternoon session by calling attention to the great importance of social and community welfare work in the development and growth of subordinate lodges and called the attention of the Grand Lodge to the printed report of his Committee which is summarized in this issue of your Magazine. He pointed out the benefits that come to every Lodge which is really active in the work, and to help stimulate such activity introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Be it resolved that representatives of subordinate lodges in attendance at this Convention make it their duty to report to their Lodges the activities of this Committee, and to call specially to the attention of the subordinate lodge Committees on Social and Community Welfare the printed report of this Committee and to file a copy of same with each subordinate lodge; and particularly to call attention to that section of the report which contains a digest of the work done by the subordinate lodges of the Order, reporting their activities to this Committee, and be it further resolved that it is hereby made the duty of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers on the occasion of their official visits to the Lodges within their districts, to inquire whether the representative of the subordinate lodge to this Grand Lodge Convention has made a full and complete report to his Lodge of the activities and operations of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee; that it is also made the duty of the District Deputies to report their findings in this regard to the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee; that the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers shall further inquire and see that the Exalted Ruler of each subordinate lodge in their districts have appointed Social and Community Welfare Committees for all the Lodges and that these Committees in truth and fact are functioning."

Other resolutions introduced by Chairman Sullivan and adopted by the Grand Lodge were:

"Be it resolved that the work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee shall be conducted with all of the energy and enthusiasm that can be mustered into the service to humanity, and be it further resolved that to this end the Social and Community Welfare Committee be continued and that adequate appropriation shall be made by this Grand Lodge to permit the Committee to carry on its work efficiently and effectively."

"**BE IT** resolved that the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee have a membership of five, one of whom shall be the Chairman, which Chairman shall be appointed by the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler before the adjournment of this Grand Lodge, so that the work of the Committee may be carried on uninterruptedly pending the appointment of the full Committee, and the said Chairman so appointed is hereby authorized to that end, and be it further resolved that the said Social and Community Welfare Committee is hereby clothed with full power and authority as conferred on it at the Atlanta and Boston Conventions of 1923 and 1924."

"Be it resolved that from the Grand Lodge funds there be appropriated for the work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee for the year July 15, 1925, to July 15, 1926, the sum of \$20,000 and be it further resolved that the Grand Treasurer be and he is hereby authorized to issue a check to the Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, to be applied by the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler, as provided for in resolution heretofore adopted by this Grand Lodge, for the sum of \$5,000 for contingent expenses, so that the Committee can continue to function without loss of time."

An interesting piece of legislation was on recommendation of the Social and Community Welfare Committee enacted in the creation by the Grand Lodge of a new "Subordinate Lodge Assistance Fund," of \$15,000, to be administered and disbursed at the discretion of the Grand Exalted Ruler. This fund was created and the money applied to relieve the burden of subordinate lodges "upon which exceptional demands are made, for the assistance of the members of other Lodges." It is the result of the request of the Minnesota State Elks Association in Boston last July and renewed this year for assistance in carrying on welfare work among the Elks who go to Rochester, Minn., from all parts of the country for medical treatment in hospitals and clinics there. Through the new Subordinate Lodge Assistance Fund, lodges may receive assistance in carrying on work of this kind, provided the Grand Exalted Ruler, after investigation of their requests, decides help should be given.

A resolution proposed by Ogden, Utah, Lodge No. 719 and endorsed by the Utah State Elks Association relative to the endorsement, by the Grand Lodge, of a campaign to assist in the national movement to save forests by preventing fires, was adopted.

Two other resolutions, introduced by Col. Sullivan as Chairman of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare, dealing with the printing of the rituals of special services as revised by the Committee, were both adopted.

THE rituals changed in minor details were the memorial services, tablet service, dedication of a home and of an Elks Rest, laying the cornerstone of a public building, funeral services at Lodge and Home. The changes in the foregoing rituals were explained by Lloyd R. Maxwell, Hon. Murray Hulbert, Hon. John C. Karel, all of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare, and by Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips of New York Lodge and W. C. Robertson of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44. The revised ritual for announcing the death of a Brother was exemplified by Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain and Exalted Ruler Abe Abrahamsen and Secretary Phineas Moses of New Orleans Lodge. On Tuesday evening the new ritual for the dedication of a public building was exemplified under the direction of Judge John C. Karel of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46. The revised Mother's Day ritual was exemplified under the direction of Past Exalted Ruler William J. Sinek of Chicago Lodge, and the revised Flag Day ritual was exemplified under the direction of Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect William Hawley Atwell. The new ritual and the revisions of the old ones were accepted, subject to slight further changes, by the Grand Lodge.

The Wednesday morning session of the Grand Lodge was opened by the submission of the report by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills of Superior, Wis., Lodge No. 403 on the Memorial to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manly Allen. The Committee asked for more time to consider the question of a suitable memorial. The report was approved.

Dr. Howard B. Kirtland of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge No. 322 then submitted the report of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, of which he is Chairman. The report recommended that the Presidents of State Associations be included in the Annual District Deputy Conference called by the Grand Exalted Ruler, urged a unification of State Association activities, told of the good accomplished by such organizations and recommended that those States not having associations form them now. The report was approved.

Bernard E. Carbin of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee presented its report which dealt with the matter of Grand Lodge finances and the financial reports of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. The report stated that the Committee had examined the books and the audits of the Commission, had found them accurate and commended the system of accounting in use.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson of Boston, Mass., spoke regarding the "Save Old Ironsides" Fund Campaign, described more fully in this issue, and urged the Grand Lodge officers and members to give it their fullest sup-

port. He introduced the following resolution, which was adopted with great enthusiasm:

"Whereas the Government of the United States through the Secretary of the Navy recognizing the patriotic character and service of our Order and its previous contributions to the welfare of the children of our country, has requested the Grand Exalted Ruler to appeal to the subordinate lodges to organize the school children of the land for the purpose of raising the necessary funds for the restoration of the frigate *Constitution* as provided by Congress, and whereas Grand Exalted Ruler Price has pledged the Secretary of the Navy the active cooperation of the Order of Elks in the conduct of the campaign for that purpose, and has issued an appeal to the subordinate Lodges to respond to this splendid opportunity for patriotic and educational service, be it resolved that this Grand Lodge does hereby express its deep satisfaction that the Government has again found our Order an acceptable agency for practical patriotic service. That it heartily approves the prompt response made on behalf of the Order by Grand Exalted Ruler Price and endorses the appeal made by him to the members of the Order to thus cooperate with the Secretary of the Navy in the restoration of *Old Ironsides*, sacred symbol of Americanism."

Chairman William T. Phillips reported for the Leach Memorial Committee that arrangements had been completed for placing a beautiful bronze Elk on a granite pedestal on the grave of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach and that the monument would be ready for dedication in the Fall. The report was approved.

The Memorial Services, held at eleven o'clock, were presided over by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper. Lighting facilities in the auditorium contributed to the beauty and solemnity of the exercises. The Chopin Funeral March was played on the organ by Henry Wehrmann, organist of New Orleans Lodge, who gave his services on many other occasions. After the prayer by Grand Chaplain Dysart, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" was sung by the splendid quartet of Portland Lodge. Fred O. Nuetzel of Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8 sang a solo. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin delivered a beautiful eulogy of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown, in which he dwelt on those qualities of mind and heart which had endeared him to the entire Order. The Portland Elks Quartet closed the services by singing "Softly Now the Night."

Chairman John F. Malley of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary reported the following recommendations for changes in the Grand Lodge Statutes:

That Section 68 be amended to read as follows: "The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications and shall accept or reject the same by a majority vote of said Board. It may cause a supplementary physical examination to be made."

Section 116 dealing with annual elections of subordinate Lodge Officers was amended by substitution of the word plurality for the word majority in the fourth paragraph. This change means that subordinate lodge officers will be hereafter elected by plurality instead of majority vote. The effect of the change will be to eliminate much meaningless balloting.

The Committee recommended that section 73 be amended to read as follows:

"The Grand Forum shall have original jurisdiction of all actions or controversies arising between subordinate lodges and in all other matters and proceedings jurisdiction of which has not been specifically conferred upon another and different Forum. It shall have original jurisdiction of all actions or controversies arising between any member of the Order and a subordinate lodge, excepting, however, actions or controversies growing out of civil contracts unrelated to membership in the Order. It shall have appellate jurisdiction in all cases involving charges against members of subordinate lodges."

These recommendations of the Committee for changes in the Grand Lodge statutes were unanimously approved and its report accepted.

By resolution of the Committee on Judiciary adopted by the Grand Lodge the name of Balboa Lodge No. 1414 was changed to Panama Canal Zone Lodge same number.

On Wednesday afternoon Chairman John K. Tener, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, read the report of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission which appears in full in this issue. The report was unanimously approved and accepted. The following resolution

was introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills and was adopted.

"Resolved (1) That there be and is hereby appropriated from the National Headquarters Fund the sum of \$480,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary to be expended by the National Memorial Headquarters Commission for the artistic embellishment and adornment of the National Memorial Headquarters Building and grounds and the complete furnishing and equipment thereof, in accordance with the recommendations contained in the annual report of said commission submitted to the present session of the Grand Lodge. (2) That for the purpose of providing the funds necessary to meet the appropriations herein above made, the said commission is hereby authorized and directed to immediately transfer from the accumulated surplus of the National Publication Fund to the National Headquarters Fund, the sum of \$150,000, and from time to time hereafter, as such sums may be available, to transfer such additional sums from the said accumulated surplus of said National Publication Fund to the said National Headquarters Fund, as may be necessary to provide the amount appropriated herein above, not to exceed in the aggregate \$480,000."

THE report of Hon. W. H. Crum of Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158 Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee, involving no action on the part of the Grand Lodge, was approved.

The final session of the Grand Lodge Thursday morning began by the enactment of the approved changes of statutes into Grand Lodge law.

Following this came the resolutions of the Board of Grand Trustees, recommending the adoption of the annual budget, the appropriation from the general funds of \$10,000 for addition to the Home Reserve Fund to be used for future improvements at the Elks National Home. There was also a resolution commending Chairman John Halpin, retiring member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and providing for a testimonial to him. The Board also introduced the following resolution:

"Resolved, that in accordance with Section 15, Article 3, of the Constitution, and Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, there are hereby fixed and assessed upon each member of the Order as of April 1st, 1926, annual dues in the amount of \$1.35; that of the amount so fixed and assessed, one dollar for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st, shall be paid by each subordinate lodge on or before May 1st, 1926, for the expense of publishing and distributing the national journal known as THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose; and of the amount so fixed and assessed, thirty-five cents for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st, shall be paid by each subordinate lodge on or before May 1st, 1926, to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose."

These resolutions of the Board of Grand Trustees were all adopted.

A resolution was adopted fixing the time and place for the Sixty-second Grand Lodge Convention as July 12th, 1926, at Chicago. A resolution was adopted voicing appreciation of the Grand Lodge and of the Order to Portland Lodge and the people of Portland for their splendid treatment of the visitors. A resolution was introduced warmly praising the work of Grand Exalted Ruler Price and providing for a testimonial to him. In turning over the gavel to Past Grand Ruler Sullivan in charge of the installation of new officers Mr. Price thanked the Grand Lodge for the help and inspiration received from it during his year of office and paid tributes to John Halpin and Judge Henry L. Kennan, the latter retiring from the Grand Forum after fifteen years of service.

The installation of officers followed. Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell pledged himself to a campaign of economy, to visitation of small Lodges, and called attention to the duty of subordinate lodge secretaries to submit all official communications to the Lodge and to answer same promptly, stating that this requirement would be enforced. He requested all Elks to exemplify the Flag in their daily lives and to observe the laws of both the Order and the Nation. As his first official action he appointed Col. John P. Sullivan Chairman of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare for the ensuing year. The Grand Lodge then adjourned to meet again in Chicago, July 12th, 1926.

The truly magnificent parade and all other social features of Convention week will be described fully in the September ELKS MAGAZINE.

Annual Report to the Grand Lodge Of the Grand Exalted Ruler

John G. Price

COLUMBUS, OHIO,
July 13, 1925.

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge,
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

Pursuant to the provisions of the Grand Lodge law it becomes my duty at this closing hour to file with you a report covering the work of the office of Grand Exalted Ruler for the past year.

The year, one unusually pleasant, has been crowded with activities in every corner of the country covering the entire jurisdiction of the Order from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the Lakes to the Gulf. The splendid spirit of co-operation that has been manifested by the officers and members of the various lodges throughout the country has been an encouragement and an inspiration, and the travel of upwards of 50,000 miles incident to the visitations to nearly 250 lodges has been made easy and pleasant on all occasions.

At the outset I wish to express my appreciation to the officers and members of the Order for the helpful assistance without which my feeble efforts must have failed.

My travels throughout the country have brought me in touch with various of the State Associations in convention assembled, and these meetings have left an impression which justifies all of the effort that has been centered on the organization and building of State Associations.

Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer

Frequent visits to the office of the Grand Secretary at Chicago, Ill., have brought me in close contact with the work of that office. It is certain that it has been brought to a high plane of efficiency, and the Grand Secretary is fortunate indeed in being surrounded with a force of such capable, efficient and loyal associates as he has gathered together. Too much can not be said in praise of the manner in which his office is conducted.

The office of Grand Treasurer is an exacting one, and, in so far as I have been able to observe, its business has been expedited with promptness and in a most efficient manner.

Board of Grand Trustees

Frequent meetings with the Board of Grand Trustees of the Order have acquainted me with the businesslike methods which are employed in the transaction of the business of the Order. It is certain that no group of men engaged in any enterprise are more faithful to their obligations and more efficient and punctual in the discharge of their duties than the splendid men who serve as your Board of Grand Trustees. They are charged with heavy responsibilities; their judgment and discretion being called into action at all times, and I am quite sure that no service which might be bought for dollars and cents could equal that which is rendered by the members of the Board out of sheer devotion to the Order. In routine matters in which I have had dealings with the Board I have received excellent service, and in all special matters referred to them most satisfactory results have been brought about.

Without detracting in the slightest from any one, and believing that I voice the sentiments of the remaining members of the Board, I wish to express the gratitude of the Order to the retiring member, Brother John Halpin of Kansas City Lodge, who has rendered conspicuous service, and to wish for him every joy that the future may afford.

District Deputies

To the group of men selected to serve as District Deputies throughout the various districts of the Order I am indebted deeply for the assistance they have rendered in the work of

supervising the affairs of the lodges in their various districts. Perhaps no more impressive day was spent during the entire year than the one at Chicago on October 12, 1924, when nearly all of the District Deputies assembled for the purpose of receiving instructions and exchanging views as to the plans for the year's work. The entire day was spent on that particular occasion and from almost every section of the country there have been echoes of the results of that meeting as reflected by the inspiring talks that have been made by the District Deputies on the occasions of their visits to the lodges in their districts. The annual meeting of the District Deputies, which amounts to a convention in itself, is of great importance and I am not only pleased indeed to pay tribute to the originators of the idea but recommend that the same course be followed in the future.

The office of District Deputy is one of importance and in some parts of the country, particularly in New England, a visit of a District Deputy is surrounded with unusual consideration, with the result that a real wholesome influence is created. Too much attention can not be paid by the members of the Order to the District Deputy's visits, as he is the personal contact officer, a messenger from the Grand Lodge and usually, if not always, is selected because of his ability to aid subordinate lodges in the solution of problems arising in the ordinary course of their business. I am a firm believer in the exchange of fraternal visits between lodges and in many instances District Deputies throughout the country have made this one of the outstanding features of their administrations, with good results always following.

Elks' National Home

It has been my pleasure on several occasions to visit the Elks' National Home at Bedford, Va. There is no question in my mind but that this is the outstanding activity of the Order which should be kept ever in the foreground, engaging as it does the favorable attention and consideration of the subordinate lodges, the rank and file of the Order, as well as the tender care of the Grand Lodge officers who have been charged with its administration. In its appointments it is all that might be desired by those who are in need of a home. Every effort is put forth to provide an atmosphere which approaches as nearly as possible a real home. The residents are happy and although I believe I met nearly every one of them personally, I did not receive a single complaint to the effect that there was any lack of care or attention on the part of the management or those in charge. I am sure that the conduct of the Home during the past year under the careful attention of Brother Robert Scott, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, has preserved everything worth-while from the past and has added all that might be gathered from time and experience to the end that its present functioning is businesslike in every respect.

A very unfortunate incident occurred in the Home during the past year in the case of the fatalities resulting from the consumption of some poisoned cider by the residents of the Home. News of this matter reached me while I was at Tacoma, Wash., on a tour of the Northwest. Upon immediate inquiry I learned that an investigation was under way by the officers in charge. Unfortunate and regrettable as the incident was, investigation showed clearly it was one of those unavoidable occurrences for which no one could be held to blame. Every possible care was bestowed on the unfortunate members who were the victims, and too much can not be said in praise of those in and out of the Order who struggled heroically to save life. The spirit of cooperation was praiseworthy.

While reluctant to make even a single suggestion concerning an enterprise so well conducted as the Elks' National Home, it is my belief that a work of this character should be extended as far as possible, and I feel sure that the membership of the Order would rally to any call which had for its purpose a further extension of the Elks' National Home and its splendid work. It has about reached a point where its capacity is taxed and this doubtless has curtailed the work of the Board from time to time, when even meritorious cases have had to be declined for want of accommodation. I recommend to the Grand Lodge most serious consideration of the question of affording additional facilities for the Elks' National Home.

The Elks Magazine

It is not my purpose to go into any detail concerning this outstanding feature of the work of the Order. That it is fulfilling a great mission is manifest from the expressions of approval received from all quarters by those who read it carefully. It is a publication of the highest type, combining the news of the Order with literary and artistic features which appeal to the most exacting. It is essentially a home publication, designed to furnish news of the activities of the Order to the members, and at the same time to bring to the home entertainment of an elevating character. It is my firm belief that a careful reading of any issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE will at once create an appetite for all future issues. The advertising matter that is to be found in its columns is of a high character, carefully selected, and there is every assurance that nothing will ever be found in any issue which might cause a member to withhold it from his wife or children for fear that it might not be uplifting. The cost to the members is so small in comparison with the cost of other magazines that might be classed with it, that it is really insignificant. It fills a real place in the Order and is entitled to the support and encouragement of the entire membership. Its business department is conducted with care, and an audit of its affairs justifies the belief that faithful and loyal devotion to the best interests of the Order is the watchword of the management. I have read every issue of the magazine and wish to compliment the members of the Commission, the editorial staff and the business management on the splendid results obtained up to the present time, and which argue strongly for the future.

The Commission turned over \$200,000 to the Grand Lodge at its last session from the surplus on hand, and my understanding is that the present year's results have been so successful from a financial point of view that a handsome sum again will be placed in the general revenues of the Order.

National Memorial Headquarters Building

We are now approaching the time when our eyes will be able to feast on the National Memorial Headquarters Building in its completed form. Located as it is in the City of Chicago, most accessible to every part of the country, it will be a shrine to which all Elks should turn whenever possible to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of the men in whose honor it has been erected: members of the Order who took their places in the great line of defense of the institutions of our Government when in peril a few short years ago. Too much can not be said in praise of the members of the Commission which has charge of the erection of this great memorial, and knowing as I do the many sacrifices that they have made individually and collectively in an endeavor to put into that building the real Elk spirit, I take this oppor-

tunity to voice publicly an expression of gratitude to them on the part of the membership of the Order.

Plans for its dedication will of course be announced at the appropriate time by the Commission, but in passing let me say that the attention of every member of the Order should be centered on this all-important occasion, and when the time comes there should be a rallying of the membership such as never has before occurred.

Emergency Charity

Immediately preceding the Sixtieth Session of the Grand Lodge, held at Boston, the State of Ohio was visited by a very disastrous tornado, which left in its wake great devastation, and resulted in the death of several members of the Order. By special appropriation the Grand Exalted Ruler was afforded an opportunity of extending relief to the stricken district which especially surrounded Lorain, Ohio. An appropriation of \$5,000.00 was made, and this amount was expended in full through the agency of the American Red Cross. The prompt action of the Order was greatly appreciated by the beneficiaries of its bounty, and called for special mention by His Excellency the Governor of Ohio, also a Past Exalted Ruler of New Philadelphia, Ohio, Lodge.

In the month of January, 1925, a disastrous flood in the State of Georgia left many of the citizens homeless and notwithstanding the wonderful work done by the Elks Lodges in the State of Georgia, in many cases exhausting their entire financial strength, they were unable to cope with the situation, and upon the matter being called to the attention of this office by that splendid Elk, President of the Georgia State Elks Association, Brother G. P. Maggioni, assistance to the extent of \$1,000.00 was given, all of which was greatly appreciated and acknowledged by letter and through the press as a wonderful work by the Elks.

In the month of February, while at Hartford, Conn., I was advised of the great coal-mine disaster at Sullivan, Ind., which registered a toll of 51 dead. Sullivan, Ind., Lodge did all within its power to relieve distress, and at the request of Brother Robert A. Scott relief to the extent of \$500.00 was extended.

The latest disaster calling for the extension of relief by the Order was that of the Indiana and Illinois tornado, which caused many fatalities and devastated a great area. The Elks Lodges of the States of Indiana and Illinois responded nobly, rendered valuable assistance by personal effort and donations, but the calamity was so great that outside aid was imperative. A most generous response was made by the cities and states throughout the entire country and proffers of help from various lodges, near and remote, were extended to this office. An appropriation of \$5,500.00 was made for relief work in the stricken area, the major portion of which was expended through the agency of the American Red Cross, which was on the ground immediately following the disaster. The funds were placed in charge of Brother Bruce A. Campbell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of East St. Louis, and Brother Louis Boismenu, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, who gave their personal attention to the matter as the representatives of the Grand Lodge. Special mention should be made of the prompt manner in which the lodges throughout the country responded to the call for relief, and the personal thanks of the undersigned is extended to all who contributed in any way to the alleviation of the distress.

Having visited Murphysboro, Ill., on the occasion of the meeting of the Illinois State Association on June 4th, a personal view of the devastated area was had and too much cannot be said in praise of the splendid spirit of the officers and members of Murphysboro Lodge, who, although very much hampered, conducted the State Association meeting in a manner to challenge admiration.

In all of these matters the Board of Grand Trustees rendered excellent service through the cooperation and good business judgment which attended their action.

Social and Community Welfare

It is expected that the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare will

have a definite program to submit, and as this is a very important subject, the attention of the representatives of the various subordinate lodges is earnestly directed to it. In traveling about the country so many worthy projects were met up with that it would be impossible in this brief time and limited space to attempt to enumerate them and do full justice to any particular one. Rather do I defer to the Grand Lodge Committee which has charge of this department of the work, and ask that its report be scanned with care and closely analyzed.

The suggestion that is uppermost in my mind in connection with this matter is that every lodge should direct its efforts toward the solution of the problems naturally affecting its community before attempting to introduce anything of a foreign nature simply because it might be a popular thing to do. The practical side should always be kept to the front. Many matters under this head have been submitted, all of them perhaps having some particular merit, and most of them being urged as worthy of receiving the stamp of approval by the Grand Lodge to the end that they might become a part of a national or country-wide program in which all subordinate lodges might participate. Fads and fancies should be avoided as much as possible for there is a broad field in which to labor if we will only keep alive in our subordinate lodges the spirit of cooperation with all agencies for good in the community which are engaged in the solution of practical problems.

Perhaps no one work throughout the country is more prominent than the effort to bring relief to the crippled children who without fault on their part are suffering serious handicaps. This is a wonderful work, and there is so much of it to be done that no one organization can expect to accomplish all that is necessary or desirable. Let us benefit as much as possible from the work of our Grand Lodge Committee during the past year, and be ready in the future to make such contributions to this branch of service as may be possible, having in mind at all times the fact that it is the practical and substantial acts for the common good that will bring continued success and increasing usefulness to the Order.

Attendance at Grand Lodge Sessions

The annual Grand Lodge session is a matter of great importance to the subordinate lodges, and in order that they may be in position to have a clear and correct understanding of the work of the Order every effort should be made to see to it that each lodge is represented at these sessions, which afford perhaps the best opportunity there is for an exchange of views, a commingling of the members in a social way, and the consequent extension of the proper Elk spirit. I cannot urge too strongly the utmost care on the part of subordinate lodges in seeing to it that they are represented at Grand Lodge sessions.

District Deputies' Expenses

The visits of District Deputies to subordinate lodges are made imperative by Grand Lodge law, and as before stated their importance is not to be underestimated. Under the present system the expense of these visits is unequally distributed, and I would most earnestly recommend to the Grand Lodge consideration of the question as to whether such expense should not be borne by the Grand Lodge rather than by the subordinate lodges, as is now the rule.

Necrology

During the past year the voice of one of the most beloved Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, Brother Robert W. Brown, was stilled. He died at San Diego, Calif., December 28th, after an illness covering several years. During the closing months of his life he received most tender care at the hands of San Diego Lodge, Secretary Richard Benbough exerting himself to the utmost to see that no want of Brother Brown was left unsatisfied. Impressive funeral services were held at San Diego on January 7, 1925, under the auspices of San Diego Lodge. The undersigned at the time being in California, together with Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott and other Grand Lodge Officers, attended the funeral. He was buried in his home State, Old Kentucky, Brother Benbough accompanying the remains and the stricken widow to

the place of interment at the special request of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by,—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorners' seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban,—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

These few words, taken from a familiar poem, in a manner epitomize the life of our dearly beloved friend, Brother "Bob" Brown, as he was affectionately and familiarly known by thousands throughout the country. I say by thousands, because I am certain that there was no more active figure in the Grand Lodge for years and years than was "Bob" Brown.

Brother Orin S. Bogardus, District Deputy of New York North Central, a member of Fulton Lodge No. 830, was stricken at Syracuse, N. Y., just a few hours after I had parted with him on the occasion of the anniversary banquet of Syracuse Lodge.

In addition to the above the list of absent brothers has been greatly increased through the passing of many of the Grand Lodge members. They have played their parts, left their impress upon the Order, and in bidding them good-bye we say, "May they rest in peace."

Pursuant to the usual order of business appropriate memorial services for these absent brothers will be held by the Grand Lodge, and it is recommended that the time be fixed for Wednesday morning, July 15th, at eleven o'clock.

Membership Statistics

A careful reading of the report of the Grand Secretary is urged upon the members so that they may understand and have first-hand information as to the growth in the various sections of the country. The opinion of the undersigned is that each community in which a lodge is located is capable of contributing in the ordinary course a sufficient number of members to constitute a healthy and wholesome growth, and while every proper effort should be made to extend the benefits of the Order to the worthy eligibles on the outside, artificial means should never be resorted to for the mere purpose of increasing the numerical strength of the Order. Drives, so-called, in many cases beneficial and in no case perhaps necessarily detrimental, nevertheless have a tendency to lead to a departure from standard requirements with the result that an unnatural growth of the membership oftentimes leaves an aftermath that is anything but desirable. The efforts of those who in the past have builded the Order are to be commended, and extreme caution should be used to see to it that "none but the best, rich or poor," are admitted. Substantial additions of worthy members have been made to the various subordinate lodges during the past year, and it is refreshing to note that the spirit of quality rather than quantity has prevailed. An indifferent member of a subordinate lodge is a liability rather than an asset, and the action of those lodges that have cleared their rolls of indifferent members is to be commended. This statement reflects my personal view regardless of the net result for the year, whatever it may be.

Law Enforcement

It has been deemed necessary during the year to issue an admonition to the officers of the various subordinate lodges covering the question of law enforcement, especially with reference to the observance of the liquor laws, and it was a matter of considerable satisfaction to learn upon investigation that many of the complaints and allegations relative to the conduct of subordinate lodges were unfounded. Any group of men, especially the officers and members of an Elks Lodge, enjoying as they do the privilege of being members of a great patriotic fraternity having as one of its cardinal principles respect for law, should exert itself to the utmost to see

that no few of its number are permitted to continue in a course of conduct which can not help but cast odium on the many. To this end an appeal is made to the officers and members of the subordinate lodges to make and keep their Elks Homes what they should be, real outstanding centers from which will radiate only worth-while things, and which can not help but challenge the admiration of all who may observe.

Dispensation to Join Designated Lodge

My experience in connection with the operation of section 149 of the Grand Lodge statutes, which authorizes the Grand Exalted Ruler in particular cases to issue a dispensation to permit an applicant to be initiated in a designated lodge other than the one having jurisdiction suggests the propriety of giving deep consideration to an amendment to this particular section. Applications for dispensation under this section are constantly increasing in number. Believing that membership should be held in the lodge in the place where the member resides, I would most respectfully recommend that the authority now held by the Grand Exalted Ruler to grant such dispensations be curtailed, if in fact not entirely done away with. A lodge should at all times be in close touch with its members and no better means is afforded for such a course than that the member affiliate with the lodge in the city in which he actually resides. In this connection it is suggested that a member who has permanently changed his residence to a particular city in which an Elks Lodge is located, other than the one of which he is a member, should affiliate with the local lodge. This encourages greater activity and brings the membership closer together.

Appointments

In addition to appointments heretofore noted in official circulars, the following have been made:

Brother George J. Winslow, of Utica, N. Y., Lodge No. 33, to succeed Brother Orin S. Bogardus, of Fulton, N. Y., Lodge No. 830, deceased, as District Deputy of New York North Central.

Brother Edgar J. Julian, of Vincennes, Ind., Lodge No. 291, to succeed Brother Harry Lowenthal, of Evansville, Ind., Lodge No. 116, resigned, as District Deputy of Indiana South.

Brother Joseph H. Loor, of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge No. 90, to succeed Brother H. L. Weatherford, of Concordia, Kans., Lodge No. 586, resigned, as member of Grand Lodge Credentials Committee.

Brother Ralph Hagan, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99, to succeed Brother Brooks Fleming, Jr., of Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge No. 294, resigned, as member of Grand Lodge Auditing Committee.

Such other officers or assistants that may be necessary will be appointed at the opening session of the Grand Lodge.

General Assistance Fund

During the year the need of assistance by incapacitated members of the Order has been apparent, and amounts totaling \$671.66 monthly represent the sum which is now being paid out of the appropriation made by the Grand Lodge for that purpose. The amount necessary varies from time to time and the aggregate of what may be needed is largely a matter of speculation. I would recommend that for the present an appropriation of \$7,500.00 be made.

Opinions and Decisions

Since the last Grand Lodge Session the compilation and digest of the Grand Lodge decisions, decisions of the Grand Forum and opinions of the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary have been printed and circulated. The volume, which represents much work on the part of the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, is a valuable work, and its wide circulation and general reading should be encouraged. The gratitude of the membership of the Order is due the Chairman for his painstaking labors in this particular.

Ritualistic Work

In traveling about the country it has been my privilege to witness various exemplifications

of the ritual of the Order, and while in most cases the work of the officers shows careful preparation, there are some lodges that apparently do not appreciate the real value of perfection in this particular line. Section 118 of the Grand Lodge statutes stresses this point, and District Deputies are compelled with. Not only are the initiates impressed by a careful and proper presentation of the beautiful ritual but also the members of the lodge. Some changes in the opening rituals of the Order will be presented at this Grand Lodge Session, and every member attending is urged to be present when the exemplification is had.

I am firmly of the opinion that no subordinate lodge should be permitted to initiate a class of candidates until its officers have demonstrated their ability to present the ritual in an impressive manner.

Noting many expressions throughout the country relative to the elimination of the pass-members would be benefited by its re-adoption, and to that end I concur in the recommendation made by the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Boston Session of the Grand Lodge.

Jurisdiction of Lodges

Innumerable questions have arisen under the provisions of section 157 of the Grand Lodge statutes, which deal with the question of jurisdiction over applicants for membership, and in all but two of these cases harmony has been brought out of discord, thereby obviating the necessity of executive action in the matter of determining jurisdiction.

In the case of a controversy between Montrose and Salida Lodges over applicants residing at Gunison, Colorado, careful investigation was made and the jurisdiction over applicants residing at Gunison was lodged in Montrose, Colorado, Lodge. Pursuant to the statute referred to, this matter is now reported to the Grand Lodge.

Miscellaneous

Several propositions looking to the establishment of tubercular sanatoriums have been presented and may be urged before this Grand Lodge session. These matters, of course, are appealing and if presented must be disposed of in a practical manner, realizing that their establishment entails burdens that are not easy to bear, and the experience of many organizations that have embarked in that line of endeavor has been very unsatisfactory.

On request and under the authority of section 183 of the Grand Lodge statutes, permission was granted to Anacortes, Wash., Lodge to distribute a circular urging eligibility for membership in the Order of persons of Indian blood. This permission was granted pursuant to the statutes, and not because of any fixed conviction on the part of the undersigned with reference to the merits of the appeal.

Practically every lodge in the State of Minnesota has filed a copy of a resolution passed by it asking for Grand Lodge assistance to the extent of \$3,000.00 for the Minnesota State Elks Association to enable it to bear the additional burden created through the fact that Rochester, Minn., being one of the greatest medical centers in the country, attracts members of the Order in large numbers who go there seeking relief for various ailments.

A careful consideration of the matters presented calls to mind the fact that a number of lodges in the country are bearing special burdens by reason of their being located in a climate particularly favorable to invalids or at a place where nature has provided special medicinal facilities. Suggestions have been made from time to time, that some form of relief should be extended by the Grand Lodge to meet the necessities of the occasion. There is, however, such a wide range of country and such a varied line of work in this direction, that to do justice to the situation would seem to call for a careful survey by a thoroughly competent committee. I submit the matter to the Grand Lodge for consideration of all the general and specific phases of the question, fully believing that whatever merit there is in the claims will be properly recognized and disposed of in a manner that may be at least practical, if not entirely satisfactory to those who are appealing.

Ourray, Colorado

During the year an extensive tour of the State of Colorado brought me to what is known as the Ourray District, and, perhaps, no more impressive meeting was held anywhere than at Ourray Lodge in the month of October—impressive not only because of the large number who attended, but particularly because of the great distance traveled by many, and the hardships endured in order that they might be there. The sincerity of the Colorado Elks impressed me deeply. They are urging the Ourray section as well adapted for the establishment of a game sanctuary and the location of a sanatorium. The climate seems to be all that might be desired. The medicinal qualities of the waters, hot and cold, are, perhaps, invaluable. The surrounding country is appealing and in so far as the physical charms of that section are concerned, I am pleased to repeat what I said at Ourray, that I was sold on the proposition. I had hoped that representatives of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare might be able to inspect the premises and collect data if there was any real demand for the furtherance of the movement. This, apparently, however, has not been possible thus far. The project is stupendous and without Federal aid probably would never be developed to the full extent of its worthiness. The matter may be presented to the Grand Lodge or an appropriate committee and too much care can not be exercised in this connection. As stated in another part of this report, my belief is that the Elks' National Home is an outstanding activity that already is calling for further attention.

Save the Forests

Numerous appeals by various organizations, public and private, have been made to the head of the Order soliciting cooperation in the effort that is being made to save the forests from fires resulting from the careless use of matches, cigars, cigarettes, etc., while traveling through the West. A mere mention of this I am sure is sufficient to engage the most earnest cooperation on the part of all who are here attending the Grand Lodge session.

Jackson Hole Elks

There has been much agitation during the past year in connection with the elk of Jackson Hole, and this office has been deluged with correspondence inspired, perhaps, principally by an organization of sportsmen throughout the country. Particular stress has been laid on the sentimental side and if, as indicated, the matter should be presented to the Grand Lodge for consideration it should be viewed from every angle with deep concern.

Dispensations for New Lodges

Dispensations were granted for the institution of new Lodges, as follows:

No.	Location	Date Granted
1497	Burbank, Cal.	October 6, 1924
1498	Lake Forest, Ill.	October 16, 1924
1499	Brattleboro, Vt.	November 13, 1924
1500	Watervliet, N. Y.	December 2, 1924
1501	Rochelle, Ill.	December 21, 1924
1502	Cliffside, N. J.	March 2, 1925
1503	Monroe, Mich.	March 23, 1925
1504	Hazard, Ky.	March 30, 1925
1505	Lyndhurst, N. J.	April 16, 1925
1506	Ridgefield Park, N. J.	April 22, 1925
1507	Hood River, Ore.	April 8, 1925
1508	South Haven, Mich.	May 8, 1925
1509	Saranac Lake, N. Y.	May 12, 1925
1510	Cicero, Ill.	June 16, 1925
1511	Bradentown, Florida	June 22, 1925
1512	Newton, N. J.	June 25, 1925
1513	Watertown, Mass.	June 25, 1925

Each of the foregoing is recommended to the Board of Grand Trustees and to this Grand Lodge for Charter. Certain other petitions submitted to me for the same purpose were denied and four petitions are now pending.

Plans for New Homes Approved

The following submitted plans for building or acquiring Homes during the year, and approval of the Grand Trustees and this office was given:

Oakland, Cal., No. 171
Woonsocket, R. I., No. 850
Willimantic, Conn., No. 1131

Ionia, Mich., No. 548
 Michigan City, Ind., No. 432
 Ogden, Utah, No. 719
 Allegheny, Pa., No. 339
 Elkins, W. Va., No. 1135
 West Chester, Pa., No. 853
 Sheridan, Pa., No. 949
 Vineland, N. J., No. 1422
 St. Maries, Idaho, No. 1418
 Clearfield, Pa., No. 540
 Santa Barbara, Cal., No. 613
 Ticonderoga, N. Y., No. 1494
 Buffalo, N. Y., No. 23
 Lancaster, N. Y., No. 1478
 Glen Cove, N. Y., No. 1458
 Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99
 Rome, N. Y., No. 1268
 Norristown, Pa., No. 714
 Madison, S. Dak., No. 1442
 Roanoke, Va., No. 197
 Athens, Ga., No. 790
 Renova, Pa., No. 334
 Vancouver, Wash., No. 823
 Hempstead, N. Y., No. 1485
 Waukesha, Wis., No. 400
 Trinidad, Col., No. 181
 Butte, Mont., No. 240
 Waco, Texas, No. 166
 Boston, Mass., No. 10
 Mount Vernon, Ohio, No. 140
 Gulfport, Miss., No. 978
 Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276
 Hilo, Hawaii, No. 759
 Evansville, Ind., No. 116
 Mercedes, Texas, No. 1467
 Goldfield, Nev., No. 1072
 Gallup, New Mexico, No. 1440

Monmouth, Ill., No. 397
 Arlington, Mass., No. 1435
 El Centro, Cal., No. 1325
 Ft. Myers, Fla., No. 1288
 Bristol, Tenn., No. 232
 Kent, Ohio, No. 1377
 Norwich, N. Y., No. 1222
 Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263
 Dunkirk, N. Y., No. 922
 Freeport, N. Y., No. 1253
 Greybull, Wyo., No. 1431
 Aberdeen, Wash., No. 593
 Idaho Falls, Idaho, No. 1087
 Fostoria, Ohio, No. 935
 Fairmont, W. Va., No. 294
 Evansville, Ind., No. 116

The expenditures indicated by these projects total approximately \$11,069,427.00.

Conclusion

This has been the most wonderful year of my life, and the recollection of its opportunities shall always remain as an inspiration for whatever future effort I may be able to put forth for the benefit of the Order. Its problems are so numerous and important that in the short span of a year it is not possible to accomplish a great deal. If my efforts have contributed even in the slightest to the betterment of the Order then I shall be pleased indeed as I have done the best I could to discharge the obligations which I assumed at Boston. To every one who has cooperated in

the year's work I extend my grateful thanks, especially to the loyal members of my office force who have labored diligently. To the District Deputies, officers and members of the subordinate lodges and various committees who from time to time have traveled with me I am under lasting obligation for the efforts they put forth to make the labors of the office as light and as pleasant as possible. My most earnest wish is that the individual and collective effort of the members of the Order may ever be exerted to the upbuilding and perpetuation of our splendid fraternity, to the end that its power for good may constantly increase, and that each subordinate lodge may be a valuable asset to the community in which it is located.

That the deliberations of this convention may be in keeping with, and be a useful contribution to, the wonderful achievements of the past is my earnest prayer.

Sincerely and fraternally submitted,

John G. Trice
 Grand Exalted Ruler.

Report by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:

THE Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission herewith submits its reports on THE ELKS MAGAZINE and the National Memorial Headquarters Building.

With respect to THE ELKS MAGAZINE: You will recall that, at the 1924 Grand Lodge Convention in Boston, the Commission reported that THE ELKS MAGAZINE had accomplished the almost-unheard-of achievement of showing a surplus in the first two years of its publication. At that time, the Commission turned over to the Grand Lodge, out of that surplus, the sum of \$200,000. It should be remembered that that sum represented part of the surplus of two years.

This year, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been increasingly successful. And, as a result, the Commission is able to turn over to the Grand Lodge, out of its surplus, the sum of \$150,000.

Believing that concrete figures in connection with the Magazine should be of distinct interest to every member of the Grand Lodge—and every member of the Order—it is with figures that the present report will largely deal.

Up to May 31, 1925, the close of the Magazine's fiscal year, a total surplus of \$504,120.05 had been accumulated since the foundation of the publication.

The sum of \$200,000 turned over to the Grand Lodge at Boston in 1924 was part of this surplus, as is the additional sum of \$150,000 now available, making a total of \$350,000 turned over for Grand Lodge uses, and leaving a balance in the surplus account of \$154,120.05. Of this amount \$99,874.88 is represented in money invested in inventory (paper, articles, stories, covers, illustrations, etc.), and \$54,245.17 in cash reserve.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has received, in three years, more than a million dollars in advertising revenue. For the year ending May 31, 1924, the advertising receipts were \$362,520.35. For the year ending May 31, 1925, they totaled \$422,762.61. The importance to the Grand Lodge and to the Order generally of doing everything possible to help sell advertising space in the Magazine is obvious. It is only the revenue from advertising that enables the Magazine to have a surplus. Without that revenue, the publication could neither show a surplus nor

be continued as the high-class product that it has been from the first.

That the financial benefits accruing to the Grand Lodge from this source will continue to increase seems to be beyond all doubt. THE ELKS MAGAZINE has reached the stage where it is no longer considered an untried medium of questionable worth. It is now recognized everywhere as a substantial national publication of unsurpassed editorial and mechanical quality. More and more, as you can see by perusing any recent issues, THE ELKS MAGAZINE is being accepted and used by the highest class, most conservative advertisers. Recently when the Order of the Mystic Shrine considered the establishment of a national journal, it was to THE ELKS MAGAZINE that its members turned for a model—not only in respect to the quality of its features, but also its subscription method.

Among the progressive steps taken during the past year in the upbuilding of the Magazine as a property of increasing value, two campaigns are especially deserving of mention here. The first was a determined effort on the part of the Magazine administration to make its mailing list of members and their addresses as nearly accurate as was humanly possible. In this effort the aid of all Subordinate Lodge secretaries was solicited and the secretaries responded splendidly.

The original mailing list of THE ELKS MAGAZINE was made up hurriedly. It had to be. And when the first issue was sent out thousands of copies were misaddressed, or sent to members who had been dropped, or who should have been dropped from the rolls of their Lodges. Ever since June, 1922, the Magazine has been waging war on errors in its mailing list. But the number of wrong addresses continued to be greater than it should have been. Early this year there were sent to every Lodge secretary packages of cards alphabetically arranged, containing the names and addresses of every member of his Lodge to whom the Magazine was being mailed. With these cards went a request that the secretary compare them with the names and addresses on his Lodge roll, and return to the Magazine all cards requiring changes of address and all cards bearing names of persons no longer on the roll of the Lodge. This operation enabled the Magazine to make changes affecting several thousand names and addresses, adding names of new members and cancelling names of members

dropped from membership, etc. The returns are practically all in. There are a few stragglers still to be heard from. But the Magazine to-day has a remarkably accurate mailing list.

In order to keep the mailing list up-to-date, the constant cooperation of the Subordinate Lodge secretaries is absolutely essential. The Magazine receives thousands of notifications of changes in address direct from the members themselves and from local post-offices. But the Magazine should receive notification in every case from the Lodge secretary as well. If a member is dropped from the roll of a Lodge the secretary should at once notify the Magazine. If a member dimitts, the secretary should notify the Magazine. When a new member is initiated the secretary should immediately send in his name, so that the Magazine may be mailed promptly to him. These things should be done always and in every case.

Maintaining a mailing list of nearly nine hundred thousand names and addresses is a very big job. It requires the full-time services of a large staff. Every member of the Order is entitled to a copy of the Magazine every month. The only way he can get it is direct by mail. If he does not receive it, it is because the Magazine does not have his correct address. The accuracy of the Magazine mailing list is of supreme importance. That is why your Commission has stressed it in this report.

THE second campaign, already referred to, was a systematic newspaper advertising campaign, designed to bring THE ELKS MAGAZINE and the Order to the attention of advertisers and the general public as a national publication. The Magazine advertised in newspapers of many cities throughout the country, using copy emphasizing the size of the Order, the important part that Elk Lodges play in their communities and the representative and substantial character of their members. The aim of this advertising by the Magazine has been to broaden public knowledge of the Order and its activities and to establish the publication in the minds of the people as one of the leading periodicals of this country. While immediate, tangible returns from this campaign of publicity were not expected, its effect is increasingly noticeable in the attitude of merchants, manufacturers and the general public toward THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The year was tinged with sorrow over the passing of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown, first Editor of the Magazine, and one of the most loyal, energetic and lovable of men. A true Elk, in every sense of the word, can never eradicate.

We look to the future with optimism. Just as the Magazine has been accepted by its readers as a worthwhile publication, and by advertisers as a profitable medium, so has it been accepted by the leading writers and artists as a vehicle worthy of their best productions. The standard was set high at the start, but it has in every way been maintained—Not only has that standard been maintained—Commission wishes to thank you all for your cooperation and support and to assure you that it will strive unceasingly to make THE ELKS MAGAZINE continue to merit your approval.

WITH respect to the National Memorial Headquarters Building, your Commission desires to say that consistent progress has been made in its construction and equipment under the terms of our agreement with Hegeman-Harris Company, Inc., the general contractors for the erection of the building.

Fortunately for the undertaking and to the great credit of these contractors, no untoward incident has occurred, such as labor trouble, delay in delivery of material, or inability on the part of sub-contractors promptly to fulfil their agreements, to retard the steady progress of construction, so that to-day the exterior of our building proper is complete. The general contractors are well within the time limit of their contract and understanding with us. We therefore feel confident that such of the construction equipment of the building as is called for under the terms of this contract will be fully completed by September of this year.

The members of the Commission feel that they have been most fortunate in being able to carry forward the construction of the National Memorial Headquarters Building to the point of completion contemplated by the original resolution authorizing it, within the appropriation provided for the purpose.

As was anticipated, of course, there are features naturally and necessarily incident to a building of the monumental character conception, and which could not be provided for in its inception, and which can be intelligently determined upon only as the beauty and magnitude of the completed structure reveal the full possibilities for its proper artistic and harmonious furnishing and beautification.

The Commission has sought the advice of the architect as to these features, and has secured from him suggestions which it deems wise to be adopted. These suggestions embody:

Construction of art-glass windows in Memorial Hall;
Decorative painting of dome and interior walls;
Sculpture for exterior niches and in Memorial Hall;
Mural paintings upon interior panels;
Special rugs and furniture for Reception Room;
Special furniture and hangings for other rooms;
Landscaping of the entire grounds.

The estimated cost of these suggested features approximates \$480,000, and could not well be less if the high standard set in the construction of the building proper is to be maintained. And the members of the Commission are convinced that the Order would not be content with anything which would fall short of that standard. The Commission recommends that it be authorized to carry out the enumerated suggestions so that the entire Memorial project may be as nearly completed as possible at the time of its dedication, as contemplated, in July, 1926.

Your Commission feels that it is highly desirable that the necessary additional funds should be provided otherwise than by assessments against the membership, if it be practicable, and is confident that this can be done. The National Publication Fund has accumulated a surplus from which there is immediately available \$150,000 for the indicated purpose. And the Commission is well assured that further accumulations of available surplus in this Fund, during the period necessary for the completion of the contemplated work, will be ample to cover the entire cost.

The Commission, therefore, recommends that it be authorized immediately to transfer

from the National Publication Fund to the National Headquarters Fund, the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars; and that it be further authorized to transfer from the National Publication Fund to the National Headquarters Fund such other sums as may be available for such transfer from time to time, out of the surplus accumulated in the National Publication Fund, until the amounts so transferred shall be sufficient fully to cover the cost of the artistic embellishment of the building and grounds and the furnishing and equipment of the building as hereinabove suggested.

It will be readily understood that it is impossible at this time to detail the specific art features to be undertaken or the exact cost thereof. These will depend upon the artists selected, the subjects that may be approved, the materials to be used and other considerations which are so interdependent that they can not be anticipated. The Commission can only vouch the high character and attainments of the architect whose advice has been sought, and the high resolve of its members to insure the completion of the project in a manner which will be gratifying to the Order, and at the minimum of expense consistent with the purpose in view.

The Commission feels that the Order is to be congratulated that the success of its national journal is already so established and its future so assured, that it can thus confidently be relied upon to finance the completion of the Order's great Memorial as herein suggested.

Submitted with this report, and as a part thereof, there is filed a financial statement to June 1, 1925, of the receipts and disbursements of the Commission on account of the Headquarters Fund and the Publication Fund under the official certified audit of West, Flint & Company, New York, N. Y.

The Grand Lodge Auditing Committee also audited the accounts of both of the Funds under the control of the Commission and has certified its approval of them in its report to the Grand Lodge.

Faternally submitted,

ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL
HEADQUARTERS COMMISSION.
John K. Tener,
Chairman.

Joseph T. Fanning,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Summary of the Report of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare

By John P. Sullivan
Chairman

IT IS difficult to convey to anyone a really adequate conception of what the Elks of the United States have accomplished for the welfare and betterment of communities in which they live. We of the Order are not easily given to speech about ourselves to the rest of the world. And the shining record that has been written by the lodges during the past year is not a story to be told through the printed page, for it is not a matter of tabulated statistics and ordered figures.

It is a tale that can best be read in the happy faces of nearly half a million little children whose Santa Claus wore, beneath the conventional robe of ermine-trimmed scarlet, a little golden antlered device that marked him as a member of the greatest American fraternity. It can be read in the hearts of the communities from Alaska to Key West—from the densely populated centers along the Atlantic seaboard to friendly little clustered prairie villages—from the humming hives of industry where factory stacks go stabbing skyward to Manila, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Guam.

Wherever the lodges of Elksdom rise, there has the tale been written—the story of playgrounds established, of clinics maintained, of friendly aid to the sick, to the needy scholar, of the children in schools, to the boys who are being brought back from the wrong road, not with moral preachments but the arm of a staunch friend about the shoulder of each to help him win back to the right.

Figures? Of course there are figures. It is easy, for example, to say this:

During the lodge year 1924-25 the subordinate

lodges of the Order expended for social and community welfare work a total of \$2,370,193.38. This is an increase in welfare expenditures of \$396,477.29 over 1923-24 when the lodges reported a total of \$1,973,716.09. It is an increase of \$913,691.78—all but a million dollars—over 1922-23, when the lodges reported total expenditures of \$1,456,501.60 for welfare work.

Those figures are accurate in one sense. They are far too low in another. In spite of the most explicit instructions, some 200 lodges failed to send in to the Grand Lodge Committee reports of their welfare activities, while many who did make reports neglected to state the amounts spent in their various missions. A conservative estimate of the total expenditures of subordinate lodges were far in excess of \$3,000,000. To be sure those figures in themselves tell of magnificent accomplishments through their very magnitude. They mean, among other things,—even counting in the membership of the lodges who made no report, and the membership figures were compiled—a per capita expenditure of \$2.76 in social welfare work for every Elk in the United States of America.

But the figures remain cold. They do not give the real picture. It is something that the printed word simply cannot hope to do. Take as an instance the tremendous total expenditure by subordinate lodges under the classification of "Other Welfare Activities." This includes

donations to existing welfare agencies, ranging from \$20,000 in hospital fund pledges to the purchase of two dozen hens for a poor widow who had been robbed of her flock of poultry.

In this classification alone—to say nothing of educational, Big Brother, Christmas, Winter Relief, Crippled Kiddie and all the other activities—the subordinate lodges spent during the past year a total of \$830,973.65. Of course it is big; it is considerably more than three-quarters of a million dollars, given by the Elks of this nation to causes so diverse that they cannot even be specifically classified, over and above the money expended in regular lines of welfare activity.

But the figures can give no picture. The figure does not tell, for example, how in Prescott, Ariz., the Elks were asked to raise \$2,500 for the Salvation Army, or how the lodge appointed a committee with the result that the total amount was in the bank to the credit of the Salvation Army within five hours after the request had been made.

Those figures do not tell of jackrabbit drives in Colorado or duck hunts in Oregon to provide dinners for the poor. Those figures do not tell of what happened when Murphysboro, Ill., was swept away by a tornado, though the funds that were contributed to tornado relief there and in Lorain, O., are all included in them. They cannot convey the picture that is embodied in the following excerpt from a letter of Brother George Horsfield, secretary of the Murphysboro lodge:

"As the enormity of the disaster dawned on the minds of our people the first thought was for the wounded and the dead. Almost immedi-

August, 1925

ately bodies were being carried to the downtown district on boards, broken doors, and upon the shoulders of the bearers, for no ambulance could traverse even the business streets, piled high with debris. Within ten minutes the Elks building was ready to receive the injured. Billiard and pool tables were converted into operating tables. Table cloths were torn into bandages, draperies and hangings became shrouds. Surgeons appeared like magic, and emergency treatment began almost immediately. Cots and bed clothing were quickly secured, and our lodge room became one great surgical ward. In the meantime, fires broke out in a score of places, and as the fire departments could not get their apparatus into the streets it looked as if the remainder of the city would be swept by fire, which was fanned by a very high wind. Preparations were quietly made to remove the patients, should the flames approach the Elks building too closely, but this was not found necessary.

"From that time until April 10 the Home was given over entirely to relief work. After the first week the injured were removed to other places, and the lodge room floor was used for reception, classification and distribution of clothing and shoes. The main floor was divided into departments—information, transportation, housing, etc. Here requisitions were issued for tents, bedding, meals, medical treatment, trucks, etc. Telephone, telegraph instruments, and a branch post-office station were established. Red Cross, military and general relief headquarters were on this floor, and the work was thoroughly systematized.

"The basement was turned into a canteen, and more than 100,000 meals were served there to the homeless, as well as to the volunteer workers who came to the city by the hundreds.

"Officers of aid poured in from practically every Elks Lodge in Illinois, and from States as far removed as California. The Elks were simply wonderful. Just one incident will illustrate the whole-hearted helpfulness of our fellows.

"On Friday, after the storm, a man in overalls worked his way up to the information desk. 'Where's the secretary of the Elks?' he asked. 'You're talking to him.' 'Well, we've got a truckload of supplies and things down here in the street and want to know where you want 'em.' He was directed to the alley entrance, and the writer went down to direct delivery. 'What's in the cases?' he asked of one of the men on the truck. 'These, clothing; these, shoes'; etc. As the boxes were being unloaded, the driver of the truck remarked: 'This stuff is from Pana Lodge. I'm the Exalted Ruler; the other guy is the secretary. This stuff is for the storm sufferers of your lodge if you want it. You'll find some dress suits in the outfit and a tuxedo or so, but mostly it's honest to God clean, new merchandise. Don't be afraid to use this stuff. It isn't charity, it's Brotherly Love. Get that hundred bucks we sent you? Fine. We'll be down with another truck in a day or so. All set, Jordan? Let's go!'

There it is—a simple little chronicle, couched in the every day talk of the average American. But what a magnificent picture it paints! What chance would there be for any figure of dollars and cents, no matter how large, under the heading of "Other Donations, etc." to do that story justice?

For that matter how could mere figures give an adequate description of the hundreds of little children who are going to school, running about, tussling with their fellows and playing and working in the world of which they are at last really a part, who would still be hopeless cripples but for the aid extended and established and maintained by the Elks? A brother in Newark had the good fortune to see a youngster having the time of his life, last winter in a snowball fight on the streets. He had good cause to remember this youngster, for this brother, eight months before, had carried the little bundle of tortured woe in his arms to the hospital. At that time the little boy had never moved about by himself in all his previously tragic, short life. Today he is a normal, happy child. Can that story be told by figures?

Can figures convey the picture of an obscure little homestead in Plattsburg, N. Y., where a needy man, no longer able to support his family, lay ill? Does the amount of \$104.94, in-

cluded in the total, tell of a home rebuilt, and made habitable by the Elks of that city?

What does the cost of \$611.48 mean in giving an adequate account of the giant sprinkler, equipped and maintained by the Elks of Wilkes-Barre? The sprinkler is mounted on a truck and moved from place to place about the entire valley during the hot summer months. Can the joy of the children that play beneath its cooling sprays, can their merry shouts and gleeful games, be translated into statistical tables?

Which means more: The accurate statement that during the past year the subordinate lodges of our Order aided 2831 boys through Big Brother work at a total expenditure of \$16,512.64, or the following excerpt from the report of Bucyrus Lodge, whose Big Brother committee works in close touch with the local juvenile court judge: "Rev. Hodge M. Eagleson of First Presbyterian Church stated in his pulpit that Elk Big Brother committee was doing more real work for boys of city than any Sunday School of Church."

Can the statement that the Elks of Detroit distributed tons of food among the needy at Christmas time adequately convey a picture of the happiness, the relief from the cares and the needs of the moment, that went with the distribution of those supplies?

Nay, the tale of what has been achieved during the past year by the splendid subordinate lodges of this great Order of ours must be sought elsewhere than in the printed page. You can glean some of it in the digest of the printed report of this committee. But the most of it you must seek in the homes where there is more happiness, in the hearts of little children who have been gladdened, in the words of the sick who have been made whole or the distrest who have been aided from one border of this nation to the other by the plain-spoken, workaday Americans who make up the rank and file of Elkdom.

However, the simple facts can be set forth, and this shall be done as briefly as possible.

THE committee on Social and Community Welfare was entrusted with three principal duties during the past year. One of these was the revision of the Open Rituals of the Order. These were all exemplified at the Grand Lodge Session in Portland.

The committee was also constituted a membership committee. In this regard, it should be explained, the committee undertook no general membership campaigns, but encouraged, assisted, and responded to all requests for advice or suggestions relative to a selective invitation to membership, whenever these requests were received.

It is gratifying to be able to report that the membership of the Order has shown a growth since June last year. On April 1, 1924, the total membership figure was 830,429. On April 1, 1925, the Grand Secretary's total figure was 832,083. But although these figures indicate a loss for the Lodge year—running from April 1 to April 1—the loss has been turned into a substantial gain since April 1. So that the membership as of June 1, of this year, reaches a total of 850,182. This total was reached by the completion of special reports, mailed out by the committee for this purpose. In order to get the latest possible membership report, the mailing out of the circulars on this point was delayed to the last possible moment. Some 230 of the lodges failed to respond by filling in the membership blanks sent them. But all of the others did respond, and it is worthy of remark that almost all of them showed increases in membership subsequent to April 1, 1925, the increases in a great many cases being very decided.

Allowing those lodges who did not mail in their blanks in time only such membership as they had on April 1, 1925, the Order numbered, on June 1, 1925, 850,182 members, a net increase of 10,653 over the membership of the previous year. It is also proper to point out that the membership increase has been general, and not concentrated in any particular locality. The number of lodges which have more than a thousand members—173—is exactly the same as the number of such lodges a year ago. There has been, in other words, a natural, steady growth in the membership of the Order all up and down the line, from the largest lodges and the oldest to the smallest and the newest.

Of course, the principal task devolving upon this committee has been the concentration and general direction of the social and community welfare work of the order as a whole through its subordinate lodges. The remarkable increase in the interest with which these various activities have been pursued has already been indicated by the vastly increased total expenditure for the year.

Other significant facts are that 1274 subordinate lodges made social and community welfare reports this year. The 1924 report to the Grand Lodge embodied the reports of 1088 subordinate lodges, while in 1922 only 886 lodges made report of social and community welfare activities. This increase speaks for itself.

THE following total figures of expenditure embody the amounts contributed in various activities of a social and community welfare nature by the Order of Elks as a whole:

For summer outings (crippled children, orphans, kiddies' days, etc.) the subordinate lodges expended during the year a total of \$86,271.69.

The lodges maintained, or assisted in the maintenance of 93 summer camps in various localities (Scout, fresh air, invalid camps, etc.). These camps were used by 12,611 persons, the lodges expending a total of \$31,716.03 during the year. In the same general line of work, \$26,896.07 was spent toward the upkeep and maintenance of 65 children's playgrounds in various cities, to say nothing of the free use of gymnasium facilities afforded to school children by any number of lodges throughout the year. Encouragement of athletics among the youngsters was actively pursued, a total of \$11,909.83 being laid out in cash for this purpose, to say nothing of the offer and award of cups, medals, trophies, etc.

At no other period have the Elks of the nation been as active in what, for want of a better term, your committee has classified as "Winter Relief Work." In this connection rent was paid for 1,186 needy families at a total cost of \$46,529.36; emergency provisions of food and other supplies were sent to 8,857 families at a cost of \$82,357.89; while 11,785 persons received clothing valued at \$82,326.46.

The activities mentioned in the preceding paragraph do not include what the committee terms "Holiday Relief." Over and in addition to the items cited above, the Elks of the United States distributed 14,119 Thanksgiving baskets to as many needy families last November, at a cost conservatively figured at \$50,055.06; while at Christmas time, they brought substantial cheer and happiness to 91,839 families and no less than 399,815 children by an expenditure of \$774,818.05.

What have been classified as "Welfare Activities" included work for the Boy and Girl Scouts to whom aid was extended in any number of ways, ranging from permission to hold meetings in the lodge rooms and transportation to and from summer camps, to outright donations of money for uniforms, flags, equipment, etc., in which connection the Elks expended \$27,496.56. Big Brother work by members of the Order brought aid to 2,831 youngsters at an expenditure of \$16,512.64. During the year employment was found for 4,166 jobless persons.

Medical aid and sick relief were extended in divers ways. Much of the work was done without cost, member physicians undertaking the care of the needy cases without financial recompense, and in some instances druggists who were members donating the needed medicines. However, in addition to this, special medical aid was extended to 3,522 needy cases at a total expenditure of \$97,218.68. Hospital visits were regularly maintained by practically every lodge in the Order, and many of them gave entertainments in various sanitariums, veterans' hospitals, children's wards, etc. Most of these entertainments were without cost to the lodge giving them, but quite a few were not. During the year 215 such entertainments were reported, the cost being \$8,604.82.

Americanization and other patriotic activities were actively engaged in. Among other things, 1,424 aliens were assisted in becoming naturalized citizens of the United States of America. The observance of Flag Day by the subordinate lodges was to all intents and purposes universal. It is necessary to explain here that a number of the lodges did not make their reports on the

official questionnaire blanks of the committee, and thus in a number of cases neglected to mention Flag Day observance among their welfare activities. But even so, 884 lodges specifically reported having observed Flag Day, as against only 802 such reports made last year. As prizes for Patriotic Essay contests, in cash or otherwise, \$7,230.58 was distributed in connection with Flag Day observance. Veterans' relief, in various forms (purchase of hospital comforts, individual contributions, etc.) was extended to 3,800 former soldiers, at a total cost of \$26,197.27.

It has been found difficult properly to classify the educational activities of the Lodges, because these were so diverse. In a number of instances, for example, Elks directed the school authorities to furnish milk to undernourished children free,

and to send the bill to the Lodge. The same directions were given in a great many cases with regard to shoes or other essential articles of clothing. In other cases, regular collegiate scholarships are maintained. In comparatively few instances, school books were furnished, since the practise of furnishing these by the public authorities has become almost universal. Classifying these activities as best one may, therefore, it is reported that 127 pupils were assisted by Elks' Lodges throughout the country to pursue their studies, through special scholarships or otherwise, by an expenditure of \$33,122.88, while school books were furnished to 260 children at a cost of \$1,514.77.

An interesting activity in this connection is that of a number of lodges which have established a system of "Elk Protegees." Every

school pupil, for example, who receives a grade over a certain mark, is extended certain privileges (gymnasium, swimming pool, etc.) at and by these lodges. The system has had a gratifying effect upon the scholastic standing of the pupils in these communities.

The remaining activities may be disposed of in a few words. On a number of occasions the Elks, unassisted by other bodies, have gone forth to raise funds for existing welfare agencies in their communities, either by an outright subscription campaign, by benefit entertainments, tag days, or otherwise. In this fashion \$95,177.27 was raised and donated to existing agencies. Finally, in other donations of a miscellaneous nature, not classifiable under any of the above headings, \$830,973.65 was contributed during the year.

Help Save "Old Ironsides" The Navy Appeals to the Elks and Their Spirit of Patriotism

MOORED to a wharf in the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, its ancient timbers waterlogged and rotting, is the hulk of a ship, once proud and sturdy, the backbone of our first Navy and the terror of our enemies. She is the frigate *Constitution*, affectionately known as *Old Ironsides*, launched at Boston one hundred and twenty-eight years ago. Exposed to the action of wind and water, lying defenseless, *Old Ironsides* has gradually become the victim of decay.

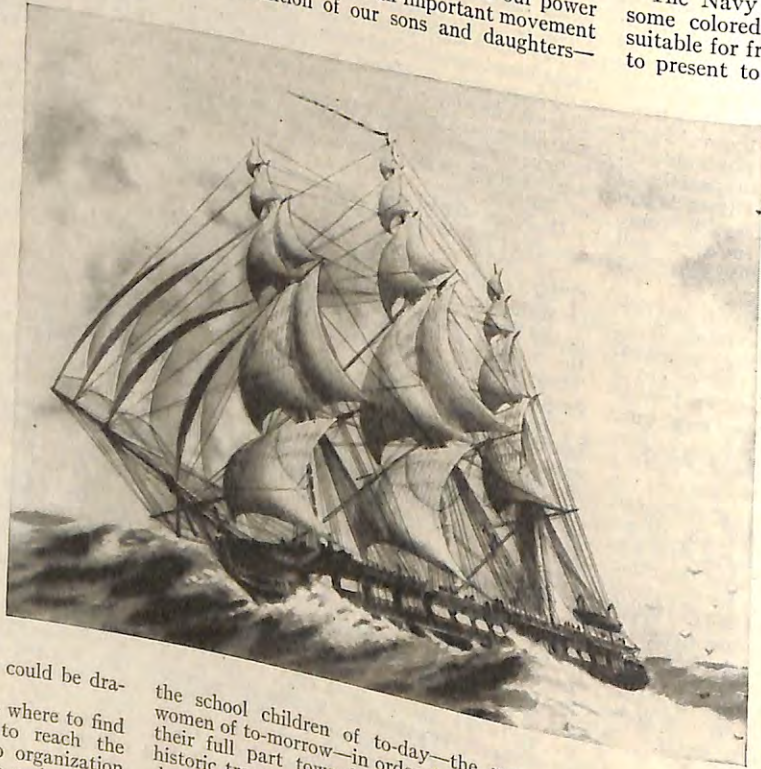
Congress recently authorized the Navy Department to rebuild *Old Ironsides*, but made no provision for the funds with which to do the work, except to authorize the Secretary of the Navy to accept and use any donations which might be offered for the purpose. Secretary Curtis D. Wilbur placed the matter of organizing a national committee to raise the \$475,000 required to restore the ship in the hands of Rear-Admiral L. R. de Steiguer, Commandant of the First Naval District, Boston. He urged Admiral de Steiguer to give the school children of the country the first opportunity to rebuild the ship with donations of pennies, nickels and dimes. The Secretary saw how the interest and enthusiasm of the children could be aroused through the arrangement in every schoolroom of patriotic exercises at which the thrilling exploits of *Old Ironsides* and the early traditions of the Navy could be dramatically brought before them.

The big problem, however, was where to find the machinery through which to reach the schoolrooms. The Navy had no organization comprehensive enough for such an undertaking. Fortunately the solution was near at hand. Secretary Wilbur bethought himself of the Order of Elks. He knew that the Elks are patriotic. He knew that the Elks are and its national character. He knew that if the Order would, it could, through its Subordinate Lodges, reach every schoolroom in the country with a direct personal appeal. And so he dispatched a message to Grand Exalted Ruler Price, soliciting the Order's aid.

The Grand Exalted Ruler immediately pledged the Elks as a body to assist in raising the *Old Ironsides* fund. He issued an official circular, on June 20, reading, in part, as follows: "The purpose of this letter, which will probably be the last I shall have the pleasure of sending you, is to call attention to the opportunity we have to demonstrate by practical patriotic service our deep interest in the affairs of our governmental activities. In his desire to afford the school children an opportunity to profit by a patriotic and educational lesson, the

Secretary of the Navy turns to our Order for assistance with the observation—'The B. P. O. E. has a great record for the welfare of the youth of our country.'

"Let us put forth heroic effort to justify the hope expressed that we will do all in our power to assist in bringing this all-important movement to the attention of our sons and daughters—



the school children of to-day—the men and women of to-morrow—in order that they will do their full part toward saving that important historic treasure, the frigate *Constitution*, from destruction and preserving it for the generations to follow.

"Exalted Ruler—Don't delay! Appoint your 'Save-the-*Constitution*' Committee at once. Select men who will be ready when the time comes to preside over a patriotic meeting such as it is expected will be arranged for in every schoolroom in the country, public, private, or parochial. Be prepared."

Admiral de Steiguer, Chairman of the National Committee of the "Save-*Old-Ironsides*" Fund, has enlisted Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson as Campaign Director, with headquarters at the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston. In a pamphlet of preliminary instructions to all Subordinate Lodges, Mr. Nicholson stressed the following points in connection with the campaign:

1. In their capacity of field agents, it will be the responsibility of the Subordinate Lodges to:
1. Arrange for the collection of contributions from the school children.
2. Arrange for holding school exercises during the week of October 19 to 24, designated

as "*Old Ironsides* Week." These exercises will give the B. P. O. E. the opportunity to emphasize the thrilling exploits of the famous frigate and the early history of the U. S. Navy. The Navy Department is printing a handsome colored reproduction of the *Constitution* suitable for framing which the Elks will be asked to present to every school as the key note of the patriotic exercises.

Buttons are being manufactured so that each school child who makes a contribution can proudly wear the little emblem portraying the sentence, "I helped save *Old Ironsides!*"

A model program for the school exercises, model speeches designed for the Elks orators at these exercises and various supplementary material, is being prepared at the Fund Headquarters.

An essay contest with appropriate awards based upon a 500-word essay on *Old Ironsides* is being perfected, the details to be announced later. Each Lodge is asked to assume responsibility for the campaign among the school children within its jurisdiction. The Subordinate Lodge is the working unit. Its activity spells success or failure.

In the personnel of the Lodge committee should be a press representative. This position is one of great importance—for the success of the campaign will depend upon the volume of news actually printed in the daily, Sunday and weekly press. Special releases will be sent out from the Fund Headquarters, copies being mailed to each Lodge press representative. It is the duty of the press representative to interview or communicate with the editor of every paper in the territorial jurisdiction of the Lodge, to urge the publication of these national releases as well as news of local importance concerning the campaign. The press representative should also compile a list of the radio broadcasting stations within the Lodge jurisdiction and forward it immediately to Fund Headquarters.

The first duty of the Lodge Committee was to make a survey of the schools. This survey should have been completed by August 1. Without it the sending of the supplies incident to the campaign is impossible. If any Lodge Committee has not already done so, it is urged to make its school survey at once, and send in, on the special blanks furnished, the information needed as to number of schools and their enrolment.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE pledges itself, with the Order, to aid, in every way practicable, in putting the "Save-*Old-Ironsides*" Fund over the top.

Facts from Annual Reports

Submitted to the Grand Lodge

From the Report of the Board of Grand Trustees

THE Elks' National Home, situated at Bedford, Virginia, at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and undoubtedly the only institution of its kind in the world to-day, has just passed through what has been, in many respects, the most successful year in the history of the institution.

Only one cloud has marred the happiness of the residents during the year. This was caused by the accidental poisoning from sweet cider, which resulted in the death of thirteen residents of the Home.

As soon as the poisoning was discovered, Home Member Robert A. Scott was communicated with, and under his instruction doctors and nurses from Bedford, Roanoke, and Lynchburg, were rushed to the Home and every attention possible was given to those who were stricken.

A thorough investigation of the case was made by Home Member Scott and Grand Trustee Louis Boismenu, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, on their arrival at the Home on the following day, and it was finally determined that no blame could be attached in any way to any employee of the Home.

Solemn Memorial Services were held for these residents and the others who had passed away during the year, on Sunday, December 7th, at which services Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37, delivered the address, and Reverend O. F. Backwelder of Roanoke, Virginia, delivered the oration. This service was attended by the entire Board of Grand Trustees, and a number of other Grand Lodge officials.

Aside from this poisoning case, the general health in the Home has been, if anything, slightly better than the previous years. The death-rate is, of course, high because of the fact that the men who come to the Home are, as a rule, broken in health and often in spirit. In many cases, however, men who have come to the Home in this condition have improved wonderfully. Some of them have even recovered sufficiently to be able to go out into the world again and earn a livelihood. Subordinate Lodges have helped wonderfully during the past year to keep the Brothers satisfied by sending them each month some small amount of cash. The Home, of course, furnishes everything in the way of food, clothing, tobacco, etc., but there are many little things which the resident desires which it can not furnish, and so if each Lodge sends to a resident who is a member of that Lodge, a small amount of cash each month it gives the resident a more independent feeling and helps wonderfully in keeping him contented. Often, too, it is beneficial in curing his ailments, which are sometimes mental as well as physical.

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official questionnaire blanks of the committee, and thus in a number of cases neglected to mention Flag Day observance among their welfare activities. But even so, 884 lodges specifically reported having observed Flag Day, as against only 802 such reports made last year. As prizes for Patriotic Essay contests, in cash or otherwise, \$7,230.58 was distributed in connection with Flag Day observance. Veterans' relief, in various forms (purchase of hospital comforts, individual contributions, etc.) was extended to 3,800 former soldiers, at a total cost of \$26,197.27.

It has been found difficult properly to classify the educational activities of the Lodges, because these were so diverse. In a number of instances, for example, Elks directed the school authorities to furnish milk to undernourished children free,

and to send the bill to the Lodge. The same directions were given in a great many cases with regard to shoes or other essential articles of clothing. In other cases, regular collegiate scholarships are maintained. In comparatively few instances, school books were furnished, since the practise of furnishing these by the public authorities has become almost universal. Classifying these activities as best one may, therefore, it is reported that 127 pupils were assisted by Elks' Lodges throughout the country to pursue their studies, through special scholarships or otherwise, by an expenditure of \$33,122.88, while school books were furnished to 260 children at a cost of \$1,514.77.

An interesting activity in this connection is that of a number of lodges which have established a system of "Elk Protegees." Every

school pupil, for example, who receives a grade over a certain mark, is extended certain privileges (gymnasium, swimming pool, etc.) at and by these lodges. The system has had a gratifying effect upon the scholastic standing of the pupils in these communities.

The remaining activities may be disposed of in a few words. On a number of occasions the Elks, unassisted by other bodies, have gone forth to raise funds for existing welfare agencies in their communities, either by an outright subscription campaign, by benefit entertainments, tag days, or otherwise. In this fashion \$95,177.27 was raised and donated to existing agencies. Finally, in other donations of a miscellaneous nature, not classifiable under any of the above headings, \$830,973.65 was contributed during the year.

Help Save "Old Ironsides"

The Navy Appeals to the Elks and Their Spirit of Patriotism

MOORED to a wharf in the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, its ancient timbers waterlogged and rotting, is the hulk of a ship, once proud and sturdy, the backbone of our first Navy and the terror of our enemies. She is the frigate *Constitution*, affectionately known as *Old Ironsides*, launched at Boston one hundred and twenty-eight years ago. Exposed to the action of wind and water, lying defenseless, *Old Ironsides* has gradually become the victim of decay.

Congress recently authorized the Navy Department to rebuild *Old Ironsides*, but made no provision for the funds with which to do the work, except to authorize the Secretary of the Navy to accept and use any donations which might be offered for the purpose. Secretary Curtis D. Wilbur placed the matter of organizing a national committee to raise the \$475,000 required to restore the ship in the hands of Rear-Admiral L. R. de Steiguer, Commandant of the First Naval District, Boston. He urged Admiral de Steiguer to give the school children of the country the first opportunity to rebuild the ship with donations of pennies, nickels and dimes. The Secretary saw how the interest and enthusiasm of the children could be aroused through the arrangement in every schoolroom of patriotic exercises at which the thrilling exploits of *Old Ironsides* and the early traditions of the Navy could be dramatically brought before them.

The big problem, however, was where to find the machinery through which to reach the schoolrooms. The Navy had no organization comprehensive enough for such an undertaking. Fortunately the solution was near at hand. Secretary Wilbur bethought himself of the Order of Elks. He knew that the Elks are patriotic. He knew the size of the fraternity and its national character. He knew that if the Order would, it could, through its Subordinate Lodges, reach every schoolroom in the country with a direct personal appeal. And so he dispatched a message to Grand Exalted Ruler Price, soliciting the Order's aid.

The Grand Exalted Ruler immediately pledged the Elks as a body to assist in raising the *Old Ironsides* fund. He issued an official circular, on June 20, reading, in part, as follows:

"The purpose of this letter, which will probably be the last I shall have the pleasure of sending you, is to call attention to the opportunity we have to demonstrate by practical patriotic service our deep interest in the affairs of our governmental activities. In his desire to afford the school children an opportunity to profit by a patriotic and educational lesson, the

Secretary of the Navy turns to our Order for assistance with the observation—*The B. P. O. E. has a great record for the welfare of the youth of our country.*

"Let us put forth heroic effort to justify the hope expressed that we will do all in our power to assist in bringing this all-important movement to the attention of our sons and daughters—



the school children of to-day—the men and women of to-morrow—in order that they will do their full part toward saving that important historic treasure, the frigate *Constitution*, from destruction and preserving it for the generations to follow.

"Exalted Ruler—Don't delay! Appoint your 'Save-the-Constitution' Committee at once. Select men who will be ready when the time comes to preside over a patriotic meeting such as it is expected will be arranged for in every schoolroom in the country, public, private, or parochial. *Be prepared.*"

Admiral de Steiguer, Chairman of the National Committee of the "Save-Old-Ironsides" Fund, has enlisted Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson as Campaign Director, with headquarters at the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston. In a pamphlet of preliminary instructions to all Subordinate Lodges, Mr. Nicholson stressed the following points in connection with the campaign:

In their capacity of field agents, it will be the responsibility of the Subordinate Lodges to:

1. Arrange for the collection of contributions from the school children.
2. Arrange for holding school exercises during the week of October 19 to 24, designated

as "*Old Ironsides* Week." These exercises will give the B. P. O. E. the opportunity to emphasize the thrilling exploits of the famous frigate and the early history of the U. S. Navy.

The Navy Department is printing a handsome colored reproduction of the *Constitution* suitable for framing which the Elks will be asked to present to every school as the key note of the patriotic exercises.

Buttons are being manufactured so that each school child who makes a contribution can proudly wear the little emblem portraying the sentence, "I helped save *Old Ironsides!*"

A model program for the school exercises, model speeches designed for the Elks orators at these exercises and various supplementary material, is being prepared at the Fund Headquarters.

An essay contest with appropriate awards based upon a 500-word essay on *Old Ironsides* is being perfected, the details to be announced later.

Each Lodge is asked to assume responsibility for the campaign among the school children within its jurisdiction. The Subordinate Lodge is the working unit. Its activity spells success or failure.

In the personnel of the Lodge committee should be a press representative. This position is one of great importance—for the success of the campaign will depend upon the volume of

news actually printed in the daily, Sunday and weekly press. Special releases will be sent out from the Fund Headquarters, copies being mailed to each Lodge press representative. It is the duty of the press representative to interview or communicate with the editor of every paper in the territorial jurisdiction of the Lodge, to urge the publication of these national releases as well as news of local importance concerning the campaign. The press representative should also compile a list of the radio broadcasting stations within the Lodge jurisdiction and forward it immediately to Fund Headquarters.

The first duty of the Lodge Committee was to make a survey of the schools. This survey should have been completed by August 1. Without it the sending of the supplies incident to the campaign is impossible. If any Lodge Committee has not already done so, it is urged to make its school survey at once, and send in, on the special blanks furnished, the information needed as to number of schools and their enrolment.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE pledges itself, with the Order, to aid, in every way practicable, in putting the "Save-Old-Ironsides" Fund over the top.

Facts from Annual Reports

Submitted to the Grand Lodge

From the Report of the Board of Grand Trustees

THE Elks' National Home, situated at Bedford, Virginia, at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and undoubtedly the only institution of its kind in the world to-day, has just passed through what has been, in many respects, the most successful year in the history of the institution.

Only one cloud has marred the happiness of the residents during the year. This was caused by the accidental poisoning from sweet cider, which resulted in the death of thirteen residents of the Home.

As soon as the poisoning was discovered, Home Member Robert A. Scott was communicated with, and under his instruction doctors and nurses from Bedford, Roanoke, and Lynchburg, were rushed to the Home and every attention possible was given to those who were stricken.

A thorough investigation of the case was made by Home Member Scott and Grand Trustee Louis Boismenu, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, on their arrival at the Home on the following day, and it was finally determined that no blame could be attached in any way to any employee of the Home.

Solemn Memorial Services were held for these residents and the others who had passed away during the year, on Sunday, December 7th, at which services Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37, delivered the address, and Reverend O. F. Backwelder of Roanoke, Virginia, delivered the oration. This service was attended by the entire Board of Grand Trustees, and a number of other Grand Lodge officials.

Aside from this poisoning case, the general health in the Home has been, if anything, slightly better than the previous years. The death-rate is, of course, high because of the fact that the men who come to the Home are, as a rule, broken in health and often in spirit. In many cases, however, men who have come to the Home in this condition have improved wonderfully. Some of them have even recovered sufficiently to be able to go out into the world again and earn a livelihood. Subordinate Lodges have helped wonderfully during the past year to keep the Brothers satisfied by sending them each month some small amount of cash. The Home, of course, furnishes everything in the way of food, clothing, tobacco, etc., but there are many little things which the resident desires which it can not furnish, and so if each Lodge sends to a resident who is a member of that Lodge, a small amount of cash each month it gives the resident a more independent feeling and helps wonderfully in keeping him contented. Often, too, it is beneficial in curing his ailments, which are sometimes mental as well as physical.

There are, at this time, 199 residents at the Home. Forty-nine of these have entered the Home during the year, and only because of the fact that the death-rate this year has been particularly high, has it been possible to take care of this number. There are only a few vacant rooms, which means that before the end of another year arrangements must be made for the building of a new cottage to take care of the increasing number of residents.

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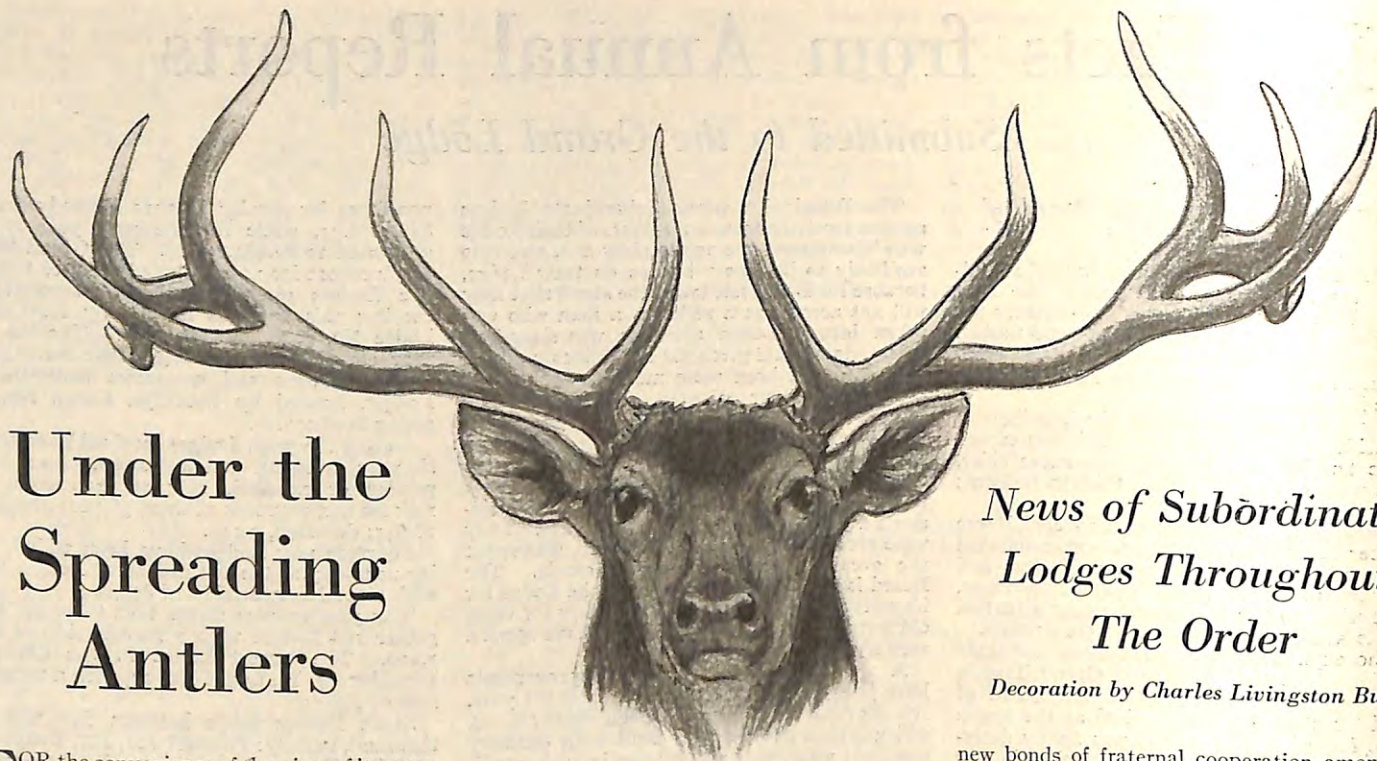
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Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

FOR the convenience of the wives of its members, San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216 is maintaining a night nursery at its Home. Here mothers may leave their children when they come down-town for the evening in the knowledge that they will be well cared for. The nursery is in charge of a competent woman who has had years of experience in such work. The nursery is located in the rear section of the ladies' parlor, and is equipped with beds, toys and everything else for the comfort and pleasure of the kiddies.

This innovation is only another example of how completely this Lodge provides for its members and their families.

Georgia and South Carolina State Elks Associations Meet

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was the honor guest at the annual convention of the Georgia State Elks Association held recently at Savannah. The meeting, which was opened by G. Phillip Maggioni, President of the Association, was a decided success in every way, a larger number of delegates, other representatives of the Lodges, and visitors attending than at any other convention in the history of the Association. As the occasion was also marked by the meeting of the South Carolina State Elks Association, the whole city was crowded with members of the Order. The business sessions of the Georgia Association were productive of a number of resolutions indorsing wider activities in welfare work, especially in the field of education and the care of crippled children. A resolution, presented by Walter P. Andrews, member of the Grand Forum, indorsing THE ELKS MAGAZINE for its usefulness to the Order, was unanimously adopted by the Convention. Among the other distinguished visitors to the meeting was Robert A. Gordon, Grand Trustee.

The three days of the convention were crowded with a series of social functions, sight-seeing trips and entertainments of all kinds. Especially attractive was the parade that wound up the convention. This was more elaborate than anything the city had seen in years. The many beautiful floats, excellent bands and large uniformed units were enthusiastically applauded by thousands of spectators.

The Georgia Association elected the following officers for 1925-1926: President, G. Phillip Maggioni of Savannah Lodge No. 183 (re-elected); Vice-Presidents, A. H. Martin of Atlanta Lodge No. 78, E. Foster Brigham of Augusta Lodge No. 205, Jesse Harris of Macon Lodge No. 230, I. G. Ehrlich of Albany Lodge No. 713, L. Ludwig of Brunswick Lodge No. 691, and A. B. King of Columbus Lodge No. 111; Secretary-Treasurer, Thomas B. Lamar of Columbus Lodge.

Albany was selected as the next meeting-place. Officers for the South Carolina State Elks Association were elected as follows: President, William H. Grimball of Charleston Lodge No. 242; First Vice-President, J. Henry Caughman of Rock Hill Lodge No. 1318; Second Vice-President, E. W. Livingston of Georgetown Lodge No. 900; Secretary-Treasurer, R. E. Cochran of Anderson Lodge No. 1206 (re-elected); Marshal, J. P. Doyle of Orangeburg Lodge No. 897; Tiler, Jack Coosa of Columbia Lodge No. 1100; Chaplain, Rev. A. W. Taylor of Anderson Lodge No. 209. The trustees elected are D. P. Harlee of Charleston Lodge, George W. Wharton of Greenville Lodge No. 858, and Gordon Hughes of Union Lodge No. 1321.

Milton, Pa., Lodge Entertains Children of City

The outing for the children of the city which is conducted annually by Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913 was a very successful one this year. The event began with a parade in which the children, clowns and bands took part. Later in the afternoon there were all sorts of games and contests for the youngsters. The distribution of many valuable prizes to the winners and the serving of refreshments wound up a most enjoyable day.

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge Has Barbecue and Picnic

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge 322 recently held a barbecue and picnic, its family outing, at the Estudillo Ranch. Many members and their families motored through the mountains, to the ranch, a place not made with hands, but nature's own work. After a nine-piece orchestra had played the Star Spangled Banner, every one was seated and the barbecue was served. Following this, the afternoon was devoted to various sports. Everything from horse-racing and trap-shooting to ladies' and children's races was on the program. About \$100 in prizes was awarded, and everybody had the time of their lives.

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge is Host to New Jersey State Elks Association

The beautiful new Home of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge No. 128 was the scene of the recent convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association. It was one of the most brilliant and successful meetings held in many years by the Association and was the means of establishing

new bonds of fraternal cooperation among the Lodges of the State. The business sessions were marked by the reading of many interesting reports, chief among these being the report on work done throughout the State for crippled children. This was submitted by Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Committee, and was enthusiastically received by the delegates.

The following officers were elected for 1925-1926: President, William K. Devereux of Asbury Park Lodge; Vice-Presidents, John J. Campbell of Bound Brook Lodge No. 1388, John Lenehan of Kearny Lodge No. 1050, Horace Balcom of Camden Lodge No. 203, John J. Leonard of Bloomfield Lodge No. 788; Secretary, Edgar T. Reed of Perth Amboy Lodge No. 784 (re-elected); Treasurer, Charles Rosencrans of Long Branch Lodge No. 742 (re-elected); Trustee for five years, George L. Hirtzel, Jr., of Elizabeth Lodge No. 289.

In the great parade which brought the convention to a close the following were winners in the various competitions: Jersey City Lodge No. 211, first prize for the largest number in line; Camden Lodge for best appearance; Long Branch Lodge for the most novel marching unit; Union Hill Lodge No. 1357 for having the largest band; and Perth Amboy Lodge for the best fife and drum corps. The band contest held after the parade was won by Elizabeth Lodge, and the team of Trenton Lodge No. 105 captured first prize in the drill contests. The prize for the best float in the parade went to Freehold Lodge No. 1454. The whole city was beautifully decorated in honor of the convention, and prizes were also awarded various hotels and business houses for their appearance.

It was decided to hold the quarterly meeting of the Association at Belleville this September.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Gives Party For City's Shut-Ins

The shut-ins of the city were recently guests at a very enjoyable party given in their honor by Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92. The program consisted of acts from Seattle theaters, music by Seattle talent, a movie, and refreshments of ice cream and candy. The guests were welcomed by Exalted Ruler Gilbert S. Costello and prayer was offered by Chaplain T. A. Hilton.

Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge Plans Handsome New Home

Plans calling for the conversion of the Ozark Sanitarium into a modern Elks' Home embodying hotel features were recently announced by Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge No. 380. Options on the property, including its bath-houses, have been obtained by the Lodge, which is considering improvements involving approximately \$250,000.

The Ozark Sanitarium was only recently completed and has 51 rooms.

Idaho State Elks Association Will Meet in Burley, September 2-3

The Idaho State Elks Association will meet this year at Burley on September 2-3. The date was postponed in order that it might not conflict with the Grand Lodge Convention in July. Preparations are being made for a large attendance, and many interesting attractions are planned for the meeting.

Boston, Mass., Lodge Observes 150th Anniversary of American Revolution

Patriotic exercises commemorating the 150th anniversary of the American Revolution and the birth of the Flag were recently conducted by Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10 on Boston Common. There were eminent speakers, splendid music and singing, a parade with an escort of United States Marines and Sailors headed by the Navy Yard Band, and finally the presentation of gold prizes to thirteen pupils of the Boston Schools for the best essays on the Flag. There were close to 5,000 interested spectators and listeners present, to say nothing of the thousands who heard the program over the radio.

The speakers included Hon. Alvin T. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts; Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston; Hon. William M. Butler, United States Senator; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. J. Perault, Jr., and Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Kane of Boston Lodge. The invocation was by the Rev. George P. O'Connor, Director of the Catholic Charity Bureau, and the benediction by Rabbi Samuel J. Abrams.

Finest Home in the South for Memphis, Tenn., Lodge

One of the finest buildings in the South and the equal of any Elk Home in the Order will be erected shortly by Memphis, Tenn., Lodge No. 27. Over a million dollars will be expended on the purchase of the site and on construction and furnishing of the building. It will be a twelve-story fireproof structure of concrete and steel, comprising beautiful Lodge-rooms, ballroom, club-room, libraries, all of which will be furnished and decorated in the most artistic and attractive way. The athletic features of the new Home will include a swimming pool, bowling alleys, hand-ball courts, locker-rooms, and a magnificent gymnasium thoroughly equipped with all necessary apparatus and having ample space for indoor games of all kinds. The upper floors of the building will embody hotel features, 150 commodious living apartments to be available at reasonable rates to traveling members of the Order. Another feature of the building will be an attractive roof garden. The Home will be equipped with high-speed passenger elevators, modern vapor steam-heating system, circulating ice water, and plumbing of the very best.

The site selected is ideal for a building of this nature, being located on the Southeast corner of Front and Jefferson Streets. The property fronts 75 feet on Front Street, and runs back on Jefferson Street for 148 feet. This location is in the very center of the down-town district.

Opening Exercises of Training Camp Conducted by Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge

Camp Shank, one of the first naval-reserve training camps for boys in the United States, was officially opened recently at Riverside Park with special exercises in charge of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13. At the time of the opening 65 boys were enrolled in the camp, and indications pointed toward the enrolment of considerably more. Mayor Shank, the members and officers of Indianapolis Lodge and a large gathering were present at the exercises.

"Steam Rollers" of Tampa, Fla., Lodge Doing Excellent Work

Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708 has organized among its members a group that is known as the "Steam Rollers." The purpose of this or-

ganization is to build up the membership, attend meetings regularly, make arrangements for entertainments, and work for a bigger and better Lodge. The "Steam Rollers" have already shown they are a real asset to the Lodge. Since they began to function there has been a decided increase in membership, and a keener and livelier interest in all departments of the Lodge.

Mexican Army Band Plays At New Orleans, La., Lodge

One of the biggest events conducted by any organization in New Orleans recently is to be credited to New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30, in giving the Banda de Estado Mayor del Ejercito Mexicano (General Staff Band of the Mexican Army) their first opportunity in the city to present an indoor-concert program. The concert was given at the Elks Home by special invitation to the Mexican Consul. The auditorium was beautifully decorated with festoons of Chinese lanterns and flags. Reserved seats were held for the city's leading musicians, the Consular Corps, and public officials. For the rest, the attendance was limited strictly to members and their guests. The program was excellent, and was magnificently presented.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Opens Health Camp for Children

An Elks Kiddie Health Camp, operated by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 30 was opened this summer. The camp is located about ten miles north of the city, on a high hill in the midst of a forty-acre tract of blue grass and timber. A large, roomy building with running water and other facilities houses the children. The Lodge plans to accommodate from 25 to 30 children between the ages of 7 and 12 every two weeks throughout the entire summer. The beauty of the country and the equipment of the camp should be very productive in improving the health of the undernourished and underweight children of the city.

"The Heart of Elkdom," a Book Every Member Will Want to Own

An excellent book, charmingly written and containing much that will interest every member of the Order is "The Heart of Elkdom" from the pen of Walter F. Meier, President of the Washington State Elks Association and Past Exalted Ruler of Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92. The book is made up of 52 articles, each dealing with some principle or tenet of the Order. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price in his foreword to the volume says, "I most heartily commend the reading, not only the reading but the careful study of this book, believing that much benefit will come to all who may have the foresight to pay some attention to the product of the author's genius."

The new home of Wallace, Idaho, Lodge No. 311, which was recently dedicated



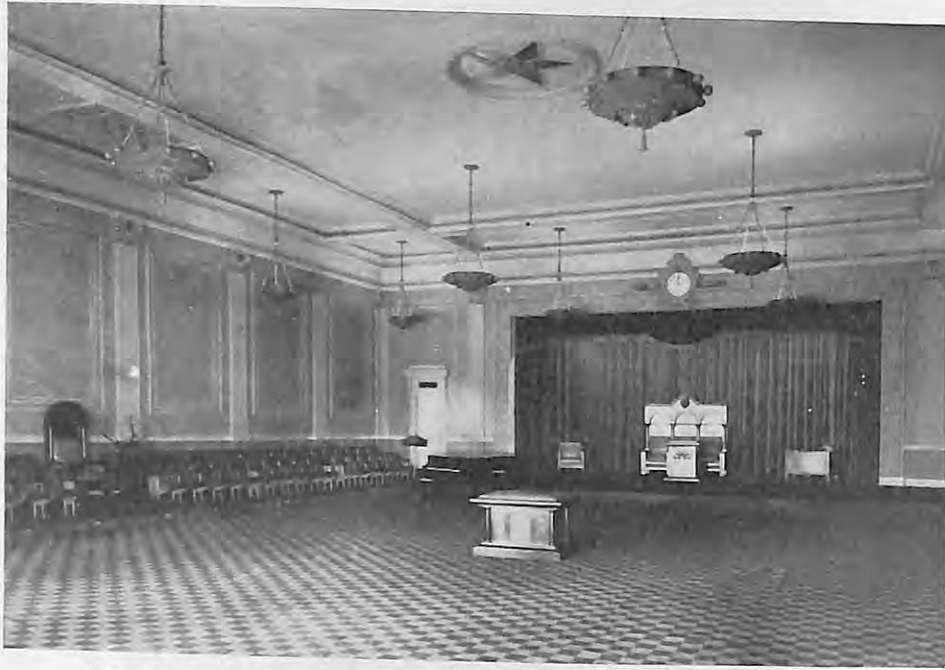
By an arrangement with Seattle Lodge the entire net proceeds from the sale of Mr. Meier's book will be used by the Lodge as an educational fund from which loans can be made to sons and daughters of members who are in need of financial assistance in completing their education. To promote its distribution "The Heart of Elkdom" will be sent by the Publishers (Far-west Lithograph and Printing Company, Seattle, Wash.) on approval to any Elk. If he desires to retain it, the price, \$1.00, may be remitted to the publishers.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Meets at Swampscott

The Massachusetts State Elks Association recently held its eleventh annual convention at Swampscott, Mass., under the auspices of Lynn Lodge No. 117. It was the biggest and best meeting ever held by the Association. Four hundred and thirty-three delegates were in attendance, representing 52 Lodges. Among the many interesting reports read at the business session was the one of Jeremiah J. Hourin, Secretary of the Association. This brought out the fact that for the fifth consecutive year there had been 100 per cent. payment of dues. In the field of charity the record was equally fine, the Lodges in the Association having expended over \$134,000 during the year. Springfield Lodge No. 61 expended the largest per capita amount for charity, \$6.59; Plymouth Lodge No. 1476 (one of the youngest in the State) expended \$6.42, and Adams Lodge No. 1335 was third, with a per capita expenditure of \$6.25. The average per capita expenditure for charity was \$3.05. The net increase in membership of all Massachusetts Lodges was reported as 4,018 for the year.

The delegates and the thousands of visitors were entertained in a most lavish way throughout the convention. The beautiful North Shore was the scene of many festivities, bathing and water sports being among the best features of the elaborate program. The parade of this year's convention was a particularly brilliant event in which practically every Lodge of the State was represented by bands, floats and a large number of marchers. The convention was especially noteworthy for the fact that so many distinguished members of the Order were present. Among these were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of the city of Boston.

The following officers were elected for 1925-1926: President, Marshall P. Newman of Medford Lodge No. 915; First Vice-President, Patrick J. Garvey of Holyoke Lodge No. 902; Second Vice-President, James R. Flanagan of Boston Lodge No. 10; Third Vice-President, Hugh T. McNeil of Fall River Lodge No. 118; Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin of Framingham Lodge No. 1264 (reelected); Treasurer, Bernard E. Carbin of Lynn Lodge; Trustee for three



The spacious Lodge room in the new Home of Everett, Wash., Lodge No. 479

years, Thomas Brady of Brookline Lodge No. 886.

It was decided to hold next year's meeting of the Association at Holyoke.

New Lodges Recently Instituted

Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge No. 1505 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Gillhaus of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge No. 658. C. Robert Borst is the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Robert H. Strader is Secretary.

Hood River, Ore., Lodge No. 1507 was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Barnett H. Goldstein of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142, with Charles A. Richards elected as Exalted Ruler and Fred W. Donnerberg as Secretary.

Iowa State Elks Association Holds Successful Convention

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. F. G. Cluett of Sioux City, Iowa, Lodge No. 112 was elected President of the Iowa State Elks Association at its twentieth annual convention held recently at Burlington. Other officers for 1925-1926 were elected as follows: First Vice-President, B. F. Shreves of Fort Madison Lodge No. 374; Second Vice-President, R. S. McKee of Atlantic Lodge No. 445; Third Vice-President, S. J. Van Kuren of Cedar Rapids Lodge No. 251; Secretary J. L. Coon of Newton Lodge No. 1270; Treasurer, E. A. Erb of Burlington Lodge No. 84; Trustee for three years, Remley Glass of Mason City Lodge No. 375.

This year's meeting was a highly successful one in every way. Large delegations and visitors from practically every Lodge in the State attended and many important matters were discussed and acted upon at the business sessions. Welfare work is to continue to play a leading part in the activities of Iowa Lodges. A suggestion for the establishment of a scholarship fund to assist deserving students to a college education will be given consideration by all Lodges of the State during the year. This suggestion made at the meeting was sponsored by Lloyd R. Maxwell, of Chicago, a member of Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge No. 312 and also a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

The parade, which brought the convention to a close, was one of the most colorful ever staged in Burlington. Thousands of people crowded the sidewalks for a glimpse of the marchers, floats and bands. The first prize for the best band of the parade went to the Cedar Falls 58-piece band, brought to Burlington by Waterloo Lodge No. 290. Keokuk Lodge No. 106 was successful in winning two first prizes, one

for having the best appearing marchers, and one for having the largest number in line.

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:

Bradentown, Fla., Lodge No. 1511.

Newton, N. J., Lodge No. 1512.

Watertown, Mass., Lodge No. 1513.

Fremont, Neb., Lodge Is Host to Nebraska State Elks Association

The Nebraska State Elks Association recently met at Fremont for a most enjoyable and interesting convention. Practically every Lodge of the State was well represented and the program of entertainment provided by the local Lodge was highly appreciated by the visitors. The Association decided to stress welfare work throughout the State this year and resolutions were adopted endorsing a program for the relief of crippled children. Among the distinguished members of the Order who took part in the convention were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas B. Dysart and Robin R. Reid.

An interesting feature of the convention was the ritualistic contest, won this year by the team of Fremont Lodge No. 514. These contests held each year are for a handsome trophy donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland. North Platte Lodge No. 985 and Lincoln Lodge No. 80 have a claim on the prize, which must be won three times before it becomes the permanent possession of a Lodge.

The following officers were elected for 1925-1926: President, August Schneider of York Lodge No. 1024; First Vice-President, A. B. Hoagland of North Platte Lodge; Second Vice-President, A. C. Tollefson of Kearney Lodge No. 984; Third Vice-President, Thomas B. Dysart of Omaha Lodge No. 39; Secretary, W. J. Gregorius of Columbus Lodge No. 1195; Treasurer, Frank Real of McCook Lodge No. 1434; Trustees, Charles A. McCloud of York Lodge, W. W. Jenne of Falls City Lodge No. 963 and Walter Nelson of Omaha Lodge.

Lawrence, Kans., Lodge Host to Boys' Club at Track Meet

Lawrence, Kans., Lodge No. 595 recently acted as host to nearly 400 boys of the Lawrence "Knot-Hole Gang" at the Kansas Relays held in the University of Kansas Stadium. "The Gang," which is made up of boys of the city, has been sponsored by the Lodge for some time, and the membership take a keen interest in its welfare. On this occasion the boys met at the Home of the Lodge and marched in a body to the

Stadium, where a special section had been purchased for them. Track teams from all parts of the country were present for the relays, and it was considered a privilege by the Lodge to make it possible for the boys to attend these athletic contests.

Sayre, Pa., Lodge Has Many Community Interests

Sayre, Pa., Lodge No. 1148 recently staged a minstrel show and used the profits to furnish the community with a series of band concerts during the summer months. The Lodge has also been active in welfare work, assisting in a recent drive for a Nurses' Home by donating a sum of money toward the equipment of a room in the proposed building. In addition, the welfare committee recently took the children of the city on an outing where free motion pictures, refreshments and music were provided.

Nevada State Elks Association Holds Its First Meeting

The first meeting of the newly organized Nevada State Elks Association was held recently in Goldfield. It was a decided success in every way, and proved conclusively that the Association is going to be of great service to the Lodges of the State. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, George C. Steinmiller of Reno Lodge No. 597; Vice-President, J. Emmett Walsh of Goldfield Lodge No. 1072; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Lake of Reno Lodge; Trustees, E. W. Orr of Las Vegas Lodge No. 1468, A. J. Proctor of Ely Lodge No. 1469, and Harold Hale of Elko Lodge No. 1472; Tiler, E. H. Grenig of Ely Lodge; Chaplain, Roy Ray of Tonopah Lodge No. 1062 and Sergeant-at-arms, William B. Evans of Tonopah Lodge. The next annual meeting will be held in Reno.

A number of delightful entertainment features marked the convention, and keen interest was shown in the various competitive events. The ritualistic contest was won by Ely Lodge. Though this Lodge is little more than a year old, it was the opinion of Howard B. Kirtland, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, who was present at the Convention, that its team is one that compares favorably with the best in the country.

Another interesting event of the convention was the dedication of the new Home of Goldfield Lodge No. 1072. The ceremony was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George C. Steinmiller, and addresses were made by Hon. T. L. Oddie, United States Senator from Nevada; Hon. J. G. Scrugham, Governor of Nevada, and Congressman Samuel S. Arentz. The new Home is an imposing structure, costing close to \$50,000 and replaces the building destroyed by fire last fall. It is two stories high, with Lodge-room, club-rooms and offices on the second floor, and three stores and a banquet hall on the ground floor.

Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge and Red Cross Give Benefit

Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge No. 52 and the Ross County Chapter of the American Red Cross recently joined hands in staging a large circus for the benefit of the ex-service men at Government Hospital No. 97. The show was given in a grove near the hospital grounds and was enjoyed by hundreds of the patients. After the performance a delightful picnic lunch was served to the men. One of the many interesting features under the big tent was the exhibition of some of the work being done by the patients of the hospital. This included beautifully woven counterpanes, towels, scarfs, rugs and baskets of all kinds.

Utah State Elks Association Holds Convention at Eureka

John F. Rowe of Eureka Lodge No. 711 was elected President of the Utah State Elks Association at its twelfth annual convention held recently in Eureka. The other officers who will guide the Association during 1925-1926 were elected as follows: First Vice-President, Ben H. Beveridge of Park City Lodge No. 734; Second Vice-President, T. J. Maginnis of Ogden Lodge

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No. 719; Third Vice-President, W. H. Nightingale of Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85; Secretary, John A. Barclay of Salt Lake Lodge No. 85; Treasurer, J. A. Boshard of Provo Lodge No. 849.

The convention was one of the most interesting and successful held in recent years by the Association. A number of praiseworthy resolutions were adopted at the business sessions, one indorsing a campaign to prevent the huge losses resulting from forest fires deserving special mention. Many attractive entertainment features were provided the visitors, the program including sight-seeing trips to Mammoth, Silver City and around the mountains of Tintic over the Knight railroad.

The parade which brought the successful convention to a close was a brilliant and colorful event. Provo Lodge won first prize for the best band; Salt Lake City Lodge first prize for the best appearance in the parade; Eureka Lodge first prize for the best feature, and Provo Lodge a handsome loving cup for the largest attendance based on membership. Eureka Lodge also captured the State ritualistic contest and received a beautiful silver trophy in recognition of its victory.

It was decided to hold next year's convention at Ogden, Utah, July 5-10.

Bayonne, N. J., Lodge Buys Site For New Home

Bayonne, N. J., Lodge No. 434 is making an excellent showing in its community and is in a prosperous and healthy condition. The Lodge recently purchased a building site for \$43,000 on which it will erect a magnificent new Home in the near future.

The membership of the Lodge is growing rapidly and the initiation of large classes of candidates has been conducted regularly. A feature of a recent meeting was the initiation of four members of the same family—all brothers.

Leominster, Mass., Lodge Has Activities in Many Fields

Leominster, Mass., Lodge No. 1237 recently conducted a four-day indoor carnival which was largely attended and which was a financial success. Valuable prizes and a popularity contest were some of the features of this event.

This Lodge also has an active Social and Community Welfare Committee that does excellent work. Assisted by the various musical units of the Lodge, this committee recently conducted an entertainment at the Veterans' Hospital in Rutland, Vt., which was highly appreciated by the patients. This same committee has also given two entertainments at the Old Ladies' Home.

Leominster Lodge is proud of the record it holds for Social and Community Welfare work, having had in 1924-1925 the highest per capita expenditure among the Lodges of Massachusetts in this field.

Michigan State Elks Association Meets at Detroit

A most enthusiastic and successful convention was held recently by the Michigan State Elks Association at Detroit. Among the many important actions taken at the meeting was the adoption of a resolution calling for an active educational program. The expenditure of \$1,000 a year was authorized to be used in educating the child of an Elk who through misfortune is unable to bear the expense. The various Lodges will be permitted to submit candidates and the most worthy applicant will be accepted. The plan is similar to the one put into practice sometime ago by Detroit Lodge No. 34. This Lodge now has four scholarships and its first accepted applicant graduated from the University of Michigan this year.

The delegates, their wives and all the visitors were elaborately entertained by special committees throughout the convention period; sight-seeing trips, theatre parties, banquets and a grand ball being some of the features provided.

The bands and drill teams of many Lodges took part in the parade on the closing day of the convention. Notable among these were the units of Detroit Lodge and the famous Withington Zouaves under the leadership of Capt. William Sparks, Exalted Ruler of Jackson Lodge No. 113.

Prominent among the guests at the meeting were Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain; Grand Treasurer, John K. Burch and John W. Ranney, Past Exalted Ruler and present secretary of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37.

The following officers were elected for the year 1925-1926: President, Joseph Schnitzler of Mount Pleasant Lodge No. 1164; First Vice-President, Richard E. Miller of Petoskey Lodge No. 629; Second Vice-President, Byron O. Smith of Grand Rapids Lodge No. 48; Third Vice-President, Charles L. Bartlett of Detroit Lodge No. 34. Secretary George D. Bostock of Grand Rapids Lodge, and Treasurer Thomas G. Carroll of Detroit Lodge were both reelected.

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:

Fostoria, Ohio, Lodge No. 935. Remodeling of present Home, the completed building to be 76 x 80 feet, three stories and basement. The ground floor will contain three business rooms, the second floor club-rooms and the third floor a Lodge-room and banquet hall. The cost of remodeling will be \$45,000 and the furnishings \$10,000.

Mercedes, Texas, Lodge No. 1467. Purchase of property at a cost of \$5,000 and erection of a new Home, the building to be two-story brick, with basement for swimming pool and bowling alleys; a roof garden for social events; reception-rooms, billiard-rooms, library, etc. on the first floor, with Lodge-room and anterooms on the second floor. The estimated cost of the building is from \$35,000 to \$40,000, with furnishings at \$3,500.

Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge No. 759. Purchase of Home at a cost of \$35,000. This property has been used as a private residence.

Evansville, Ind., Lodge No. 116. Remodeling of their present Home at a cost of \$15,000.

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge Well Launched on Active Year

Since the beginning of the new Lodge year, the membership of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge No. 28 has taken on a new life and indications promise the best year in the history of this Lodge.

The Social and Community Welfare Com-

The new Home of Gary, Ind., Lodge No. 1152, dedicated early this Spring



mittee reports greater activity in all lines of its work. Wheeling Park, one of the most beautiful spots in the Ohio Valley, which was operated under private ownership, has been purchased and given to the city for a public park. It will be equipped with all sorts of amusements including a public golf course. Wheeling Lodge contributed largely to the purchase and equipment of these grounds.

The Lodge has likewise organized and equipped a Troop of Boy Scouts, known as the Elks Troop. The outfit is composed mostly of boys of foreign parentage who are being molded into true Americans by the training.

Oklahoma State Elks Association To Meet in Woodward

Preparations are being made for the coming convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association which will be held at Woodward, September 6-8. The committees in charge are preparing for the largest convention that has been held since the organization of the Association, and have planned a very diversified program of entertainment for the visitors. There will be many attractions, one of which will be a contest between the teams of visiting Lodges from all over the State in ritualistic work.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Dedicates Monument in Elks' Rest

In the presence of hundreds of members of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge No. 53, their families and others, the monument which the Lodge has erected in the Elks' Rest of the Memorial Park Cemetery was recently dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. Exalted Ruler John J. King, assisted by the officers of the Lodge, conducted the ceremony, and Past Exalted Ruler Charles T. Lawton delivered the dedicatory address. The monument is a handsome life-size bronze statue of an elk mounted on a large stone base which is surrounded by an artificial pond. Immediately following the exercises, impressive ceremonies incident to the observance of Flag Day were conducted by the Lodge.

Denver Lodge Entertains at Meeting Of Colorado State Elks Association

Delegates from the Lodges of the State and visitors from all over Colorado recently gathered in Denver for the Twenty-second Annual Convention of the Colorado State Elks Association. The reunion was one of the best in the history of the Association, being marked by large attendance, excellent social features and the execution of important business. Among the many matters discussed at the business sessions was the proposed National Elks park project. Action was taken to create the park, which will be in the nature of a game preserve in the Ouray district of the State.

The outstanding feature of the social events



The Boys' Band, sponsored by Elizabeth City, N. C., Lodge No. 856

was the great parade on the last day of the convention. The whole city turned out to see the marchers and the many colorful floats that had been designed for the occasion by various Lodges. Greeley Lodge No. 809 won first prize for the best decorated and most novel float. Cripple Creek Lodge No. 316 won a prize for having the largest representation in line, based on proportionate membership. Leadville Lodge No. 236 took the prize for the largest number of members having come the greatest distance. The "best appearance" prize went to Boulder Lodge No. 566. A prize of \$100 was awarded Baur's Confectionery store for having the best decorated building during the convention. In the band contest, Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309 took the first prize and Loveland Lodge No. 1051 captured second place.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Milton L. Anfenger of Denver Lodge No. 17; First Vice-President, E. E. Brook of Pueblo Lodge No. 90; Second Vice-President, C. W. Mortensen of Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309; Third Vice-President, J. H. McDevitt, Jr., of Durango Lodge No. 507; Secretary, Joseph H. Loo of Pueblo Lodge No. 90 (reelected); Treasurer, William R. Patterson of Greeley Lodge No. 809.

Pueblo was selected as the meeting-place for the convention of 1926.

Salem, Ore., Lodge Lays Corner-stone For Its New Home

Salem, Ore., Lodge No. 336, with a number of distinguished members of the Order present, recently laid the corner-stone for its new \$150,000 Home. The ceremonies were in charge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Percy Young, and the principal address was delivered by the Hon. William S. Levens.

The new building is of brick and concrete construction and is strictly modern in its appointments. It is located within two blocks of the business district of the city.

Following the corner-stone ceremonies the members and visitors returned to the old Home where a large class of candidates was initiated.

Roosevelt Elk to Be Propagated In Alaska

The Alaska Legislature recently appropriated \$10,000 for stocking certain barren areas with game and fur-bearing animals. Included in this program is a project to import Roosevelt elk from the State of Washington and place them in favorably located districts for propagation.

This brings to realization a dream long fostered by the Elk Lodges of Alaska. The author of the measure which made realization possible is Hon. Ben A. Grier of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge No. 1351, a member of the House of Representatives. He was given an enthusiastic welcome when he appeared at the Home of his Lodge and received highly deserved praise for his perseverance and untiring energy without which the bill would not have been enacted.

The stocking program will be carried out by the Alaska Game Commission.

Ohio State Elks Association Holds Convention Week of August 23

Plans have been perfected for the convention of the Ohio State Elks Association which will meet this year at Cedar Point and Sandusky the week of August 23. Much important business will be transacted at the meeting, and excellent arrangements for the entertainment of the visitors have been made. A feature will be the parade in which many Lodges will compete for cash prizes totaling \$600. The parade and the band contests will be held under the auspices of Sandusky Lodge No. 285. The whole city will be especially decorated for the occasion and Sandusky Lodge will keep open house throughout the convention.

Youngsters of the Community Cared For by Millville, N. J., Lodge

Millville, N. J., Lodge No. 580 continues to do excellent and helpful work among the crippled children within its jurisdiction. The Lodge's many activities during the past year include 8 operations, 15 medical treatments, new braces for several unfortunates, braces repaired, new shoes, clothing and rubbers. In addition the Lodge has given seashore outings, vaudeville shows to the children, and placed a number of them in private homes.

Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge Host to Pennsylvania State Elks Association

The stage is all set for the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association which will be held at Bethlehem, August 23-27. The following is the elaborate program of events that has been arranged for the thousands who are expected to attend the convention:

Monday, Aug. 24: Reception and registration of State officers, delegates and committeemen at the official headquarters in Hotel Bethlehem. Entertainment for Elks and ladies at the Colosseum. Banquet for State officers, delegates, alternates, committeemen and their ladies in the evening at the Hotel Bethlehem.

Tuesday, Aug. 25: Registration of guests. Reception to visiting ladies at Ladies' Headquarters at the Knights of Pythias Home. Convention opens at Hotel Bethlehem. Auto sight-seeing trip for the ladies, followed by an entertainment at the Northampton Country Club. Entertainment for Elks and ladies in the evening at the Colosseum. Dancing. Midnight show for Elks and ladies at Colonial.

Wednesday, Aug. 26: Convention sessions in the morning; sight-seeing trip; golf tournament at the Saucon Valley Country Club; picnic for Elks only at Nazareth Fair Grounds in the afternoon; picnic for the ladies at the Saucon Valley Country Club in the afternoon; entertainment for Elks and ladies at the Colosseum in the

evening; dancing; midnight show for Elks and ladies at Colonial Theater.

Thursday, Aug. 27: Closing session of the convention; Grand Pageant in the afternoon; entertainment all day and evening for Elks and ladies at Colosseum; dancing.

One of the features of the convention will be the competitive events for which many valuable prizes have been provided. There will be awards for the Lodge having the largest number of uniformed men in the parade; the Lodge making the best appearance in the line of march, and the largest band. In addition, handsome loving cups will be awarded in the band and drill team contests, and the best floats of the parade will be similarly recognized.

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge Will Occupy New Home in Fall

The handsome new Home of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge No. 276 is nearing completion and plans are being considered for its formal dedication sometime in October.

The building is a beautiful structure, gothic in style and executed in granite, Indiana limestone, terra cotta and brick. On the ground floor are the grill, billiard-room, gymnasium, showers and lockers. The library and lounge, and a large solarium are located on the main floor. Here also are the main dining-room, 41 x 77 feet, and the kitchen, as well as committee meeting-rooms, storerooms and other rooms. The magnificent Lodge-room is on the floor above. This room has a seating capacity of over 1,200 and is 73 x 87 feet. Above this is a mezzanine floor with a balcony opening into the Lodge-room. Here are quarters for the Ladies Auxiliary, including a lounge, kitchen, rest-rooms, etc. The top floor contains a well-equipped apartment for visiting Elk notables. In the rear of this floor a large area has been left so that a roof-garden can be added if desired.

The whole building is handsomely and carefully arranged throughout, embodying every comfort, convenience and requisite of a modern club-house.

Wallace, Idaho, Lodge Dedicates Its New Home

Members from all parts of the Northwest recently joined hands with Wallace, Idaho, Lodge No. 331 in celebrating the dedication of its handsome new Home. A visit to the famous mines of the region, baseball games, dances, parades, the initiation of a record class of candidates and many other features marked the festivities.

The new Home is a dignified and beautiful addition to the many fine buildings owned by Elk Lodges throughout the Northwest. Comfort and a homelike effect are given immediately upon entrance to the building by the effectiveness of the main lobby. Off this are located the billiard-room, offices, library, buffet and gymnasium. Particularly attractive also are the up-stairs reception-rooms and Lodge-room. The woodwork in the latter is ivory tinted and the ritualistic furniture is of golden oak. Spread on the spacious floor is a fine carpet of blue. The window curtains are cream-colored casement cloth, with drapes of rose and taupe damask. Appropriately connected to the Lodge-room is a buffet kitchen, suitably equipped for the serving of light lunches for Lodge occasions. The building is of concrete and brick construction two stories high. It represents an investment of over \$110,000.

Jackson, Mich., Lodge Achieves Remarkable Membership Record

Due to the unbounded energy and enthusiasm of Capt. William Sparks, Exalted Ruler of Jackson, Mich., Lodge No. 113, and the whole-hearted support of his fellow members, Jackson Lodge recently achieved a remarkable record. On May 1 the Lodge opened its drive for 1,000 new members, and virtually within the 30-day period allotted, it secured 1,200 new members. This, we believe, is the first time a Lodge has secured in a membership campaign more new members than its total membership at the opening of the drive. Jackson Lodge had 1,087 names on its roster on May 1.

(Continued on page 74)

Never Before a Value Like This

The Super-Six principle, exclusive to Hudson and Essex, is responsible for the largest selling 6-cylinder cars in the world, because it gives results in smooth, brilliant action, reliability and economy never attained by any other type.

This Essex, in all ways, is the finest ever built. Easier riding and driving, more flexible in performance, handsomer in line and finish, it is also lower in price than ever before.

Its success is simply the belief of buyers that it represents the utmost automobile value and satisfaction within hundreds of dollars of the price; and it proceeds entirely from what owners themselves say of Essex.

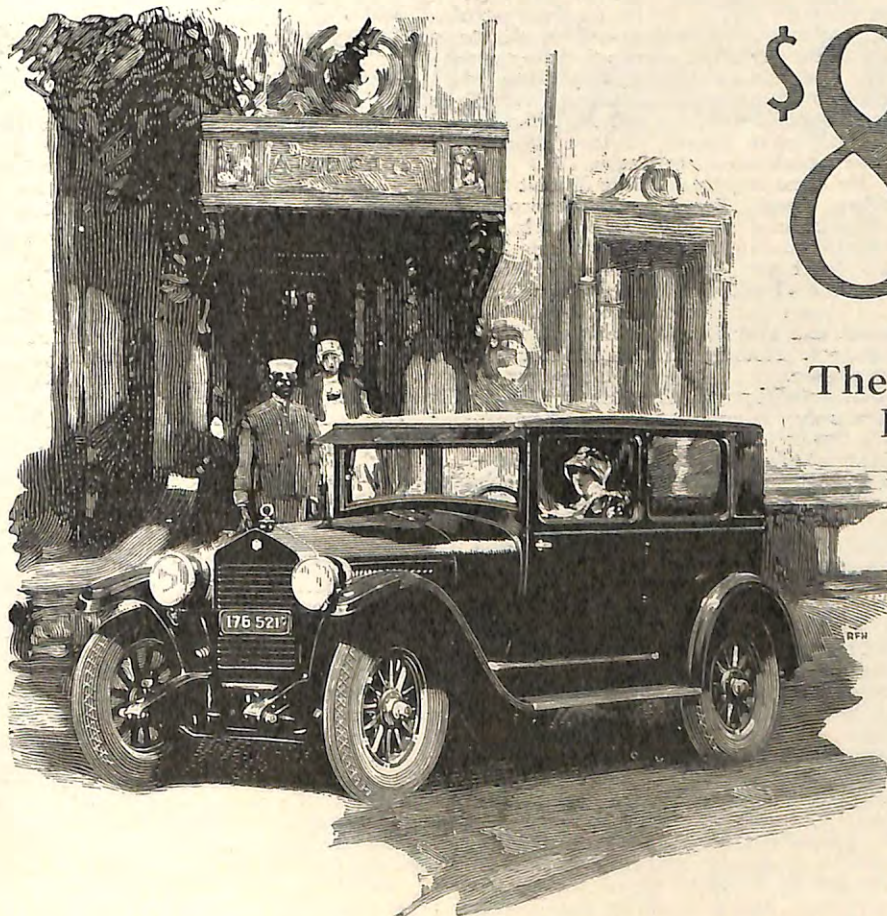
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Hudson-Essex, World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 35)

"There is nothing I can do except to demand my pound of flesh."

"And nothing for me to do save pay. It may interest you to know that I have no intention whatsoever of attempting to evade."

North shrugged. "It would do you no good. I have taken precautions."

"They are quite unnecessary—"

"I trust so. But I take them anyway."

Alan hesitated. "The first of October is less than two weeks away. Mr. North. It was my understanding that I was to get from you the money for the second year's premium."

"That is correct. Come to my apartment on the twenty-seventh and I will give you the cash. Bring me the receipt on the twenty-eighth. We will then arrange the details of your suicide."

"That is satisfactory."

"Have you thought of how you will work it?"

"To make it appear accidental? No, sir, I haven't. In the first place I have entertained a very natural hope that you might grant me a few years to pay this hundred-thousand-dollar debt, and besides—I felt that in such matters I could safely trust to your fertile imagination. You see—I have had very little experience in the taking of human life."

"I see." If the dart went home, North gave no sign. "There are methods. . . . You have a little car, haven't you?"

"Yes. I bought it when I first went with Starr and Watkins."

"Why not drive off Greely's Bluff? The river is very deep at that point, and there are always plenty of people around at this season of the year. You could pick your time. Make it appear that you had lost control of the car—zigzag up the road, then go over."

"Quite feasible. . . Any other suggestions?"

North pondered. Alan watched him in amazement and unbelief. The whole conversation was unthinkable: he and this man cold-bloodedly discussing his prospective death! Doing it dispassionately. . . . only the thumping of Alan's heart gave evidence of the strain under which the young man labored. Outwardly, he was self-possessed, cool, impersonal.

All hope for clemency was gone. He knew now that he was dealing with the immutable; a person with the appearance and attributes of a human being but without a soul. He disdained to plead. . . .

"That seems a fair enough idea," vouchsafed North at length. "When you come to me for your insurance money, I'll let you know if I've thought of a better plan. And now—" he rose deliberately, "—I'm sorry that I must beg of you to excuse me."

Alan bowed stiffly and made his way into the street. He had not told Beverly that he was coming to North to-night; he had thought to save her the nerve strain of waiting. He had merely told her that he was busy and would not be home until very late, and now he struck off in the direction of the Forest Grove development.

Forest Grove! It was more to him than a mere beautiful subdivision—it had served to enlighten him as to his own capabilities; caused him to revive faith in himself. And he had dreamed his dream. . . . if only North had been different—there was a particular lot which Alan loved; he had dreamed of a little bungalow for himself and Beverly—a cozy little place set well back on the lawn and with two big trees in front. . . . a row of shrubbery and flowers banked against the veranda. He hadn't tried very hard to sell that lot; it had pleased him to mark it out for his own. . . . not a day passed that he didn't go there and envision the place as it would be when his home should be built.

And now. . . . that dream was ended. The vision was shattered. Stark reality faced him. In two weeks—three at the utmost—he would be no more. Even in the face of certainty he could not quite believe that: he was too thoroughly alive, too keenly desirous of living, to believe that his life could be snapped off like a dead twig from a tree.

He reached the Grove and directed his steps quite unconsciously to a new bungalow on Mountain Road. That bungalow, too, was part of him. It had been his idea in the first place: Better Homes Week. . . . with this

new bungalow furnished and decorated by the leading firms of the city. It was designed to show people of comfortable means the possibility of home-building and furnishing on an ordinary Forest Grove lot—and into the interior decoration of this little home Alan had thrown himself with passionate ardor.

The Better Homes bungalow stood alone on a knoll. There were no homes on the adjoining lots: Mountain Road had only recently been improved and put on the market. . . . Alan let himself into the place with the key he carried. He switched on the electrolier in the music room and settled in a big chair. He wanted to be alone, to think, to readjust himself.

Until to-night he had refused to lose faith. With a steadfastness not untinged with optimism he had banked upon his own achievement and the spark of humaneness which he believed must be present in North's breast. That he had failed to judge North correctly meant the end. It was necessary for him to face the brief future—and to probe still further: of what it would mean to Beverly when he should be gone. . . .

But he found it impossible to think connectedly. The furnishings of his own selection; the mulberry overdrapes on the windows, the arrangement of the furniture; the little personal touch here and there—just as he had planned for his dream home. . . . his mind kept coming back to them, and to Beverly. Hope was gone—but desire had not.

Alan had come to the bungalow not entirely by chance. He wanted to be alone, to prepare himself for the meeting with Beverly when he should be forced to tell her that hope was gone—and this place offered the solitude and sanctuary which he craved.

It was, in a way, his own. A part of himself had gone into its designing, its furnishing, its decoration. It represented the crystallization of his most roseeate dreams for the future—and now it seemed a link between those dreams and merciless reality.

HE had gone to Andrew North that night filled with greater hope than he confessed even to himself. He had ridden on the crest of a wave of elation: he had visioned himself returning to Beverly with the news that they were to have their chance together; that North indeed had proved human. . . . and now he must go to her and discuss the end. . . . the end of everything; of himself, of their romance, of their pitiful mite of happiness. . . .

He found it extraordinarily difficult to get a grip on himself. For the first time he experienced the pangs of despair. Never before had death seemed inevitable: his constant repetition of his belief in North's humaneness had bred groundless hope. And now hope was shattered. His appeal had been reviewed by the highest court and that court had affirmed the death sentence. Nothing remained but to wait—and to prepare.

Of material preparation there was little. His affairs were in order. But he must prepare for the two or three weeks of life which remained. He must adjust himself mentally to-night—here—so that he could face Beverly with a brave, smiling face, and convince her that he was reconciled and that they should be grateful for the happiness of the past—and look upon the misery of the future only as a fair price.

It was not easy—probably because the argument was fallacious. There was so magnificently much to live for. . . . the room in which he sat seemed to be his own; the materialization of his dreams. Jealously he had guarded the secret from his fellow workers when they had marveled audibly at his indefatigable energy in furnishing this house. They had not realized that a part of himself was going into it—that in every room he visualized Beverly; Beverly his wife. And perhaps they would not have understood.

It was with this picture of Beverly before him that he struggled to readjust himself, to soothe his jangling nerves for the inevitable interview with her. And at length he realized that his feelings were under control. Reluctantly he rose and donned his overcoat. Then he snapped out the light and locked the front door behind him. He did it slowly—making a ceremony of

it. It was his farewell to the home that might have been.

The mid-September breeze sighed softly in the trees, whispering to him in a language which he could no longer understand. His feet had come solidly back to earth. . . . he turned left and walked; head down, hands clasped behind his back—a characteristic gesture. His feet made a peculiarly loud noise on the new sidewalks. . . .

It was, perhaps, his preoccupation: certainly he sensed no one until the gun barrel was jammed into his left side with a force which caused him to wince from the sheer pain of it. . . .

As from a great distance the voice of Nick Webb came to him; harsh and cold.

"Hands up!" Slowly he elevated his hands. In the faint light of the half moon he could see the evil face of the man whose wrist he had once broken with a poker. He knew then that the end had come, and his only feeling was one of surprise that North had anticipated the year's end.

He was amazed at his own calmness. He said nothing; merely stood quietly and thought about irrelevant things like mulberry overdrapes and cozy little bungalows and Beverly. . . . and wondering why North should be doing this now.

WEBB spoke. Actually he whispered, but his voice beat loudly on Alan's eardrums. He spoke filthily:

"I've got you where I want you. They'll never think it was me—out in this swell dump."

Surprise gripped Alan. "Who won't think it was you, Webb?"

"Who the hell do you think I mean?"

"North?"

"Yes, North."

"Then you're not doing this under orders?"

"Say"—the face grimaced hideously—"you ain't trying to kid me, are you? No, I ain't acting under orders. I'm doing this on me own, see! I said I'd get you for what you done—and by God! I've got you."

"I see. . . . Your idea is that you can kill me and get away with it undiscovered, eh?"

"I don't give three hoots in hell about the discovery part. Nobody never done to Nick Webb what you done—and lived very long. Well, you ain't going to neither, understand?"

"I begin to get the idea. Queer, isn't it, Nick, that I'm not frightened?"

"You better begin to get frightened pretty damn quick, because you got just about thirty seconds to do it in."

Alan's calm was superb. He was not conscious of any particular courage. He merely was indifferent. It was simply a final touch to unreality, to a condition which was, on the face of it, impossible.

"It seems to me you're taking an absurd chance, Webb. North has just informed me that I'll be dead in two weeks at the most."

"You'll be dead in two minutes at the most. And it'll be Nick Webb who killed you, see?"

"You insist on performing this rite yourself?"

"You're dog-gone tootin' that's what I'm doing. Nobody can do to Nick Webb—"

"Yes, you said that before. I assure you, you're foolish. But if nothing else will satisfy you—go to it!"

There was no slightest doubt in his mind that Webb was in earnest. His body did not stiffen, his eyes did not close. He looked straight at the broad-shouldered figure of his self-appointed executioner; a mocking light in his eyes. After all, if the end had to come, it were better this way: the shock would be greater for Beverly, of course, but she would be saved the horror of counting hours against the inevitable—the fortnight-long vigil, the eternal hope foredoomed to be blasted.

Webb's features worked spasmodically: it was obvious that the man was nerving himself to a murderous frenzy. Alan waited—

The shot sounded absurdly loud in the vast stillness of Forest Grove. It came like the voice of a cannon. . . . and Alan looked down upon the crumpled figure of Nick Webb. On Webb's face was a look of surprise. Nick's revolver lay at Alan's feet. With a precaution of which he was quite unconscious, he kicked it out of reach. And even before he knelt by the man's body, he knew that Nick Webb was dead.

(Continued on page 56)

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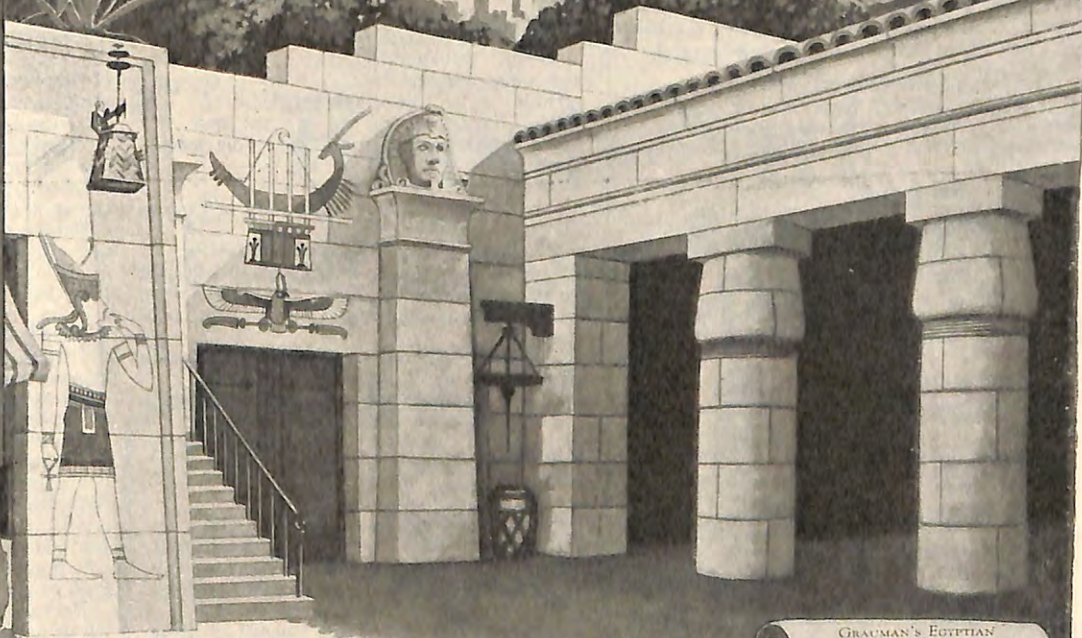
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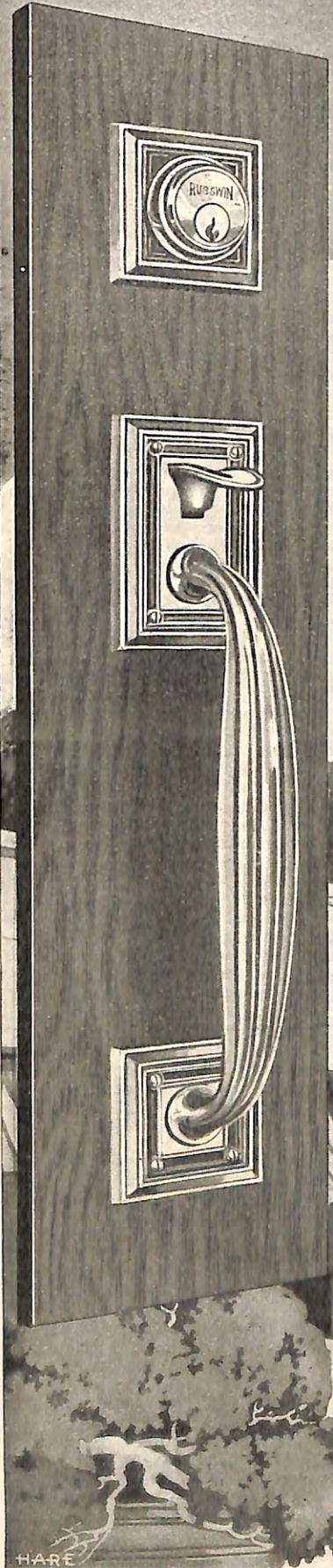


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Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

Elks 8-25

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 54)

Reaction had not yet set in. Alan's nerves were still steady, his heart beating evenly. And then as he turned to face Squint Scoggins the horrible humor of it struck him and he laughed uncontrollably and hysterically.

Squint turned an ashen face to him. "Fer Gawd's sake, Mr. Beckwith—don't do that. You'll wake all the neighbors. C'mon, beat it."

"Bu-b-but, Squint: how did you happen to do this thing? Where did you come from? Why were you here?"

Mr. Scoggins was all for the business of the moment. He hurried Alan off into the woods behind the Better Homes Week bungalow. "Thought you was trying to beat it. Time 'most up, you know. Followed you out. Seen Webb. Waited until I thought Webb was gonna nail you. Heard him say it wasn't North's orders. So I got him."

Got him! Little Squint Scoggins had saved his life . . . it didn't matter particularly to what end. Squint's voice trembled with pride. "Right through the heart, too, Mr. Beckwith. Quick work, eh?"

"Oh, Squint . . ."

"And say, Mr. Beckwith—" the voice of the little man was eager and wistful—"be sure an' tell Mr. North how it happened. Tell him I'm all right with a gat, will ya?"

Alan dropped his arm affectionately on Squint's shoulder as they made their way through the underbrush:

"Squint," he praised, "I'll do just that. I'll make him understand, Squint, that as a killer you are one hundred per cent efficient."

"Gosh!" gasped Squint Scoggins. "You sure are a regular guy, Mr. Beckwith: you sure are."

CHAPTER XXVIII

ON the twenty-seventh of September Alan received from North the cash with which to pay his second year's premium. There was no suggestion of mercy in the manner of the light-haired, placid-faced man who controlled his destiny.

"The automobile thing appears feasible," he said quietly. "Wait until a crowd is there. Zigzag up the road, blowing your horn. That will be sure to attract attention. Then over the cliff."

"Very good, sir."

"I trust," said North, "that you cannot swim."

"I can. But don't let that worry you. My car is a closed model."

"Fine. I don't want this bungled."

"You have my word for it. And now, if I may touch on something else—?" he paused interrogatively.

"Go ahead."

"Mrs. Beckwith, sir. What is to become of her?"

"Nothing—so far as I am concerned. I shall permit her to keep five thousand dollars of the insurance money. With the twenty-three you have, that should assure her a fair degree of comfort."

"I have your word that you will not again interfere with her?"

"Positively. Permit me to say, Beckwith, that my word can be implicitly relied upon. You need have no fear of any interference from me provided you carry out your part of the agreement."

"And about Johnny Ames?"

"Johnny will not be bothered, either. Mrs. Beckwith will have bought his freedom when her marriage to you is terminated by your death. Her price for the job was her brother's safety."

"And he will be free to do as he pleases?"

"Yes. I think he will have learned his lesson. I am fairly confident that he would never again try to double-cross Andrew North. Therefore, if he desires to remain in my employ—"

"He does not. That is one point I wish to make clear. He expects to marry and go to the west coast with his wife and sister."

"Starting over, eh? Wiping the slate clean?"

"Yes."

"And the girl—Mae Deshler—she will also go?"

"Yes."

"Not a bad sort: a trifle obvious, perhaps, but decent. She'll make Johnny walk a chalk line."

"I believe she will. Just one more thing, Mr. North—and I'm through. Have you heard what happened the other night?"

"To Nick Webb?"

Alan was surprised at the man's knowledge: he spoke of the dead gunman as matter-of-factly as though such things were everyday occurrences.

"Yes—Webb. Do you know the details?"

"Slightly. He tried to kill you. Therefore it is just as well for him that he was killed, on the spot. It saved me the trouble of having it done."

"Squint Scoggins killed him."

"Yes."

"Squint is a very faithful young man, Mr. North. We had arranged that if you had selected a revolver as the instrument by which I was to die—Squint should do the job. Squint is very anxious to prove to you that he has the courage to handle what he calls a gat—and the nerve to shoot straight. He did an excellent piece of work the other night. It was dark—and if his hand had not been steady as a rock, the bullet would have struck me. I think he deserves serious consideration as a member of your regular staff of executioners."

A light which was almost human shone briefly in North's glance.

"Squint has had a pretty hard year. And he's done well. Will you assure him for me Beckwith, that he will be well taken care of?"

"That is very good of you, sir. I can vouch for Squint's nerve. I should say that he is afraid of only one person in the world."

"And that is?"

"His wife!"

Alan reached for his hat. North rose politely. It was as though this call had been a casual friendly visit . . . after all, even tragedy has its degree of comparison, and Alan was not as staggered by North's stupendous calm as he had been on the occasion of the previous meeting. He had come to expect this inhuman chill from the man and it no longer surprised him. North extended a hand which gripped firmly but was clammy to the touch.

"I have enjoyed knowing you, Beckwith."

"Thank you. And I am relying upon your word that my death emancipates my wife and her brother."

"Absolutely."

"The date for my death, Mr. North?"

"Anywhere between the tenth and twentieth of October. Be sure to select a time when there are plenty of witnesses."

"I shall, sir. Good evening."

"Good evening, Beckwith. And good luck."

Alan looked him squarely in the eyes and laughed. Then he turned and rang for the elevator.

Beverly was in the little apartment when he arrived. She asked no questions. None were needed. She knew from his face what had happened.

HE SEATED himself in her chair under the reading lamp and took her on his knee. Her warm, pliant figure nestled against him and she buried her face in his shoulder—fighting desperately to conceal the fear and the horror which were tearing at her nerves.

She knew. She had expected. But she had hoped against hope for the human trait which Alan had always believed Andrew North possessed. And now she merely lunged—fearful and terrified, a tiny, helpless little woman from whom continual strain had stripped almost the final vestige of combativeness.

He held her very tight against him and once her face lifted to his and their lips clung. It was their first real kiss—a contact of soul through lips. Yet it was a kiss which was free from passion: a seal of eternal allegiance through all time to come. And thus they sat while the mantle clock ticked inevitably on—and their thoughts were probing into the future; probing fearfully.

And then the strain proved too great for her and sobs wracked the slight body. He pressed his lips to her forehead and endeavored to restore her magnificent courage—

"Don't, dear—not that. Let's not look at things that way. It has been worth it—"

"God! I find you—only to lose you! Is that worth while?"

"I think so. There will always be the memory. It has been more than worth while to me, Beverly. I've learned so much about myself. Somehow, when the end comes, I shall feel that it is a man who is going—and not the beaten, cowed person of a year ago. And, queerly enough, I am not regretful. Of course I dread the end—that's only natural. But I can not help feeling that I shall take with me into eternity some portion of this wonderful year. A love like mine for you can not die—it can only go on and on and on—no matter what happens to the earthly body. I wish you could believe this, dear—believe that there is no bitterness—only sorrow . . . a sorrow tinged with great happiness."

"Perhaps so, Alan . . . but I'm afraid I'm too much woman and too little philosopher. All I can see is that you are to be taken from me. . . . I can't even try to console myself with fine theories. With you I am happy—without you . . . nothing matters."

"It must matter, dear. And you must let me see that it will. We have had our year . . ."

"And now comes—the end."

"You mustn't talk that way, Beverly."

"How can I help it, Alan—when the only thought in my mind is that I love you?"

Once again silence settled upon them and she snuggled in his arms like a tired, hurt little child . . . and he was hurt, too—and suffering. For all of his fine philosophy, the urge for life was strong within him. He wanted to live—wanted keenly and passionately to live for Beverly and for himself and for the rose-tinted future. He wanted to live because the very thought of death was abhorrent to his clean mind and healthy body, because for the first time in his life there was some reason for his existence.

Yet the idea of evading payment of his debt did not occur. His honor code was ineluctable—and, heartless as North might be, the man played square. The compact had been Alan's suggestion, every kindness and consideration had been shown by the taciturn man who ruled the city's underworld; at the very outset he had argued against the agreement—had prophesied from his keen knowledge of human nature the power of this instinct to live.

North was right: terribly right. But North couldn't understand about Beverly—could not see the tall, spare man in the chair clinging to the tiny little body of the woman he loved. North could not see that—and, perhaps, it would mean nothing to the man if he could.

In each other's arms they faced the darkness. And then it came to Beverly that she must have courage. She crept from Alan's arms and stood bravely before him, and there was a smile on her lips which gave the lie to the horror in her eyes.

"See, Alan—I am smiling. I am happy—I shall be happy for two more weeks. But oh! my dear! I shall never smile again—afterwards."

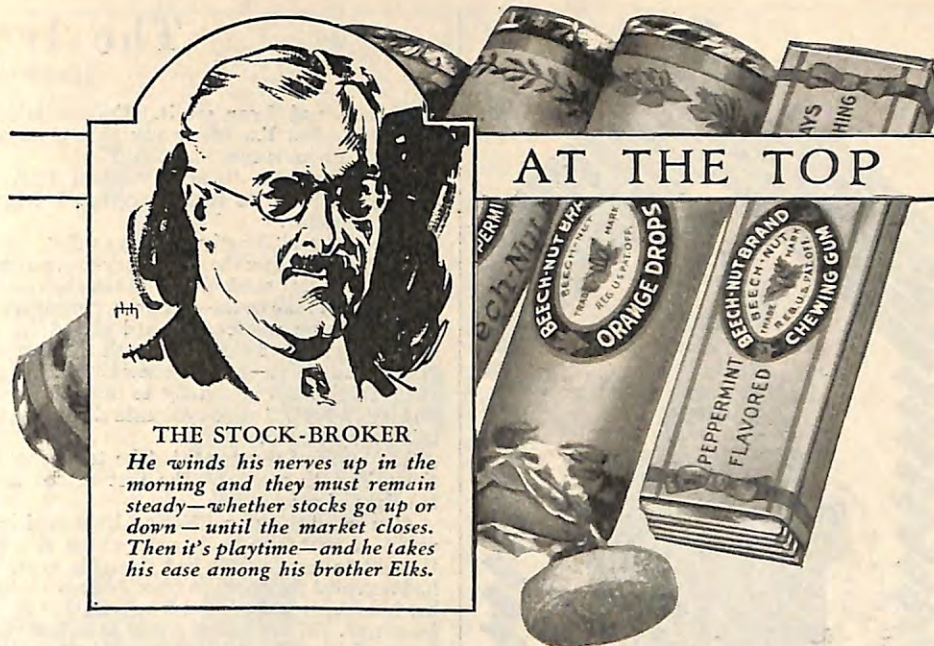
CHAPTER XXIX

THE ensuing two weeks were filled with forced gaiety, a mad seeking for nepenthe. They eschewed theaters—jealous of any diversion which forced upon them the necessity for silence or which flung them into the society of others. And yet when they were together they would sit wordlessly for hours at a time—thinking, thinking, thinking . . . and they smiled in pitiful masquerade at each other, but the light which shone from the eyes of each was somber with lurking tragedy and they pretended bravely not to see the Great Shadow which hovered always near at hand.

Garry came to dinner one night and Garry saw that something was radically wrong. She dismissed the theory of friction between them; she could not mistake the love in the glances they bent upon each other—long, caressing looks almost like physical contact. It wasn't a rift in the love lute . . . and poor Garry racked her brain for an answer and dared not poach upon the preserves to which she had not been invited. It was only when she was bidding them good-night—they had taken her home in Alan's little coupé—that she dared a word.

"Young folks," she said pleadingly. "There's trouble hovering about you. I have old eyes, but

(Continued on page 58)



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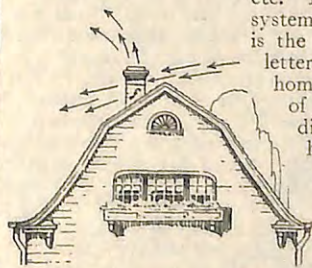
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The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 57)

wise ones—and I can see it. I'm not asking questions. But I'm telling you that if an old woman's advice is ever wanted—"

Alan kissed her. "Garry, you're a dear. I want you always to remember that I regard you as a mother."

"And I," said Beverly, "always will."

Garry stared after the car as they drove away. A mantle of fear cloaked her. Then she turned and went into the house—the grim, red-carpeted boarding-house where Alan had stayed for so long. She tried to convince herself that her instinct was at fault—but she knew better. Garry knew trouble too intimately to mistake signs. She lay on her bed wide-eyed until sheer exhaustion brought sleep.

The tenth of the month! The tenth day of the thirteenth month! The first of the final ten days of grace!

Alan found thinking difficult. He moved in a world of unreality—and even yet he had no thought to renege. He had given his word, he had accepted performance from Andrew North; he, himself, would not shirk nor further plead for mercy. The streak of steel in the tall, slim frame of Alan Beckwith was asserting itself—he faced the end with horror and with loathing, but without physical fear.

He, knew, too, that North was taking no chances: North never did. Squint had an assistant—at least one: a vicious, squat young fellow of unpleasant visage and loud clothes. What chance for escape there may have been a month since was gone now: he was a prisoner just as surely as though in the death cell of the State penitentiary. And he had seen the handiwork of so inexperienced a killer as Squint: the calmness with which Nick Webb's life had been taken, the brief and informal investigation by the police—the unsolved mystery. Should his own nerve fail there would be a repetition of that: he would be killed. Perhaps there would be more of a hue and cry because he himself was not of the underworld.

But Andrew North was safe. He would not be involved directly. Through it all North had kept magnificently in the background, calm, merciless, sinister.

DINNER was finished. Ellen had left—a new Ellen these last few days, a woman who showed the strain. Ellen liked Beckwith—she almost loved Beverly. She had yearned over them—and dared not suggest flight. Above all tender emotions, Ellen's fear of Andrew North rose paramount.

Lines had appeared in Ellen's face and she had gone about her work mechanically and in her heart there had grown a fierce hatred for this man who calmly decreed that Alan's life was forfeit, that young love—clean love—should not be carried to fruition; that Beverly should become a widow without ever having been a wife.

Quietly and unobtrusively Alan put his affairs in order. He retained his position with Starr & Watkins; perhaps they might be of assistance to Beverly after he should be gone. He even spoke to Dan Watkins in a casual way—

"If anything ever happened to me, Mr. Watkins; and Mrs. Beckwith needed any advice—"

"Hah! Healthy chap like you peering into the Hereafter! I'm surprised at you, Beckwith; absolutely surprised."

Alan simulated a joviality which he did not feel—

"In time of life prepare for death," he smiled. "Really, though, Mr. Watkins, I think so many young men are reprehensible in their neglect of what will happen to their families—afterwards. And while Mrs. Beckwith is a sort of business woman—there's always the time when a woman needs the advice of a man."

"Send her to me, Alan." It was the first time the bluff realtor had used the first name and he did it shyly—"I'll see that she comes out right side up. But meanwhile, don't you go cashing in. We need you in this office. There's no telling, you know. . . . Starr and I are getting old—we're both above forty; and the day might come when we'll need a new partner so's we can have more time for golf and trap-shooting."

Alan flushed. "You're mighty kind to me—you've been that way ever since the day I came here."

"You have a way with you, my lad. It's what has enabled you to sell so many lots. You're a freak. Personality—that's you all over. You'd have made a smashing success as an actor."

And Alan smiled a smile which Dan Watkins could not understand—

"I wonder . . ." was what Alan said.

To-night he sat in the big chair with Beverly curled on his lap. There was so much to say that they made no attempt to say it. Beverly knew that argument was fruitless: Alan intended to go through with his agreement. She worshipped him for the rigid honor code—and prayed that he might digress from it just this once. She knew the danger of such an attempt—but even danger was better than a dead certainty.

October: a chill blast howled around the corner of the Avonmont, carrying with it a medley of street noises. In an adjoining apartment someone was torturing a saxophone . . . and Beverly envied that person. The weird, wailing notes betokened the joyousness of the player . . . it was something which one does in the full power of life's enjoyment. She gave ear to the raucous shoutings of newsboys with their shrill calls of Wux-tree! Perhaps, a week from now, they would be howling that very call beneath her window and the headlines would tell of Alan's death.

Queer. To-night she sat very, very close to him; cuddled in the shelter of his surprisingly strong arms; her cheek against his . . . and a week hence—He felt her figure grow taut and he stroked her shoulder and bade her relax.

"Try not to think, sweetheart."

"Try! I try all day, dearest; all day and all night. It is the nights that are hardest. I can't help thinking. . . . God knows I would if I could. And in one week—two weeks—"

"We have had each other for a year, Beverly."

"And we shall be without each other for all eternity."

"No-o . . . I shall be waiting. . . ."

And then again—silence: silence pregnant with meaning, athrob with love. And into this silence broke Mae Deshler.

THE ringing of the doorbell was violent and imperious. It sounded and sounded with an insistent hysterical summons. Alan leaped to the door and slammed it behind the wild, eyed girl.

Mae half-ran into the living-room. Her bosom was rising and falling with the effect of tense emotion and recent physical strain. Her flagrant beauty was dimmed by the terror which shone from her eyes—

"Johnny!" she gasped. "Where is he?"

Beverly crossed over and put her arms around the girl. "Calm down, Mae—please. What is the matter?"

"It's Johnny. . . . Good God! I can't calm down. Where is Johnny?"

"We don't know."

"Hasn't he been here?"

"Not since last night."

"He slept here then?"

"Yes."

"What did he talk about?"

"I don't know. . . ."

She flung around toward Alan. "Did he talk about you—and Andrew North?"

"Ye-e-es. But that was natural—"

She threw back her head and laughed. It was shrill, hysterical laughter and it rang eerily through the room.

"Natural. . . . He's talked of nothing else. He's been lashing himself into a frenzy. Alan—you've got to go get him. Go quick!"

The girl was rapidly losing control of herself. Alan put strong arms on her shoulders and shook her.

"Talk straight!" he commanded harshly. "Tell me what's wrong. You say I must go for Johnny. Where do you think he is?"

Mae's eyes burned into Alan's. She drew herself erect and clenched her hands into tight little fists.

"He is at the Royal Arms apartments," she said in a heavy monotone. "I know he is there. He went there to kill Andrew North!"

(To be concluded)



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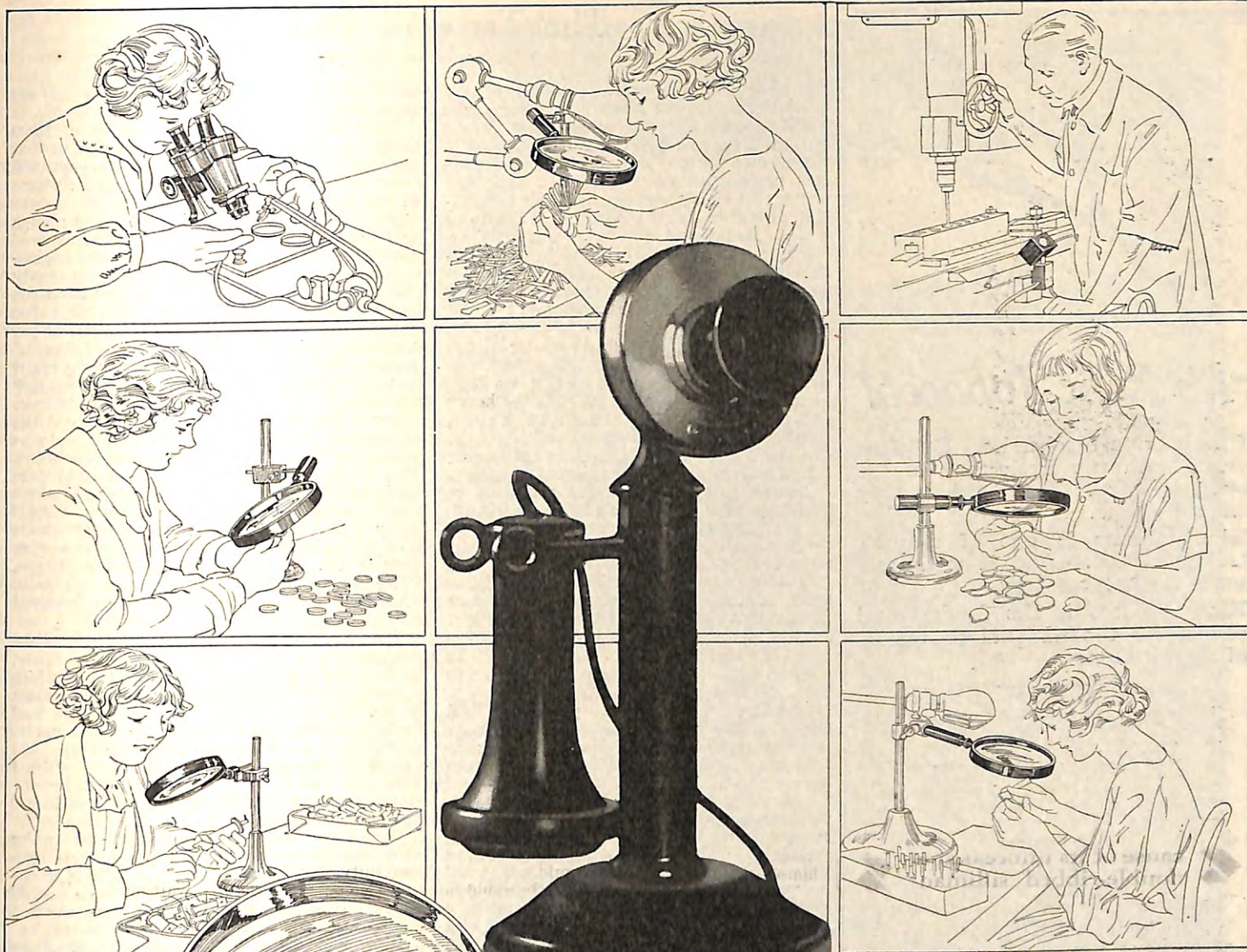
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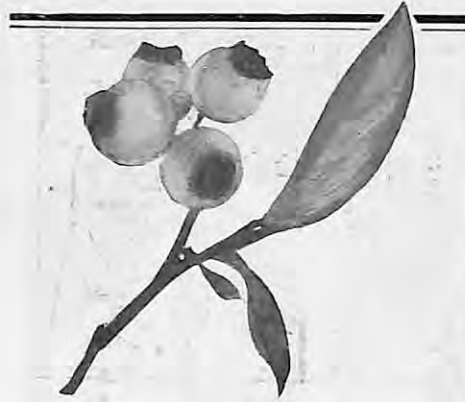
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The Taste of Power

(Continued from page 27)

So he started, on his first voyage, at fifty; after youth was gone; after that blind self-confidence which is so easy to youth had faded out, so long ago that it was as if it had never existed; started, that is, on his first voyage where he had resting upon him a weight of responsibility. It did not matter that his officers considered this responsibility, which he had delegated to himself, to be a joke. He believed in it. That was sufficient.

That pitchy blackness of the night which surrounded him seemed a mask for inevitable alternatives, between which, sooner or later, he must choose. And he would have no power!

CAPTAIN ALBERT SOLLY, master of the freighter *Avonmore*, unrolled a chart and stared at it unseeingly, as, in the past ten days, he had done, many times. Finally, with a heavy sigh, he traced the outline of the Kentish coast, then that of Essex, then, proceeding westward, the irregular outlines where Hampshire and Dorset, Devon and Cornwall in turn meet the Channel. At every spot where particular caution in navigation was indicated, his forefinger paused. Then, gritting his teeth, he would move it on to the west. And, at last, trembling violently, he returned the chart to its locker once again.

Like Stode, Captain Bert Solly had a choice to make. But unlike Stode, who knew nothing as to what that choice might be, or when it might confront him, Captain Bert had had his orders from the owners of his ship. He had agreed to execute them. He had the power to execute them. There remained only the act.

Like Stode, Captain Bert's present job had come to him unexpectedly. He had been standing moodily in the Wellington Bar in Bristol one night when a stranger invited him to have a drink. This man, he discovered after they had had many drinks together that night, was Managing Owner in the company which had just purchased the *Avonmore*, which was lying for sale in the Thames. Bert had good reason to be moody before this chance acquaintance eased his troubles with his ready sympathy. Mate of a coastwise trawler, Bert had got a girl in trouble up Swansea way. She was making no end of a row, carrying on, like. Actually, she only wanted money, like all of them. But he was broke. A precious lot of help he got from his family too. His sister, who had married a waster named Mibbs, and her mother-in-law—why, they fair made his life unbearable.

That was a bit of luck, that evening. The stranger had turned out to be no end of a good sport. Not half! He had actually offered to pay the girl off and shut her silly mouth. It was like a fairy tale, d'ye know? A drink or two, for sociability's sake, and look at that: And on top of this, he had offered Bert the captaincy of this steamer he had just bought! It was all true. It wasn't a dream. Here was Bert, master of the *Avonmore*, bringing her around the North Foreland and heading her south.

God! If it only had been a dream! He gritted his teeth in helpless bitterness. He hadn't chosen this. Fate had flung it at him. Why must he, who had always tried to be decent, continually be forced to make decisions?

II

THE stubby little *Avonmore*, only a hundred and twenty feet long, and as broad-waisted as a slave, loaded to within a foot of her maximum allowance, plunged her nose patiently into the seas driving up the Channel before a half-gale from the southwest. In the teeth of this wind, she was able to advance no faster than three miles an hour. She kept at it, panting.

When the *Avonmore* left dock and proceeded down the Thames that day, her machinery required overhauling, adjustment and repair—operations that would have necessitated shore labor and would of necessity have occupied several weeks' time. Moreover, the seams in her top sides—she was a wooden steamer—were in a leaky condition in the way of port and starboard coal bunkers; she had no stream anchor, no sounding pipe into the hold, no lever for the deck pump; indeed, the pump itself was not available for use because the deck cargo had been stowed over it. And she had no admiralty book of sailing directions for the coast of Ireland,

along which she would pass on her way to Belfast.

None of these disabilities, nor all of them taken together, was the important fact in that voyage. The important thing, as always and everywhere, was the intention of men . . . men with power to carry out their intention.

Stode, feeling the little vessel lift and plunge against the succession of waves, was conscious of uneasiness. He calculated, alone in the engine-room, that she must be working along slowly past the Goodwin Sands. He remembered the bitter assertion of the dead mate, that the sluggish little vessel "could not get out of her own way." Her speed, he knew, was being cut down by the quartering wind. Could she crawl past the Sands? Could she hold her course? She could, if the wind did not increase in violence.

But it was with relief that he perceived the captain had altered her course suddenly and was proceeding into Deal. There they anchored. "We'll take on coal here," Reece told him grudgingly. The coal roared into the bunkers the following morning—fifteen tons of it. "We'll har'ly get t' Belfast on that, mister," Stode ventured to remark to Reece as he saw with surprise that no more was to come aboard. Reece favored him with a contemptuous glance. "Are you running this ship?" he inquired savagely. Stode was silent.

Though the coal was taken on quickly, they remained there all that day. Far in the distance, Stode could make out the thin gleam of white which told of breakers crashing upon the hidden Sands. Captain Bert Solly walked back and forth restlessly. To Stode, he seemed to act as though he were a man penned in a trap. He caught Stode's eye upon him once, and whirled upon him with a snarl. "Wot the devil are yer starin' at?" he cried. Stode recoiled. "Nothing," he muttered, abashed.

"Then get along down and tell Reece we're going out at once," cried Solly in a voice strangely shaken. Stode looked at him steadily. It was now late in the day. The gale had freshened all afternoon. From the nearest Sands came a continuous roar and tumult of white water.

"Ay, sir," said Stode quietly. Then he hesitated. There was something on his mind which bothered him. He didn't want to give advice. Presumption such as that was inconceivable. What he wanted was a bit of information—information which would help him on with his job, this job which was so important, so world-filling in his eyes, this precious job of his which excluded consideration of anything else. It cost him an effort to speak, in such awe did he hold this man, but the job was even bigger. It drove the words to his lips.

"If there come a rush of water through her," he said, "the donkey pump an' the ejectors can't take it off, sir. I know that, sir. Maybe the chief has told yer?"

The effect of this simple statement upon the captain was astonishing to Stode. The young fellow paled and started back as if he had been struck a blow. He stared at Stode, his lips trembling.

"Get away!" he said at last. "We—I'll not take the ship out!"

Then he got himself in hand, and laughed. "Too rough to go out past the Sands, hey?" he jeered. "All right, mister, we'll wait till the blow is over. We'll wait."

And he laughed again, a bitter and despairing cackle.

Stode lumbered off, mystified. If the captain thought him a coward, what had that to do with the captain? He, Stode, had no voice in the control of the ship. It was unthinkable that the captain had delayed departure simply on his account. Nor could he believe that Captain Bert was unfit to take the vessel safely past the Sands and on down the Channel. The weather was not so dirty as all that. The mistake in navigation that would permit the *Avonmore* to go aground on the Goodwins would have to be a deliberate mistake. Stode could not puzzle out the reason for Captain Bert's amazing attitude. He gave it up, and went back to his engines.

They delayed at Deal the greater part of two days, and went out only when there came a lull.

It was the first of a series of events which puzzled Stode more and more.

The wind, though it had decreased somewhat, still came as a fresh breeze—force five—from the west-southwest, and it took the plodding steamer thirteen hours to traverse the thirty miles between Deal and Dungeness. They put in here. They put in at Newhaven, forty miles farther on. Why, Stode did not know.

At Dungeness, where they anchored in the East Road, Captain Solly asserted that he meant to remain there for the night because of the weather. He had the port anchor dropped and forty-five fathoms of cable run out. Then, off duty, Stode found a quiet corner in the bows and pondered. Solly and Reece went ashore, leaving the ship in charge of the mate, who idled aft. Stode watched the shore lights winking yellowly through the darkness, for a while. Then he went below, spent an hour in poring over a greasy book on engineering which he found in a corner, then came on deck again, and gazed once more at the lights on shore. They had grown strangely near at hand, he thought.

With a shock he suddenly realized that they were actually nearer—dangerously near! The *Avonmore* was dragging her anchor.

He shouted once, at the mate, then dived for the engine-room. His heart was pounding foolishly. He was about to do something, which, a week before, he would have said he could *never* do; he was about to set power in motion. . . .

WITH a rattle the slack of the anchor cable came inboard as the steam winches took it up. Stode was conscious of an exultant racing in his blood. He, Stode, was doing it!

But there came no answering tautening and tension into the heavy chain. Thirty fathoms of the cable came up—and ended! There *was* no anchor. . . .

Frantically the mate ordered the starboard anchor dropped. Stode set his engines and waited, breathless. The cable ran out, tightened, held by God! They came to a stop, not a cable's length from a stone jetty and destruction. . . .

Stode came back on deck when all was done. There was sweat on his forehead as he looked over the rail and saw how close they had come to a smash. Ashore, men were still pointing, excitedly.

With the mate, he went to examine the end of the cable. They looked for a break in the final link. There was none. But the pin was missing from the shackle. . . .

The mate stared, and said nothing. Stode thought, heavily. "Pin must ha' rusted out," he said at last. The mate looked at him sharply, grunted, and walked away.

An hour later, Captain Bert and the chief engineer came over the side, their eyes sticking from their heads. They had got word of the mishap in the pub in which they had been drinking and had had themselves rowed out.

"She's grounded on the jetty?" Captain Bert had asked the man who brought the news. His voice was shaking.

"Grounded?" retorted the man. "Not a bit of it! They got an anchor over just in time. She'd beaten herself to pieces by this time, if they hadn't."

"Anchored!" their voices rose together in an incredulous scream and they rushed out like mad men.

Now they were aboard and demanding excitedly of the mate how he had managed to get the second anchor down. He indicated Stode with a gesture; Stode, a vague figure bulking more massively than ever in the dim-lit waist. He advanced slowly; and they perceived in his reluctance the timidity of a child or an animal.

They shouted at him, angrily, with an uproar of words which stunned him. He could gather only that he was being cursed for having meddled with the engines. Finally, dismissed with an angry malediction, he stole away. Behind him he heard their voices continue, quarreling between themselves. He heard Reece furiously demanding that he, Stode, be discharged at once. He heard Solly's bitter laugh and venomous reminder: "You told me to leave 'im to *you!*" Then the voices died away.

In the darkness Stode wondered to himself what he had been guilty of. Around and around went his thoughts, till his head ached. He was very tired. Never, he told himself dejectedly, would he be able to climb up from the chains of degradation which his whole life had forged around him. What a fool he had

(Continued on page 62)



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The Taste of Power

(Continued from page 61)

been to think that he, an inert mass, might ever rise!

He found Solly looking at him strangely the next day—caught glances full of a wild uncertainty and fear. He could have fancied the man shrank away from him, as if in dread. His heart sank.

They entered the piers at Newhaven at about five o'clock the next afternoon, putting in here, Captain Bert maintained, to replenish their supply of fresh water. Stode was on the engine platform and reaching for an oil-can. Without a sound, he and the men at the boilers, then resting on their shovel handles, were suddenly shot toward the stokehold doors. They got up from their hands and knees, and stared at each other in amazement. Astern, the propeller was thrashing away, but the ship was immovable. Even before the telegraph rang "Stop!" Stode's hand was on the levers. The engines died to silence.

It was nothing—of consequence. The *Avonmore* had run aground; but it was on soft mud, the tide was on the turn and within an hour she would be afloat once more. Reece came down and relieved Stode. "We sheered off to get out of the way of a barge coming out—that's 'ow it 'appened," he muttered. As Stode reached the deck, the skipper of a passing tug bawled up at him.

"A pretty lot, you are!" he howled. "If you 'ad missed that mud-bank, where would yer be?"

Stode looked in the direction of the tugboatman's pointing finger, and saw that if Captain Bert had swung the wheel with a fraction less of haste. . . .

For the second time in twenty-four hours Stode wondered.

They got their fresh water, were afloat with the tide, and went on—toward Belfast. Two days later off Portland Bill, a shout came from the Greek sailor at the wheel. Smoke was pouring in a black cloud from the ventilator in the after hold. Solly was nowhere about, but the mate got the men aft in a hurry. Some of the deck cargo of pitch was jamming the ventilator cowl. They got it away. They yanked open the covers of No. 1 and No. 2 hatches. The smoke seethed below, billowed up. Frenziedly they rushed buckets of water and poured them down hatches and ventilator. The smoke died down, disappeared. They breathed again.

Sixty seconds before the Greek helmsman had uttered his cry of warning, Stode, who had been watching the dials in the engine-room, his dim blue eyes brooding over them happily, caught a sniff of smoke. Going aft to investigate, and clambering noisily along the narrow space left for passage, he was startled by a voice that issued from the dark recesses of the hold. "Who's that?"

He caught the faint gleam of a lantern and recognized Solly's voice. "Pretty dark here, ain't it?" he shouted back. "I'll fetch ye another lantern."

He heard a choking snarl of rage, an animal cry, and was retreating before Solly's shower of curses when the outcry on deck engaged both men's attention. Later, he heard the captain discussing the whole affair with the mate. "I smelled smoke myself, d'ye see?" the captain was saying, eagerly, "and went below to have a look. What started it, what's your idea, mister?"

"Might ha' been gas from them creosoted blocks," suggested the mate. Stode wondered. There were so many things to learn! Dumbly he resolved anew to find out, when he got ashore, how one went about to learn. Power? You couldn't have it, without learnin'. He felt hopeless.

But his captain seemed inordinately shaken by the incident. At noon he announced to Reece that they would put in at Mount's Bay for fresh provisions. Stode heard him with dismay. Were they never to reach Belfast? A week had already gone by—the week in which they should have completed the entire voyage.

They lay there for twenty-four hours, but Solly, although he went ashore, came back without having purchased a new port anchor or replacing the lost length of cable. Stode thought

he had never seen a man in a more pitiful nervous condition. And for some reason obscure to the perplexed giant, Solly seemed peculiarly affected by Stode. Hysterically, he ordered Stode out of his sight. Stode cleared off hastily, pitying the man but powerless to help him.

Solly ordered the ship to proceed at nightfall, and this with a fog blanketing the Channel. Narrowly they missed running down a Cornish fisherman, coming in belatedly with pilchard. The faint gleam of the Lizard light had long since been blotted out, and in the malign and dripping tent along whose unquiet floor they moved, the resonant and measured moaning of the foghorns of passing ships sinisterly complained.

For fifteen hours, Stode never left the engine-room. His business was to see that steam was kept up. He saw to it. The dripping stokers saw him loom over them, silent, absorbed, implacable, and the doors of the two small furnaces clanged incessantly for their feverish obedience. He knew that job. By God, he knew it!

In fifteen hours they had rounded Land's End and were past the Longships. . . . Stode fell into his bunk and lay awake, exultant. Couldn't get out of her own way, this little ship? But she had! And he, Stode, had helped her. Power! Would he truly have it, some day?

He slept a little. When he came on deck, four hours later, a wind had risen, the fog had cleared, and, turning her nose northward, the little vessel was gathering speed. Two hundred miles from home! This time, after so many years, he would bring his wife something besides his brute muscles and his blackened and calloused hands. She would be proud.

In the wheelhouse, Captain Bert watched the shore out of tormented eyes. He had stood in, and kept her hugging the shore, that iron coast of Cornwall from which the free mariner sheers away. But he was not free. The invisible Bargainer at his back gripped at his elbow. *He*, master of his ship? A mockery! He struggled, struggled until the sweat burst from his forehead and he gasped, so that the Greek sailor conning the wheel looked up in wonderment. A pitiless power kept him on that course so near the rock-sown coast; and yet he drew no closer to it.

The helmsman, mistaking the cause of his agitation, clumsily attempted to reassure him. "No 'fraid," he grinned. "No 'fraid!"

But the long ordeal continued within Captain Bert's tortured mind, while his little ship plunged slowly along eighty miles of menacing coast. He slept not at all. And, unreasonably, from time to time he found himself thinking of Stode—thinking of that clumsy and inert mass, that stolid animal, with fury and resentment. What malignant and capricious power resided in this dull lump, that, without intelligence, he could obstruct and thwart the plans of sagacious men? Solly gritted his teeth. How long must he continue to dash his head against this stupid force which, static, intangible and yet impenetrable, surrounded him like the sea fog he had left behind?

Bitterly and furiously he reviewed the long succession of hindrances which Stode had interposed between him and his mission. On the docks in London he had taken Stode to be a derelict, a wreck which he could control. But Stode was not. He had thought that as engineer Stode would cripple the machinery. He had not. He remembered the menace of the Goodwin Sands, the anchor lost in the night at Dungeness, the stranding near the piers at Newhaven, the futile fire in the cargo—each one made harmless by Stode, and by some blundering word or act whose effect Stode himself neither intended nor understood! He hated him—hated his insentient honesty, his patient grip upon his job. His job—why the poor fool didn't know what his job was!

During the afternoon of the twenty-third of March, Solly thought he sighted Lundy Island. He altered his course with a sigh of relief, steering to pass west of the Smalls and into the steamer track of *St. George's*. After passing the Smalls, the wind freshened from the southwest and the vessel, as she commenced to roll, was found to be leaking through her topsides into the coal bunkers. Stode resented the wet coal which his

stokers were now obliged to feed into the furnaces, but held his peace. It was Reece's business to complain, and Solly's to order the leaks stopped. But nothing was done about it, except to steer her for the Irish shore.

The *Avonmore*, passing close to Blackwater Light Vessel, proceeded northward inside the Arklow and Kish banks; at midnight of the twenty-fourth they saw the lights of the cross-channel packet from Dublin tearing toward Holyhead at right angles to their course. Far out in midchannel, abeam to starboard, they saw the myriad gleaming ports of a great liner hurrying past them to the north. The *Cedric*, that would be, or may be the *Celtic*, hastening for Liverpool, thought Stode, wistful to think that she would be among familiar sights long before he could be at home.

At dawn, on the twenty-fifth, they passed Rockabill and saw the low dark hills of Meath grow slowly more distinct in the pallor; and at six bells, with a moderate breeze behind them, the two big trysails were set. At noon, coming on deck from the cuddy, Stode saw the green summit of Slieve Donard a little abaft the port beam and noted with satisfaction that the two sails were still set. The wind was strong and steady, and running almost dead before it to the northeast, the little vessel was adding a good knot or two to her power. Over a low point, Stode could make out a low hill to the north, inland. "Ardglas," a sailor told him. "Only fifty miles from Belfast."

Stode's heart leaped. Only fifty miles to go! Perhaps by Sunday he could be at home. And this was Thursday.

But an hour later the order was given to strike sail. Strike sail! And this fair wind behind them? Indignation swept over him, though he could not protest. Stode noted a bit of drift-wood. Slowly, steadily it was moving away from shore, "Tide on the ebb," he reflected. "Come a breakdown an' it would help a bit, like. 'Wi' the sails we could ha' done better at keepin' off shore."

ON BALLYQUINTIN POINT two farmers who had been exchanging the time of day had settled down in the lee of the deep-cut back of a field to continue their leisurely conversation. This would be at eight o'clock. In the intervals of soft Irish rain, the sun gleamed palely, touching the green crests of the Mourne hills and slanting with splendor on the bright sails of a little ship standing toward them from the south. They saw the smoke from her one funnel drifting over the starboard quarter. A moment later, when their gaze wandered toward her again, they saw the ship had been stripped of her sails and was plunging along under power alone. They wondered a little, saying shrewdly that the wind would not be too strong for canvas.

Two hours later, when they would still be talking, having scarcely shifted their positions under the shelter of the stony breen, they saw the vessel nearly opposite them and not more than two miles off shore. Why was she standing in so close? She should best be keeping well outside the Bar Pladdy buoy, if she was bound for Belfast. They watched her intently.

It was at this moment, just before four o'clock, that Stode left the deck and went below to his shift in the engine-room.

He glanced once at the steam gauge and then, in consternation, at Reece. "The steam!" he cried. "It's down to forty!"

Reece looked at him negligently. "What of it?" he asked coolly. "What d'ye expect, wi' coal like this?"

Stode felt his collar-band choking him. He stared at Reece in amazement. It was true that the coal was running little better than dust—why hadn't they taken more into the bunkers? . . . but there would still have been ways in which to keep up the fires. Why hadn't Reece double-banked the stockhold watch and put a man into the bunkers to pick out the best of the coal? Had the chief gone mad?

"There's fuel yet!" said Stode desperately. An immense loneliness seemed to engulf him. Were they all mad? Was he, helpless, to fight alone for the ship's safety? "There's fuel yet!" he repeated in a choking voice. "Break out the cargo, mister. Wood blocks! An' creosoted! 'Twill burn like wild!" His blue eyes, pleading, never left Reece's face.

But Reece shook his head coldly. "Mind your
(Continued on page 64)

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The Taste of Power

(Continued from page 63)

dam' business," he said. "Wot's the use? She's taken so much water we can't go on anyway. She'll founder if we don't put in somewhere."

"Water?" repeated Stode, wildly. "I don't see none to hurt, Mister. Not over the plates!" Solly's cry rang from overhead. "The steering gear has jammed!" Reece made no move. A red mist seemed to float before Stode's blue eyes. With a choking roar he swept Reece roughly to one side and quickly leaped forward. As he ran he told himself desperately that there was no danger. He had studied those gears. He knew that the loosening of one sliding clutch, the adjusting of a nut or two, would serve to shift the steam steering gear to the hand steering gear. It would not take two minutes. And, even though the ship lay helpless, she could not possibly drift ashore within ten! His thoughts raced with the speed, not of despair, but of hope.

But even as he bent to the job, the engine-room telegraph rang. Reece picked himself up from the grating and rushed forward, his face distorted. "Full speed ahead!" they rang from the wheelhouse where Solly swayed, mad drunk. He had escaped from Stode's eyes at last. The little steamer gathered speed, rushed forward. Stode turned back, amazed. Was the steering gear right, after all?

The two farmers in the wind-sheltered hollow on shore suddenly rose and turned to regard the oncoming coaster incredulously. She had swung in a half circle toward them, just at the moment they had thought she would pass on up the coast! What would she be after doing? She couldn't be in distress—she was making no signals of distress! Had she suddenly decided to make for the shelter of the Lough? No, not that either—for she was making no signal for a pilot!

And then they cried out in horror. They shouted, and began to run, stumbling forward over the pebbles to gain the beach. The wind whipped the shouts from their lips. They ran, waving their arms. A breaker roared down on a sunken rock, a hundred yards off shore, spouted in a vast cataract of spray and swept down toward them to crash again in a below of rage.

To the men in the engine-room it seemed as if the little ship flung herself bodily toward the sky. Then she dropped, sickeningly. A crash that shook her from end to end threw them to the gratings. She swung around, fell into the trough of the seas, and crashed again, on other rocks.

Stode got to his knees heavily. Reece lay

upon the platform but raised himself on an elbow; and Stode saw, with amazement and revulsion, that he was grinning.

"She's gone!" gasped Stode.

"You poor fool!" cried Reece. "She's insured for sixty thousand pounds!"

And clinging to the handrail he rushed on deck. The stokehold crew were at his heels.

Stode looked around, dazed. Then, mechanically, he drew the fires. There was no hurry. No one shouted down to him.

When he had finished, he climbed slowly on deck. They had got a boat over and were piling frantically into it. Stode joined them. But the boat was useless. They had not gone its length when it capsized beneath the white smother of surf, and, in a whirl of human wreckage, they were thrown on shore like logs.

Painfully Stode limped toward the farmhouses with the others, bruised and streaming with water. His head ached. The wonderful job, the job that was to have made life so glorious, was all over; and he told himself it was because he, himself, had been a failure, too dull, too dense, too weak. The ship was gone. Nothing could save her now. On that lonely coast, on those rocks, she would be battered to pieces before help could possibly come. And if only he had had strength, instead of weakness, he might have saved her!

THE King's Councillor who later fought in court the payment of that three hundred thousand dollars of insurance money told the story differently. He was jubilant.

"Man," he cried, "we knew there was something wrong—that ship wasn't worth a sixth of the insurance they had piled on to her—and yet we came close to losing the whole pot! Every man on board had been hired to help sink her and to lie themselves out of it, except one! They slipped up, there! Stode was his name, Stode—a poor devil of a fireman that they picked up, starving, and signed on as engineer, to save another penny or two, the greedy dogs! Dammit, he simply didn't know anything except his job. A big, slow, patient, beggar who nearly cried on the stand because he hadn't been able to save the old tub! Fancy! . . . The Court trusted him, everybody who heard him trusted him. . . . You had only to look at him to know he was telling the truth! And by the Lord Harry, that's what saved us our money! He'll never lack another job, that's sure!"

New Faces in the Big Leagues

(Continued from page 31)

skeptical. The attitude of the fans to the reports from the training camps was much of the same character.

If an enthusiastic correspondent wired to his home paper of the discovery of a new Cobb, a Speaker, a Mathewson or a Johnson, he was classed as a foolish optimist, and it seemed to turn out that way. They got to writing quite derisively of the wonders that bloomed in the spring. It strikes me that the general atmosphere of the training camp was depressing from this fact to the recruit.

Some of them came into it with high hopes and ambitions only to get the notion that it was a long chance and that the best they could hope for was to be sent back to the minors or farmed out for more seasoning. Also they were written of very lightly. That also had a depressing effect.

But it is gone now. Owners, managers and correspondents are keen on "discovering" new talent among the recruits. There is the crying need for new talent. The fans back home take the dispatches concerning new talent quite seriously; much of this new talent is making good and even exceeding all predictions and expectations.

Bill Jones, left-handed recruit pitcher from Charlotte, North Carolina, arrives at the big

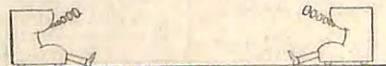
league training camp with a "badger haircut" and a brown derby, carrying a near-leather suitcase. He is not greeted with the old time, "Hey, Busher, where did you come from?"

He is introduced as Mr. William Jones, is roomed with a veteran and treated with kindness and respect. For Bill Jones, the recruit may be just the left-hander they need. They can not guy them any more, and they never would forgive themselves if they sent a good left-hander adrift through not making him feel at home. Some other club might pick him up later and he would get his revenge with that good left soupbone of his.

The time has come when the baseball recruit to the big-leaguers becomes a person of importance and consequence. The cry has gone out for replacements. A few have arrived but they need many more.

Remember that Cobb, Speaker, Mathewson, Johnson, all were once mere recruits. Also that Rogers Hornsby, now practically priceless, as ivory goes, could have been bought for \$500 when he started to play baseball in Texas. The scout said that he was worth it, but the owners of the big-league club to whom the scout reported were dubious.

The hour seems to have struck for the ivory hunters and their prey.



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There Is Only One Smokador

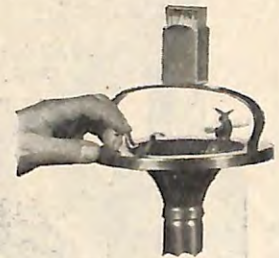
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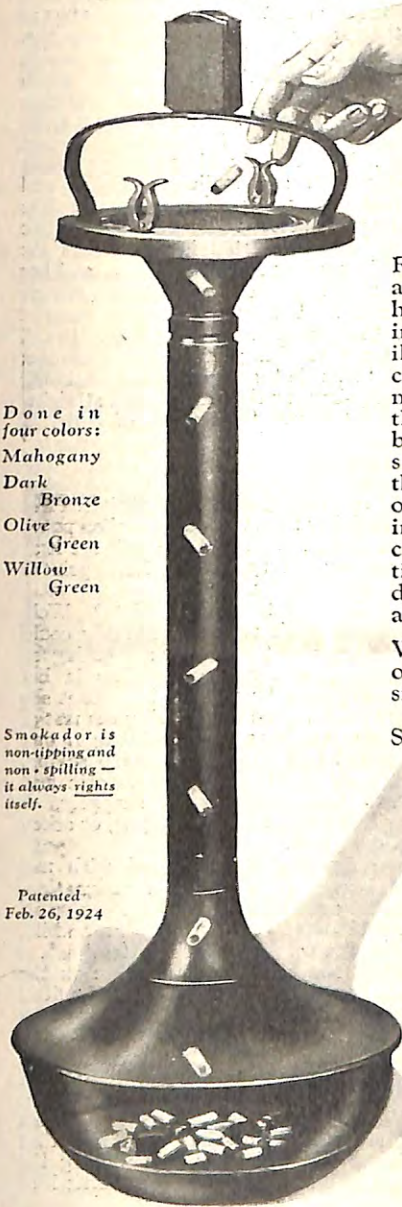


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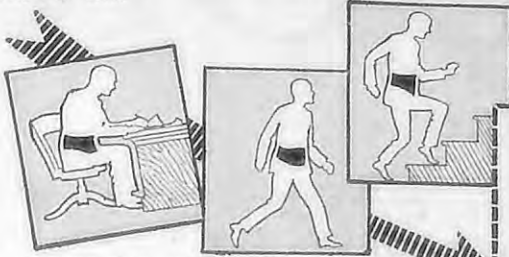
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First Prize

(Continued from page 11)

store, within a week. Hazel fanned one hand at me, and said, simperingly, 'Aren't you fresh!', just as a twelve-year-old schoolgirl would say it—and I nearly tipped over backward in my swivel chair. In fact, I tumbled to the fact, right then and there, that Hazel had the mentality of a girl of no more than fifteen. She radiated health, and good-nature, and sachet, and vanity, and self-devotion, and inane movie prettiness—but she didn't radiate anything mentally more important than a newspaper comic strip. I began to wonder: how could this damsel win a prize for finding the most words?

"THE more I saw of Hazel, the more I wondered. She had found more words than anybody else, but she must have lost them as fast as she found them, and all she knew previously, too. Her vocabulary consisted of about sixty words, including 'adore,' 'sweet,' and 'gorgeous,' which she pronounced with a slight lisp on the end, somewhat like 'gorgoouth.' She could not spell. She could not remember. She couldn't operate a typewriter. When I asked her who typewrote her list of words, she smiled killingly, and admitted that it was a gentleman friend. She hadn't the remotest idea of geography. She hadn't even been interested in the States she had crossed in coming from Nebraska, and her feeling was that she was even now somewhere near Wisconsin. I found that she thought there was a State called North Virginia. I said, 'Oh, you were thinking of North Carolina, probably.' 'Was I?' she simpered, dabbing into her vanity-box for the mirror, and straightening her front hair. 'Oh, yeth, of coth! I knew a boy from there. He came from Atlanta.' She studied her face in her mirror by the half-hour, getting it in all poses and shades and lights. I taught her something of the typewriter. But I couldn't teach her the way to put carbon paper between two sheets. She just couldn't see it at all. Every letter she typed had itself printed on the back of itself. You know.

"Oh, how I hated that girl! Hate? Well, that's strong. I don't suppose anybody could hate her. After all, there was something so confiding, and simple, and defenseless in her manner, you couldn't be rude to her. But she was ruining my life. She was ruining the rest of the help. She was doing a thousand things a day that interrupted me. You can't keep saying, 'Please don't do that!' so I had to grin and bear it when she chewed gum snappily, or hummed, or drummed with her fingers, or asked nonsensical questions.

"Old man Smedley sympathized with me. 'I know, I know,' he said, with resignation. 'Find something she can do, and let her do it. I suppose we'll have to keep her along for a while, till this unfortunate contest is forgotten.'

"I'm afraid she has a bad influence on the other girls in the office,' I told him. 'The little fools are trying to imitate her, even though they make fun of her.'

"I know, I know,' replied the old sage, with a sigh. 'Make the best of it for a while, Mr. Clayfield. We understand each other, Mr. Clayfield.' Oh, a glorious old fellow! I wish you could see him. Nothing disturbed that serene poise of his. He was approaching the end, and he didn't intend to be hurried or worried.

"Wink got in the habit of dropping into my office, on slight pretexts. I could see that he was madly in love with my Viking Queen of Inefficiency—or I thought I could see it. She hardly gave him a look, but once in a while I saw his face become suicidally wistful as he mooned at her. Such is my feeling of brotherhood that I actually began to feel sorry for that big blonde hunker.

"One day, though, I got a slight jar. There was a wash-bowl in one corner of the room, with a screen in front of it. Wink was just passing through my office. I was washing my hands in the bowl, and I couldn't help seeing what happened, just beyond the outer edge of the screen. I might have been mistaken, but as Wink passed Hazel's chair, I was convinced that they telegraphed each other with their eyes, in terms of unmistakable intimacy. Somehow, people who have known each other a long time look at each other in a vastly different way from

fresh acquaintances. There was something about that greeting, and the jerk of the head, which told me that Wink and Hazel were on regular terms.

"I said 'humph' to myself, and let it go at that. I'm a man who can utter one humph or let it alone. I watched the pair more closely, but they were as distant as ever—that is, she was distant, and he still fondled her with his wall-eyes, and avid, juvenile stare.

"Then an accident happened which blew up the whole works. Hazel, like all good hometown girls, received her Sand Bluffs *Record* every week. She read it diligently in office hours, as a rule. One afternoon, after Hazel and the rest of the help had gone home, I stayed on for an hour or so, to finish some work. On my way out I saw a copy of the Sand Bluffs *Record* lying on the top of Hazel's waste-basket. Now, I've always loved country newspapers. There's something so deliciously human about the hickory correspondence. I started in life as a boy in a newspaper office myself, and it's the dream of every city newspaper man to own a country weekly during his reclining, if not declining, years. So I picked up the copy of Hazel's home-town sheet and stuck it in my pocket, to read myself to sleep with, that night.

"I read a couple of columns of chit-chat, and was just getting ready to turn out the light, when my eye fell on the name 'Wink.' A man who has been reading copy all his life gets alert to printed words, as you know. That word 'Wink' stuck out on the sheet as big as a molasses barrel. The name was in the first item under the heading of 'DEEP SPRINGS'—evidently one of the dozens of outlying hamlets covered by the Sand Bluffs *Record*. And the item said something like this: 'J. Frank Wink, the Deep Springs boy who has made such a wonderful success with a washing-machine company back East, writes to say that he hopes to pay a visit to the home folks during the coming Winter. We understand that "Frankie," as we best know him, has become the right-hand man of the head of the company. Good boy, Frankie! We always said you'd do well.'

"I read that over two or three times, and I couldn't help yelping. I must have shouted so loud it woke the roomer in the next room, because I heard him turn over in bed, and mutter. J. Frank Wink was the name our big blond wollopus went by—and I saw everything at once! It was really too funny to get savage about. In the first place, I nearly laughed myself out of bed, thinking of the letters this bird was writing home, telling how the president of the Company was leaning on him as a sort of crutch, and how he was getting more and more valuable every day—when, as a matter of fact, he'd have been hurled into the mill-sludge, except that old Smedley wanted to make him earn something of his contract money.

"**BUT**—the other end of it, though also funny, made me peevish. I hate to see anything crooked put over on decent people. Of course, this boy hadn't committed murder or arson or anything very criminal, it's true. He had merely put over a slippery deal on the Smedleys. Unless, by a miracle, this news item referred to some other Wink and some other washing-machine company, which was about as likely as lightning making a ham omelet by striking a pig and a hen simultaneously, the whole thing was as clear as day. Wink had deliberately framed the prize contest so that Hazel Fern Pedrick, a flame of his, could win. In fact, it looked as though he had framed the whole contest-idea with the purpose of getting his best girl a job in his office, in a dramatic and lucrative way.

"I didn't sleep more than ten minutes that night. I was anxious to get to the office. About six o'clock I dressed and went down-stairs, where the landlady was just building the fire. I got her to make me a couple of sandwiches, and then started for the Purolave plant. First thing I did was to pull down the atlas, and study the map of Nebraska. They have a small-scale atlas, for the use of their correspondents, and it shows about everything, down to rail-sidings. There was the place—Deep Springs! It was about twenty miles from Sand Bluffs, and just a dot on the broad perarah.

"Hazel had pulled a real boner, by leaving that copy of the *Record* lying around. But, as it turned out, she hadn't seen this item at all.

(Continued on page 68)

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First Prize

(Continued from page 67)

Deep Springs wasn't dear to her, not being her *loco paretis*, as the Romans ought to have called places where the Winks come from. I began to wonder whether the editor of the Sand Bluffs *Record*, and the dear, matronly chaperon who came East with Hazel, were also wise to the slick work of J. Frank. It was quite possible that they knew nothing of it, beyond the fact that Hazel had perhaps tipped off the chaperon not to recognize Wink when she came to Metocket, because it might seem funny to have the prize-winner come from J. Frank's section.

"The prize papers had gone back to the vaults again, after that day I looked them over. So I cooled my heels till the aged cashier came down and crashed the gates of the treasury department. Then I armed myself with the papers and began to study the contribution of Hazel. I'm no handwriting or typewriting expert, but everyone knows that there are no two typewriters with exactly the same set of letters. I hadn't gone far before I noticed that the 'r' in Hazel's essay was a trifle on the bias. And I had a feeling that there was a typewriter in our own office which had an 'r' which looked like that. I went down to the mailing room. Wink hadn't arrived. His typewriter was there, and I wrote a line on it. No! The 'r' wasn't like Hazel's manuscript. I went back to my own room. Holy catfish! There it was! My own typewriter! No wonder I had had the feeling that I'd seen that 'r' before! And, of course, I was using the typewriter which Wink had used before he had been demoted to the mailing room. I grabbed the prize-winning list of words to see what date it had come into the office—each contribution having been duly dated when taken from its envelope. It bore a date exactly twenty-four hours before the contest closed!

"See the point? Brainy little boy, wasn't he? What this young hero had done was to comb through a large number of lists of words, and thus assemble the greatest number of possible words—more than any individual list could have. Then he wrote them down and sent the papers to Hazel. She mailed them back, and became the winner of the contest.

"Well, this evidence would have hanged one of the major prophets. But I wasn't quite satisfied. I was convinced; but before I sprang the trap, and left J. Frank Wink dangling with his heels banging the atmosphere, I wanted to make the case ironclad. So I went to the correspondent who handled the sales force in the territory that included Nebraska, and got the name of the salesman nearest to Sand Bluffs. Then I wrote to him, in confidence, told him what I wanted, and asked him to make a special trip and find out all the facts, without giving his hand away. I felt sure the Smedleys would consider this legitimate expense, when they knew the inside.

"The salesman in question turned out to have a curve on the ball. It took him only one forenoon to get the goods. He wrote me all that was necessary, and much that wasn't. He had pumped Deep Springs so dry that they were now only bed-springs. It was interesting to know that J. Frank Wink was really not well known in Sand Bluffs. Hazel Fern was better known in Deep Springs. Both J. Frank and Hazel had served one term apiece in a sort of runt college near Omaha—and so they had met and loved, presumably.

"Now that I was in possession of all the facts, it was amusing to watch both Hazel and J. Frank trying to keep up the fiction that they didn't know each other. Funny, isn't it, how discerning we can be when we know all we need to know. I'll say for the girl that she played the part well. And Wink didn't need to play it so handily, because he was playing himself—the poor yap was really mad about his petunia, and nobody would have known by his face whether he had caught the malady in Metocket or in Omaha. But it must have been a great source of suffering for him not to converse with the maiden. A sort of Pyramus and Thisbe situation, if you recall your *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"I didn't go to the Smedleys at once. I was trying to think out a scheme which would make the operation as painless as might be, and which, above all, wouldn't get us any publicity. For the public to get the idea that the prize contest

had been framed was, just the same as getting the idea that the Purolave Company had framed it—the fine points of a frame-up never leak down to the public. The legal phase of the matter wasn't important. I knew there would be no question of prosecution. All that it was necessary to do was to ease J. Frank and Hazel out of Metocket together, under cover of complete darkness.

"The very day I was going to take up the matter with Josiah Smedley, Hazel herself furnished the answer to the problem. She wafted into the office that morning, thirty minutes late, wearing a fine diamond on her generous engagement finger. Honest, my heart softened. After all, what are you going to do with babes of impulse? Confound it, you can't hit them with an axe. I couldn't help snickering. It was a sure thing that J. Frank and Hazel had been wooing, in some secret trysting place in Metocket, all the time she had been giving him the dramatic congealed eye in the office. And now they could stand it no longer. They just naturally had to announce their engagement with that ring. The other girls fluttered around Hazel's chair like moths, but she shook her head. It was a mystery. She couldn't tell his name—not yet. Soon.

"I TOOK my decision. I'd have a talk with Hazel and show her all the cards. If she and J. Frank wanted to vamoose quietly, without making any fuss about it, or holding an official scandal session, I'd give them the chance. I wouldn't have done it for Wink. I didn't like him. But Hazel—after all, she was a poor simpleton, a defenseless weak-minded vamp. I asked her to stay after the others had gone.

"I opened the top right hand drawer of my desk and took out Hazel's prize contribution, and threw it on the table. 'I'm sorry to have to do this,' I told her, 'but it's a matter of duty. This list of words you got the first prize with, was written on this typewriter by your friend Wink. You and Wink went to school together in Omaha. Wink framed it up—I'm not blaming you so much, Hazel. But, really, you ought to have stopped to consider that it's dishonest. I suppose you're fond of him—and now that you're engaged—'

"She pulled a quick breath. No tears, no blushes that showed through her rouge, but a quick breath, like that! Then she looked down at the stone on her finger.

"'I'm thorry,' she said, with her stage lisp, and hung her bobbed head.

"'I'm sorry, too,' I said; and I meant it. After all, it seems rather a dismal start for a pair of young lovers, on the matrimonial circuit, to be involved in a mean piece of larceny. If they could put over a big murder, or something they could capitalize in vaudeville, it might be different.

"Now, listen, Hazel,' I said to her. 'I don't need to tell you that I've got all the goods. I've been in communication with the Deep Springs people, and I know more about Wink than he knows about himself. But I've been in love myself, and I know it's a bigger thing than prize contests, or jobs, or anything else. I don't want to break up your party. I've got to take this matter up with the big boss in the morning; you can see that. At the same time, I don't see what harm it would do anybody if your friend Wink should pack his duds and leave town tonight, saying nothing to anybody, but being sure to settle his board-bill, of course. There's a sleeper goes down at 1:25 in the morning, which connects at Springhaven for Chicago and all points West.'

"I'm not giving this in the exact words, just the sense of it. In reality, I toned down the idea, so as not to seem too brutal about it; but at the same time I made it strong. And I pointed out that what Wink had done was to engage in a conspiracy to commit grand larceny according to the laws of the State. I know perfectly well that nobody has ever been convicted of conspiracy since Julius Caesar was nicked in the back—but Hazel didn't know it.

"Hazel perked up a little and remarked that I was so good. Fact is, I thought I was pretty good. But I didn't mean to be too good. I was working for the interests of the firm, and also,

I had the selfish interest that it worried me to see that pair of misfits around the office. Of one thing I felt sure, that when I told old man Smedley why I had given Wink a hundred yards handicap out of Metocket, he'd rejoice in my sagacity.

"Then, of course, the rest was simple. Hazel would wait around a few days, to avoid suspicion, and then embark for the bounding West to join her man, and start a prize contest all of their own.

"Does it sound good? Can you see anything wrong with it? Can you blame me for feeling a little bit elevated about my diplomacy? Notice that I had framed it so that the Purolave Company's hands were as clean as prize-contest hands could be.

"Well, I won't linger over these final details. Wink, when I had got through with him, saw the light. I threw a scare into him that nearly bleached his hair. I stood with him while he wrote his resignation, freeing the company from that mad contract, and made him confess that he had never worked in the advertising business but three short months, for a small Chicago agency which fired him so that it wouldn't become smaller. The big stew broke down and cried on my elbow, and began to get mushy about Hazel, and said that they'd never, never do anything shady again—and I shot him out of town. He wanted Hazel to come down to the train to see him off, but I placed the nixy on that.

"Well, I pulled down my waistcoat in a satisfied manner, and spread the whole story before old Josiah Smedley next morning. He smiled a grim smile, and nodded slowly. Just as I had thought, he admired my dexterity. He was particularly pleased that I had gone ahead without messing him up in it. In fact, he was so quietly congratulatory that I began to have visions of getting a block of common stock before many moons sailed by.

"Nothing remained but the joyous departure of Hazel.

"But Hazel showed no signs of getting ready for her exit. In fact, next day she was coldly haughty toward me. I let that go for another twenty-four hours, and then I quietly suggested to her that Wink might be getting lonesome. She suggested in return, that I could make a hit with her by minding my own business. Wow! I wasn't looking for that. I countered by insinuating that I was the owner of information which could explode at any given moment. She retaliated pointedly that I could do just as I jolly well pleased—it was nothing in her life.

"Well—I'll admit she had me stumped. I couldn't understand it. I tried to reason with her. She didn't want to reason. I pulled some awful jeremiads about the suffering Wink, out somewhere on the sun-baked gumbo. She laughed in my face.

"'ALL right, fair one!' says I to myself, 'patience is a virtue only when you don't become immoderate about it.' I was angry. I went straight to old Josiah's room—and found that he hadn't come down that morning. His secretary thought that he had gone away for a few days. She was quite vague about it.

"All right. I went to young Josiah. He was chewing the end of a lead-pencil when I went in. I burst into a hurried piece of oratory, to the effect that he had better take over the problem of the removal of the fair bone-head from the office. Young Josiah grew as red as a forest blaze. He wasn't exactly angry—more hurt than angry. But he demurred, in that mild way of his: 'Oh, I don't think you mean what you say, Mr. Clayfield. Miss Pedrick—ah—Miss Pedrick is—you really don't do her justice. I—I know things you don't know about it all, Mr. Clayfield. I—er—Miss Pedrick is leaving the office to-day, anyway, Mr. Clayfield. I—er—in fact, she is—to be my wife,—er—ah.'

"Blim! You could have knocked me through the ropes with a soda straw. I reached out for support, and finding no strap to hang to, I backed to the door and oozed through it. I almost backed into Hazel Fern, who was just coming in. She gave me one glance—and it was enough. That glance has brought me back to New York. It was the triumph of virtue over brains. It was as full of tender wishes as an anthrax germ. I heard two loving voices mingle in a saccharine refrain—and I went back

(Continued on page 70)



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 A technical diagram showing a shock absorber assembly. At the top is a wheel with a hub. Below it is a vertical shaft connected to a piston rod. The piston rod is attached to a piston head, which is shown in a cross-section of a housing. The housing is mounted on a base. To the right of the diagram is a separate illustration of a piston ring.

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First Prize

(Continued from page 68)

to my office and clutched the place where my head used to be.

"Fired! Oh, no. I resigned. I would never wait to be fired. But I knew that all the sweet, kind things that I had said to Hazel would come back on my head like coals of fire, dumped down a chute by the metric ton. Blind! Of course I was. I'd been busy with my work, and I hadn't had time to notice whether the junior boss was becoming sweet on the Nebraska Viking.

"The ring she had been wearing was young Josiah's. She told Wink she had bought it out of the proceeds of her prize money, and let him believe that it was *their* engagement ring. In Nebraska, you know, the girl often buys the ring. Or is it Kansas? The minute she had arrived in Metocket, and laid her eyes on young Josiah, she had aspirations which didn't concern J. Frank Wink at all. When I suggested that Wink be shot westward by night, she was therefore strong for it. So was young Josiah. I think the girl wrote to Wink, after he reached

Chicago, requesting him to go out on Lake Michigan in a canoe and wait for a tornado.

"Hanged if I didn't feel sorrier for old Josiah Smedley than I did for myself. The old man called me in for a long private talk, when he came back a few days later. I handed him my resignation. He shook his white head and sighed, and said, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Clayfeld, sorry indeed. I think you are the very man we need. Yet, I can't help thinking you are taking the right course. I—I regret this affair very much. If you are ever in need of a reference, I'll give you one that will satisfy anyone, even if I have to tell the whole story in it. And I'd be pleased if you'd accept this little envelope.'

"In the envelope were five, new, one-hundred dollar bills. It was decent of him, eh? Still, it didn't much more than pay the freight on our goods, between Metocket and New York—Do you know of a job exactly like that one, except that the members of the firm are women-haters?"

The New West and the Cowboy

(Continued from page 14)

cow-puncher gave no outward evidence of his insulted dignity. He strolled over to the buckboard and greased the wheels. Only when he put them on he slipped a back wheel over a front axle, and vice versa. The "scrambled" wheels gave the buckboard a peculiar swaying motion, like a ship in a heavy sea, but the manager drove to the next camp without realizing what had been done. Arrived at that camp, he again gave orders to have the wheels of his buckboard greased.

The grumbling cow-puncher who essayed the job saw what had been done, but instead of notifying the manager of the trick that had been played, he carefully replaced the wheels as before. The manager journeyed on to the next camp, where he was heard to complain that the going over the prairie seemed unusually rough.

Cowboy jokes were always played with solemn elaborateness. If someone could be "kept on the string" for days, the joke was relished just that much more. The writer saw a joke of this description played for several nights by a bunkhouse full of cowboys, at the expense of one of their number. One of the cowboys had found that, by reaching up from the top bunk in which he lay, he could press a loose board in the roof and produce a most peculiar sound. The first night he tried this, an excitable cow-puncher jumped up and grabbed his gun.

"Boys, it's a carcajou!" he exclaimed. "I've allus wanted to kill one of them animals."

Half dressed, he rushed out into the cold night, on a vain hunt for the supposed carcajou. This was continued for several nights, until finally the frenzied cow-puncher was shown the loose board which had caused him such wild excitement, and then there he was dubbed "Carcajou Bill," a name which he has never been able to get rid of.

The question is often asked if there were better riders on the cattle range years ago than the cowboys of to-day. This is a matter for old-timers only to decide. Also it is a matter which finds them chary in giving an opinion. The old-time cow-punchers rode less for show than those of to-day. The Wild West show as we know it was a comparatively late product. It was an outgrowth of the impromptu "bucking contests" which were held at the big roundups when the outfits were held, waiting to "ride circle" and gather the cattle. At the shows at Cheyenne and Pendleton there is trick riding done which the old-time cowboy never thought of trying. Circus stunts did not enter his calculations. But when it came to ability to ride "straight up" on a bucking horse—that was another story. There were more bucking horses to be ridden in early days. There are hardly enough buckers nowadays to furnish entertainment for those who like to see the sort of riding that has made the American cowboy the supreme master of the saddle.

Cattlemen of the old school hired "busters" to break their wild horses. They were men who did nothing else, and they performed riding

feats which are still talked of in the West. Some of the old-time "busters" in Wyoming who are still talked about are Billy Bacon, "Wash" Callanan, a colored man, Ed. Brandenburg and Frank Lamone, all of whom broke wild horses for Senator Carey. In that state Arthur Norton was looked upon as the "king of the busters." He seemed to have marvelous control over a horse and it was a sight to watch him put his hackamore on an outlaw "bronk." Every state had its great riders, but by the time there were championship riding contests the old-timers were gone.

The old-time riders performed daredevil stunts when breaking wild horses. Billy Bacon, who has been mentioned, saw a team of fourteen oxen drawing two wagons across the prairie. He bet that he could saddle a wild horse and jump the animal between the lead and trail wagon, which were hitched close together. He succeeded in getting the horse between the wagons, but in making the jump the animal fell and broke Bacon's leg, making him a cripple for life and ending his riding days.

Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist, who spent his youth on a horse ranch in Montana, says there are plenty of good riders to-day, and that the chief change in the cattle business seems to be in other particulars. Said Mr. Russell to the writer:

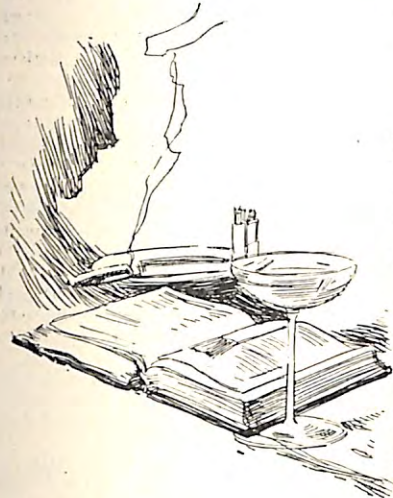
"The men who were cowmen in every sense of the term—who could ride into a herd and judge weights and values from the saddle—there don't seem to be so many of such men."

The old-time cattlemen were so prosperous and grazing conditions were so attractive that they did not pay much attention to the sheep man when that individual first came on the scene. Perhaps the reason was that the first sheep men were not nomads. They held their sheep in corrals and under shed, until they found that the business of bringing feed to them was too expensive. They literally "put the sheep ranch on wheels" when the sheep wagon was devised. Well stocked with provisions, this wagon was home for shepherd anywhere on the range. His dogs, trained for the business, did most of the work of looking after the flock. While the cattlemen found it necessary to provide better protection for their herds in winter, the sheep men discovered that they could do better by keeping their flocks on the open range, winter and summer.

The cattlemen were dealt their most serious blow during the hard winter of 1886-7. The range was getting pretty well crowded then, what with settlers and sheep men, and the winter was one of the worst the West has ever experienced. Cattle died by thousands, in every part of the great grazing empire, North and South. Many who had accumulated large herds lost everything they had. Hides were flapping on fences everywhere, at the breaking up of that hard winter—and a fence full of cattle hides, when the first Chinook hits the range, is

(Continued on page 72)

Good Things Go Together



YOU enjoy the good things of life:—have you noticed how one good thing is more enjoyable when other good things go with it? How a good book, for instance seems better with a good cigar to go with it, and a refreshing drink at hand?

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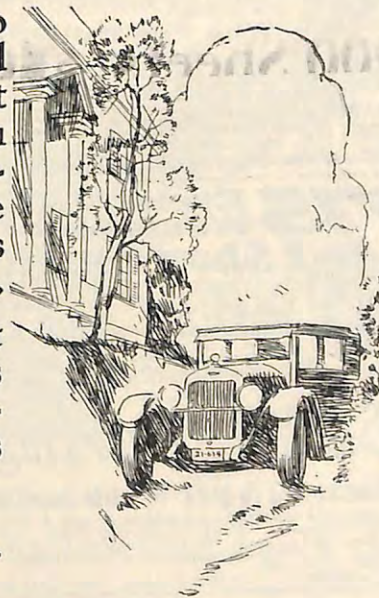
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The New West and the Cowboy

(Continued from page 70)

the most melancholy sight the cow country affords.

After the hard winter that almost broke the back of the cattle industry, thoughtful cowmen began to give real attention to feeding during the months when they were threatened with the heaviest losses. They began to dig irrigation ditches and to raise hay in the real sense of the term. Up to that time, the average cattle ranch had merely raised sufficient hay to feed the saddle stock through the winter. Now there was a demand for hay hands as well as cowboys. The cowpunchers themselves would have nothing to do with the new order of things. A story is told of a cowboy who was handed a pitchfork and told to help in the hay field. He looked the pitchfork over, from handle to tines, and handed it back, saying:

"Boss, machinery of this kind is too complicated for me!"

BUT the green of alfalfa patches can be seen everywhere in Cattle Land to-day. The clatter of the mowing machines can be heard in the river bottoms or on the bench lands that have been watered by irrigating ditches. The Hay-makers' Ball is the grand social event of the season now in many a little town that formerly knew only the Cowpunchers' Dance. And the cowboys can't come down and break it up, because they are still back in the hills looking after the cattle on the summer range.

Even when the question of winter feeding had been pretty well answered, the cattleman still had his problems. The sheep men, with their wagons, were getting worse. So dead-lines were established and the sheep outfits were warned to stay in certain localities. Those who failed to heed the warnings had their flocks and wagons destroyed. Sometimes the herders were shot, also.

Raids upon sheep men were numerous and usually resulted in heavy losses. Sheep have been shot, or killed with clubs and in many instances driven over cliffs to death. Fifteen masked men who attacked a sheep camp several years ago on Trapper Creek, in Wyoming, blew up an entire flock with sticks of dynamite. The herders were told that if they attempted to go farther into the mountains with sheep, they would meet the same fate as that which had just been meted out to their flock.

Usually the raiders got away, but sometimes they were brought to justice. An instance where justice triumphed occurred near Sundance, Wyoming, after the raiding of several sheep camps and the burning of a sheep ranch. Joe LeFors, whose trapping of Tom Horn has been mentioned, was called in this case. LeFors secured the confessions of two of the men implicating others. Also he learned that the sheep raiders had agreed to a death compact whereby, if any member of the gang divulged what had happened he was to be killed by the others. The case was settled before it came to trial, the accused paying the sheep companies all damages and expenses and also leaving certain valuable and disputed range to the sheep owners.

In one raid, near Big Piney, Wyoming, twelve thousand sheep were killed by being shot, clubbed or driven over cliffs. Those that survived were easy prey for the coyotes.

Such things grew out of lack of control of the public range. So long as the land was anybody's to graze over, it was bound to be in dispute. And the party which had the greater power, which usually happened to be the cattlemen, naturally won out.

The writer several years ago came upon a place in the hills where there had been a sheep killing. The ground was white with the bones of sheep—picked clean by coyotes long before. It had been a beautiful clearing in the Colorado mountains, not far from the Utah line. Now it was a fearsome place—a reminder of Golgotha, the ancient "place of skulls." A pile of blackened embers told where the sheep wagon had been burned. The sheep had been clubbed to death and shot. Usually the sheep raiders preferred clubbing, because no tell-tale evidences were left behind. They remembered a case in the Tensleep region of Wyoming, where raiders had been brought to justice by a few empty

cartridges. Somebody in the raiding party, it was figured out, had been using "blanks." That somebody had "weakened." He had gone through the motions, with his fellow conspirators, but had had the comforting assurance that his hands were clean of blood. The sale of the blank cartridges was traced, and the person who bought them had soon "come clean" with a confession.

It is to be said to the credit of the cattle industry that such deeds have been the work of a small minority. But sheep and cattle cannot live together—not for long. There is many a "sheeped out" range in the West which is now a prey to erosion, for the reason that the sheep, if allowed to graze in too great numbers or during too many consecutive seasons, will destroy the roots of the grass. It was on this account that the dead-lines were established in the West, and generally these dead-lines have been respected. The writer has stood on a mound of rock marking a dead-line close to the Wyoming-Colorado boundary. To the North was the sheep country, and to the South the cattle grazed. No band of sheep had ever crossed that line, and probably never will.

Wise owners of cattle began to see that it would be cheaper to own their grazing land than to be always fighting over the public domain. Now many of the big outfits own thousands of acres of grazing land. This is particularly true in the Southwest, where there is less land available for agricultural purposes than in the Northern states.

But the most valuable grazing lands of all—those in the National Forests—could neither be bought nor fought for. The government began a leasing system on these lands—which ended cattle and sheep wars so far as that part of the public domain under the Forest Service was concerned. Also it ended overcrowding of the range. Approximately 2,000,000 head of cattle are grazed on the National Forests. This is one-fifth of the total number of cattle in the eleven Far Western States.

The government gives preference, in the matter of leases, to livestock owners who live near the National Forests. This has simplified matters for many cattlemen. As cattle are kept within certain grazing districts, it is not necessary for the roundup outfits to cover such a wide area in making the "beef gather" or rounding up the stock in the spring for branding. The ranches adjoining the National Forests are for the most part pretty well under fence nowadays. This means a minimum loss of strays, and it also cuts down line riding and other expense. The old-time cattleman used to keep his brand standing in the local newspaper, so people finding cattle that had drifted away would know where to return them. But now he keeps the advertisement standing more through force of habit and a desire to patronize the local editor than because of any real good it does.

The roundup situation has been greatly simplified owing to the increased acreage of fenced grazing lands and the growth of leasing in the National Forests. In many districts roundups are not held at all. Most of the cattle can be driven down from the ranches from the adjacent leases. The branding of calves and cutting out of beef cattle for shipment can be done under fence.

Where roundups are held, they are association, or cooperative affairs. The association roundup was inaugurated years ago, because it simplified affairs for everybody. A district is established, and the cattleman whose holdings are too small to admit of the expense of running a chuck wagon, contributes one or two men to the general roundup. These men are called "reps," and they bring their own saddle horses and also their own bed rolls. The expense of running the chuck wagon is borne by all the district members. The cowboys "ride circle" each day, and the range is carefully combed for cattle. In the spring the branding is done. The calves are branded in accordance with the brands carried by their mothers. In the fall, when the beef roundup is on, the cattle that are to be shipped are kept in a general herd. In this way each cowman is kept acquainted with the number of cattle he has on the range. Also he is not put to the great expense of rounding up his own beef

cattle for shipment. The association roundup plan has worked satisfactorily since the late '70s, when cattlemen were faced with the necessity of some such helpful cooperative arrangement.

The spring roundup is held as soon as the grass is green and the horses and cattle are strong enough to stand the work. The fall roundup usually is held in September. The roundups to-day, though much smaller, are conducted along the general lines of the old roundups. The saddle horses are brought up in the morning by the night herders. In the Southwest the saddle horses are known as the "remuda" and in the North the group is called the "cavy." The horses are run into a rope corral and each cowpuncher lassos his mount and proceeds to the saddling. It is then that the roundup takes on the aspect of a Wild West show. Even the best-broken Western horses are inclined to "buck a little" when the saddle is put on, and some of them "buck a lot." It is no unusual thing for three or four riders to be bucked off into the sage-brush at the start of the day's proceedings. The cowboys who have drawn exceptionally restive "strings" (each rider must have several mounts) are quite apt to fill the air with their plaints. But the truth of the matter is that it is the riding that they enjoy and that constitutes the great lure of the cowboy's life. Many of them will even consent to do ranch work for the rest of the season in order to be declared in on the spring and the fall roundups.

There is constant discussion as to the relative merits and demerits of the horses in the "cavy." A cowboy hates to admit that he is beaten, and he will keep on day after day, trying to ride an unusually obstinate horse that he finds in his "string." Sometimes these horses turn out to be outlaws which no one in the outfit can master. The most notable example of this occurred in the Chugwater district of Wyoming several years ago, when Jimmy Danks, one of the crack riders for the Swan Land and Cattle Company, ruefully admitted that he could not ride a black horse that had "tossed" him repeatedly. Other cowboys in the outfit tried, only to be thrown with monotonous regularity.

THE fame of the black horse spread through Cattle Land. Riding contests at Denver and Cheyenne were just coming into popularity, and the black horse from the Chugwater was entered in those affairs. Riders from all parts of the West tried to conquer him, but were ignominiously tossed into the arena. The horse was an enigma to men who had made a life-time study of equine nature. He was gentle enough when unsaddled. A child could lead him in a parade. But as soon as he was saddled and a man was on the leather throne of the cowpuncher, the horse became a demon. He leaped in the air and came down stiff-legged, in a series of jarring descents which the human organism could not stand. Those who managed to stay on for a few jumps usually began to bleed at the nose. Then they were willing to jump or fall off.

The black horse was Steamboat, and he bucked for twelve years without ever being fairly conquered. He was killed in a railroad accident, and Cheyenne is talking about putting up a monument to him, a monument that will stand as a lasting memorial to the range horse of the West.

Any touches of the Wild West that one gets nowadays, outside of the shows that are staged for such effects, must come from the back country, off the main highways of travel. Those highways are full of automobile tourists now—"nosebaggers" as they are termed by the natives in Cattle Land. One can ride for miles along any main Western highway without seeing a horseman. But back in the hills, particularly in the National Forests, the cowpony is still supreme. Roundup fires are alight, and branding irons glow red, and one gets the richly savored talk that has come down from the early days of the cattle ranch and trail. In spite of the harsh economic changes that have wiped out many small cattlemen and have depleted the total of range cattle by many hundreds of thousands, the cow game still maintains its old traditions and has its old elements of appeal. Something very rich and inspiring will be gone from American life if those fires are finally extinguished and those saddles are put away forever.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 52)

The magnificent accomplishment was made possible by a well-directed campaign under the able leadership of Captain Sparks, whose fame is known in the Order by the prize-winning drill team, the Withington Zouaves of Jackson Lodge, of which he is the organizer and leader.

The exercises attending the initiation of this record-breaking class were attended by many distinguished citizens of the community and State. Hon. W. L. Harding, former Governor of Iowa, delivered the principal address at the night session following the initiation. Among the other prominent members of the Order who were present or addressed the gathering were Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Lloyd R. Maxwell of Chicago, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, Charles E. Witt, Assistant Grand Secretary, and Joseph Schnitzler, President of the Michigan State Elks Association.

All in all it was a triumphant occasion for Jackson Lodge and for its Exalted Ruler. In October it is planned to add 2,000 more names to the membership.

Indiana State Elks Association To Meet August 18-20

Preparations for one of the largest meetings in its history have been made by the Indiana State Elks Association for its Convention at Valparaiso August 18-20. Practically every Lodge in the State will be represented by a large, uniformed delegation, as well as by bands and floats, and competition in the various events promises to be keen. A number of Lodges will also enter teams this year for the handsome cup donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning of Indianapolis Lodge No. 13, for the best exemplification of the ritual. Valparaiso Lodge No. 500, which will play host to the visitors, will dedicate its handsome new Home during the convention. A most excellent program, including a large picnic at Elks Lake and sight-seeing trips, has been arranged for the visitors.

Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Association to Meet

The historic city of Frederick, Md., will be host to the annual convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association on September 1, 2 and 3. The Committee of Frederick Lodge No. 684 having the arrangements in charge, has the backing of the entire population of the city, and many innovations are being planned for the occasion.

Tennessee State Elks Association Meets at Bristol

The fourth annual meeting of the Tennessee State Elks Association since its reorganization was held recently at Bristol. An excellent representation was made by the Lodges of the State, and many hundreds of visitors enjoyed the fine program of entertainment provided for the occasion. Among the important resolutions adopted at the business sessions of the convention was one endorsing the establishment of a hospital for the crippled children of the State.

The following officers were elected for 1925-1926: President, James E. Coan of Memphis Lodge No. 27; First Vice-President, J. T. Tighe of Nashville Lodge No. 72; Second Vice-President, Thomas Crutchfield of Chattanooga Lodge No. 91; Third Vice-President, S. C. McChesney of Bristol Lodge No. 232; Secretary, George Haszinger of Memphis Lodge No. 27; Treasurer, W. W. Smith of Nashville Lodge No. 72; Trustees: W. W. Smith of Nashville Lodge, H. C. Farris of Columbia Lodge No. 686, O. F. Pennybaker of Chattanooga Lodge No. 91.

Chattanooga was chosen as the 1926 meeting-place, on the second Monday in June.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Seeks News of Missing Member

Any information concerning Orvil E. Peery, member of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge No. 906 will be gratefully received by his brother, J. E.

Peery, 65 Market Street, San Francisco, or O. Klausen, Secretary of Santa Monica Lodge. Mr. Peery disappeared in March, 1924, and has not been heard from since. He is 32 years of age and was gassed in the World War.

Lodge Has 100 Per Cent Attendance Of Past Exalted Rulers

Corpus Christi, Texas, Lodge No. 1030 has been most active in various ways during the past few years, but there is one thing outstanding of which the Lodge is justly proud and that is the interest shown by its Past Exalted Rulers who average better than a 50 per cent. attendance at all meetings. During the recent visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jack R. Burke, the Lodge had a 100 per cent. attendance of its Past Exalted Rulers.

Lodges Should Be on Guard Against This Man

Albert Hoberecht, who carries a card which seems to indicate that he is a member of Corning, N. Y., Lodge No. 101, is not now and has never been a member of this Lodge. As he has already used this card to cash worthless checks and to borrow money, all Lodges should be on their guard against him.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Winthrop, Mass., Lodge will conduct its Annual Fair on August 1.

Anaheim, Calif., Lodge plans to make its newly organized Chanters one of the finest glee clubs on the Coast.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge was recently host to the poor children of the city at an outing held in Memorial Park.

Work will begin shortly on the new Home of Canonsburg, Pa., Lodge.

Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge recently celebrated its fifth anniversary.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson was recently a visitor to Miami, Fla., Lodge where he was royally entertained by the membership. Mr. Nicholson praised Miami Lodge for its many activities and for its enterprise in boosting its city as a possible meeting-place for the Grand Lodge Convention in the early future.

At a recent meeting of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge a father and his three sons were initiated into the Order, and the application for a fourth son was received.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge plans to spend at least \$5,000 this year for the treatment of crippled children in its jurisdiction.

The "Hole in One" Club has a new member in the person of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Carr of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge. While playing golf recently at the Harristown Country Club Mr. Carr succeeded in making No. 2 hole, a distance of 133 yards, a par 3, in one stroke—thereby becoming eligible for the exclusive "Hole in One."

As part of its Flag Day exercises, La Fayette, Ind., Lodge presented a large flag, 12 x 20 feet, to the city.

During the National Convention of Disabled Veterans of the World War, held recently in Omaha, Omaha, Neb., Lodge kept open house for the entire week. Its splendid lodge room, with its beautiful pipe organ, was turned over to the Convention for its meetings.

September 22 has been selected by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge for its crippled children's outing.

It is expected that more than 700 children will be taken care of at the summer camp maintained by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge.

A feature of the Flag Day exercises conducted by Houston, Texas, Lodge was the gift of an American Flag to every playground in the city.

Large attendance marks the dances given regularly by Galena, Ill., Lodge.

Norwalk, Conn., Lodge is making extensive alterations and improvements on its Home.



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Dangers of Margin Stock Speculation

By Stephen Jessup

Part II

LAST month we discussed some of the weaknesses in the margin trading system for the amateur. There are other pitfalls of which he is usually unaware. They arise from technical conditions inside the business. One of these is the practical operation of "stop loss" orders.

Stop Loss Orders

A stop loss order is given to the broker to be executed when the stock reaches a specified figure. In other words, when the stock sells at that price the order becomes a market order, as such to be executed as soon as possible at the best price obtainable. Stop loss orders are not always executed at the price named. Frequently they are executed at a lower price; sometimes at a higher price. It depends on the market.

Stop loss orders are resorted to by margin traders with a view to limiting their losses. They think that by placing such orders they are definitely setting the point at which they can be ousted from the market if the worst happens. This is not always true. Not only is the stop loss order often ineffectual, but it can prove fatal. The reason is this:

Margin traders usually place their stop loss orders at a figure slightly under a stock's prevailing price. When orders of this nature appear in large volume, the professionals interested in the stock become aware of their presence, and operators on the bear side of the market sense the condition as an opportunity to be embraced. When the general market temporarily is weak, they hammer the stock in question. Making a sudden attack on it, they offer it down, break its price, and uncover the accumulated stop loss orders. A sharp and severe decline is often the result.

If the market as a whole is weak and the stop loss orders in a stock selling at 100 per share, for example, are at 98, the stock in its downward plunge may not sell at the figure stipulated at all. It may break through that price without there being any sales. The stop loss orders automatically become market orders and are subject to the next best bid. This may be 95, or 90, or even lower. The result is often the wiping-out of the margins and sometimes the creation of actual deficits in the accounts of the margin traders.

After forced selling of this kind has exhausted itself the stock frequently rebounds, returning to its former level, if not a higher one. But now the margin traders are on the outside looking in. At best, their accounts are greatly impaired and need prompt replenishment with more margin. At worst, they are in debt to their brokers who, as remarked elsewhere, can make them pay up.

In short, the margin trader finds that his stop loss order in practice has proved a kind of boomerang. Not only has it failed to protect him, but it has eliminated him from the market, if not caused him to be in debt.

The Trader's Responsibility

Another source of trouble for the amateur is his responsibility for the full cost price of his stock. He usually labors under the impression that he can lose only the amount of money that he gives his broker as margin. This is not so. The broker acts simply as his agent in making the purchase. The margin trader buys the stock in a manner equally as valid as the investor who buys it outright and takes the stock certificate home with him. The difference is that the trader still owes the broker the amount the latter has advanced to complete the purchase, holding the certificate as collateral security. His position is not unlike that of the man who buys a house by supplying the equity money, leaving a substantial mortgage on the house.

In times of stress and in cases where stocks unexpectedly lose their market value, the margin trader may be called upon to pay the broker the loan.

For example, the banks often decide for one reason or another that a stock is no longer

acceptable to them in loans. The broker calls upon the trader to take up the stock and pay for it in full; failing which, the broker sells the stock for what he can get in whatever market may exist, and looks to the trader to make good the difference.

Again: brokers themselves sometimes decide that it is undesirable to carry certain stocks on margin any longer, whereupon they call upon their customers to take up the stocks and pay for them in full, with the same result as far as the latter are concerned.

Again: it sometimes happens that stocks are removed from trading or listing summarily by the Board of Governors of an Exchange. Such action promptly removes a stock's collateral loan value at the banks. Brokers then have no alternative than to call upon margin customers in the same way. Brokers finance their business by pledging the stocks carried for customers as collateral for loans at the banks. Few of them have sufficient capital of their own to carry the stocks themselves. To do so they would require five or more times as much money as the customers furnish.

Through an unfortunate outcome of a stop loss order, such as that depicted above, it may happen that a stock sells at a price well below the level at which the trader's margin is exhausted. There is at once a loss in the account. This loss is not sustained by the broker. He can compel the trader by law to make the loss good. The courts have upheld the principle that the trader contemplated complete purchase of the stock and made an initial or partial payment, which he agreed to maintain intact; the broker is merely his agent and is not liable for shrinkage in the value of the stock.

The Broker's Contribution

As long as the trader owes his broker a part of the loan which the latter made to enable him to buy stock (called the "debit balance" just as the market price of the stock is called the "credit balance"), he is not entitled to the stock certificate. In fact, he rarely even sees it. The broker retains it and uses it to reimburse himself for the money he has laid out in purchasing the stock.

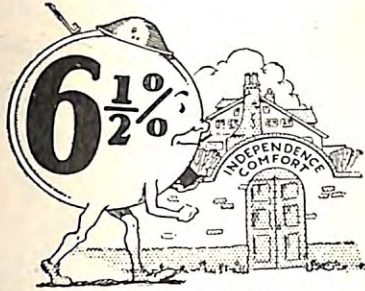
Brokers reserve the right to borrow at the banks, using their customers' stocks as collateral security. They mix the stocks of one customer with those of another. They do not make individual loans for each customer's account. The stocks carried for each customer are not individually labeled, as in the case of outright purchases. While a margin purchase has been held to contemplate full purchase, a stock carried by a broker does not become the property of the customer until the latter has paid for it in full.

Brokers sometimes fail, even the best and most honest of them; and when they go into bankruptcy the stocks carried on margin become the common property of all the creditors, who rarely receive anything like 100 per cent. of their equities. Only the stocks owned outright are delivered to customers.

In such situations many margin traders would like to tender their debit balances and take up their stocks, thus becoming full-paid investors, but they are too late. If the receiver permitted them to do this he would in effect be paying them in full, which would be discrimination against the other margin customers who might be unwilling or unable to take up their stocks.

Bucket Shops

This spurious form of brokerage office has flourished mainly on account of margin traders. As long as such houses paid profits on the rare occasions when they were asked to, and as long as they were not too exacting in the matter of large initial margins or the maintenance of margins, they did an enormous business with the amateur trader. But when they failed, as a small army of them have done in the past two or three years, they carried with them their margin customers of all kinds, those who had losses, those who were holding their own, and



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those who had profits. While they were in operation they were as efficacious from the amateur's viewpoint as a legitimate brokerage house; for he sees no stocks, no certificates are delivered to him, and for all practical purposes he merely bets on quotations.

There are still bucket shops in operation today. A description of them and how to distinguish between them and an honest broker was printed in this magazine in December and January. On account of the enormous circulation of THE ELKS MAGAZINE it is safe to say that a large proportion of the population of the country now knows the chief facts about a bucket shop. For those who were so culpable as to miss the articles mentioned, however, a résumé is appended:

The bucket shop does not buy stock at all, or, if it does, it immediately sells it out. It is therefore in the position of taking a position against its customers; a short position as opposed to the customers' long position. As most margin traders lose, the bucket shop plays to win accordingly. The customer is wiped out when his margin is exhausted, just as in the regular brokerage house, and the bucket shop puts the money in its pocket. It is simple. If the customers should, once in a while in a bull market, happen to be right and to hold on to their stocks (as they think), and on one sunny day to give a selling order and want their profits, the bucket shop has the alternative of disgorging the required amount from its well-lined pockets, or failing. It usually fails, with a thud.

Even if the iniquity of not carrying the stock were not indulged in by the bucket shop, there are other traps for the amateur in it. If he selects a stock which happens to advance he is encouraged to pyramid heavily, without proper basis, so that a slight reaction wipes him out instantly.

The "advice" provided by such a "broker" is more or less to the customer's disadvantage. Moreover, the latter is encouraged to trade much more frequently than he ought. Each "trade" requires another commission. Each commission increases the handicap against the amateur. Clearly, if he buys and sells a stock many times in a single day without any appreciable advance in price, or switches constantly from one stock to another stock (a favorite temptation by the bucket shop), he is out the heavy expense of commissions for nothing.

Margins vs. Outright Buying

An illustration of the difference between outright purchasing and margin trading in a stock of merit that enjoys a substantial rise is found in the case of Standard Oil of New Jersey.

If you had bought this stock fifteen years or so ago, and kept it until now together with the various dividends in stock and cash, you could obtain from ten to twenty times your original capital by selling out to-day.

In the years that have elapsed, however, the price of this stock has fluctuated to such an extent that undoubtedly many margin traders have gone broke in trying to swing operations in it on small capital. If they had profits, no doubt they pyramided them, and met their fate in the sudden and sharp reactions that have occurred, especially in panic and stress times such as the outbreak of the War in 1914. Those who were unfortunate enough to get in at the top of a movement never even had the chance to do any pyramiding.

If those traders had bought *less* of the stock in the beginning, bought it *outright*, and held it with *patience* and not greed, the story would have been different to-day. Standard Oil stocks are striking examples of price enhancement, but all other stocks that have made good in a substantial way—and there are dozens of them—have had periods in their market careers when margin traders in them were annihilated.

Conclusion

Whenever you are tempted to take your mind off your work and "take a flier" in the stock market on margin because you have heard or read some plausible story about a prospective move in a stock, ask yourself this question: Why has this man the time to write or tell me, a stranger, this? If he knows so much about this industry or company or whatever it is, and can

(Continued on page 78)



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Dangers of Margin Stock Speculation

(Continued from page 77)

see so clearly what is going to happen, why doesn't he go to it and make the money himself? Why is he employed by some firm writing or talking to me? In fact, why does the firm bother when it might be raking in the millions itself?

None of these people know what is going to happen. Most of them are honest enough to distinguish between statements of fact and expressions of opinion. Their chief income is gained from the commissions on customers' business. You can have an opinion as good as theirs if you take the time to study the industry, the company, and financial matters generally. And even when you do that, remember that every time you try to obtain more than 6 per cent on your capital via standard securities, you are assuming a risk and that the risk is in proportion to the profits at which you aim. You may be lucky and get a few points out of a stock in a strong rising market once in a while. You may be equally lucky and do the same thing on the short side in a sharply declining market once in a while. But whenever you try to convert the occasional into a daily affair, the lucky into a regular, to swing many shares of stock on disproportionately small capital, you are trying to accomplish what no man has yet accomplished—and you are bound to lose.

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Increasing the Harmony In America

(Continued from page 23)

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Financial Department

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Backing the Adult Town Band

One of my earliest recollections—and I am an average, middle-aged, Middle Westerner of rural birth and breeding—is of Luke Wheeler, Harry Fields, Marshal Squires, Bruce Brundage or some other home-town kid saying, "Let's get up a band." Whereupon we got up a band, by passing the hat among the merchants. Then our band tooted discordantly and drummed enthusiastically until lack of guidance or financial backing disbanded it.

Then up rose the veteran bandmaster, Maj. George W. Landers, of Clarinda, Iowa, and sold the 1921 Iowa legislature on a law under which any Iowa city of less than 40,000 may levy a tax of two mills or less, for the support of its municipal band. The law becomes effective if 10 per cent of the legal voters petition for it and a majority of them vote for it. The city council or commission handles the fund thus created. The bandmaster or director has nothing to do with the financial phase of his work. If the citizens do not find the law satisfactory, they may vote for its cancellation.

Clarinda, population 5,000, voted for the two mill tax nine days after the State law became effective. For thirty-five cents per capita it maintains two excellent bands, the Clarinda Municipal and the Clarinda Junior. It enjoys open-air concerts each summer and indoor concerts each winter. Its taxpayers are proud of their bands and derive pleasure and profit from their investment. One hundred other Iowa towns have taken advantage of the band-tax law. Michigan, Virginia, Maryland, Minnesota and other States have adopted it almost without variation.

The Mothers Are for Music

The mothers are going even farther than the fathers in making music a permanent part of American life. They vote for the State-band laws, where such voting is permitted, but they are also supporting their musically inclined offspring in other effective ways. Before the late World War, the General Federation of Women's Clubs devoted only a minor part of its attention to music. But during the past six years its activities in behalf of music have progressively increased.

To this same end, the National Federation of Music Clubs, with 150,000 members, organized the Department of Junior and Juvenile Clubs in 1920. The announced aims of the seniors of the federated music clubs were to make music an integral part of the civic, industrial and educational and social life of the nation; to encourage and advance American musical creative art and promote American artists, and through nationwide co-operation in accomplishing the first two aims, to "make America the music center of the world."

The seniors began the organization of Juvenile Clubs comprising children of grammar-school age, and Junior Clubs comprising children of high-school age. These Juvenile and Junior Clubs were grouped as school orchestras, glee clubs, choruses, violin choirs, classes of private teachers of instrumentation, study classes in musicianship, history and research clubs, boys' bands, carol singers and dance groups.

There are nearly a thousand of these boys and girls' clubs, now acting as auxiliaries or feeders to the Senior Clubs, guided and directed by the National and State Federations of Music Clubs, to which they pay nominal annual dues.

The most recent movement looking toward the training of America's musical mind and development of America's musical soul, is the linking up of this Junior Department of the National Federation of Music Clubs and the Chautauquas. There are about 10,000 "Chautauqua towns" in this country. Last year there were 52,000,000 paid admissions into American Chautauqua tents and halls.

Among the features of "Chautauqua week" are the children's morning, during which the children of the town are brought together for games, calisthenics, lessons in civic administration and music. The big Chautauqua circuits and the National Federation of Music Clubs have recently adopted a plan under which the junior workers of the Chautauqua circuits will organize during each "Chautauqua week" a local Junior Music Club, if such does not exist, with the assistance of some local music teacher or school music supervisor or

prominent musician, and, preferably, with the co-operation and advice of the Junior Department of the National Federation of Music Clubs.

Competitive Choruses

Because we began to sing before we began to play. Because man, in some prehistoric period, learned to make musical sounds with his vocal chords before a breeze blowing across a broken reed suggested the original Pipes of Pan, singing is still the natural method of expressing our racial soul in music. Hence it is of importance that we keep on singing if we are to nurture the better things of life. Hence the organization of Associated Glee Clubs of America in New York City last year is worthy of special mention. It is a specific and carefully thought-out plan to perpetuate college glee clubs and community choruses.

The late World War taught many of us at home what so many who had traveled abroad knew so well, that there is a tremendous inspiration in competitive massed singing. The Welsh Eisteddfod goes back to the dawn of history when bards and singers contested hotly for vocal honors.

Wherever the Welshman goes he takes his Eisteddfod with him. There is an unforgettable thrill in the singing of a Welsh chorus, particularly if it is contesting with other choruses at an Eisteddfod at Utica, New York; Philadelphia, Pittsburgh or Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Showing that British influence persists in Canada, at the last yearly Festival in Winnipeg, there were 4,000 singers participating in various events.

To this the native-born American of native stock could indulge in the retort courteous as follows: "During 1924, 491 cities and towns celebrated music week in competitive song, and more than 3,000 indulged in this most delightful of sports in Manhattan alone."

How Tony Sang Himself to Safety

Tony and the criminal courts were responsible for the organization in March, 1924, of the Associated Glee Clubs of America. Tony lived on Orchard Street, lower East Side, New York. Twelve years ago a few old-time college glee-club men started a glee club in Orchard Street, then the paradise of gunmen. The singers hired a room in a public hall and began giving informal concerts on Sunday afternoons. The tough boys of Orchard Street did not know what to make of it at first. They thought it a pretty good "kid." Then two or three dropped in to hear what it was all about. Presently there were fifty of them learning to warble. The Sunday afternoon concerts eventually became a popular success.

During the second year, a hard-looking young Italian eased in. He was about nineteen, three feet across the shoulders and five feet in height. He wore a long-peaked cap, well drawn down. He was an Orchard Street gunman in the making. But his name was Tony—and he liked to sing.

Tony joined the Orchard Street glee club. Having a genius for leadership, he became president of the club instead of boss of the gunmen. Early in 1924, the veteran college singer who started the Orchard Street glee club was emerging from a Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall, when a young man touched him on the arm. The old college man turned to greet—Tony. Tony had "gone into business," but had kept on singing, had married a professional pianist and, as he expressed it, "While we haven't much money, we always have enough so that we never miss a Philharmonic concert."

If Tony had drifted into the nearest Orchard Street "athletic club" or pool-room, his story might have been different. At any rate, Tony was making good in 1924.

On March 2 of that same year, the same old college glee-club man sat beside a friend, a judge, in a criminal courtroom nearly filled with men and boys. They averaged less than twenty years in age.

"This is sentence day," the judge confided to him. "During the past term these men and boys have been tried and found guilty of almost all the crimes in the code—robbery, assault, bootlegging, dope-selling, and the rest. These are products of the pool-rooms, saloons, gang headquarters, hop joints and dance-halls of the city. They are here because these rotten resorts happen to exist near their homes and pull them in with the lure of excitement, adventure and

(Continued on page 80)



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Increasing the Harmony in America

(Continued from page 79)

self-indulgence. If they had been reared under the influences of a decent neighborhood, most of them might not be here. If you men have a scheme that will spot, here and there, centers of good influence sufficiently attractive to lure these boys away from the bad ones, go to it quick—for the boys of this town are in a bad way."

And because of the foreign and American song-fests, and Tony and the scene in the criminal court—and of similar examples and similar scenes in other cities—the Associated Glee Clubs of America came into being and began to function with headquarters at 62 West Forty-fifth Street, New York. All members of regularly organized glee clubs are eligible. As in most other national musical organizations, admission fees are nominal.

The country is divided into districts or departments. The Northeastern Department, including New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia, was organized at the initial meeting of March 10. There were fifty glee clubs present. Six hundred glee-club men sang in heartening chorus. There are to be department and national competitions. The song-fest is coming into its own again.

During the past decade the interest in music throughout our country, in all places and all classes, has taken on the proportions of a boom. There are 2,000,000 saxophonists playing, sometimes one is impelled to believe, in almost as many jazz bands. There are more violin students than ever before in our history. There

are a dozen symphony orchestras to-day where there were three or four twenty years ago. Grand-opera companies are more popular than ever. In spite of the high cost of artists, stage hands and transportation, light operas and musical comedies are more numerous than in any earlier season. There are 1,000,000 player-pianos and 8,000,000 phonographs reproducing the words and music of this and other days. Grand-opera stars or cabaret artists are broadcasting to 4,000,000 radio sets every night. And in the midst of these strenuous national vibrations, the fathers and mothers who direct the destinies of their children, and hence the destiny of our country, are providentially devoting themselves to the cause of better music for and in the rising generations.

We Go in for Sports

(Continued from page 79)

by themselves, form a practical course in tennis. Her principles of practice and her pages on playing to the score, the all-round game and the overhead service (especially for women) are excellent. There are also some very good and simple rules for marking out a court.

A good idea for the ordinary tennis player would be to read Miss McKane's book, then do some of that intensive practice that Tilden assures us is "the only way," and then to read "Match Play and the Spin of the Ball."

We all ought to know a good deal more about tennis after six weeks of that treatment than we do now. Let's try it.

Football

YOU may, for a moment, think that this is not quite the season of the year to suggest your reading "Football and How to Watch It," by the late Percy D. Haughton, but this glorious book on the "major sport" is suitable for any time.

Football, as described by Mr. Haughton, is more than a game. It is the essence of young manhood—gameness, perseverance, fairness, battle instinct, response under a burden of weariness and strain to a call to duty. All these things are in this book, together with much more that an outsider to the game never before has understood.

Percy Haughton was coach at Harvard from 1908 to 1916. At the time of his very sudden death last November, he was coach at Columbia. If any one in the world knew football Percy Haughton did. He gives us the story of the game much as some Roman might have told of the contests in the Coliseum. There enters into his telling a touch of ancient grandeur, a sort of thunder in the air. Read the account of the opening of a football game at one of the great Universities:

"As the time approaches the 'zero' hour, there is a few minutes of awesome hush which spreads rapidly over the amphitheatre and one can feel one's nerves beginning to tingle in anticipation of the appearance of the team. Of a sudden there is a slight stir beside the portal where the players are to make their entry. Those near-by crane forward. The police push aside the crowd and, like lions loosed, one team—forty strong—bounds into the arena. On the instant pandemonium breaks loose. In the midst of and above the tumult an organized cheer—the best of the whole afternoon, one that rakes the spine and vibrates in every nerve center—is given for the heroes. . . .

A moment after the entrance of the first team a like scene is enacted on the opposite side of the field, and after the respective captains have shaken hands in mid-field and the referee tossed a coin for choice of goal, the two teams rush onto the field and take positions for the opening play. . . .

"Are you ready, Harvard?"
"Are you ready, Yale?" The referee blows his whistle."

And then we're off to learn all we can about football, to understand what we are watching down there in the huge field, to know why the making of one of these Varsity teams is the burning hope of all young collegians.

Mr. E. S. Martin, one of the Editors of

Life, writing at the time of Haughton's death, says:

"It does not seem to dispassionate observers that when two football teams compete, it makes much difference to humanity which one beats, but certainly the manner of the competition does make a difference. That it should be fair, that it should be honorable, good-tempered, attentive to the rules of the game—all these points are important and are related to civilization. A country's civilization may be judged by its sports."

And it was just in that high view-point that the great import of Percy Haughton's work in athletics lay.

Much comfort is administered to anxious parents in the pages devoted to the medical care given the team. There is a good chance that they won't have their noble young crowns cracked. Mr. Haughton admits that it is a rough and tumble game, and of course accidents occur, but the picture of the busy doctor who stands by during a game and pulls first one protesting youth and then another from the field will assuredly be encouraging to many a gladiator's family.

Well, I've tried to tell you to read this book, principally because it is so well done and so inspiring. Read this book, if you are a boy, and, whether you have a football career in sight or not, you soon will be following some of Mr. Haughton's advice about training, and having a good time while you're making yourself fit.

Track and Field

VERY shortly the schools and colleges will once more be calling back their young athletes, and these boys will be getting into trim for all sorts of events. Such a toning of muscles, and such a tragic abstinence from jam tarts and pancakes!

Mr. T. E. Jones, Physical Director of the University of Wisconsin, has put the principles and details of training and practice into a book entitled "Track and Field"—a book designed not only for use in his own University, but in schools all over the country.

Every well-known type of field or track event is given a place in this volume. Among the races which, according to Mr. Jones, are becoming very popular in American school and college athletics, are the relay races, which provide competition for a large number of men and give the event almost a team element.

In connection with this chapter, and as proof of the charm of this classic form of race, we, here in New York, have just been witnessing the delight of the audiences which gather to see a little comedy of college life now playing on Broadway.

In this comedy a relay race is its most dramatic episode. You see the crowd of young people, hear the cheers, see the start. The runners vanish in the left wings. Then some one takes up the story of the race, follows the imaginary course of the contestants, obviously around the back of the audience, and finally, when every one is worked up to a nice point,

out dash the panting actor-athletes from the right wings. A clever bit of business. Actors and audience all cheer together, and we go home sure that we have had a good time.

Well, if just a "make-believe" relay race can produce such enthusiasm, there's something stirring in it, and Mr. Jones is obviously very right when he urges adoption of the real thing by athletic directors.

Baseball

ASIDE from the natural interest that every American bestows upon baseball, there is always the lure of the inside story of the game or the romance behind the appointment of some particular player or the baseball club manager. These things form a piquant backdrop for the game itself.

1924 baseball is principally the history of how the Washington Baseball Club became the World's Champions, and the story of Stanley (Bucky) Harris, the Club's young manager, who led them to victory.

Harris has written the story himself, and called it "Playing the Game." At thirteen this undersized and frail boy, who was determined upon a career as a big-leaguer, had to quit school and go to work in the coal-mines of Pennsylvania. Nine hours a day in the "washery," night school, and the odd jobs that always fall to the lot of a small boy in a poor home! Yet Bucky Harris found time to play ball with the other mine boys. They used a hard rubber core wrapped with string and bound with tape.

There isn't any keeping some people down.

Last year, at twenty-seven, this youngest manager of a world's championship team knew what it felt like to be presented with a loving-cup by the President of the United States. He knew the sweet taste of fame. He tells in his book about the night of the Washington victory:

"Accompanied by several friends, I got in a taxicab to join the parade of triumph. There was a sticker which read 'Bucky' pasted on the windshield. No one in the crowd recognized me by this. Hundreds of other taxis were so labeled. Finally, we were held up by a traffic policeman. He declared no autos could pass. Our driver argued the matter.

"Only the President can get by here!" the cop declared, as if to wind up the argument.

"Man, I got Bucky Harris in this bus!" the driver came back.

"Why didn't you say so at first!" the policeman protested. 'On your way!' And he let us through.

"Then I knew I had reached the top of the baseball world."

And lying between that night and the nights when the skinny little mine boy played ball in the fading light in some unkempt back yard, is the record of untiring effort, persistence and unconquerable will.

Almost naked in its simplicity as narrative, making no effort at being literary, frankly crude in spots, there is no doubt about this being, however, stirring reading for all sport-lovers. The young fry who have some such ambitions as animated Bucky will gloat over this record of a baseball hero.



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*One man
tells another*