

The Elks

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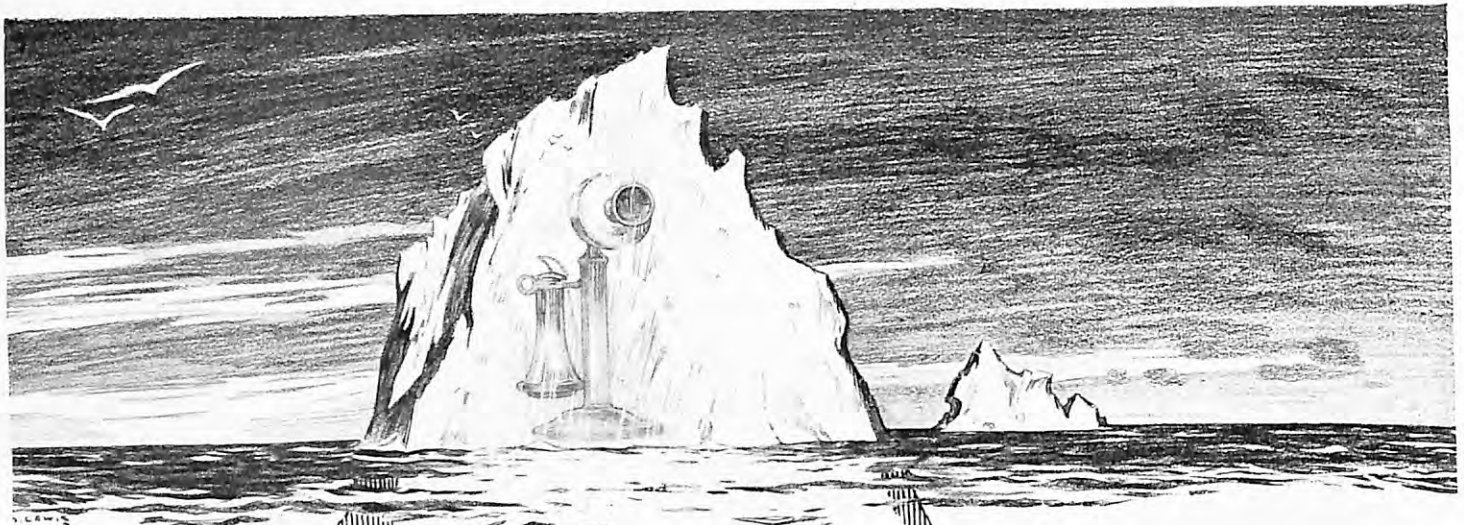
Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Magazine

JULY, 1926



In this Issue: Special Featuring of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building



Telephones and Icebergs

*don't overlook the part
you cannot see*



*Millions of poles
are in the vast
system "back of
the telephone."*



*Part of the great unseen
equipment that goes in-
to a telephone exchange.*



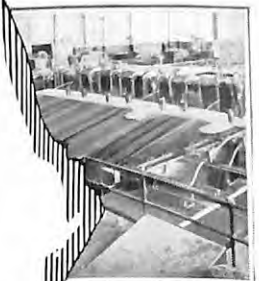
*Many busy hands braiding
threads of conversation —
the telephone cord.*

With the telephone system as with an iceberg, by far the greater part is unseen. The instrument on your wall or desk calls into action vast equipment, all of which had to be produced to a standard of accuracy rarely found in industry.

Whether it is the making of your Bell telephone, or the wires and cables connecting it to the central office, or the maze there of distributing frames, relay racks and that marvel of intricacy, the switchboard—here is a work which calls for the skill gained through long experience.

From the buying and testing of the raw materials, through every step of manufacture and inspection to the finished apparatus; further, to its delivery on regular or emergency order—and even to switchboard installation—all this is Western Electric's responsibility.

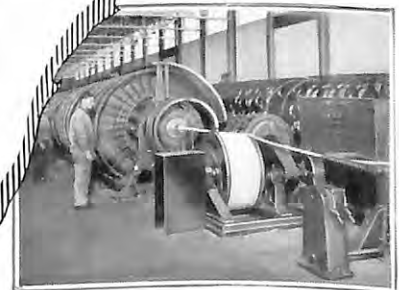
And through this responsibility has come during forty-four years an ever-increasing opportunity of service to the American public.



*Just wire—but see
all the equipment
needed to make it.*



*Assembling a giant switchboard
made up of thousands of parts.*



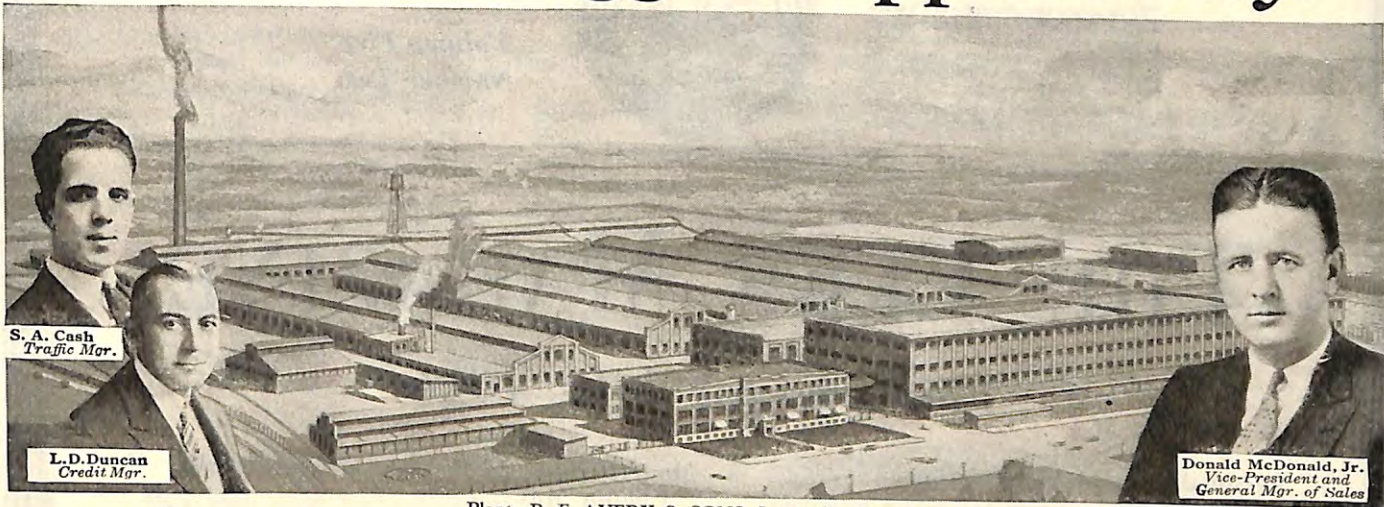
*Huge machines like these are
needed to produce telephone cable.*



Western Electric

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"Are You Neglecting Your Biggest Opportunity?"



Plant—B. F. AVERY & SONS, Louisville, Kentucky



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"Are You Neglecting Your Biggest Opportunity?"

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"I believe a young man in business who fails to take advantage of the information offered by such institutions as LaSalle is neglecting probably the biggest opportunity he has."

(Signed)
DONALD McDONALD, Jr.
Vice-President
General Manager of Sales.

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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 Number Two

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 866, Linton, Indiana.

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of the air"*



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Personalities and Appreciations

The Dedication Program

THE dedication ceremonies of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building will be held at four o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 14. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener will open the exercises by formally turning over the Building to the Order on behalf of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, of which he is Chairman. Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell will accept the Building, in the name of the Order of Elks and, assisted by the other Grand Lodge Officers, will conduct the special ritualistic dedication service. The Grand Exalted Ruler will make an address and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, a member of the Commission, will deliver the dedicatory oration. An appropriate musical program has been arranged to accompany the dedication features, which are to be held on the steps in front of the Memorial Hall. All Elks and their families are very cordially invited to attend.



Helping Make Chicago Beautiful

HOW the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is regarded by those in charge of the movement to beautify Chicago is shown in a letter, written by Charles H. Wacker, Chairman of the Chicago Plan Commission, from which we quote here-with:

"... the Elks deserve great credit for erecting a structure so beautiful and so inspiring. The Chicago Plan Commission stands for the beautiful, and we value things like the Elks Memorial not only for their direct result, but also for their influence toward the finer and better Chicago of the future. Who of us is not lifted above mere sordid industrial existence into the realm of the beautiful and ennobling things of life by attractive surroundings? Fine monuments, beautiful parks, and other forms of attractive civic development, are agencies, we believe, that make not only for the future greatness of the city but also for the happiness and prosperity of its people."



"The Spanking of Sammy"

OUR new three-part serial, by Henry Irving Dodge, which begins in this issue, should give rise to considerable discussion between those on one side who consider the modern generation to be terrible and those on the other side who think it is perfectly normal. The Sammy of Mr. Dodge's story presents a difficult problem as does his mother also. There are a number of Sammys at large and it is hard to know just what to do with them. The reformatory, suggested by some people as the only remedy for the incorrigibly mischievous, does not seem to be the right thing in cases such as Sammy's. And yet, what to do? Mr. Dodge answers the question in one way.

Aside from its interesting treatment of a very present question, the story is an exceptional study of the way children's minds work. And in addition to that it's a good story. There's one episode in it as thrilling as anything we have ever read. See if you don't agree.

Mr. Dodge has a faculty for writing things that make people talk. This is because he keeps in close touch with what is going on and knows what is occupying the public mind. Then, too, his long reportorial experience taught him how to get men to talk to him. In his newspaper days, Mr. Dodge was an extremely successful interviewer. He had the knack of making friends with the men he went to see and was frequently able in this way to secure a story where others failed. It is said of him that he interviewed more big men, in his day, than any other reporter.

The People's Favorite

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT, himself a well-known writer, told us that on a recent trip through the West he made it a point to inquire of everyone he met the name of their favorite author. The answer, in a great majority of cases, was "Octavus Roy Cohen." This was no surprise to us. Cohen was one of the first writers whose work we sought for THE ELKS MAGAZINE. His negro stories have appeared in our pages almost since the start of this publication. It was our privilege, also, to publish his first serious novel, dealing with white characters: "The Iron Chalice." We received more letters in praise of this serial than in response to any other feature we have ever published.

Just before he sailed for Europe last Fall, Cohen came to see us and outlined the theme of a new novel. We liked it so much that we commissioned him to write it for us. And on his return to this country, a month or two ago, he reported that it was almost finished. He said he hoped it would please us.

It did. We accepted it immediately and began laying plans for its publication. The first chapters will appear in an early issue. We won't urge you to read it. That would be unnecessary. We are giving you advance notice of its coming, however, so that you may be on the lookout for it. The title will be "The Outer Gate."



Cover Design By—

A PROMINENT Elk, whose business takes him into many communities and brings him into contact with many members of the Order, was in our office the other day. "That last cover of yours," he said, "was a corker." (We quote him verbatim.) "I have had people mention it to me wherever I've been. In fact I find that nearly all THE ELKS MAGAZINE covers have been popular. They seem to have that human quality that gives them a wide appeal."

We were glad to hear this because we have always taken particular pains, in our choice of covers, to select subjects that seemed to us appealing and amusing, without being oversentimental or bordering on the burlesque. Using only twelve covers a year we can not have quite so many artists as some of the other magazines do. We can, however, and do have some of the best: J. F. Kernan, Leslie Thrasher, Paul Stahr, E. N. Jackson, Edmund Davenport, E. F. Wittmack, Charles Ryan and Sam Brown, all of them among the top-ranking cover artists.

Our cover this month departs somewhat from our usual type of design in view of the rather special nature of this issue and the event it signalizes. The drawing, which, as you can see, represents the American Eagle, surrounded by the doves of Peace, hovering over the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, is the work of that well-loved artist-naturalist, Charles Livingston Bull.

We frequently receive requests from readers for special reprints of our covers, suitable for framing. We are always pleased to see these evidences of the interest the covers have aroused. But owing to the fact that we are organized very compactly for the sole purpose of publishing the Magazine, and that we have no sidelines to sell—as some other publications have—it is not possible for us to comply with these requests. To make a regular practice of supplying special cover reprints would necessitate the establishment of a separate department to handle the business. This would involve extra expense, an increased personnel and other factors. And inasmuch as our function, as specified by the Grand Lodge, is to publish a monthly magazine only, we would not be justified in enlarging our activities to include the sale of prints, even of our own cover designs.



Beginning
a Novel in Three Parts

The Spanking of Sammy

Part I

By Henry Irving Dodge

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

YOU'VE heard of the man who dreamed he stole a planet and went sailing through space on its back. That was some enterprise, even in a dream. And the adventurer was a grown-up man, too.

Sammy—alias "Smarty"—James eventually, and as a climax to his adventurous career, did the next best thing to stealing a planet; did it in reality—no dream. And he was a boy, little more than a child. How is that for high? But I'm getting ahead of my story, away ahead of it.

The story of the spanking of Sammy shall be told in the first person, told by me, Richard Atwater, attorney.

To begin at the beginning: On a certain evening I was called to the phone. It was Joe, brother to the beautiful Nellie James, widow. It was a hurry call, so to speak. Nellie wanted me to come to dinner.

"Sam's gone over to Uncle John's," Joe suggested significantly. "They're having a young folks' affair of some kind. Will you come?"

"Tickled to death. I'll be there on the minute."

Let it be understood right here at the start that Judge Humphrey, District Attorney Frank Morrison, and I, Dick Atwater, a corporation lawyer, had been ardent suitors for the hand of Sam's beautiful mother, before Will James got her. Also, we have been continuous performance suitors for Nellie's hand after Will James died. And even if R. S. (rejected suitor), which everyone of the foregoing might have written after his name in association with Nellie, meant defeated purpose, it was also a tribute to the good taste of the man who bore it. For Nellie James certainly was a queen.

Nellie was a law unto herself and a law unto others as well. She did everything to accentuate the difference between herself and others. For example, if low heels were being worn, Nellie went back to high heels. When other women shortened their skirts Nellie lengthened hers, which was a shame in both cases. She was the first in the community to bob her hair. No sooner did others follow suit than she let hers grow, and was even more fascinating that way. And the bewitching devil knew it.

Nellie was forever posing for the delectation of others. She had a way of entering a room, pausing and posing just inside the door, her mouth slightly ajar in a brilliant grin, her wonderful teeth gleaming, her eyes bright and laughing. Then she would turn, as if her attention had been attracted by

some sound in the hall, and give you a profile view—her strong point, carefully and effectively rehearsed. She was gracious and generous of her charms, and was always sure of an adoring audience.

"Yes, Joe," I repeated, "I'll be there on the minute."

"I say, Dick, let me give you a pointer. It's—it's about Sam."

"I get you, Joe."

"What's the little devil been up to, now?" I wondered—the little devil for whose scalp everybody was yelling. It seems absurd, but they were—all the grown-ups of Stanwich.

Perhaps they were justified. I ran over the catalogue of Sam's most recent offenses against the respectable quiet and decorum of the community. These had been related to me by village constable Brady. I give them in that functionary's own words, so far as I can:

"Sammy James, trailed by his gang, jumped into a tin Lizzie that was loaded with vegetables, pulled her wide open, and made off like hell bent for election, vegetables flying in all directions, being used by the boys to pelt respectable citizens. A turnip landed on the ear of Bill Caton, furnace man, and put him out of business, for the time being.

"Sammy James and his gang played tick-tack on the shop-keepers, particularly on the barber.

"On another occasion these devilish boys shifted signs from one shop to another. They took the fish-dealer's sign to the barber shop and the barber's pole to the undertaker's shop on the very night that old Sam Chase, the note-shaver, was lying there in his coffin—just to liven it up a bit, they said.



"Sammy and his gang tied a long piece of cord to the leg of Mrs. Porter's big gander, and hitched the old bird to Doc Simpson's night emergency bell at midnight. The creature kicked and struggled to get away and it rang the bell like hell bent for election.

"On his next adventure Sammy led his gang down to Peter's saw mill on a Saturday afternoon, when he knew the mill would be shut down, and did then and there hoist the water gate and set the machinery in motion. If it hadn't been for the quick arrival of one of the mill hands, who lived nearby, great damage might have been done. Peters and his men caught the boys, ducked them in the muddy pond, and booted them off the premises.

"Sammy's next adventure was a violation against the peace of the village. He let down the bars at Nickerson's field and turned loose an old bull, just for the sport of seeing people scatter in all directions to get out of the creature's way."

THIS would have been vicious, indeed, if the boys hadn't known that the old creature was notoriously harmless. Nevertheless, it served their panic-creating scheme.

If reprimanded for these goings-on, the boys—one and all—retorted in justification that they were only expressing themselves. Nellie, too, when someone complained about her boy's goings-on, simply commented in her maddening way: "Why didn't they have someone to watch that saw-mill? I think it was positively wicked to leave a dangerous piece of machinery like that where little boys could get at it. Supposing they had injured themselves?" Or: "Why do they have bars in Nickerson's field that a small boy could let down? Don't they understand that it's the very thing that would suggest itself to a small boy?"

For Nellie, be it understood, was the high priestess of the "express yourself" fad that just now had all Stanwich by the ears.

It was not until the coffee was served that Nellie opened the proceedings of the meeting officially, so to speak.

"They've had a lawyer after me, Dick."

"They? Who?"

"Gillespie, of course. Who else?"

Nellie's pet aversion, understand, was Mrs. Sarah Illingsworth Gillespie, like herself a widow, but a widow with a vastly longer purse. Gillespie was a sharp-tongued old woman, by virtue of which and her money she had been a social leader of Stanwich so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The feud between the two women had long been the



talk of the town. Nellie was the only one who dared openly to beard the old lady, flaunt her social mandates.

"What's it about?" I said.

"She's hitting at me through Sam, as usual."

"What's he been doing lately?"

"Nothing at all. They haven't been able to get anything on him lately. They've trumped up something."

"What did the lawyer say?" I asked.

Nellie was silent for a moment, then burst out, with much feeling: "Said he'd been deputed by a certain element here to put Sam away as a public nuisance." She paused and again burst out: "I don't see what they're kicking about. I'm half supporting this town now by the fines I'm paying squaring things, nothing but boyish pranks. They're a lot of ingrates."

"But what were the lawyer's exact words?" I urged.

"I told him that I had paid the fines and he said: 'That's all right but it doesn't abate the nuisance.'"

"I get you, Nellie," I said, "but what's the new thing they've trumped up?"

"Dick," said Joe, "there's been a great deal of talk."

"Aw, I got to lick him once in a while, to show him where he gets off"

"Dick's heard the talk," Nellie broke in with a touch of impatience.

"No he hasn't," said Joe. "Dick's in his office in New York all day. He doesn't meet the morons there."

"Quite right," I said. "You'll have to tell me."

"You'll think it a fool piece of business, Dick," said Joe. "But it's about this elopement craze that's possessing the youngsters here."

"Elopement? Possessing children? What do you mean?"

"Asinine," Joe commented.

Said Nellie quietly: "This craze, as the old busybodies call it, is only a kind of seasonal thing like kites and marbles and playing Indians and doesn't mean anything more. You know, Dick, how boys go round with old decayed rooster's feathers on their heads yelling, 'Scalp them.' But you don't hear of anyone's being tomahawked." She chuckled. "Why, Sammy doesn't even know how to pronounce it. He calls it 'lope-man.' I asked him what he meant. He really had no idea. He wanted little Billy

Watson—a boy—to 'lope' with him. That shows how little he knows what it means."

"That's all right," Joe said. "But boys' fool notions being spread broadcast do lead to foolish things sometimes."

"You haven't heard of any youngsters running away because of it or anything to cause you worry?" I asked.

"Not mere children," said Joe. "But there was the case of Jimmy Matthews and the young Wilkins girl, who ran away together. Their adventure cast a romantic glamor over the elopement business and over this place—put it on the map. The New York papers printed sensational reports of it. The actors in it were lionized. I believe it led to the elopement of Will Bronson and Julia Kennedy."

"But how do they connect Sam up with it?" I insisted.

"Only this, so far as we know," Nellie said. "It's reported that Sam sent out the edict to his gang: 'Every member of the gang must steal himself a queen.'" Her eyes flashed. "Imagine a thing like that being given as evidence of Sam's responsibility for this foolishness."

"Gillespie claims Sam's been talking elopement till he's got all the youngsters



"It's reported," said Nellie, "that Sam ordered every member of his gang to steal himself a queen"

here by the ears," said Joe. "She's got all the mothers wrought up about it. She—"

Nellie broke in: "It's nothing but the talk of that old woman and her sycophants that has given this mere childish whim substance. She saw a chance to hit at me through Sam and she's keeping it alive."

"Nevertheless," I urged, "it will die a natural death if you let it alone—takes two to make a quarrel. That's what keeps the thing going."

"Very good, Dick. But I don't want Sam to do anything or be to blame for anything the youngsters do around here if I can help it."

"Why don't you spank him?" I suggested mildly. "That'll drive it out of his head, won't it?"

"Drive it into his head," Joe said, "if they do it in the old-fashioned way."

"How very vulgar," Nellie commented.

"I'm serious, Nellie," I urged.

At this Nellie flared up. "Imagine such a thing! Even if I were strong enough to handle him—which I am not, as you can see. Imagine such a thing!"

And, truly, I couldn't imagine such a thing. The mere idea was grotesque, for Nellie James had always affected the pose of ineffable feminine delicacy, daintiness in every respect. Even in her thoughts she was aesthetic. She was one of those women who is the perfection of feminine detail and daintiness even in the cloistered seclusion of her own, most-envied boudoir.

Nellie's feet alone, slender and patent-leathered, would have made you love her; you'd have loved her for her wonderful ankles, her slender waist, her slender arms, and her slender neck, all or any one of them. If you've regarded Nellie from the ground up, a not wholly illogical proceeding when one considers the most arresting beauty of her feet, and have escaped, you're lucky or

unlucky—according to the way you look at it. If you have lifted your eyes as far as Nellie's neck and hope to escape, lift them no farther. For if you get to those violet eyes, that's the end of you.

Said a literary wag, after observing Nellie critically: "She certainly is, in the aesthetical sense, the superlative of unutterableness."

No, I couldn't imagine Nellie engaged in the most undignified business of the spanking of Sammy.

NELLIE paused, then urged gently: "Besides, Dick, you see how unjust it would be to spank him—even if I were strong enough to handle him, which I'm not. He's only expressing himself. I've taught him to express himself because he wants to. And because he wants to do it, it's his nature, and anything that's his nature is right." She paused, then impetuously: "Everybody's blaming Sammy. And the more they blame him, the more it makes me love him—the darling boy."

I regarded Nellie for some moments in silence. "Was she hopeless," I thought.

"What's your idea of it, Joe?"

Joe puffed his cigar and pondered a bit. "You see, Dick, Sam's heard a whole lot of foolish talk about girls and elopement. I asked him where he got it. He said he got it from a 'sheep.'"

"Sheep?" I repeated. "Sheep?"

"He means sheik—corner loafer," said Joe.

"Doesn't that show how little he understands?" said Nellie.

"He told me," said Joe, "he'd heard the sheep say—every time a pretty girl passed—'Gee, she's a queen. I'm goin' to steal her—I'm goin' to 'lope with her.'"

We smoked our cigars in silence, Joe and I, while I turned the matter over in my mind. Presently I said: "What you've told me is

all very interesting, but it doesn't convict Sam of being a public nuisance, as the lawyer claims. Just where do I come in? That's what I'd like to know."

"As I told you, Dick," said Nellie, "I don't want Sam to be a menace—in any way—to the children."

"But what you've told me doesn't make him a menace, so far as I can see. Far from it."

"That isn't it, Dick," Nellie urged. "We don't want you to take our word. We want you to find out for yourself."

"Find out what? Be definite, Nellie."

"Find out who really has been spreading this talk of eloping among children. Find out if Sammy's been doing it. I ask you, Dick, not only because you're a friend of mine, but you're a lawyer. You'll be judicial. I want an honest report. If Sam's really in the wrong, I'm going to send him away to school, for a while."

Again we three pondered in silence while I turned the matter over in my mind.

"All right," I said presently, "I'll do it. I'll investigate and report. It rests with you to accept it or not. Of course, if it's adverse to Sam, you'll chuck it into the waste basket and call me an egotistical, presumptuous old ass. If you don't, you won't be a real normal mother and doting uncle, and I shan't have any respect for either of you."

I made up my mind that the only thing I could do was to investigate and report my findings in the case, without any recommendations of any kind. If, when Nellie should know the facts, she should find it difficult to decide, I might lend counsel.

It's an ungrateful thing to counsel a woman, particularly a widow, as to her child. She won't take your darned old advice, anyway, and if she did, and it turned out wrong, she'd hate you for it.

Any one who puts his popularity with her above his sense of duty to her will avoid it. That's one of the problems of social life. But I felt that if my friendship were worth anything to Nellie or to me, it must be sincere and fearless.

It is a foible of human nature, but just as soon as I found that the beautiful Nellie's friendship for me might be in the balance, my strictly judicial attitude took on an inclining dangerously resembling the attitude of counsel for the defense. That may not have been honest. It may even have been cowardly. But it was pretty devilish natural—and I'm only a human guy, at best.

I began my investigation by interviewing Sam's best girl, Sam's chum, and Jake Heinke, the station agent.

I DID not consider it particularly edifying for a corporation lawyer, associated with magnates and the like, handling affairs of vast magnitude, to go nosing about among a lot of village children, like the most veritable local snoop—but I was doing it for friendship's sake. And, believe me, I found it extremely interesting—ininitely more refreshing than the dry details of corporation cases. And I found the children no more childish or petty or petulant or stupid than most of the magnates I customarily dealt with. This also holds good with great lawyers, great doctors, great clergymen, and particularly with great writers, artists, and scientists. They're a lot of blooming children—the whole kit and caboodle of them. I doubt if any one of them can see farther ahead of his nose than any normal kid.

My experience was illuminating. It showed me how far I had drifted away from the affairs of children—the most vital affairs of the day. I believe that that experience and the wonderful thing that followed took at least twenty years off my age. My associates in town asked me if I had been taking up some rehabilitation process—they noticed that I was dealing with things with a freshness, a new clarity of vision—sharpened perception. But I let them guess. Now that I've let you old lawyers into the secret, I strongly recommend that you adopt it—train along with kiddies and Nature for a

while. It will give you unalloyed pleasure and will sharpen your wits into the bargain. It will make you realize—you conceited old jackasses—what a small difference there is between you and the boy.

I shall set down the testimony of the various ones examined, as if it were the record of a trial. Please to remember that I was an investigator—neither a prosecutor nor a defender. My business was to ascertain facts and circumstances, and to report. I was determined to be unbiased so far as was humanly possible with me. My sentiment toward the boy was more—I am glad to say—than a friendly interest. The fact that my aspirations in the direction of his paternity had not materialized, operated not one whit against the lad. Any feeling I might have had against Will James for winning Nellie had long since been changed by—I am proud to say—his good treatment of her.

With the aforesaid purpose in view, I sought out not only Sam's severest critics, but those whom I believed to be his sympathetic allies.

It was rather a novel job for me to interrogate children, most of whom I had no more than a nodding acquaintance with, and all of whom held me in awe—a tall, dignified lawyer, almost sepulchral, one might say—one whose absent-mindedness was resented as aloofness by those who didn't understand him.

I found children were natural born and ready gossips, especially where they themselves had a chance to shine, or to knock the universal nuisance of the place. The youngsters were prone to romanticise. And so I had to weigh their testimony carefully. This is easier for you to do—you who have children of your own—than it was for me, a bachelor. So I give my findings literally.

From the little girl, Minnie Heinke, I got a small but interesting bit of testimony—one that threw a real light on the small boy's conception of what eloping meant—and valuable for that sociological quality only.

Minnie, being duly interrogated, deposed: "On or about"—the technical style is my own—"the fourteenth day of June last, one Sam James met me at the corner of our yard—behind the hedge—and made the following proposal, to wit:

"Say, Minnie, let's you and me 'lope.'" It was quite abrupt, apparently—it hadn't been led up to by the procedure customary in elopement proposals. It startled her.

"What d'ye mean, 'lope'?"

"Let's run away together."

"Sam James, ain't you awful."

"Why, no—they're all doing it."

"But, we ain't old enough to get married."

"Aw, whose talking about gettin' married—we can 'lope' without gettin' married."

"Why don't you ask a little boy, then?"

"I did ask Billy Watson. He wouldn't—he said you got to 'lope' with a girl."

I intrigued Sam's chum—lieutenant and general right-hand man—one Billy Watson, by giving him a job at light work and extremely liberal pay, cleaning up in my back yard. Billy was not a reluctant witness. I report the interview with such eliminations and elucidations as I think proper. I report it in the third person mostly. But where my own form of speech has fallen down helplessly in the matter of equivalents, I quote Bill directly.

BILLY had lost an upper tooth and, through the aperture, punctuated his talk salivarily and with marked precision—as witness a spider in the corner which, spindle-legged and spiteful, and just emerging from its cloistered seclusion, turns and beats a quick retreat under fire.

From Billy's testimony I deducted about as follows:

Smarty was very full of ideas and schemes. He was always playing to Billy as an audience—talking aloud to him—telling how he forgives her—her being Minnie Heinke. But



"Let each guy have a skirt or a Jane. If he can't get her any other way, steal her"

Billy had got so that he paid small attention to these vaporings. He said Smarty was always showing off. That was how he got his nickname. He boxed, swam, rode, drove a car, or bragged that he could do all these things. "But can he do these things?" I asked.

"He makes a quick stab at them," said Billy.

According to Billy, Smarty had a way of arranging stunts to take place in front of Minnie's house—where she could see him do the heroic. A certain juvenile bully, deeming himself invincible, had been tormenting the little "right-hand" man, and it rested with Smarty, as leader and natural protector, to administer enlightening chastisement. The little opportunist, apparently certain as to results, made it a point to stage the encounter where it would be most effectively witnessed, as aforesaid. There was little of the *éclat* to it. For the bully was, as a matter of fact, not a bit formidable—he was big and fat, flabby, puffy-cheeked, and could have been trounced by a plucky boy of half his size. I quote Billy: "One good kick in the slats would have settled his hash." Smarty knew this. So he got his little chum to intrigue the bully to walk with him to the spot in front of the little girl's house, there to engage him in an argument, a wrestling match; and then he, Smarty, hidden in ambush, appeared to "chance" along, suddenly perceived the unequal combat—like a moving-picture hero—hesitated a moment then dashed in and rescued the little boy and trounced the bully. Billy's cooperation did credit to the little chap's resourcefulness. For it chanced that when they fully appeared Minnie was absent for a moment from her accustomed place on the porch or behind the hedge. So Billy intrigued the bully back and forth several times, or until the little girl appeared, when he halted him and the heroic rescue was effected by Smarty.

Smarty was forever visualizing himself the hero, the girl always looking on—and her rich and powerful father—Smarty had conferred wealth and power and every aristocratic distinction on poor old Jake Heinke the station agent, an amiable colorless person, for dramatic purposes—taking him by the hand and offering his daughter in marriage.

Here I am constrained, obviously of necessity, to quote in parts literally from Billy. And believe me, no form of speech characteristic of the profession of law or of any other form of erudition could do the narration or recital justice. Billy was using circumstances to illustrate and prove up his statement that Smarty's was a very domineering nature. Smarty had intrigued his alter ego as usual into the immediate neighborhood of Minnie's house.

"I know why you're going this way," said Billy, "it's cause Minnie Heinke lives here."

"Naw, I ain't."

"You want to show off."

Here Smarty made a pass at Billy. Billy dodged, and Smarty missed him. They clinched, wrestled for a few moments, then broke away, and, the gesture having cleared the atmosphere, resumed friendly relations.

Presently, after brooding a bit, Smarty said:

"You're jealous."

"I ain't jealous."

"You are, too. You're jealous cause Minnie likes me better than she does you."

Just then Smarty became aware of a furtive white skirt on the other side of the hedge. He couldn't have staged it better. He turned on Billy:

"Don't you dare to say anything against that young lady,"—and made a dash at the amazed boy.

"Watcha mean?"

"I'll show yer what I mean."

Again they clinched, and Smarty pulled Billy's nose so close against his shoulder that the claret started. The hedge parted and there stood before them an angry little goddess—Minnie.

"You let him alone."

Smarty released Billy's head from chancery.

Minnie said: "I think you're awful."

"Aw, I got to lick him once in a while, just to show him where he gets off."

Billy exclaimed, with nose pinched to check the flow of claret:

"Aw, you ain't licked me neither."

Smarty made a dash at Billy and Billy let go his nose and put up his dukes in an attitude of defense or mock defense, for just then Minnie moved between them, as both of them knew she would do.

"You stop that," she cried.

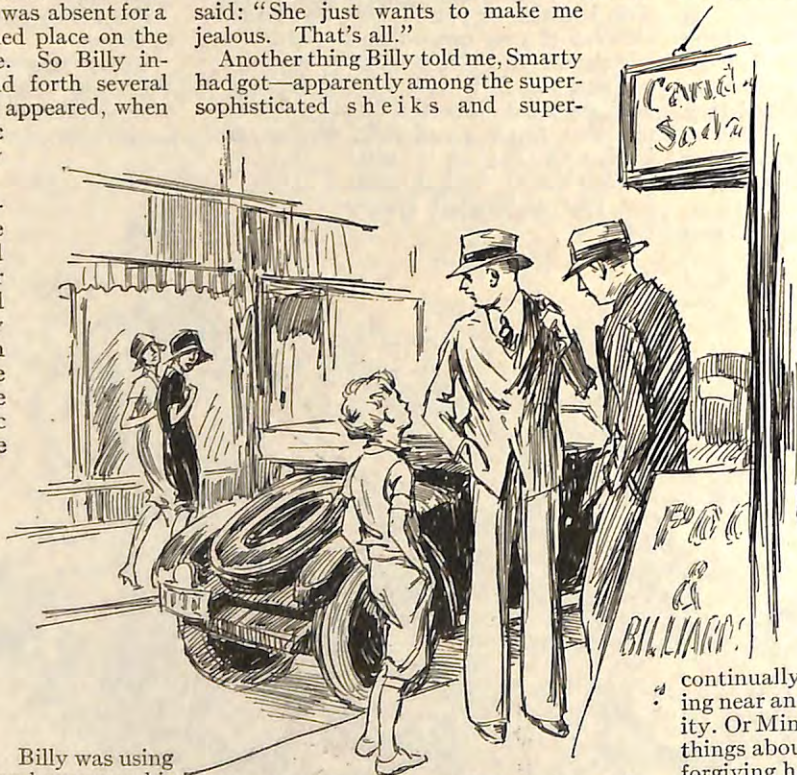
Smarty relieved, affected disgust.

"Aw, that's always the way with a woman where a man is concerned."

"But you're not a man. You're only a little boy," cried Minnie.

As they moved down the road, Smarty said: "She just wants to make me jealous. That's all."

Another thing Billy told me, Smarty had got—apparently among the super-sophisticated sheiks and super-



Jim Nichols, Chief of the big "sheeps" who played pool and wore "belly pants"

aesthetical flappers—that it was the thing to be an atheist. So he went about proclaiming that there wasn't any God—all religions were nonsense. He felt big, heroic, brilliant, when he made the little girls shudder at his talk.

Being thus summarily and brutally denied the quality of prescience which he had assumed with regard to the Deity, Smarty turned his attention to less complex subjects. He set up as a critic of things, moving-picturewise. It was the clever thing to be

cynical. To have recognized the merit in a picture would have been to acknowledge weakness, for in cynicism only lay strength of intellect. With Smarty, in a word, the whole thing was rotten. If asked to particularize, then—according to superior sheik patter—the acting was bad, the story cheap, and incoherent—please to remember the language is my own. The photography not artistic, and so on. Such strictures—always delivered audibly in the picture house—were of course "diverting" for those who were seeking to enjoy the show.

Smarty had a way, after a period of profound Napoleonic reflection with head bent and hands clasped behind him of abruptly turning to Billy and hypotheicalizing thus:

"What would you do if your girl went with a fellow you didn't like—and broke through the ice?"

"Aw, you're dreamin'."

"Naw, I ain't dreamin'."

"You're dreamin' Minnie did it, and you pulled her out."

Smarty blushed. "Naw, I ain't, either."

I concluded from various observations and comments of Billy that Smarty lived three to the minute with what he did and what he imagined he did—invented—imparted to Billy in strict chummy sentimental confidences. It is singular and much to his credit that notwithstanding his numerous and strenuous encounters, intellectual and physical, he never once suffered defeat. He always came out winner. And, by a singular coincidence, Minnie was always present to witness and applaud his victories. Once he saved her from tramps. Again from an angry bull. In each case by the exercise of inconceivable courage and strength—such courage and strength as one sees exercised by movie heroes—exercised in the same spectacular way.

Smarty devoted so much time to rescuing Minnie and forgiving her parents that he had small time for anything else. And, tragically, he was forever being misjudged, misunderstood—just how not known—which made him sadly resentful. And he was always resolving to "take it out" on society—just how not known. But in some way to make society fairly grovel for his forgiveness.

But, particularly, was Smarty's pardon continually being besought by Minnie's father and mother. He, Smarty, as

continually forgives—the girl always standing near and being affected by his magnanimity. Or Minnie's sister was always saying cruel things about Smarty and Smarty was always forgiving her. It is seldom that two devoted parents have the privilege of being so often forgiven by one so virtuous and handsome—if they only knew. Don't forget the handsome part of it. If it were not always a continuous performance it was at least a once-a-day matter.

Old Heinke and his wife must have been singularly hard-hearted persons to have held out against so much forgiving. But they were always won over. Curious, they saw the error of their ways each day, yet were always doing something next day to require being forgiven again and won over, or perhaps

(Continued on page 88)

The Ballplayer's Ballplayer

By Bozeman Bulger

THOUGH this article deals primarily with baseball I wonder if some of you business men or professional men haven't at a desk in your office an obscure, quiet, well informed man—maybe a member of your firm—who rarely takes part in loose talk and bluster but who always has every detail of the business at his finger tips.

Haven't you often wondered what you could do without him?

Very likely the public doesn't know of this man. Even your close friends probably regard you as the whole works. But you know!

Am I stretching the imagination a bit when I describe this scene in your office some afternoon in June:

"Well, Jonesy," you are saying. "How's everything going?"

"Everything's shaping up fine," says Jonesy. "Now, there is just one little matter. Still, that can wait. What's—"

"That's great. I was thinking of going to the ball game. Nothing like the old open air."

You may be quite unconscious of your having just come in from the open air and that Jonesy never gets a touch of it. Neither does it occur to Jonesy.

"Go ahead," he says. "Hope you enjoy it. . . . By the way, I notice that Rixey will pitch to-day. I see he has allowed but three and a half hits to the game in his last three starts."

"Gee, that ought to be good for a bet! How'd you know that, Jonesy?"

"Oh, I don't get out to the games, but I follow the figures."

I suspect that most all of you have a Jonesy in your office. He knows more about baseball or any other technical subject than you do and still he is always cheerfully willing to sit in the background and do the work. He even takes a pride in your prominence. The public knows you as the successful head of the firm. The newspapers never have heard of Jonesy. Everybody in your office, though, knows who keeps the machine oiled.

In a newspaper office, an institution with which I am more familiar, there is always that quiet, unassuming fellow who sits in day and night and makes the thing work. He gets out the paper. Star writers come and go and, at times, there may be uncertainty about their delivering the goods. That unheard of fellow on the desk, though, quietly warps everything into shape and the public is none the wiser.

There ought to be a monument erected to the Jonesy of the professional and business world, but I fear it will never be done.

Also there ought to be one erected to him in baseball. He is on every pennant-winning club, though his name rarely reaches the headlines. To his team mates he is the same Jonesy of the business world, but known by a different name. He is to them the "Ballplayer's Ballplayer."

There are ballplayers of this type who also get in the headlines and go down in history as great stars—men like Walter Johnson, Rogers Hornsby, Christy Mathew-



Bill Killefer, late manager of the Chicago Cubs, now with the St. Louis Cardinals

son, Babe Ruth, Ross Young, Sam Rice and Ty Cobb—but there are many others who do not. When a ballplayer is a hero to his team mates and also to the public that is the perfect combination. Unhappily it is rare. Whether he be prominent or obscure the ballplayers know full well the man on whom they can put dependence. Often they will risk their personal fortunes on him.

A case in point was the unshakable confidence of the Senators in Walter Johnson during that deciding game in Pittsburgh last fall and their insistence that he remain in the game with defeat creeping on them every minute. His success or failure meant a matter of approximately \$3,000 to each of

Louis Drucke, a picturesque pitcher of McGraw's Giants fifteen years ago



these players, but they were willing to risk it. And they lost without complaint. Tomorrow they would do exactly the same thing.

Often this dependable player is least considered by the spectators. In fact, the fans and expert baseball statisticians who stew and sweat over columns of fractional figures and records to get at the standing of players in their different classes would be surprised and, perhaps, hurt to know what little value the ballplayers attach to these percentages in determining the real worth of a player to his team. Ballplayers love publicity, of course, and that is their main interest in watching the columns so diligently studied by the public.

There are ballplayers whose names never appear among the great sluggers of the game and they do not show brilliantly as infielders or outfielders—that is, to the public. Yet you may observe them, year after year, sitting quietly in a corner of the bench drawing pretty good salaries. It is a safe bet that you as a fan have railed at the manager's stupidity in keeping such an old has-been on the payroll.

These fellows—you can spot them on any big league ball club—are the real Jonesys of Baseball. They may not be physical marvels at executing plays but they know exactly the right thing to do at the right time. They do not make mistakes. They do not pull "bones." They steady brilliant youngsters playing alongside them and by careful tutoring develop heroes, seemingly, overnight. They live a life of unselfishness.

Ask most any younger star who is being featured in headlines and photographs the secret of his success.

"If it hadn't been for that old bird alongside me who kept tipping me off," he will say nine times out of ten, "I would have been as dumb as an ox. What I know about big league baseball I learned from him. . . . It's kind of tough, at that, to have taken his job, isn't it?"

Two years ago when the New York fans were beginning to wonder why Manager Huggins kept Everett Scott around so long I happened to be talking with Aaron Ward on the train.

"That fellow worked me in as a second baseman," he said. "He knows the tricks."

IT IS interesting to know that Everett Scott has been called out of retirement this season to lend his knowledge and experience to a big league infield once more.

The fan may have noticed that championships are rarely won by a club with young players at second base and shortstop. One of them may be young, but without the experience of an older man to make the combination mechanically perfect, it will fail nine times out of ten. That is the pivotal position in an infield. The attack and defense—everything—swings about it. The shortstop-second baseman combination must have speed, precision and the perfect coordination to make double-plays, or the whole defense becomes loose and spotty. The mere consciousness of smooth machinery

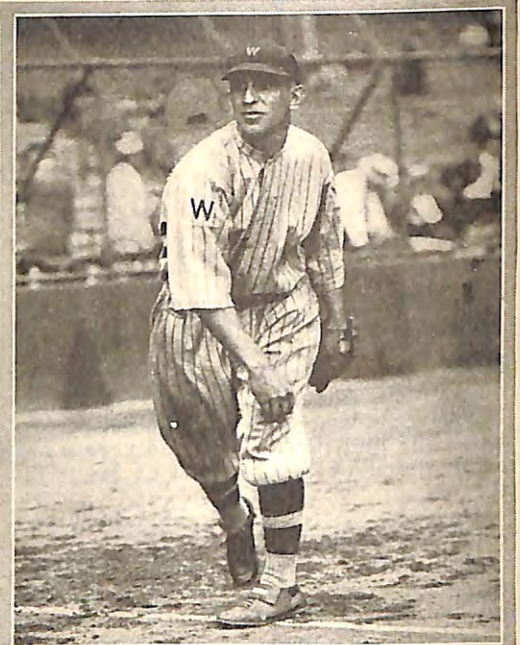


PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Everett Scott, of the Washingtons, who has come out of retirement this season



Frank Snyder, a great hitter and one of the veteran catchers of the Giants



Roger Peckinpaugh, shortstop of the Washington Senators and a mainstay of the game

at that point stops the opposing base runners from taking chances.

Practically every double play that is made at second base prevents a run from scoring. That is the average estimated by the managers. If you will recall that hundreds of games are won every season by one run it is not difficult to appreciate the value of a perfect combination around second base.

Stanley Harris, of the Senators, became a great second baseman through the coaching of the veteran Roger Peckinpaugh, who played alongside him. There, incidentally, is another illustration of the ballplayer's ballplayer.

Roger Peckinpaugh was never regarded a star of the first magnitude in the newspapers, but to baseball players and others closely allied with the game, he is known to be one of the greatest ballplayers the game ever knew—the most dependable.

After the World's Series ended in Pittsburgh last fall Peckinpaugh was held up to ridicule throughout the country for his errors in the last game. That didn't affect his standing with the ballplayers, however. He is still on the Washington club and drawing as big a salary as ever. Roger has been a main cog in the baseball wheel for more than fifteen years.

Should you ask most any thoughtless fan—and, unhappily, many of them are thoughtless when it comes to hurting a ballplayer's feelings—who was the greatest bonehead in baseball his answer, almost invariably, will be—Fred Merkle.

Now if you ask a veteran ballplayer in either big league to name a few of the smartest ballplayers that ever lived one of the first names mentioned will be Fred Merkle. This player, who gained national notoriety by failing to touch second in that historic game between the Giants and Cubs and was ever afterward called a bonehead, is undoubtedly one of the most intelligent and quick-thinking players ever developed. Even since his retirement he has been called back into the game to help Miller Huggins train the New York Yankees.

The spring following Merkle's unhappy mis-

take Manager McGraw raised his salary and kept it raised for many years.

I have mentioned some of the more prominent Jonesys of the game but there are others, less prominent, who rank just as high in the estimation of the players.

A few years ago the fans of Brooklyn openly demanded that Manager Robinson get rid of Ivy Olson, the aging shortstop. The newspapers roasted him and the fans openly razed Olson most everytime he appeared on the field. They wondered why Uncle Wilbert kept such an old dodo on the payroll.

In answer to that Manager Robinson raised Olson's salary, gave him the regular job at shortstop. And the Robins won the pennant!

Few fans know of the greatness of Olson

as a ballplayer's ballplayer. In out-of-town newspapers his name was seldom played up. Yet the ballplayers will tell you that Ivy was one of the smartest players that ever wore spikes. He knew the ins and outs of the game thoroughly—knew exactly the right thing to do in a crisis. He steadied the other players by his assurance. Olson was the right man to balance that Brooklyn team. He was kept there for years after his best playing days were over.

Due to a series of misfortunes that brought the Chicago Cubs down to the bottom of the standing of the clubs last year Bill Killefer, the manager, a former catcher, who had just begun to construct a team, was released. Almost immediately he was picked up by the St. Louis Cardinals as an aid to Manager Rogers Hornsby.

"I am young at this business," declared Hornsby, "and there is a bird who knows his stuff."

Other ballplayers agreed with Hornsby that Killefer always was an unusually smart player. He was a ballplayer's ballplayer. He is now a ballplayer's coach.

With Killefer's quiet observations and suggestions, Hornsby has brought the Cardinals out of the ruck and made them real contenders for the pennant. But the chances are that you haven't seen Bill Killefer's name or photograph in the newspapers very often this spring.

The cautious, deliberate thinker and the brilliant

mechanical performer are the two distinct types of great ballplayers, as the ballplayer himself regards them. His mind is made up from concentrated observation as he watches the field from the dug-out—not from reading the newspapers. While on the bench he never pays attention to the yelling of the spectators. In fact, this applause is so foreign to his thoughts that he rarely hears it.

The general public has an impression, gleaned from looking at cartoons and magazine illustrations, that a baseball dug-out is often the scene of wild excitement. It is really nothing of the kind. The players sit there, peering through slit-like eyes at the work of the players,

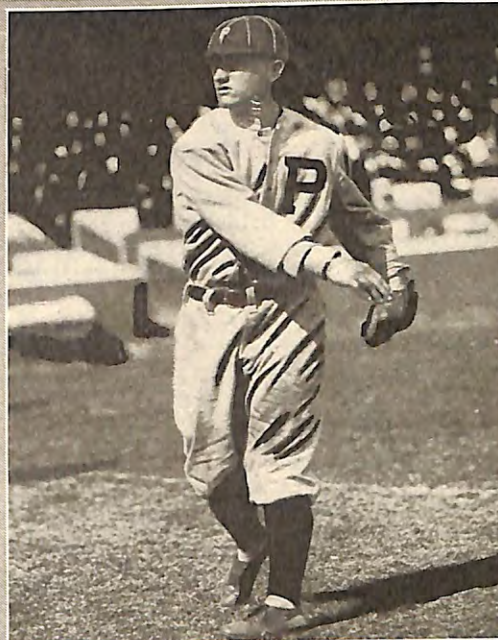


Eddie Foster, formerly of the Washington Senators, whose quick brain more than made up for lack of weight and physical strength

INTERNATIONAL
NEWSREEL



Fred Merkle who has been recalled to active service to help coach the New York Yankees



Three years ago the Brooklyn bought Milton Stock and he put them on their feet



Ivy Olson, veteran shortstop, who helped the Robins win the pennant a few years ago

and rarely speak above a low undertone or a whisper. Players on the New York Giants will tell you that Manager John McGraw often goes for five or six innings without uttering a word. Usually he concentrates his attention on the opposing pitcher, and often escapes him. All young pitchers, no detail the old ones, have some physical mannerism that betrays their intention to throw to first base or to the plate. By discovering this the manager knows when to send a base runner down for a stolen base.

For example, when Louis Drucke came into the league years ago he pitched good ball but for some unaccountable reason opposing base runners of the Pittsburgh club were running wild on him. They knew exactly when to take a lead and start for a steal. McGraw's keen eye soon discovered the secret. Drucke had a habit of lifting his heel from the ground when he intended throwing to first base to nab a base runner. If he kept the heel on the ground the runner would go like a shot, knowing that Drucke would pitch to the plate. The Pirates had observed this and were making hay while the sun shone. McGraw corrected the fault and Drucke became a Nemesis to Pittsburgh.

Now, the player who is smart enough to note these things on the diamond becomes what is known to his team-mates as a "real ballplayer." His keen observation is worth more than the brilliance of some more famous star.

The two types of players, therefore, are the one who anticipates every play and knows exactly what to do; the other, the player who is so naturally brilliant in execution that he can make most any play without having to think it out in advance. The thinking player is usually the more valuable but the brilliant one gets his name in the newspapers.

There are, of course, the rare cases of ball-players who do both these things. There is still the man endowed with that marvellous faculty of being able to think and act simultaneously.

The most valuable man, in the ball-player's estimation, is the one who can always be depended upon to initiate a play properly, whether it is completed or not, day after day and year after year. He is like Jonesy in your office.

"The feeling," one of them explains, "is much like sitting behind three aces in a poker game. When a ball is hit at Jonesy there is not the slightest feeling of apprehension. He may not be a star but he never makes a mistake."

Ballplayers do not regard physical errors, such as fumbling a grounder or dropping a fly ball, as mistakes. Those are merely accidents or bad breaks. The unforgivable player is the one who throws to the wrong base or fails to

catch the "signals." The word "signal" is never used among ballplayers. To him these secret directions are always "signals."

A ballplayer guilty of those faults will lose more games in a week than the man who makes physical errors will lose in a month. He is never regarded as a ballplayer's ballplayer, though he may gain great prominence in the public prints.

Three years ago Manager Robinson, of Brooklyn, went to great trouble and expense to get Milton Stock as a third baseman. Stock had been a good player on the Cardinals, the Giants and other clubs, but was never regarded as a great star. Besides he was getting along in years. Also he is partly deaf.

"That's a mighty brilliant youngster you've got on third now, Robbie," some one remarked, "what do you want with Stock?"

"I've got to have a fellow there who knows exactly what to do, no matter what play comes up. Stock may be slowing up, but he makes no mistakes—pulls no bones."

So, Stock came from the Cardinals to the Robins and put them on their feet. He was the cog that fitted. He is a ballplayer's ballplayer.

Another great player of the unheralded and unpraised type is Johnny Rawlings, now utility man for the Pittsburgh Pirates. For a long, long time Johnny was kept on the Giants payroll without attracting attention. Some fans wondered why he was kept.

His chance finally came, though, and in a critical world's series game with the Yanks the fans saw what the players had been seeing for months. In this tense situation when a defeat meant a loss of more than two thousand dollars to each player the cool, skillful Rawlings made the heartbreaking play that killed the Yanks.

In the very last inning of the deciding game the Yanks started a rally that grew ominous. There was a runner on first with one out when Frank Baker, the slugger, hit a vicious ground ball between first and second bases. Rawlings, having studied the situation, moved over just in time to dive headlong for the ball. He came up with it and while still on his knees snapped a throw to George Kelly at first, getting Baker. Kelly, also having anticipated just such a play, saw the other runner had started for third. With a remarkable throw he nipped



Johnny Rawlings, for years with the Giants, now utility man for the Pittsburgh Pirates

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL



this second man at third base. The game was over. The world's championship went to the Giants. Both these players had anticipated the play.

To the uninitiated, perhaps, we had better explain what is meant by an anticipated play. For illustration, let us assume that Pie Traynor, of the Pirates, is playing third base and there are runners on first and second.

The next batter, we'll say, is known as a leftfield hitter, meaning that he will probably hit the ball in the direction of third base or shortstop. Traynor sees from the catcher's signal that the next pitch is to be a curve, away from the batter. It can not be "pulled" so sharply. He moves over toward short and has made up his mind that if the ball comes to him he must throw it to the plate to cut off the runner or to second for a double play, according to the start taken by the runners. When the ball is hit he knows exactly what to do—and does it. The fan often marvels at the lightning like thinking. In the Pittsburgh dug-out the players knew exactly what Traynor was going to do. Their only concern was as to the play going through as planned.

Inning after inning such plays, planned by the different infielders, do not happen. A good base hit breaks up everything. Just the same they keep right on laying their plans, knowing in advance what to do in case the ball is hit to them. Unhappily, a big percentage of the players do not work so intelligently. They are the bane of a manager's life. The ones who do, however, are ballplayer's ballplayers.

Eddie Grant, of the Phillies and the Giants and other clubs, was of the smart, quiet type. To this day Captain Grant would probably be helping to direct a smart ball club but for his untimely, heroic end while leading an attack in the Argonne Forest. Grant was a line captain in the 307th Infantry. He was killed by a shell just as he had been put in command of a battalion.

In the army Captain Grant was known to his men just as he was known to his teammates on the ball field. They would have gone to hell for him. Though never portrayed as a great military or baseball hero until he paid the great sacrifice, Eddie was always given the tough jobs. His superiors and his inferiors knew that he could be depended upon to do the right

thing at the right time. He never failed.

Though a surefire, dependable third baseman and a reliable hitter, Eddie Grant never underestimated the strength or cleverness of his opponents. That was an important factor in his success. When he first came into the big league, with the Phillies, he was rather curious about facing Christy Mathewson, then in his prime. Still, young Grant was not disturbed. In his first game against Mathewson he made five successive hits.

"There's a catch in this somewhere," he told his fellows on the bench. "I'm not that good and Matty can't be that bad."

"You've got the Indian sign on him," some one remarked.

"But to prove that I didn't," Grant used to take pleasure in relating, "I didn't get another hit off Matty all summer. He had studied me more thoroughly and more quickly than I had studied him."

Just the same, Matty always handled Grant with great caution when they got on a more even basis. For ten years the players knew when a ball was hit to third base just what Eddie Grant would do with it.

Little Eddie Foster, of the Washington club a few years ago, was still another example of the ballplayer's ballplayer. Foster was handicapped by his lack of weight and physical strength. He was one of the smallest men to play big league baseball. He overcame this, however, by using his brain, which was as far above the average as his weight was beneath it. Though it is not so recorded in the vital statistics of the game—those figures that mean so much to mathematical experts—old ballplayers will tell you that the game never produced a more clever or more dependable batter in working the hit-and-run play than Eddie Foster. He also gave the whole infield confidence on defense.

While gathering some information on this subject of the ballplayer's ballplayer the other day, I talked with Grover Hartley, catcher for the Giants. Hartley is still a first-string catcher though he has been in the game for more than fifteen years.

"I'd name Frank Snyder, our other catcher, as one of those men," said Hartley. "Did you ever see a pitcher who didn't like to pitch to him?"

It is true that Snyder, himself a veteran of fourteen years, inspires that feeling of confidence. Always known as a great hitter and a great thrower, fans appear to have overlooked Snyder's ability as a receiver—his direct work with the pitcher. The bench hasn't overlooked it.

Incidentally, it was typical of Hartley to suggest the name of Snyder. Mind you, Hartley is the other catcher—I might say a friendly rival for honors on the team. Hartley is a ballplayer's ballplayer for the very reason that he sees greatness in the man alongside him. It is a remarkable tribute to both these men that the Giants, in starting out for another pennant, have kept them as first-string catchers. The brilliant youngsters are held in reserve.

It would be easy to go down the line and name a hundred of these players who have never received the public acclaim that is their due. These are enough, though, to illustrate the point.

The futility of official records and reams of statistics in determining the worth of a ballplayer has been proven so often that in this day no manager ever thinks of signing a minor league star without personal inspection by himself or one of his scouts.

A few years ago the Brooklyn club found itself in dire straits for an infielder. Somehow, it seems that Uncle Wilbert Robinson's difficulties come to mind more frequently

than the others. Anyway, Robbie, with no good tidings from his scouts, decided to pick out an infielder from the records. It was the only thing left—a last resort. He went through the entire book which covered every professional baseball league in America. Robbie read figures and analyzed them until he was blue in the face, as he expresses it. Finally he sifted them down and settled on a player from a Class D League out west. Here was a fellow who had led his League in fielding and showed a batting average of .350. The assists indicated that he had a good throwing arm.

"I'll take a chance on this bird," Robbie decided. "Look at those figures!"

So he bought the player whose name was—we'll say Mulvaney.

One day a gray-haired and partly-bald gentleman showed up in the hotel lobby and announced that he was Mulvaney. He looked to be forty years old and as slow as Robbie himself. Anyway, he was told to put on a uniform and report to the bench.

In the first practice it was seen that Mulvaney was impossible. The players noticed that he didn't even know how to put on his uniform—the trick of inverting the legs of the breeches after turning them wrongside outward and then pulling them so as to get the proper bag at the knees.

A few nights later Mulvaney was standing outside the hotel alone.

"Say," he spoke to a passing ballplayer, "What's the name of this town?"

"Why, this is St. Louis," replied the astonished player. "You don't mean to tell me that you've been here three days and don't know the name of the town?"

"I hadn't noticed."

"Well, let me put you wise, old man. You'd better not let Robbie know you asked that question."

"Who the 'ell is Robbie?" asked the hopeless Mulvaney!

The records, coldly mathematical, consider results only. Mulvaney could have stood at his position in the infield for a week and let grounder after grounder go by him without being charged with an error. If he didn't take a chance until an easy play came up his fielding average would read perfect in the records. But the best mathematician in the world couldn't have made him a real ballplayer.



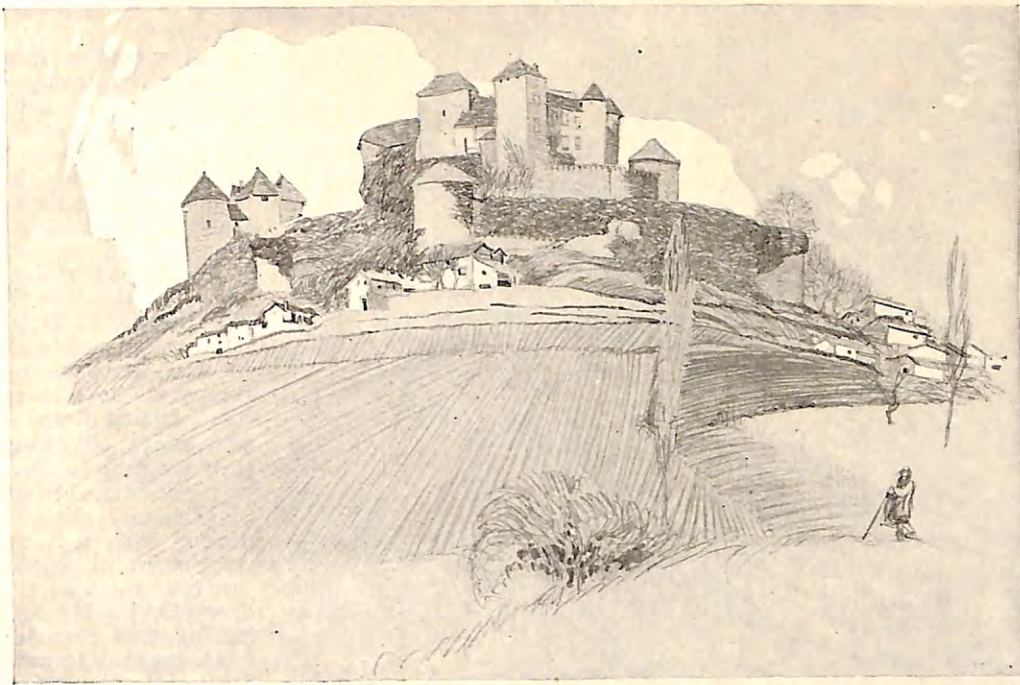
INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Eddie Grant, captain in the late war, whose baseball career was cut short by his death in the Argonne Forest



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Sam Rice, of the Washington Senators, considered as one of the greatest of the ballplayer's ballplayers



Let's Take the Car to Europe

By John R. Tunis

Drawings by R. J. Holmgren

THE Stedmans were in one of those family arguments which come every year with spring colds and the opening of the big-league baseball season. Where were they going to spend the summer? As usual each member of the family had a different idea. Ruth Stedman wanted to go 'just along the coast,' chiefly because it was not too far from the city and everyone got down for the week end. In her case, 'everyone,' meant the particular boy friend of the moment. Mr. Stedman was all for touring with the car through the Canadian Northwest. He wanted to see the Rockies. Mrs. Stedman wasn't sure where she did want to go; but she was sure she didn't want to go anywhere she had been before. Only Henry Stedman remained quiet. This at once aroused the suspicions of the family.

"Well, what about it, Hank, what's your idea for the summer?"

And then Henry came out with the remark that ruined all discussion for the moment.

"Let's take the car to Europe!" Everyone jumped at this suggestion.

"Let's buy a dirigible and see the Pole."

"Must think we're made of money—"

"My goodness, I can't imagine where he gets these ideas—"

And so forth. Whoever heard of taking a car to Europe and now that you've got it there what would you do with it, and who was to speak French and German for them, and what would be left of the car when they got home again, and did he suppose they were millionaires, or what? Hank Stedman said nothing. But the next day just before lunch he wandered over to his father's office and went in to see him, armed with facts and figures.

"Look here, Dad, how much vacation did you take in all last year?"

Mr. Stedman looked cautiously around. As there were members of the office force within hearing he replied discreetly:

"H'm, lemme see now—last summer we were quite busy, think I took a week, maybe ten days—"

"Ten days!" Hank Stedman wasn't in the least afraid of his old man. "Ten days! Yeah, well you were up at the cottage for

two weeks in July, and then you went on that fishing trip with Mr. Matthews in August, and you were at Hot Springs shooting golf in the fall for—"

"Now look here, Henry, if you are trying to talk me into that silly idea of yours about taking the car to Europe, let me tell you it would take three months and five thousand dollars, neither of which I happen to have at my disposal—"

"Father, you're all wrong. And I can prove it. A third of the time and a third of the money would be enough to take the old bus and the whole family abroad and give us a good time in England and France. See here, six days over, six days back, six days in England, twelve days in France. Now about the cost. Have you any idea what it would cost to ferry the car over and back?"



Mr. Stedman was a little disturbed by these facts. He hesitated. "Well, no, I haven't. About a thousand dollars, I suppose, with the crate for the car and the duties and all that sort of thing."

"A thousand dollars! Why a third of a thousand would take the car over and back and leave us something for passage money. Besides paying all the charges getting into England and France. And anyway, they don't crate cars any more. They send 'em over uncrated. You just drive them on board and then drive them off again."

"Well that's all right, but what about the duty. I always understood American cars had to pay a big duty abroad?"

"They don't. That is not if you have a triptyque—"

"A what?"

"A triptyque. Trip—teek. It's easy when you know how. That's just a guarantee that you will either take the car home again in six months or pay the value of the car abroad."

"Yes, but who's going to do all the running around getting this trip-teek and all the drivers' licenses and passports and everything else. I'm sure I haven't time to attend to it."

"No, and neither have I. The steamship company does it all for you. They have a special department that takes care of automobile tourists, and they handle the whole job for you from start to finish. See, I have the actual figures here—"

"Well, you convince your mother and Ruth about it. If they want to go, I'll consider it then."

NOW the thought of a few days in Paris appeals to every woman of every nationality who ever buys clothes, and it wasn't very hard to sell the women of the Stedman family on the plan. So Hank was left to collect figures and present them at once. This is what he showed them about three days later; a complete list of all expenses in taking the car across and into both England and France. This included the freight of the car—an open car of about 125-inch wheel base—across the ocean and across the Channel and home again. It paid for all taxes, papers,



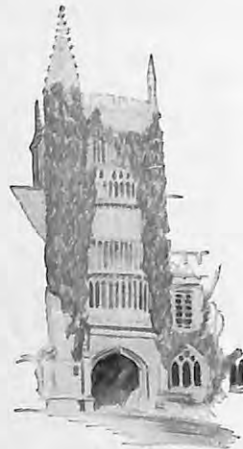
permits, driver's licenses, in fact for everything which would not have to be paid for were the trip being taken within the United States. Here are the separate items:

1. Ocean Freight—round trip including Marine Insurance.....	\$215.00
2. British Driving License.....	1.15
3. Dock and Town Dues.....	4.65
4. Car License and Number Plates..	6.50
5. Membership in R. A. C. including Badge.....	13.92
6. Consular Invoice.....	1.07
7. Cross-Channel Freight.....	30.00
8. French Landing Charges.....	3.45
9. Landing Charges, Agents' Fee, etc., at French Port.....	7.36
10. Customs Carnet.....	5.75
11. Name Plate.....	.46
12. International Traveling Pass.....	5.98
13. Laissez Passer—one month.....	3.15
14. Customs Entry upon return to New York, Registration Certificate, Wharf Inspection.....	10.00
Total.....	\$308.44

"There it is, dad, three hundred dollars. I told you a third of a thousand would take the car over and back and leave something over for our passage money. If the four of us go it makes about seventy-five dollars apiece for the use of the car in France and England for four weeks, about eighteen dollars apiece a week. Why, you spent three hundred dollars getting up and back to the cottage the trips you made last summer—"

EVEN Mr. Stedman was surprised to see the figures, but he felt obliged nevertheless, to question some of the items. "Now look here, Henry, I don't understand all this. What's number, now number five. Membership in the R. A. C. What's that?"

"R. A. C.? That's the Royal Automobile Club in England. You see here's how it works. First of all you get the bank here to guarantee that you'll bring the car back in six months or less. Then you join this R. A. C. and they get the triptyque thing which enables you to take the car into England and France without payment of duty. See?"



St. Veran, the highest, and probably the windiest commune in France, nearly 7000 feet above sea level in the Savoie Alps, is in interesting contrast to this quiet old English mill in low-lying Warwick. pictured below



"Well what about a driver's license abroad?"

"They tend to all that for you. Through the steamship company. You just give them your license here and six photographs and they arrange everything. The steamship company gets the passports and the visas for England and France, too, and they arrange to have the car ready for us when we get off the boat."

THAT was how Henry Stedman drove the family car along the water front of the North River in New York three months later, and turned in at a covered pier where he was met by an agent of the steamship company who took charge of the car for him. It was a week before the Stedmans were sailing; but owing to the short time at their disposal in Europe, they wished to start out from the boat in the car the day of their arrival abroad, and, therefore, it was decided to send it on ahead and have it ready when they debarked. And it was just two weeks later to the day when the liner carrying the family drew up to the landing stage at Southampton, and as she was being slowly warped into the pier Hank Stedman, leaning against the rail, discovered the car—

"There it is, father—see—just behind those posts, with a man in uniform standing beside it."

Sure enough, there it was. The familiar lines of the body of the car came slowly into view as the big boat drew closer and closer to the dock. But who was the man in uniform standing with one arm on the wheel in such a protective way? Mr. Stedman had ordered no chauffeur—that he could remember. For a moment he began to wonder whether he had been let in for something which he didn't expect; he began to wish he had looked into the whole thing more carefully, that he had read those papers he had signed so hastily just a little more attentively. However—

They clambered down the gangplank and together made a rush for the car. The young man in uniform saw them coming, stepped forward and saluted them. Mr. Stedman was no soldier. This was the first time he had ever been saluted, and he hardly knew whether to take off his cap or shake

hands. But the young man addressed him briskly:

"Mr. Stedman? That's right, sir. All ready on your car here. This is your registration number attached to the front, you see, and your driver's license is in the back pocket. In this case is your six-day itinerary while you are in England. Now if you'll just come with me a moment, sir, and sign the port declarations and the formal receipt for the car, you'll be free to drive off as soon as ever the custom officials have examined your luggage."

Mr. Stedman was somewhat dazed. He had assured the family that in his opinion it would take at least a week before the car was cleared and ready to be driven off the dock. Actually in twenty-six minutes from the time the boat touched the side of the pier all formalities with the car were over, the baggage had been examined, and the Stedman family, well wedged in between bags and suit-cases, was riding through the suburbs of Southampton. Riding, however, very gingerly.

Like many other Americans, Mr. Stedman had been worried about driving in England. He had heard that in England you drive on the left of the road, and all his life he had driven on the right. He speculated on what



The thatched roofs and leaded windows of old houses make English village streets a delight to the eye, while the enduring quality of good workmanship is shown in this 14th Century French bridge which carries modern traffic as if it had been built for it



left-hand driving would be like. He wondered whether he would crash a car at the first corner. He forgot, if, indeed, he ever knew, that several hundred thousand British drivers go to France every season and drive off on the opposite side of the road without any trouble. And once he actually got going, he discovered to his amazement that driving on the left of the road is nothing like as terrible as those who have never tried it imagine. It required, as Mr. Stedman allowed, fifteen or twenty minutes slow and careful driving; a little preliminary sensing of the situation; going quietly and carefully at the first cross roads and points of intersection. At the end of the first two hours, when the party stopped for lunch in the old-world town of Salisbury at an ancient inn called the Royal George, Mr. Stedman felt as though he had driven on the left side of the road all his life. He explained how easy it was and admitted only with great reluctance that he had talked of nothing else but how hard it was going to be all the way over on the boat.



They wandered around the close of the most beautiful cathedral in England for half an hour, and then left Salisbury behind for Exeter, their stopping place for the night according to their itinerary. This itinerary had been worked out by the automobile club before their arrival: it allowed them the maximum of sightseeing in the English countryside and in London that their short stay permitted. Each day's run, with the roads to take, the principal things to be seen, the hotels to stay at, and garages where spare parts for their special make of car could be found, was plainly indicated. They rolled along roads bordered with hedges in sunny green countryside, past little villages with thatched roofs and coaching inns snuggled in their midst, through towns with queer names like Yeovil and Honiton and Chard, and so into Exeter. The hotel at Exeter was good; the cost for two rooms, bath, dinner, and breakfast for the four was just about one-half

what it would have been in New England in mid-summer.

To be sure, they found some things strange and foreign. Gasoline was called "petrol" and tires were called "tyres" and written "tyres." There were many more blind corners than at home, due partly to the high hedges and garden walls, for the English highways, like those on the continent, were built long before automobiles were dreamed of. But this was made up for by the absence of traffic in any volume. On the whole, this lack of traffic was the thing that most impressed the Stedmans on their first day's driving abroad.

IT WAS during their ride the next morning through the heart of Devon, one of the loveliest bits of all English countryside, that Mr. Stedman learned just exactly what he paid nine dollars and a half to join the Royal Automobile Club for. And also why he paid five dollars more for the R. A. C. sign on his radiator. They were riding along when suddenly Henry sitting in the front seat with his father exclaimed:

"Dad, I think we've got a tire going flat."

Now for some time Mr. Stedman had noticed a motorcycle policeman riding just behind them; but as he had not been going especially fast he had paid no attention to him. As Henry spoke he saw in his mirror the cop making signs for him to stop, so drew up beside the road and leaned out to discover that the man on the bicycle was not a cop at all but a representative of the R. A. C. in uniform. He came up with the usual salute.

"Think you have a flat tire, sir?"

And jumping off his motor bike he opened up a tool bag and proceeded to jack up their wheel before any of the Stedmans could voice their amazement. In ten minutes the wheel was expertly changed and the car ready to go on. Ah, yes, he knew the make very well, met quite a lot of them each summer. Was there anything else he could do? There was not. Had they plenty of petrol? They had. Very well. And with that inevitable salute, he was off again on his motor bicycle.

Later on they began to notice these young men in the most unexpected places. They gave the Stedmans the signal to pro-

ceed at cross roads, they directed them to their hotels on the outskirts of big towns, they were always ready with advice of all kinds, and they were never failing in that salute. The one time the tire was changed was the only time they ever had to render assistance, but the fact that they were continually on the job was most reassuring. Even on English roads where the Stedmans could speak the language.

ENGLISH roads, as they soon found out, were the best in the world. It was not only that there was little traffic, but that the surface of the road was so good. Once or twice in England they made little detours to explore villages off the beaten track, to get into the heart of the countryside in a way impossible on the main arteries, and they were continually astonished by their high state of perfection. Village street and Grand Trunk Road and avenue in a London suburb, there was no difference. Everywhere the surface was even and comparable only to the best of our state roads at home.

The second night they spent in the cathedral town of Gloucester, and the following morning a perfect ride through a landscape dotted with farms and hedges and stone churches, with flocks of sheep grazing upon the hillsides and arched bridges of stone rising over narrow streams, brought them into sight of Oxford. They pulled up at the Mitre, one of the most famous inns in all England, just in time for lunch. They spent that afternoon sightseeing at Oxford, and set out the following morning for London. Even nearing the city they found no officious speed cops to mar the pleasure of the trip, and any reasonable rate along this main highway seemed to be permissible. Scattered up and down the road were the everlasting uniforms of the automobile club representatives with their eternal salute. One of them on a motor cycle went several miles toward the city with them in order to show them just the best road to get to their hotel. They struck the heart of London at seven, just in time for dinner on the evening of their fourth day in England.

So far all had gone perfectly. Better than they had expected, certainly, because prices—with the exception of gasoline which ran to thirty cents a gallon—had been low, the weather good, the roads marvelous, the scenery superb. But the next afternoon they were leaving for a new country; for a land whose language none of them understood. Difficulties of all sorts loomed ahead. At the pier at Folkestone the R. A. C. man had reserved accommodation for their car. He took their triptique to be stamped "out" for them, and in another hour the coastline of France stretched before their eyes.

"Well," Mr. Stedman remarked, "we're sure going to miss those boys when we get over there. They've certainly been mighty useful."

But to their surprise another representative of the R. A. C. was on the pier at Boulogne to greet them, facilitate their passage through the customs, and get their car upon the wharf and ready to move on. Once they were through the formalities, which took longer than in England because every-

thing moves more slowly in France, he handed them a small booklet with their itinerary through the country all marked out: roads, towns, stopping places and hotels, just as it had been done in England. Suddenly Mr. Stedman remembered that he had no map—

Again the R. A. C. man jumped forward, and five francs or twenty cents bought a large road map with the main routes plainly marked and numbered. And then once more they started off in a foreign land, this time, however, driving on the right side of the road.

Their first experience with French highways was not reassuring. The road out of Boulogne to Montreuil was terrible. It had been mended many years before, but they found it was full of holes, pitted, and necessitated slow driving. At dusk they came into Montreuil, and seeing a small hotel Mr. Stedman drew up, wondering how he was going to make the man understand what he wanted. Before he could alight the patron was at his side, welcoming them in perfect English, and a few minutes later he ushered them into curious high-ceilinged rooms with large comfortable beds. When they came down later the host inquired just what they wanted for dinner, and in half an hour they could smell an omelette cooking in the kitchen across the hall. Their bill the next morning for the two rooms, breakfast and dinner, was two hundred and twenty francs, or about eight dollars for four people.

They reached Paris by the very simple expedient of following the map and the signs on the road. The Routes Nationales, as the main roads are called in France, are all plainly marked every few kilometers with large numbers. Under the number of the Route there is the name of the next town, and by picking out each town just ahead and keeping on Route 35, they had not the slightest difficulty, passing through Amiens, touching the fringe of the war country, and rolling into Paris that evening fully convinced of two things. First that it was

twice as cheap to travel in France as in England, and second that the roads were about one-half as good.

During the two days they were in Paris they used taxicabs for all their sightseeing, because they were cheaper and quicker. As in London the thing that surprised them was the great number of American cars around everywhere. Indeed, they soon discovered in traveling through Europe that all the large American makes like Ford, Dodge, Buick, Chrysler, Packard and others maintained excellently equipped service stations, with competent mechanics, in nearly every town of any size in France. This reassured them considerably, for there was no R. A. C. man to salute them at every cross road and make sure that the car was going as it should go.

THEIR first venture out of Paris was along Route Nationale Number Seven. Number Seven, chosen for them by the R. A. C. in making up their French itinerary, is one of the most famous of all roads in France. It bisects the entire country from Paris to the Mediterranean in the South; parts of it are reeking with history, and large portions along the southern end near the Italian frontier, which it reaches at Mentone, were originally constructed by Caesar for his legionaries who marched from the Forum at Rome to conquer the unruly tribes in Gaul. Yet although this was midsummer upon a main road, traffic was surprisingly light. In fact, all through their journey in France they would ride for hours without meeting a car. Whenever they did meet a car they found it advisable to give it plenty of room. No Frenchman considers he is traveling unless he moves at something like eighty miles an hour, no matter how perfect—or imperfect—the surface of the road. In France, as Mr. Stedman soon discovered, there is no speed limit and every one breaks it.

So far they had found touring in France inexpensive with one exception. That one exception was gasoline. Gas, or essence, as the French call it, was dear and not especially good at the price—which was about forty-two-cents a gallon. However, that was about the only thing that was not cheap. Good accommodations at good hotels along the road were reasonable. Two rooms, dinner and breakfast with garage and a wash for the car thrown in, usually averaged between three hundred and three hundred and fifty francs a day.

"Three fifty francs, that's about eleven dollars and a half. Try eleven dollars and a half on a party of four in a hotel in America during the summer tourist rush and see how far it'll get you," said Mr. Stedman as he paid his bill at Lyons.

Leaving Lyons they soon found themselves following the valley of the Rhône, and before long were penetrating into Languedoc, some of the most picturesque country in all France. Red tiled roofs sheltering white walled houses began to appear, cypress trees lined the roads, and geraniums clambered along the walls and blossomed on every side. Grape vines and olive groves ran in orderly rows

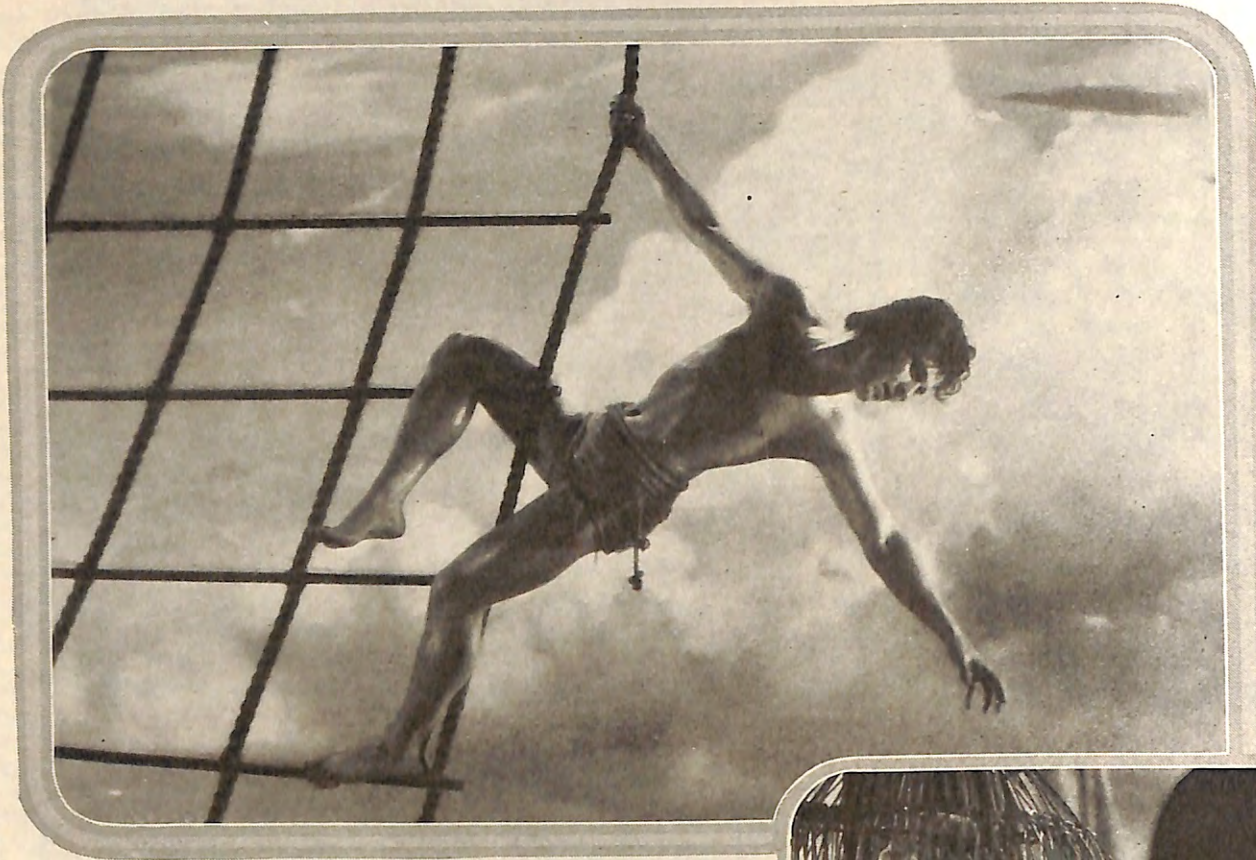
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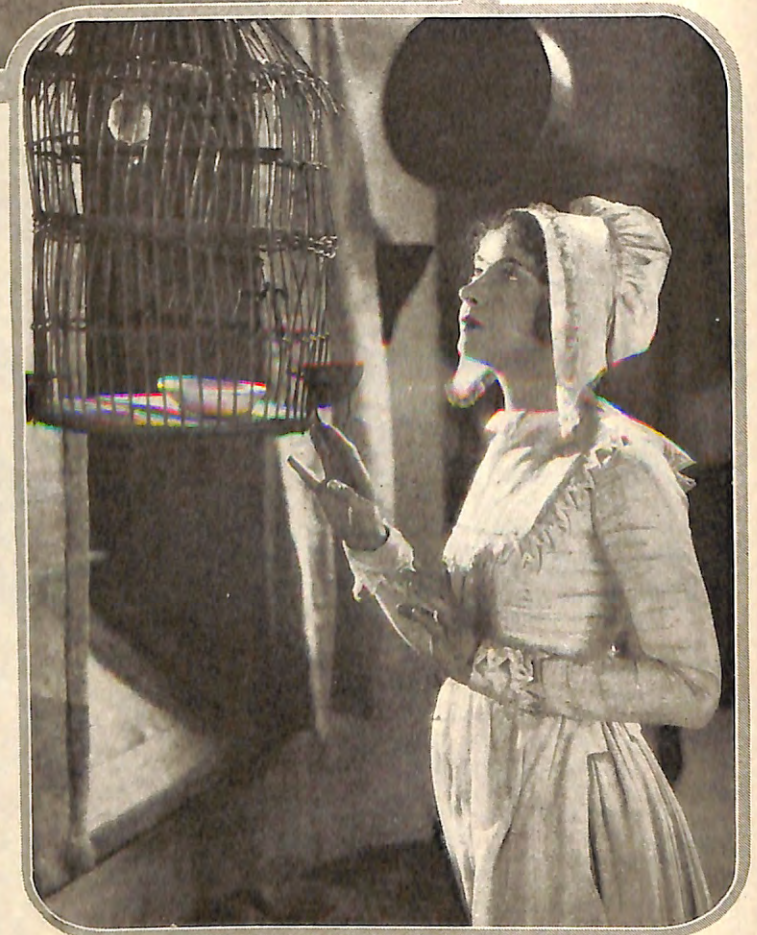
Three Scenes
from
"The Volga Boatman"

THE smoldering strife between Russia's beaten peasants and arrogant princes flaming into bloody revolution is the background for the love of the Princess Vera (Elinor Fair) for a Volga boatman (William Boyd) whose indomitable spirit is unbroken by the years of toiling in harness. The love story Konrad Bercovici has written is dramatic, but is overshadowed by the greater drama of the revolution which culminates in the scene above, in which the dandies and dainty ladies of the court are harnessed to the boats and goaded by their former serfs—E. R. B.



The handsome Ramon Navarro (above) serving his time as a Roman galley slave in the screen version of "Ben Hur." Lew Wallace's novel makes a stirring picture what with its sea fights and chariot races, dashing Roman soldiers and alluring oriental maidens

Lillian Gish (right) is a most indefatigable actress. With "La Bohème" just finished she is already deep in the task of recreating the heroine of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." Lars Hanson will play opposite her as the Reverend Dimmesdale



The end of the season has produced a melodrama called "Kongo," the work of Chester De Vonde and Kilbourn Gordon, which has considerable merit as a thriller. Walter Huston (left) does excellently with the part of a crippled and embittered slave-driver who is foiled in some of his best efforts to make the punishment fit the crime

The Winthrop Ames production of "Iolanthe" is such a revival as lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan dream of and very rarely see. It is a lavish production with a minimum of waste in the department of scenic fripperies and a discriminating extravagance in the matter of cast. There is, first of all, Ernest Lawford, the Lord Chancellor (right) whose acting more than atones for any vocal shortcomings; John Barclay, heretofore known as a successful concert artist; John Humbird Duffey, Lois Bennett, William Williams and many others



FLORENCE VANDAM

In place of the pert chicness of the French frock Bessie Love wears in the picture below, her next screen release will present her in the demure disguise of an earlier generation. She will play the title rôle in a dramatization of "Lovey Mary," the book which was the logical sequence to the popularity of Alice Hegan Rice's "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"



AMBE

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



HARTBOOK

Dolores Del Rio (above) will have the rôle of the French girl Charmaine, in the movie version of "What Price Glory," with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as the rival Marines

The Wreck of the Red Wing

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Douglas Duer



Part IV.

I MAY as well say here as anywhere else, that people who doubt the possibility of such a feat as Bowen's—walking, alone into a hostile village drawn up for war, and carrying off the situation by a brilliant mixture of tact and bluff—may find in Papuan records an account of a deed very similar, performed years after by Papua's famous Governor, Murray, at a coastal village near to Goari-Bari, where Chalmers the missionary had been killed not long before.

I did not wake all that afternoon and night. It was well on in the next day when I again became conscious of myself, and saw, with a little bewilderment at first, the gliding bank and the gradually widening estuary. A clean salt breeze blew up from the sea; I realized that we had made a quick trip, down the river, and that the terrible Fly, with all its adventures, its horrors, its wonders, was slipping into the past.

I watched till the last of the nipas, the last of the mangroves was gone; till the winds and the wide yellow waves of the Gulf took the schooner in their clutch, and sent her rolling fiercely, booms slapping, cordage creaking on her long way south.

Then I got out of Bowen's bunk and went, by slow degrees, along the deck and up on to the little poop. If I had not found Laurie there, I should have been very much astonished. But I did find her. She was sitting on a deck chair beside Paul; they had plates in their laps, and—if I mistook not—Paul was feeding her with a spoon.

When they saw me, they both jumped up together, and offered me everything that was on the ship. I gathered that they felt themselves considerably obliged by something I had done or hadn't done. The matter was never discussed, because I would not have it; I stopped them when they began. So that was that; and I had dinner.

I didn't ask questions until I had fed. The presence of Laurie—well, cheerful, and wearing the best of the frocks she had hurriedly packed in her bundle—answered most of them in any case. But I felt that we were very far from being out of the wood. Laurie was technically Mrs. Herod Pascoe, and it would take a good deal to disentangle her from that complication. Paul, it might be presumed, was short of a job, once more. All of us were more or less at the mercy of an entirely unscrupulous man, who owned nearly every boat then running in the Coral Sea, and who would undoubtedly be on the

lookout for us. To get down to "T. I." and civilization, past the patrols that Herod would certainly have set, was no light job. You can not sail, or steam from New Guinea to Australia, at the Daru end, by simply setting your course south-westward, and running ahead. There's the huge Warrior Reef to reckon with right in the way, and other reefs and shallows innumerable. Ships go "cat-a-corner" from one country to the other or they don't go at all.

Herod, of course, knew this; knew that there were only about two ways by which we could come, unless we elected to run for Port Moresby, which was more than twice as far, and in those days, practically uninhabited. We should have done no good by going there; and that too he knew. I thought it almost certain that he would be about again, active as ever, and twice as dangerous, by now, and I was very sure—knowing what I did—that he would be prepared to make a last, gigantic effort, sparing nobody and nothing in its course, to secure the end towards which he had fought for nearly fifteen years.

BOWEN'S plan, I found, was to run down to Thursday, leave Laurie and myself there, and then make back to Farewell Island, in order to deal with Herod on his own account. I found one flaw in this; I was very anxious to deal with Herod myself, and did not care to be left out.

"I'll be as fit as a fiddle in a week or so," I told him. "You can't have all the fun to yourself, Bowen, any more than you've all the grudge to yourself. I'll come back from T. I. with you."

"Don't know what you propose to do," he said, striking a match sharply on the rail. "Two men can't fight one, even if you—"

"I daresay I could render a fair account of myself, if necessary, and we might draw lots for the first blow," I told him, not without a touch of sarcasm. "But as a matter of fact, what I wanted to do was to have him arrested for murder."

Bowen paused, and let his match go out. "If you're right in what you think about that—" he said.

"If! I know I am."

"Well then, get him arrested six times over if you choose, but do, like a good fellow, let me have him first. I can't sleep," he told me. "I can't rest, I can't have any peace, till I've seen his ugly nose laid flat on his fat cheeks, and his mug split open up to his back teeth, and every front tooth he has, spit out on the ground."

"Agreed," I said. "You shall have full opportunity for everything you mention."

So we planned, not knowing that Fate had been before us, and cut out the cloth after an entirely different fashion.

CHAPTER VIII

I THINK it was that night, that we anchored off the notorious spot called Bramble Cay. All sailors south of the Line know Bramble Cay; if they have not had bitter reason to curse it themselves, they are sure to have heard many a tale of woe told by less lucky mariners.

I fancy Paul Bowen was curious about it; anyhow, the weather being unusually good for the time of year, and daylight favoring us, he ran much closer to Bramble than ships, under steam or sail, commonly do, and when it became clear that we could not get comfortably away from that dangerous neighborhood before night, he found holding ground to the north side, and declared his intention of going ashore.

There is nothing to see on Bramble, but I, and Laurie looked at it with the interest of more-or-less sea-going folk, as Bowen brought the *Susan* slowly along under power, and found his anchorage. Under the blaze of late afternoon, set in a world of blue-diamond ripples, the wicked Cay lay basking, white and bare. Its length was seemingly about a quarter of a mile, no more, but as we looked, with the aid of a glass, we could count no less than three ship's anchors sticking up within full view, and catch glimpses of significant bits of wreckage further on. An ocean graveyard is Bramble, sinister and barren—yet it has its value to the natives of the New Guinea coast. Turtle nest there; seabirds lay eggs in myriads. The Papuan, in his light canoe of next to no draught, does not fear reefs or shoals; and he counts Bramble, hated of white men, as one of the best larders provided for him by kindly Nature.

There was a canoe off the Cay when we anchored; a small fishing craft, such as a man could carry. The native who owned it was ashore, very busy sounding the sands with a stick for turtle nests.

"Let's go and see," cried Laurie. "I love hunting turtle eggs."

I didn't go ashore with them; even if I had been fit to do so, I was not such a fool as to think of it. They stayed a long while. It was dinner-time by and by, and I ate, and the boy to keep food for the Captain and the lady. And I lay in a long chair by the rail, and watched the stars prick out in tens and thousands.

I was half sleepy when the grind of oars in rowlocks sounded at last, and the dinghy came nosing along against the ship's side. Laurie was over the rail first, light as a sand-piper; Bowen followed her. In the glow of the big deck lantern, I could see their faces; they were dreamy, happy, and yet sad. . . .

"So!" I said to myself. "You play the game, Paul. By Gad, you deserve her, and when Herod's hanged, I hope you have half a hundred years her." Aloud I said—"Well, what did you see?" I didn't want to know; I asked only out of politeness. It frightens me yet, sometimes, to think what might have happened, had I been just a little less polite.

"It was very beautiful," answered Laurie. "The sea and the sunset and the—and everything. We walked about a lot, and we saw a turtle nest, with the young turtles just coming out and scuttling down to the sea—and birds, screaming and flying about, and smelly egg shells; and eggs. There was green weedy stuff growing; Paul said it was scurvy cabbage, and might have saved someone's life, some time. It was so lonely, and so wild—and just we two there!—I could have stayed for ever. And when the moon began coming up, it was lovelier than before. But a horrible thing happened—Bert, these are horrid places, all of them, no matter what they look like!"

"New Guinea is fair-faced and black-hearted; so they say," I answered her. "What side of her black heart did she show you?"

"WE WERE standing looking at the moonlight, away out at the other side of the island, where there are lots of pieces of wreck. And there was a big stretch of bare sand in front of us, it went a long way, and it was pale gray in the twilight. And I noticed a shadow come across the moon, but I didn't think anything of it; it spread across the sand the way shadows do, and I was watching it. And then Paul said, in a funny voice. "Come away" and took my arm and began to pull me along. So I



said, "What for? I don't want to go yet." But he told me again "Come!" and when I wouldn't, he said, very quick, "Laurie look at that shadow, and look at the moon." So I looked, and the moon was clear—clear as a six-pence; but there was the shadow, and it came on. "It's rats," said Paul. "Run." O my goodness, we ran! and the shadow didn't stop, it kept spreading on, in a half-curve, just as if it had really been a shadow, and getting bigger. But we got to the dinghy first and jumped in and rowed away. So then the shadow stopped; I kept looking back to see; and—Bert, Bert!—it all broke up and went running away! Ugh!"

"I suppose the rats came off the different wrecks from time to time," I said, "and live on eggs mostly. I daresay they would have been well pleased with a change of diet."

"If we hadn't had the boat," she shivered. "It would have been like Bishop Hatto in the poem you taught me. I never thought that was true—before."

Still being polite, I asked her—"What else did you see?"

"Only the native who was fishing. He hadn't got anything. He must have been a signed-on boy somewhere; he was using a trade hook and line, and he talked pigeon English."

"Yes?" I said, bored. Paul had come back now, and was standing beside my chair, with his arm touching Laurie's. He looked up at the stars, and made some prosaic remark about the latitude we were in. I suppose he thought I didn't see the sway of Laurie's fluent figure toward him, the gliding of his arm round her waist. . . .

"By the way," he remarked, "the native we met seems to be superstitious sort of a cuss; he says these islands are full of ghosts."

"I don't wonder," was my comment. "They've been violent deaths enough."

"He says there's a ghost on one of the islands—which is it?—away to the sou-west; a woman with her feet turned the wrong way—"

"I know. It's a familiar figure in folklore. You die if you meet her. Curious, how these root-ideas persist, all over the—"

"SHE screams like a banshee, or the Papuan equivalent, and any canoe that goes near enough to see or hear her gets wrecked right away. She brought on the big blow there was about six weeks ago, and she sunk a launch just recently. The fellow believed it like gospel. You should have seen him; he whispered as if he was afraid some one'd hear him, and his face turned that yellow color they do turn, when they're properly scared. Two Brothers—that was the name of the island. . . . Why, Polson, I've scared you now; you're looking as yellow as he did."

I had risen to my feet; I was trying to find words, and choking, almost, in the effort. "I—I—" was all that came. "What's the matter?" cried Laurie, eyeing me with the sharp intolerance that youth holds ready for any display of emotion or weakness in its elders. "Spit it out," said Bowen, cheerfully. "Do you happen to know the lady?" He meant the query for pure sarcasm; but I answered it literally.

"I do—my God, I do!" Then, turning sharply on him—"Can you get away at once?"

"No," was the young captain's answer, curt and unqualified.

"And even if a life depended on it?"

"Several lives do—on my stopping where I am till I can see my way by daylight. What's the row?"

But Laurie knew; she was all alight by now. "Bert," she screamed, "is it Aunt Sue?"

"God forgive me," I answered. "I think



it is—and I went past her on that devil's rock, and—”

“You couldn't have done anything else. Do you think I would have stopped—then?” All the cruelty of young love spoke in her voice. “Besides,” she went on, “nobody could have known—you said yourself it was fancy. . . . How do you think you know now? Didn't Tom say

Laurie outstripped me and Paul. She scrambled up the spire of rock in less time than you could have counted ten

she fell overboard and was drowned?” “Laurie,” I cried impatiently, “is it possible you don't realize yet that she was murdered by that fiend of a husband of hers—if she didn't escape? How do you sup-

pose he was going to clear the way for you?”

“To—clear—the—way—” she repeated slowly, as if dazed. Then suddenly, almost fiercely, came again the questions she had put to me before—how long ago it seemed!

“Who am I?”

“I don't care who you are, the Queen of Sheba or the devil's first cousin,” I answered her. “I don't know—”

"That's not true. You know something."
"I only guess, and this isn't the time—
Do you realize that she's maybe dying while
we talk?"

"How do you—"

"It fits—it fits too well. Six weeks ago
was the time she sailed for Thursday, and
never came back. If she'd escaped that
black brute, she might have been on some
one of the outer islands ever since. The
natives up there have never seen a white
woman; they wouldn't believe she was real—
and the coincidence of the storms—why,
it fits like a glove. Two Brothers is the very
place where a lot of the bad weather brews.
The turned feet? They may have just
thrown that in, or she may be lame. To
think she may be there—to-night—on that
barren rock, dying for want of food or water,
while we have everything we can need—
Don't talk to me; I can't bear it."

Laurie slipped away. I think she was
glad to go. For her, there was no sorrow in
the world but sorrow that touched Paul,
no love but the love that united her to him.
Somebody else's love, suffering, were merely
a tiresome interlude.

Bowen was more sympathetic. "I know
how you must feel," he said. ("You don't,"
I thought.) "I'll have the ship off by
daybreak, and we'll run down to Two
Brothers in no time at all. Be there the day
after with any luck." Then, suddenly, as a
new idea struck his mind—"Why, Polson,
old chap, this means she's free to marry me.
I say—I didn't realize. I say, what ripping
luck!—Laurie! Laurie!"

You may be sure I was waking early.
Bowen had kept his promise; it was barely
gray cat-light, when he heaved anchor and
swung the *Susan* on to her southward way,
engine going and all sails set. Marigold-
colored, the morning broke on the Gulf,
and with it came a merry breeze that sent
the water gabbling along our keel. We went
fast toward Two Brothers, but not faster—
not half so fast—as my heart that flew
before.

It was, as Paul had promised, early on the
second day after a night at anchor when we
made the island. I had been watching
through a glass, and as we came near, I
swept every rock, every tuft of starved pale
bush on the island. Two Brothers, shaped
like a gigantic cup reversed upon a colossal
saucer, stood up hard and yellow in the
hard blue sky, bare of all life. There was
no one on it.

I LAID down the glass with a sigh. "Of
course," I said, "there's no certainty till
we've been all over the place."

"I suppose not," agreed Bowen. "Pity
I didn't call on the way up, as Pascoe told
me to."

"What! you never called? but, of course,
you didn't or you'd have seen her."

"If she was there," he qualified. "No,
I didn't call, and I didn't stop at Daru;
that's where you were out. I chose to use
my own judgment. Sooner there, sooner
back, I thought."

"Then—if things had gone as that devil
meant them to, and he'd despatched Tom to
fetch you back again—"

"Tom wouldn't have found me. I
wonder did our friend calculate on that?"

I thought it more
than probable. The
queer kink in Herod's
character that held
him back from outright
lying was a kink only.
If by speaking the
simple truth—by telling
us the orders he had

given—he could lead Laurie and myself to
believe a black lie—to suppose that by the
sacrifice of all she held most dear, she would
certainly save her lover—then, he was the
man to commit that last infamy.

Scarce able to walk yet, I insisted that I
should join the landing party. It seemed to
me that no eyes, in this search, could be so
keen as mine, and I was resolved, in the most
literal sense of the phrase, to leave no stone
unturned. We tramped the shingly beach;
we peered into every cleft, down every gully;
we skirted round great yellow boulders as
big as cottages, and came, unexpectedly,
upon tiny blessed oases full of green shade
and matted, bloomy creepers. But always
the hard blue sea, menacing, barren, met
us at every turn, stared us out of counte-
nance at the end of each rocky pass; always
the opening that seemed to lead somewhere,
to promise discoveries, turned out to be
another false passage closing in like a trap.
Above us the rocky dome of the island rose
high, far higher than it had looked from the
sea beyond; but there was scarce cover on
it for a dog; certainly, Susan, had she been
on the island, could not have hidden her-
self there. Bowen scrambled up, and made
quite sure of that, before we turned back
to the circular flat beach again, and, in the
failing light, tramped aimlessly about and
about unwilling to give up hope while the
last chance remained.

I WAS disappointed, but very far from
despairing. I did not mean to fail in my
search.

"She has been here," I said to myself;
and again, as the night shut down on the
barren islands of Torres, and the lonely sea—
"She has been here."

Dreams!—who that has lost does not
know the torment of them? That torment
had been mine for many weeks. It was so
no more. "She is alive," I thought. "She
is alive." And happiness flooded through
me, as the tides through Torres Straits.

It was Paul Bowen who took command of
the search next morning. I found him
changed; last night, he had been merely the
riotous, romping youth, the gay sailor
ashore, enjoying with zest a colossal lark in
the company of Laurie. To-day he drew on
his sea-lore, the years of sailing-ship training
that had made and toughened him. He had
a wonderful stock of reminiscences in point;
before he had done citing instances, I began
to think that at least half the world was
occupied more or less continually in being
cast away, while most of the other half went
in search of it. . . .

Even on a sailing ship, even in tropic seas,
time passes not altogether unnoted—
though there is no place left in a world all
but bankrupt of leisure, so leisurely as the
deck of a schooner, ketch, or brigantine,
afloat between twenty-three north and
twenty-three south. Paul's tales were done;
the sun was mounting higher; it became in-
cumbent on us all to decide what should be
done next. Where were we going to look for
Susan?

The sailor settled that. He took a chart
and a pair of dividers, and drew a circle

round Two Brothers. "This represents
the distance she might have traveled if she'd
got a native canoe," he explained. "We'll
visit all these islands as quickly as we can.
If she's on none of them, and there's no
news from any natives we may come across,
why, then we'll draw a bigger circle taking
in all the places she might have got to on
some stray sailing vessel—a lugger from
T. I. running further north than usual,
or maybe a goldfields schooner on the way
to Port Moresby. I don't think she's dead,"
he added, piercing at once to the heart of the
nameless fear that had begun to take hold of
me. "You see, a castaway leaves his bones
about if he dies; 't isn't one time in a hundred
that he goes and drowns himself or gets
eaten by a shark. And a woman is even
less likely to; she keeps out of harm's way.
No; I bet she's been taken off. It happens
that way mostly."

His calm way of summing up matters
appealed to me. I began to see this question
of castaways and their fate as an ordinary
affair enough, a class of accidents fully
understood by the experts in that especial
line, much as fires are understood by insur-
ance people or breakdowns by railway
engineers. Paul Bowen knew all about
wrecks and castaways and the rest; he
would see us through. The end of it I never
doubted—I did not dare to.

We began our cruise within half an hour.
For three days we raked every island in
the compass of the first circle. I will not
weary you with the tale. We met with no
success.

ON THE third night, the weather was
stormy, and Bowen anchored the *Susan*
well inside a small natural harbor at the lee
side of one of the larger islands. Snuggled
down for the night, lying right under the
central hill, the little ship was invisible,
unless you came right up to the opening
of the bay. It had been a ticklish piece of
work to put her in, and Paul was rather
pleased with himself.

We had hunted the island as usual, and
now under the lee of the rocky crags that
filled the center of the island we were riding
at anchor, in comfort; the moon just coming
up over the top of the hill, and the narrow
white beaches of the harbor beneath its
light, looking like civilized roads set round
the bay.

It was a long time since I had seen white
roads shine out in the moonlight; and, though
these were but visionary roads, they held
my fancy. I wanted to leave the ship, to
go a-walking under the cool, solitary moon;
to follow those pale beaches round to the
back of the island, and feel myself, for the
first time in many days, alone.

I said something to that effect, and was
answered with a hearty acquiescence, a
ready desire to meet my lightest wish, that
might have been flattering, if I had not
known its meaning. After all, a sixty-ton
schooner is a small place for two lovers to
exchange confidences in, unless they have
it quite to themselves—save for the "boys,"
who, of course, do not count as human
beings.

Bowen put me ashore with cheerful
celerity, told me on no account to hurry,
and returned to the ship, whis-
tling "The Sailor's Wife the
Sailor's Star
Shall Be."

Conscious
only of the
crashing wind and sea, and the coral clinkers
(Continued on page 74)





"What's in a Name" is an Old Question
that Tim Somers Answers in a New Way

Rabbit Ears

By Norman Beasley

Drawings by Arthur G. Dove

IT WAS an insignificant paragraph shoved off in the lower right-hand corner of a New York morning newspaper. It read—

FORT WORTH, Texas, June 2—Tim Somers pitched his second no-hit game of the season for the Fort Worth Panthers in the Texas league yesterday afternoon. The pitcher gave two bases on balls, hit one batsman, and struck out eleven of the thirty men who faced him.

Joe Burkett, chief of the scouting staff for the Greys, saw the lines. He read them once—twice . . . snorted in disgust and threw the newspaper to the floor beside his bed. He snorted again after staring straight up at the ceiling for a full minute. But, he reached down, picked up the newspaper and read the paragraph a third time.

"Humpf!" Joe grunted as he tore out the offending item. For, in various ways, it did offend him.

Then . . . his heels hit the floor and he went into the bathroom, doused his head under the ice-water faucet, forgot the glories of the bath he had promised himself after a week of train rides, and fumbled into his clothes. Late the previous night he had reported to Larry McHune, manager of the Greys—reported that he had turned his thumbs on the young left-hander he had been sent out to see and—if impressed—buy.

McHune was not in the dining-room when Burkett reached downstairs. Nor was he in his accustomed chair in the lobby of the hotel. Joe glanced at the clock—the hands registered ten minutes past seven. The problem of Larry's absence immediately explained itself, and snatching up a desk telephone he told the operator to connect him with McHune's room.

"Hello! Hello!" rasped McHune's sleepy voice after a period of incessant ringing.

"This is Burkett. When are you coming downstairs?"

"What's the idea—waking me up at this time in the morning? Is the place on fire?"

"I want to see you."

"See me when I come down."

"Can't wait."

"Come upstairs, then!" Joe heard Larry

been a teammate. He had grown to understand his manager's tempestuous temper. With the grin still wrinkling his face Joe bolted for the closing doors of an elevator. In another minute he was pounding on the door to McHune's room.

"Come in!" he heard a voice roar. Joe stepped inside to see Larry climbing back into bed, after having unlocked the door. "I don't know what it is all about, but it had better be good or I'll tear off your clothes," threatened McHune, as he doubled his pillow under his head and waited.

Burkett answered by smoothing out the torn piece of newspaper and holding it out for the other to read.

"Well?" questioned McHune, raising his eyes.

"There's the bird—"

"Shut up! For the love of a base hit, did you get me out of bed at this hour to pull that ancient gag?"

"Listen—"

"Listen," nothing. All I've heard from you for the last five years is this guy Somers. Tim Somers. Old Rabbit Ears, himself! And you come up here, almost before it is daylight, and before you've been in town ten hours and begin warbling that tune. I send you out to see a rah-rah boy who's been standing batters on their ears, and you get back to tell me he's worse than a dead razzberry. Spend half the night explaining that, and then wake me up the first thing in the morning to spread the rash about Tim Somers. Get out. Go on downstairs and drink some strong coffee. You'll feel better."

Burkett did not move.

McHune turned on his side, presenting a hunched-up back to his chief scout. Burkett, in silence, again read the newspaper clipping which he had retrieved from the floor where Larry had flung it. He waited there, saying nothing, until McHune, turning and staring at him, irritably cried:

"You still here?"

"Further than that . . . I'm sticking."

McHune ungraciously presented his back again but Joe knew he was listening.

"You sent me all the way to Nebraska to look over a Cornhusker who has nothing but a glove and a B. A. . . . whatever

slam down the receiver. A queer, puckering smile appeared on his lips. Thin lips, they were—thin, with criss-crossing wrinkles that gave the mouth a withered appearance of tightness. Years before Joe had been a great catcher and Larry McHune had

that is," argued Joe. "If that baby can get by in the big league so can I—with my putty arm. But, Tim Somers—"

"Ye Gods!" wailed McHune.

"Tim Somers can come back," continued the scout, unperturbed. "I know he can. Rabbit ears, or no rabbit ears, Tim Somers is one of the wisest horsehide throwers in the business. Speed. Curves. Control—and a noodle to go with his stuff. I don't care if the Greys have given him three trials, I know that Somers is a pitcher—a real pitcher. A better pitcher than some of these bozos who are drawing fancy salaries from us twice a month.

"I know what you're thinking, Larry. You're thinking that any pitcher is lucky who turns in a no-hitter. Well, let me tell you something . . . that style of luck doesn't hit twice in a season, in any league. You gotta have some merchandise along with the prayer. I'm telling you that any pitcher who has been working as Tim Somers has been working in the Texas league is one sweet curver. Furthermore, if it was any one but Tim you would have had me hot-footing it to Texas before this."

"Why doesn't Connie go after him? He needs pitchers as much as we do."

"For the same reason that you're off him," exploded Joe. "When one of you managers turns down a guy after a couple of trials you all think alike. You think he can't be any good. You all chorus 'if McHune, or Connie, or whoever it is, don't want him, I don't want him.'" Joe grimaced. "You know you say that. All of you say that. I've heard you."

"Yes. Yes," drawled McHune. "But, Somers has been up three times."

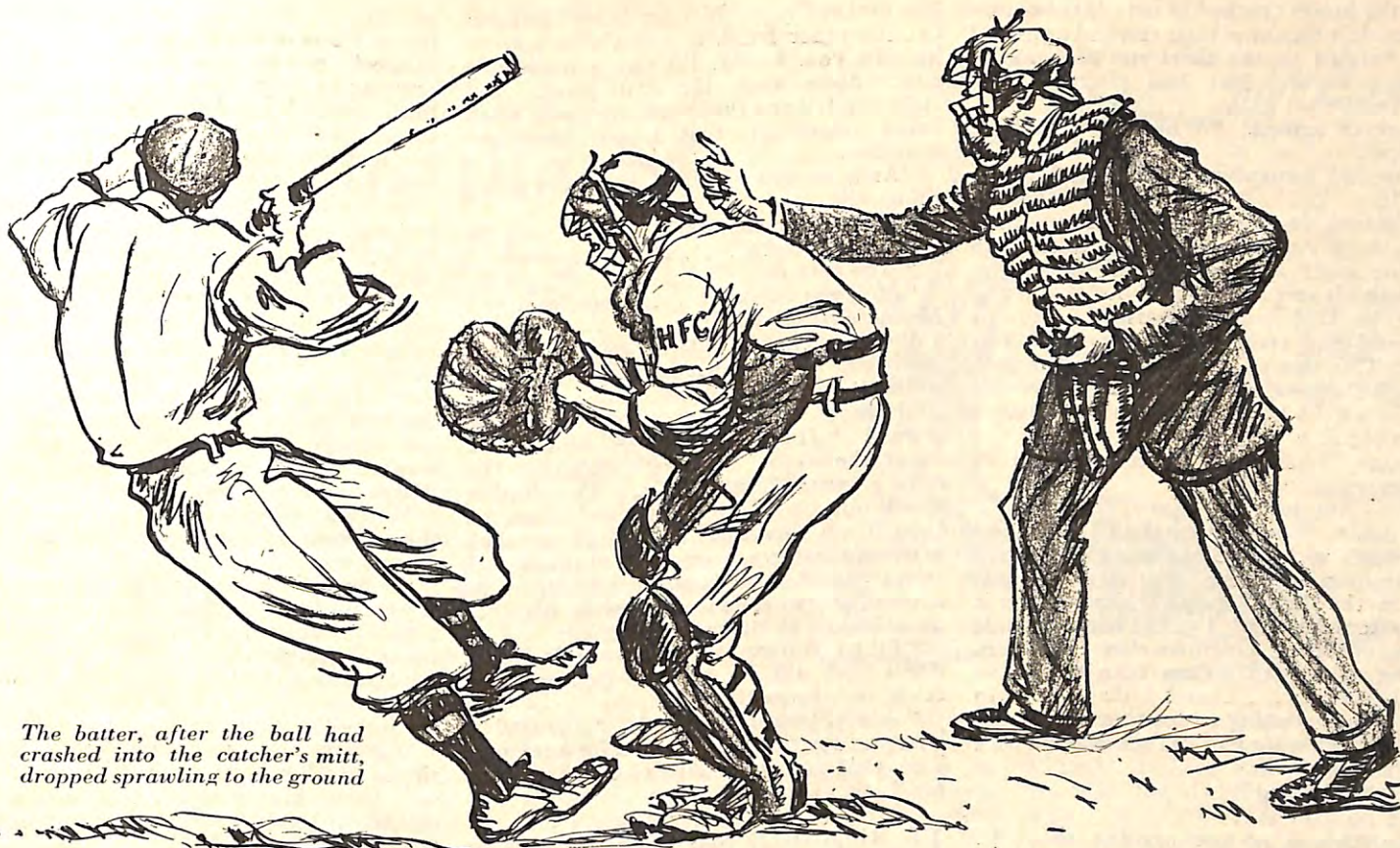
"What of it?"

"In the old days you didn't have to come up three times to make good in the big leagues."

"What if I didn't. Ballplayers aren't all alike."



"How de do, Mr. Somers," they grinned



The batter, after the ball had crashed into the catcher's mitt, dropped sprawling to the ground

"Which is something to be thankful for."

"Lay off that patronizing stuff, Larry."

"I'm not being patronizing, Joe. I'm just trying to set you right."

"Good. Then, let me go and get Somers."

McHune sat up on the side of the bed, put his hand on Burkett's knee and in earnestness said:

"Be reasonable, Joe. You know, just as well as I do, what it would mean to the Greys—to me . . . to all of us, to have just one more good pitcher. A pennant—that's all. And we all can use the extra cash that goes with a world's series. I have that little piece memorized just as well as you have. But, Somers! Would cost us plenty, now that we've cut the draft strings on him, and what would we get out of it . . . nothing! Nothing at all. Sorenson and McGuire are still in this league—still with the Wasps. They got Somers' goat in the beginning and they never let it stop bleating.

"I know he's a good pitcher. Probably he could be a great one, if he'd have his ears pinned back to keep them from flapping. I liked the kid, when he first came up. Fresh out of college and had a lot of stuff. Plenty of it. It was nothing against him that he had to dish up beans in a hash house to pay his way through school but when Sorenson and McGuire started yelling 'rost beff,' 'pitch pie,' 'strawberry cake,' and that stuff at him he should have ignored it. Paid no attention and the goat-getters would have passed up that stuff. But, he didn't. Every time they started he went into the air higher than Gilroy's kite. I got tired sending up little paper streamers after him to bring him down."

"Damn Sorenson and McGuire—I wish they were both in China," snarled Burkett.

"So do I—unless I had them on my ball team," returned McHune. "A couple of nifty hitters. Both of them. They started the wolves after Somers the first time and they never let up, afterwards. I thought Tim, after getting seasoned, would get over it. He didn't. He's a decent kid and I hate to think it about him, but I guess he's yellow."

"You're wrong," growled the coach stubbornly. "No pitcher could do what he has done down in the Big Bend district and be yellow. I don't give a whoop in Hades about Sorenson and McGuire, either. I want Tim Somers back here. I want you to send me after him."

McHune got up from the bed, went into the bath, turned on the shower and Burkett could hear him grunting as the cold water sprayed over him. Then, Larry came out, rubbing himself with a huge towel.

"What time can you catch a train for Texas?" he asked.

"Right after breakfast."

"Wait a minute," he cautioned, as Burkett started for the door. "You haven't sold me on Somers. Get me straight on that. What I'm thinking about is curing you of a bad habit—Someritis!" McHune chuckled. "Go and get him—with this understanding . . . if he doesn't make good this time, it's the sticks for you next year as a small-town manager and . . . I'll send Rabbit Ears along to keep you company."

Joe with his fingers on the door knob, paused, smiled his queer puckering smile, and responded:

"All right. You've made a condition so I'll make one. When Somers comes back I'm going to have something to say about how he works, when he works . . . and why. In other words, I'm going to have the call on him."

"Huh!"

"You understand me."

"I sort of had the idea that I was manager of this ball team," drawled McHune.

"You are. But, this time, you aren't going to have anything to do with Tim Somers until he gets his feet on the ground."

McHune smiled, tolerantly. "Maybe, you're figuring on taking him into grand opera, with this personal manager stuff."

Burkett displayed signs of losing his temper. "If I don't know my business—"

"Forget it, Joe," placated Larry. "If you say you can make a big-leaguer out of

Tim Somers I'm for it. You have my sympathy, best wishes and blessing. Only, understand, I'm in the angle, too. I'll get mine from the funny guys who write baseball for the newspapers. They'll say I'm a fine manager—having a pitcher three times, letting him go three times . . . and, buying him back for a fourth trial. They'll be right, too. I'm not going to be the goat. You are in it with me. So, remember what I've told you about the sticks and next year if he doesn't come through, I'll keep that promise, so help me Jimmy Robinson."

THE Fort Worth Panthers were playing in San Antonio, stopping at a hotel close by the Alamo. Members of the team were sitting, chairs tilted back against the front of the rambling building when Billy Arnst, their manager, spied a stranger coming up the street. Arnst watched while the wide-shouldered man, lugging a suit-case, cut diagonally across and under the tall palms in the center of the boulevard.

"Hey! Joe Burkett!" yelled Arnst, springing up and advancing with outstretched hand.

"Lo, Billy."

"Got your wire. Been expecting you," grinned Arnst, falling into step.

"Have?"

"Yep. So has Tim."

"Humpf!" What's Tim got to say for himself?"

"Not much, excepting he won't go back to the Greys."

"Why?"

"Says he's cured on this big-league stuff. Don't know as I blame him."

"What's the gag? Trying to do a little blackjacking on the price?"

"Nope. But I will if there's a chance."

"Any one else after him?"

"Hardly. They're all gun shy. Think because McHune couldn't make a winner out of him that no one can. Still, he hasn't been so rotten for me. Lost two games since the beginning of the season. The Broncs caught him offstride and licked him, four to

one; the Steers checked in over him because we couldn't hit one of their crooked arms and Tim finished on the short end of a one to nothing count. Not bad pitching, Joe. Not bad."

Burkett smiled. "Where is Tim?" he inquired.

"Around somewhere. I'll find him for you."

Upstairs, in Burkett's room an hour later, Billy Arnst and Burkett formed an arguing group around a blonde giant, who sat with his feet shoved well out in front of him. Burkett had just finished a fevered plea and had ended it by saying: "You know, Tim, you're getting old for baseball. Twenty-eight—eh? If you don't come this time you ain't going to get another chance in the big ring."

"Don't want it." Hostility flared in Somers' eyes.

"Yes, you do."

"I don't. You know that all I got in my three trials with the Greys was a lot of hard cussing from every one. I'm satisfied down here in the Texas league. I'm making a pretty decent living. I've cut in on a couple of minor-league championships and I'm making more hard dollars than the Greys would pay me . . . and I don't have to worry about sticking to get them."

"I'll match what you've been making with the Panthers."

"Nothing doing."

"I'll go over it."

"Joe, there's no use arguing about it. I'm not going."

"We can draft you at the end of the season," threatened Burkett.

"Yes, and I can quit playing baseball."

"You wouldn't."

"I would, if the Greys drafted me. But . . . little cause for worry over that. Who wants me? Tim Somers! Up with the Greys three times. Didn't show a thing—excepting a pair of flapping ears. Talk sense, Joe. I like you but big-league managers don't work on likes and dislikes."

Somers got up to leave. Burkett watched him until he had opened the door and snapped: "Wait a minute, Tim. I'm not through." Somers returned and sat down, obviously patient in his determination. "I said we could draft you, at the close of the season. We will. That means you'll quit baseball. That means you'd be labeled as a quitter."

"What's the difference?"

"You're not labeled that way with Billy Arnst, who's been pretty good to you. Billy Arnst, who took you off our hands—when no other manager wanted you. And made you over into a winner. You're not labeled that way with your team-mates on the Panthers. And . . . you're not labeled that way with me."

"They—the team and Billy—and you know I'm not a quitter."

"All of us will know you are . . . if we draft you—and you quit."

Somers flushed.

Burkett hurried on—

"In addition, the draft price is a matter of a few thousand dollars. Two or three thousand—out of this league. If you don't report to us . . . well, maybe, Billy Arnst won't even get the draft price. That would be a dead loss, for Billy.

Not for the Greys. Nor, for Larry McHune. On the other hand, if Arnst sells you—if he sells you, I said, I'll pay a reasonable sum. More than the draft price. And Billy can tell you that there are times, when being reasonable, that I get downright generous.

"And, on top of all of that, one other thing—

"Isn't it worth something to you to prove that you're . . . not . . . yellow!"

"Who said that?"

"McHune thinks it . . . Sorenson and McGuire have said it."

For seconds Tim sat as though stunned. Then, the reaction set in. His face went white—a pasty, colorless hue. . . . "I could break them between my fingers," he gritted. "They say I'm ye—" he couldn't finish the word. His teeth clashed. His fingers worked nervously. Perspiration stood out on his forehead and then, as though an invisible hand had brushed across his features, every trace of the mental storm passed. He laughed quietly. But, a peculiar expression glittered in his eyes as he looked at Burkett, and cried:

"I'll go with you. Fix up your deal with Arnst and I'll be waiting—packed, and ready for the rattler."

"Whew!" whistled Burkett. "I'm glad to hear you say that. I thought, for a minute, Tim, that you were going to take it out on me."

IT REQUIRES cold, seasoned nerve to pitch a baseball game before forty thousand howling, imprecating spectators. For that was the size of the crowd that was packed inside the high walls on this Saturday afternoon. The Greys went through their preliminary workout while Tim Somers, in a cap that didn't fit him and in a uniform that was baggy at the knees and tight in the shoulders, worked in a practice session with a half-dozen other pitchers in front of the stands.

Larry McHune, standing on the edge of the Greys' dugout, watched his pitchers and, as the umpires appeared, Larry motioned the surplus hurling talent down into deep left field, where the bull-pen was, leaving Dawson, his star, alone. Tim Somers went with the others while Mitchell, always

puzzling to the Greys, was selected by the pudgy leader of the Wasps, to work for him. Mitchell retired the first three batters, pitching in easy fashion while Dawson, in turn, worked carefully, deliberately, and succeeded in turning back the Wasps without a score. So they went through the first four innings of the game.

In the fifth, the Greys worked across a run and were hilarious as they took the field. But the Wasps stung back, fairly smothering Dawson with ringing hits. Before the relief pitchers could get warmed up three runs were across the plate and the infielders were crowding about Dawson, shouting encouragement and deliberating for time. Collins, a left-hander, came in from the bull-pen, to relieve Dawson. He, too, was driven back. From then, until the seventh inning, it was a holiday for the Wasps and a rout for the Greys.

McHune, shrieking in anger, raced from the dugout, and wildly waved for Tim Somers.

"Somers!" he bellowed. "Somers!"

Joe Burkett, on the other end of the Greys' bench, ran up in protest. McHune waved him away.

"I'm running this ball team," roared Larry.

"But—"

"This is the place for Rabbit Ears," ripped McHune. "If he stops them, all you said about him goes . . . if he doesn't, he's all the things I said about him. Somers! Get in there!"

"But why shove him in against the team that chased him out of the big leagues before?" demanded Burkett. "Sorenson and McGuire—can't you see them over there . . . waiting and laying for Tim. Don't be a simp, Larry, and play into their hands."

"Get back where you belong," shrilled Larry.

Still protesting, Burkett returned to his seat at the far end of the bench while Sorenson and McGuire, standing in front of the Wasps' dugout, shrieked:

"Hey . . . Rabbit Ears! Tim! Tim! Rost Biff! Pitch Pie!"

They went into a chant, their voices shrilling above the voices of their team-mates. The umpires walked over toward the Wasps' bench and cautioned the players but immediately unpractical backs were turned the yells went up again. Tim was nervous as he entered the diamond. Knew it. Admitted

it to himself. He knew, too, that McHune wasn't being fair with him—putting him into a spot such as this. He heard the yelling from the side-lines and he gritted his teeth. Determined to baffle the batters, he tried—and failed. The Wasps welcomed his offerings, hitting them as they had hit the fast ones and the curves of his predecessors. The game ended in a lop-sided score against the Greys and McHune, in the clubhouse, afterwards, found an object for his wrath.

Tim offered no protest.

When he had dressed he found Joe Burkett waiting for him on the steps outside.

"Don't pay any attention to that stuff of McHune's," counseled Burkett. He's sore over losing the ball game. No pitcher—the Big Train at his best—could have stopped those sluggers after they got started

(Continued on page 62)



Sorenson was driven to the ground and stayed there

Down to the Sea in Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn



WE BEGIN this month's talk with a paean of joy over "Vignettes of the Sea," by Capt. Felix Riesenberg (Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York), and this, mind you, quite independent of the paean sung, as a foreword to the book, by Chris-

topher Morley whose word we take for a good many things.

Felix Riesenberg rounded the Horn as an ordinary seaman on a sailing vessel, he has been officer on sailing and steam ships, he has been commander of the Training Ship *Newport*, has written a standard work on navigation and a fine book called "Under Sail."

All of which we must honestly and humbly admit we never knew a thing about until this delectable volume fell into our hands. Now, we want to lend the "Vignettes" to everyone we know. We want to talk about Captain Riesenberg to every chance visitor in those warm accents which tend to suggest that we are an old friend of the author.

You can't possibly get along this summer without his book. If you are going on a sea trip here is the passport to more vivid enjoyment. If you are going to stay the summer on bone dry land, nothing will bring you such crisp, snapping breezes and the exhilaration of slanting decks and flying spume and shoulder-touching with the best fellows in the world as will Captain Riesenberg's volume of sketches—snapshots of life and men at sea.

They are very deceptive, these little vignettes. They seem so simple but they tell so much. Here, indeed, is inside information from the "Bridge," that awesome and mysterious spot on a ship where one checks one's faith and one's life as the boat leaves the dock.

Captain Riesenberg settles questions that have been swirling, unformed, in our mind for years.

What goes on, exactly, on the bridge during a fog?

What kind of a life do boys on a training ship lead?

What is a real mutiny like? (Not motion-picture style.)

How would it feel to walk off a moving vessel in a fog and find oneself on a speck of an island—alone?

What kind of men are the captains of the great liners?

What is it like on a sailing ship in a terrific storm?

Is there a real career for a boy at sea?

Captain Riesenberg answers that last one in this wise:

"Success, a funny word, always seems to fit the other fellow perfectly. But the garment never quite satisfies the wearer. There is success at sea. Sometimes a man succeeds in saving himself from utter ruin. Not a bad thing to do at times."

How can we give you, without quoting wholesale, any idea of the charm, the deep, abiding charm to be found in this book—this record, in snatches, of a man who writes as we all think a sailor should write, simply, heartily, kindly, chucklingly, and sticking straight to his literary course!

If we could have done it without getting in wrong with the editor of this magazine we would have "lifted" bodily and run on this page, Riesenberg's essay "Books of the Sea"—and, forthwith, given ourselves a holiday. It is so full of good talk and suggestions for a cruise among deep sea stories that we want to crawl away and hide our head.

CAPTAIN GEORGE FRIED OF THE S. S. "ROOSEVELT" ADDS A WORD

The man who thrilled the world in January by his famous rescue of the crew of the British ship "Antinoe" speaks to our readers.

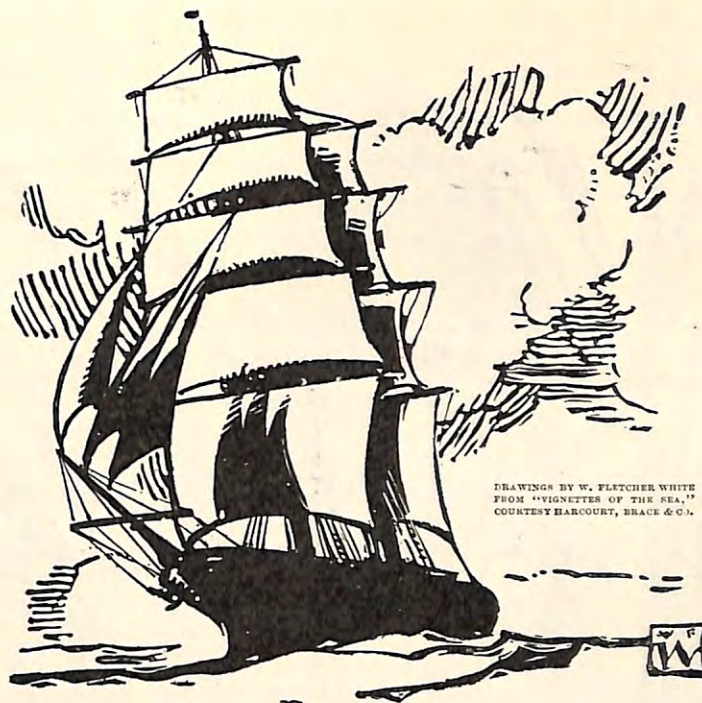
"Yes, I like to read yarns about the sea. Most of the passengers who travel on my ship are students, editors, school-teachers, writers, wide-awake travelers. They all read, and good stuff, too. When the voyage is over these fine fellows and girls give me their books. Why, I've got together a pretty big library—all gratis—which is something to have achieved anywhere.

A good many of these volumes are sea books, for traveling folk seem always to bring these along with them—Conrad, McFee, Connolly, the jolly "Cappy Ricks" tales, and so on. I have read them all with the greatest enjoyment.

You see, almost invariably a sea yarn has to deal with some unusual incident or striking event, or is concerned with some extraordinary character. We sailors like to read of these because, though they lie so close around us, we seldom meet them. Life aboard ship can be nearly as humdrum as life in a little cottage. Why, take my own case. I'd been years and years at sea before we sighted the disabled "Antinoe" and had a chance of making a "sea yarn" come true in our own lives.

Whether you are ashore or afloat, my advice to you is read stories of the sea. They are written by fine men about a fine life."

Geo. Fried



DRAWINGS BY W. FLETCHER WHITE FROM "VIGNETTES OF THE SEA," COURTESY HARDCOURT, BRACE & CO.

In rebuttal, we were rather delighted to read about the "Chain Letter" sent to the Captain, wishing him, if he didn't carry on with the crazy thing, the best of bad luck!

On the very day we read that we were in telephone communication with Capt. George Fried (of the *Roosevelt*, you know) about the notes he had promised to send concerning sea books.

The Captain was more than willing to tell how he enjoyed salty tales, but, at the moment, he was, like Captain Riesenberg, deeply concerned over a "Chain Letter" which conveyed a dire threat unless he immediately sat down and sent forth nine copies.

"I'm a seafaring man," groaned the famous hero of the past winter, "and I'm superstitious."

We tried to drama the great master mariner, feeling all the drama of such a situation.

"We got one, too," we explained, "and we didn't take any notice of it."

"Any bad luck?" queried the man who had stood by the *Antinoe* in mid-ocean four days during a blizzard and managed, at last, to get her crew all off.

"You can see for yourself," we laughed. "We'd given up hope of ever getting you to write anything for our book page—and here you are doing it!"

Last Essays, by Joseph Conrad. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

The twenty pieces of priceless writing gathered together between the covers of this little volume comprise, practically, the last essays written by that human "master of all good workmen," Joseph Conrad.

We defy anyone to read the first of these, "Geography and Some Explorers" and not feel his imagination lifted, sent flying, free winged, over the land and the seven seas. In it, we think, lies all the glowing story of how and why Conrad went to sea. In it is enough of fascination to send many another boy leaping out through the door of his father's house in search of the long, long trail that Kipling tells about.

From the time he was a little lad the sea, to Conrad, was hallowed ground.

"... thanks to those books of travel and discovery which have peopled it with unforgettable shades of the masters in the calling which,

(Continued on page 70)

Modern Pipes of Pan

By Earl Chapin May

THE violin is the king of instruments. But the orchestra is greater than any one instrument and many musicians believe the pipe organ is greater than any orchestra. Twentieth century organ builders have evolved a soul stirring combination of symphony orchestra, military band, drum corps and carillon. Americans are spending more than a million dollars a month for pipe organs—and it all started with a mythical chap named Pan.

Pan was a versatile god who roamed the woods and fields of ancient Greece. He was a glutton for work. He not only acted as god of the herdsmen and donor of fertility to their flocks, but was also, at times, a huntsman and the god of hunters. He was the first of the mythological traffic cops, guiding travelers over pathless mountains.

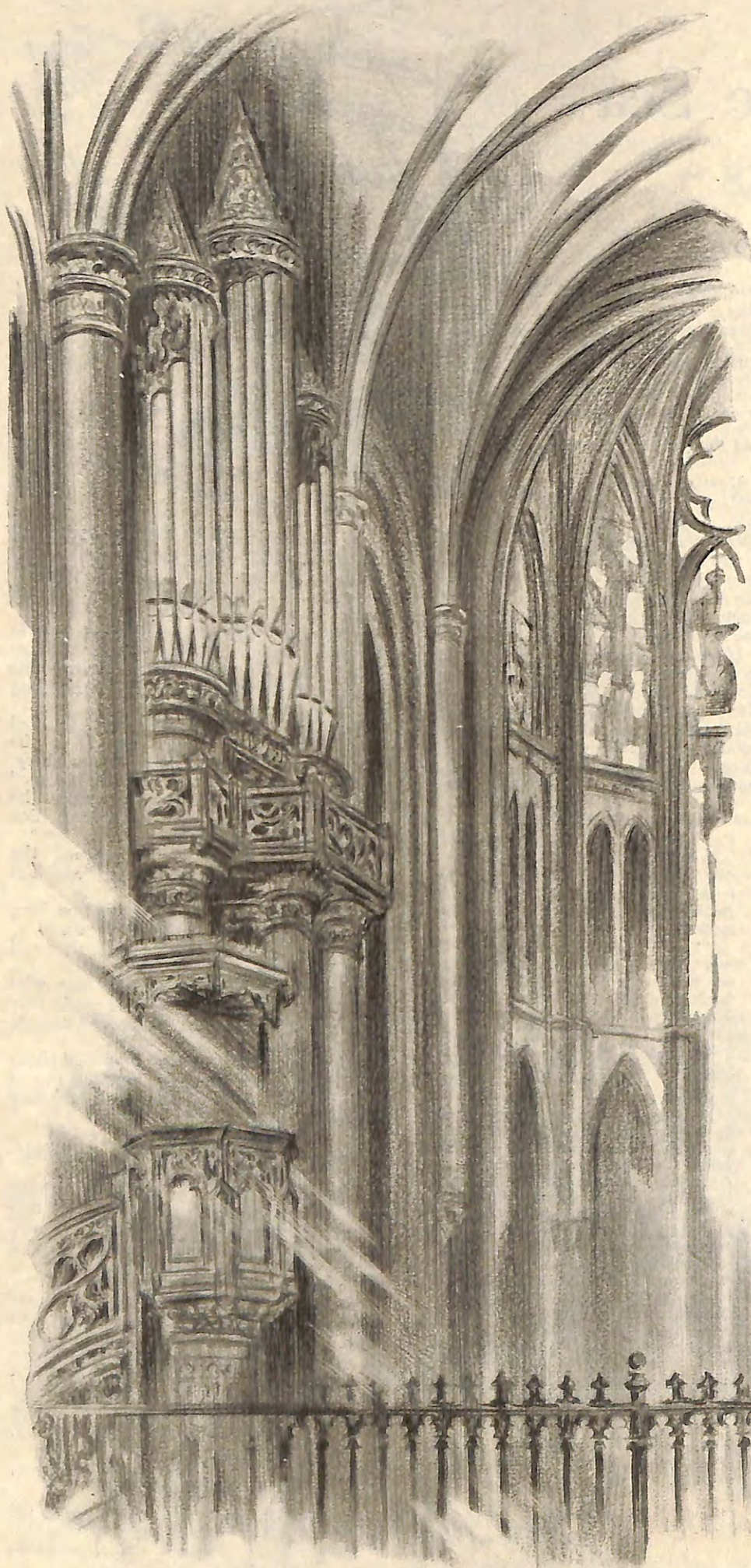
But Pan was particularly skilled in music. His specialty was performance on his pipes, which were a set of short, hollow reeds tied in a row and cut in graduated lengths. The lower ends were often closed, the upper ends were open and on a level. By blowing into these open ends and running his mouth along the row of reeds Pan could play such tunes as set the dryads dancing. He was musician to the multitudes. When Greek gods went out of fashion Pan went with them, but his pipes have come melodiously down the generations.

From Talmud to Twentieth Century

It is a long leap from the organ with 400 pipes and two players, whose efforts in the tenth-century Winchester Cathedral were heard throughout that part of England, to a Bach fugue played on an organ with several thousand pipes in the Portland, Oregon, Auditorium. It is a longer leap from the eighth-century organ in the Church of Saint Corneille of Compiègne, the organist of which earned the title of *pulsator organum* or organ beater, because he beat the heavy keys with his fists, to the four-manual organ opened in the Washington Auditorium last June with selections from Handel, Rubinstein and Wagner played with the lightest of piano touches. It is even a longer leap from the second-century organ with ten pipes, mentioned in the Talmud, to the organ with 5,060 pipes recently installed in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New York City.

The world has moved musically since Pan piped his sylvan lays, and the pipe organ has moved with it. Pre-eminently designed for public performance, its increasing popularity furnishes convincing evidence that we like good music.

A huge new organ was installed in the Philadelphia Baptist Temple about fifteen years ago. A series of concerts was announced. Seats were sold many weeks in advance.



As Circus Calliope or Cathedral Organ, They Cast a Spell None Can Resist

Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldrige

Police reserves were called out to handle the crowds. The concerts were continued at intervals for two years. The profits from them paid for the organ, which cost about \$30,000. Two years ago the people of Moline, Illinois, paid \$4,500 to hear the dedicatory concert given on the new pipe organ of the Sacred Heart Church. Eight thousand have gathered to hear a pipe organ concert in Atlanta, Georgia. The Grand Court Organ in Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, has been heard by an audience of 10,000.

Not an Infant Industry

Organ building is not an infant industry even in this country. American concerns have been building organs for a century.

The large organ in the Holy Family Church, Chicago, was built in 1869 and dedicated in 1870. Six strong men operated the bellows. The organ was rebuilt and modernized as to power and in other ways in 1891 and again in 1923.

In 1839 Commodore Vanderbilt presented a two-manual organ to the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, "The Church of the Strangers," New York. In 1808 the organ was sold and removed to St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 796 East One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street. The organ was rebuilt three years ago although nearly all the old pipes were retained. It is in daily use.

WHAT is probably the oldest organ in the Middle West was shipped from Philadelphia via the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi River to Galena, Illinois, in 1838. Galena was enjoying a lead-mining boom. Fusion of tin and lead was not then practiced and the organ pipes were made, appropriately enough, of pure lead. Fever River, in which the mighty Mississippi River steamers turned in those days after docking at Galena, is now a puny creek. The river steamers have almost disappeared. Galena sleeps on its many hills. But the old pipe organ continues to function.

Few can hear the magnificent organ in the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City without being thrilled. The tabernacle is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide and 80 feet in height, without a pillar or tie-rod to mar its marvelous acoustics for any of the 8,000 persons who may be comfortably seated therein at one time. About 250,000 hear the organ each year during the daily recitals from April to October. Because of its unique setting and history it is one of our most interesting organs. It is the creation of Joseph Ridges, who learned organ building in England, followed the gold rush to Australia, became a Mormon and built a small organ for the Mormon Church in Utah.

That organ was carefully packed in ten sealed cases, sent by sailing ship from Australia to San Pedro, California, and hauled by mules and horses across country to the adobe predecessor of the present tabernacle. While the latter was taking form, Brigham Young commissioned Ridges to build another organ suited to its magnitude. Ridges journeyed to Boston for wire, soft valve-leather, ivory keys and other materials not obtainable in the West. The pipes and other parts of the organ were fashioned from timber selected and sawed in the mountains and hauled nearly 400 miles across the desert. Although the instrument was rebuilt in 1900 and again in 1915, some of the original pipes and casings are still in use.

When the organ in Christ Church Cathedral at New Orleans was dismantled and rebuilt in 1923, nearly 900 pipes which had been in use for seventy-five years were continued in service.

Pipe Organs Here and There

From earliest times the organ has received active endorsement of artistically-minded men. The famous organ installed in the Church of Saint Cornelius of Compéigne was the gift of the Byzantine Emperor, Constantine, who sent it to Pepin, King of the Franks. The Caliph Haroun sent an organ to Pepin's son and successor, Charlemagne. Thomas Britton the picturesque and versatile coalheaver of Clerkenwell Green, London, was wont to transform his eighteenth century coal shed into a concert room where George Frederick Handel, the German-English master musician and successor of Bach as premier

organist, entertained the wit and beauty of the early Georgian English capital.

Emerson L. Richards of Atlantic City is a lawyer, banker and State Senator. But his international fame rests upon his skill as a designer of the Atlantic City Municipal Organ with its 250 speaking stops and nearly 10,000 pipes. In the world of organs as well as the world of politics he is "Senator Richards." He is also an honorary member of the Organ Builders' Association and Vice-President of the National Association of Organists.

THE \$20,000 organ in St. John's Cathedral at Milwaukee was presented by the family of the late Patrick Cudahy, in memory of that industrial giant, and his daughter, Helen.

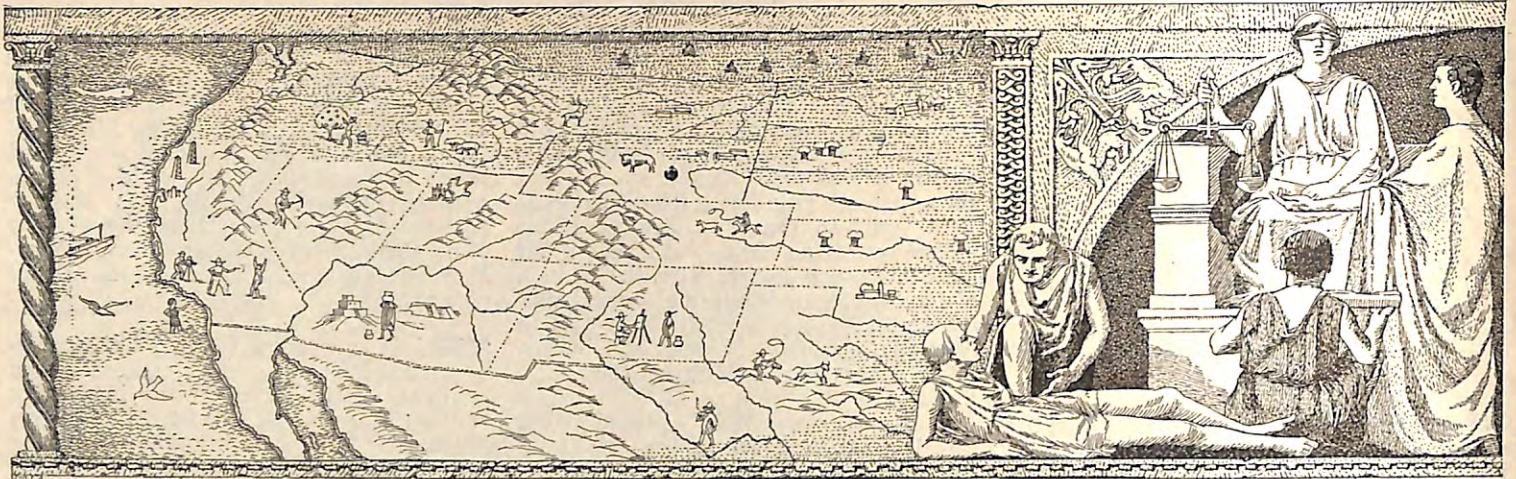
Cyrus H. K. Curtis has donated a magnificent organ to the Municipal Auditorium of Portland, Maine. George Eastman is responsible for the presence of a dozen organs in the Eastman School of Music, and the Eastman Theatre of Rochester. William H. Shuey, formerly of Minneapolis, is known as the godfather of a flock of four manual organs in Oak Park, suburb of Chicago.

There has been a marked increase in the demand for pipe organs during the past fifteen years, due largely to their adoption by movie houses.

In a musical way this put the movies in direct competition with the churches. The churches met the challenge by increasing the quality of their organs. Universities, public schools, lodges;

(Continued on page 66)





EDITORIAL

OUR NATIONAL MEMORIAL

IN THE dedication of the National Memorial Headquarters Building, so soon to be celebrated in Chicago, the Order of Elks will present to the world its tribute to patriotism and valor, a concrete evidence of its faithful memory of the service and sacrifice of its members in our country's cause.

It is difficult to avoid apparent extravagance in commenting upon it, even in terms of studied restraint. Only superlatives seem adequate, for it is the most ambitious and elaborate memorial that has yet been erected in honor of the heroes of the World War. Majestic, distinctive, enduring, beautiful, it will take its place among the outstanding architectural and artistic achievements, not only of America but of the world.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine will be found a detailed description of the building, with illustrations that give some idea of its magnificence and beauty. But here it is desired, once more, to impress upon the membership the real significance of what has been so splendidly wrought.

The creation of the beauty therein embodied, the appropriation of the millions expended thereon, the assembly of the works of art therein to be displayed; are, of themselves, noteworthy accomplishments. Yet were that beauty designed merely to please the eye, if the expenditure of those millions were intended only to gratify pride of power and wealth, if the genius of modern masters were invoked merely to arouse admiration, the whole project would be of questionable value as a fraternal undertaking.

But in our Memorial all these have been combined to crystallize into an enduring form an expression of the Order's Patriotism, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. The consistent purpose has been that all beholders might feel inspired to high and noble resolves; that in this wondrous temple men might be led to reconsecrate themselves to the service of country and of humanity.

It is that our memory may be thus constantly refreshed, that our consciousness of duty to our country may thus be constantly quickened, and our purpose more faithfully to perform it may be thus perennially renewed, that the Order of Elks has erected the beautiful Memorial in Chicago.

Because of this lofty purpose, which has been

given such noble expression, our Memorial will endure, not only as a wonderful fraternal tribute, but also as a continuing patriotic service to our country. It is a tribute and a service in which all Elks have shared and in which every Elk may well feel a peculiar personal pride.

It is deemed appropriate to add here a word of appreciation of the splendid service that has been rendered by the members of the Commission who have had this work in charge for the past four years. The task has been a stupendous one and most exacting in its demands upon their time and attention; but from the beginning they have evinced a fine conception of the important trust committed to them and have displayed throughout a loyal devotion to every duty involved.

With an exalted vision, yet with a rare good judgment and practicable common sense, they have exercised the broad discretion with which they were clothed in a manner to deserve the grateful appreciation of the whole Order.

It is a pleasure to give this editorial expression of that sentiment; and it is done in the confident assurance that it will be most heartily and sincerely approved by the entire membership.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

THERE comes a certain thrill with the use of the phrase—"The Glorious Fourth." It is born partly of our remembered history, partly of our boyhood recollections of celebrations of the day in former years. There springs to mind the pictures of the dauntless patriots who dared their all, and boldly signed the pledge of it, that America should be free. There comes to mind the Liberty Bell, that tore its brazen throat apart in proclamation of the glorious news. The stately figure of Washington rises before us and makes us very proud, as we recall the loyalty and devotion and courage and service that won for him his pseudonym—"Father of his Country."

Then the glorious names of our early battles come crowding upon our memories,—Bunker Hill, Trenton, Ticonderoga, Valley Forge, Guilford Court House, Yorktown; and the urge is upon us to hurrah about it all over again; to fire off the cannon; to explode the fireworks; to expand our chests in patriotic pride and to talk in pompous phrases of our power and grandeur as a nation.



This is as it should be. It does us good. It does the children good. It does the country good. As little as we may be conscious of it, we are always a bit better Americans for experiencing such emotions even though they be somewhat florid and all too transient.

So, let every Elk enter whole-heartedly into whatever celebration of the day may have been arranged for in his community. Let him attend the exercises, take the children along, feed their youthful enthusiasm from his own store; and fill their minds and hearts with patriotic devotion. Let the whole day be devoted primarily to patriotic observances, culminating in a dedication of one's self to better citizenship.

If the day be thus observed, in such a spirit, then, not only because of what it celebrates but because of what it accomplishes, it will continue to be The Glorious Fourth.

WISDOM

A YOUNG man who effectively avails himself of opportunities for scholastic training through high school, college and university, is an educated person. If he pursues his studies, materially enlarging his fund of information derived from standard authorities, he becomes a learned man. If the learning be broadened by an appreciative study of the fine arts, he may be termed a cultured scholar. Let him add to this the lore that is to be acquired elsewhere than in text-books, and he becomes a man of knowledge.

But with all this, he may never attain to wisdom, just as he may become a truly wise man without any of these things; for wisdom is not merely information of what others have said and done, nor the mere possession of book learning. It is the capacity to think for one's self, the power to reason and draw correct conclusions, the ability to apply acquired knowledge to meet human needs and to evolve a sound philosophy of life. And this faculty involves an understanding of human nature as well as of natural laws. Above all, perhaps, it involves an appreciation of the true relationship between man and his fellows and between man and his God.

The educated person is equipped for a fuller life than one who lacks that training. The learned man is even better equipped to enrich his own experiences. The cultured scholar is yet more

independent of outward contacts for his own enjoyment of existence. But none of these, lacking wisdom, can add materially to the sum of human knowledge or the well-being of mankind.

It is only the wise man who advances learning, who leads man to loftier heights, who enriches the lives of others, who really serves humanity.

MULTIPLICITY OF LAWS

IN VIEW of the multiplicity of statutes that have been enacted, and the legal regulations that have been promulgated, dealing with almost every conceivable human activity and relationship, it has been suggested that, instead of boasting that we live under a reign of law, we might more aptly deplore that we are living under a *rain* of law.

Whatever may be the necessity for, or the wisdom of, the endless streams of legislative provisions that flow from our various law-making bodies, it is an obvious fact that the average citizen is being constantly embarrassed and annoyed by legal restrictions and inhibitions, quite often without any knowledge of their existence until he learns he has violated them. This naturally results in a feeling of resentment which only a clear understanding of the reasons for their enactment will remove. And as the resentment is almost instinctive, while the reasons are not always clear, the attitude of being "agin the gov'ment" is apt to become more general than just.

The same danger attends our fraternal legislation in the Grand Lodge. There are many matters that properly require national control. In some instances the enactments dealing with those matters may seem unduly to restrain and circumscribe the free action of the Subordinate Lodges and individual members. Wherever this is the case, the loyal membership should seek to understand the reasons for the regulations and should obey them with good grace.

But it is highly desirable that the Lodges and individual Elks should be left as free as possible, consistent with our fundamental purposes and established policies, to enjoy their fraternal rights and privileges according to their own ideas. Legislative restrictions and prohibitions should, therefore, be adopted only where the necessity therefor is clearly apparent.



Flag Day Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Atwell's Speech at Home of Jefferson at Monticello, Va.

VIRGINIA'S contribution to American statesmanship has been most valuable. In formative moments there came from her soil a Washington, a Jefferson, a Monroe, a Madison, a Marshall and a Henry.

Here, on this everlasting hill, where the fathers walked—here, where wrought a real statesman—here, where dreamed a champion republican, the man who stood for a republic—for a representative form of government—here, where wrote the outstanding democrat—the man who believed in man's equality before the law—it is proper and fitting that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks—an Order that loves the republic, that champions its independence, that thrives on the equality of men, that builds its temples on the everlasting verities that underlie the nation, should assemble to celebrate the birth of the Flag.

The high point—the hill—the mountain, had a peculiar prominence in the religious and political affairs of men and their associations. It was upon a mountain that the ark rested after the flood. It was from a mountain that God thundered the original laws and revealed himself to his efficient servant. It was upon a mountain that Elijah conquered the false priests and presented acceptable sacrifice to his Lord. It was upon a mountain that the cross was fixed and that the crucifixion happened. Even as the valleys hold the waters and the richest harvests, so the hill tops—the high peaks—furnish vantage ground for vision.

Here, upon these heights, Mr. Jefferson saw, in fancy, the people toiling in the old world, saw them crossing the Atlantic, saw them laboring up the mountain side, as it were, hoping for shade, coolness, health, rest. He saw the curse of class and caste, the persecution of citizen by

official, the artificial differentiating of men by birth rather than by individual value, the injustice of colonial vassalage, and he penned the Declaration of Independence! That was the first rock in the foundation of Old Glory! Quickly there followed the spilling of blood—the second rock in the foundation! Then, out of the travail of war, out of the clash of strong mental individualities, out of the political crucible, there came the Constitution of the United States of America—the final and last adamant, Unshakable that ground-work! Imperishable, everlasting!

In this celebration of the flag, as the flag symbolizes our land, we really acclaim the emancipation of man from the shackles that had been his through all of the ages preceding the foundation and the institution of this great government of the western hemisphere. He emancipated himself from the burden of political and legal inequality, from the injustice of government, and from the sinfulness of religious narrowness and bigotry.

This emancipation, this faith, this harmony of the fathers, is as resplendent in the sunshine of 1926 as it was in the early morning hours of a century and a half ago.

We sing no new song when we say that this land builds individuals in preference to states. This land is jealous of every right that belongs to the individual, and there is no worship of the power of government. This land puts ownership in the citizen rather than in the governing body. Force may be the European conception of government, but Americanism revolted against that system and has been a living, spiritual demonstration of its fallacy. Ours is the rule of the majority without regard to occupation, or social, or political prestige. There is no tyrannization

of the unit of society in America. There is no kingly force, there is no kingly divinity, but there is a tremendously outstanding common right of humanity.

This clear headed method of governing themselves has made of this people an example for the people of other lands and, as we pause, on the birthday of our flag, with filled hearts and throbbing brain contemplating the glory of American citizenship—its far-reaching opportunities and its thrilling, challenging responsibility—we can only ask that every man and woman enjoying the privilege of this citizenship shall make such use thereof as may definitely show him and her to have been properly trusted with such confidence. Men who write, men who think, men who appreciate, men who pray—men who realize that civilization is in the hollow of the hand of man himself, are literally asking God to sober this great people so as to keep them worthy and able to continue in the government of themselves. It is everlastingly true that man must be governed. If he will not govern himself, then another man will perform that task for him.

Edward Everett, in his history of Liberty, wrote that "the real history of man, rational, mortal man, is the history of the struggle to be free; the free of all climes and nations are themselves one people." Certainly, if it be true that a common aspiration spans mountains and seas, and oceans, and latitudes and longitudes, and embraces those who are distantly remote, it should cement very closely those who are in the same country.

In other lands they work for a living; here, we work to really live. In other lands there is a man above; here, we are all on the same level. In other lands there are luxury and schools for

(Continued on page 85)

Program of the Grand Lodge Meeting at Chicago

THE outstanding event of the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago, the dedication of the National Memorial Headquarters Building, will take place at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of July 14th. It is expected that every Lodge in the Order will be represented at the ceremonies.

The parade, in which it is hoped that all Lodges will participate, takes place on July 15th. The line of march will be almost entirely through the famous Lincoln Park. The formation will be at Chicago Avenue and Michigan Boulevard, and the marchers will parade north through the

park on the West Drive until within a short distance of the National Memorial Headquarters Building, when they will turn west onto Lakeview Avenue and continue past the Memorial Building to Oakdale Avenue, then east one block, and disband.

The program of entertainment is extensive and continuous. No moment of the day, and very few of the night, will be without its scheduled events. Following the dedication service there will be a grand ball, given by the Convention Committee of Chicago Lodge, a feature

of which will be the coronation of "Miss Fidelity," the Queen of the Convention. Automobile trips, receptions, dances, and steamer excursions on Lake Michigan are some of the other diversions which the Committee has prepared for the record throng of delegates and visitors who are expected. The outstanding event on the outdoor program, which includes golf, baseball, swimming and various athletic contests, will be the Elks National Trapshoot in which more than 600 entries have been received.

The New Home of Los Angeles Lodge

Remarkably Beautiful Building Is Formally Dedicated

Striking night photo of the new Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, illuminated by powerful searchlights



PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE new Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, was recently dedicated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, before one of the largest gatherings of Elks ever assembled in the city. Lodges from practically every State in the Union were represented at the ceremonies, and scores of distinguished members were present to congratulate Los Angeles Lodge on its monumental achievement.

There is, indeed, nothing quite like the new Home of Los Angeles Lodge in the Order. Erected at a cost of \$2,500,000, its builders proudly claim that it is one of the finest fraternal buildings of its kind in the United States. The Building Committee, of which Michael F. Shannon of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary is the Chairman, is to be congratulated on the selection of a design that departs radically from the usual and gives Los Angeles Lodge a building that is a unique expression of modern architecture.

The edifice, the tip of its flag-pole 200 feet above the street, resembles a fortress of ancient Babylon. Its high facades are impressively decorated with ornamentations symbolic of the high patriotic ideals of the Order. It is built in the finest residential section. Towering serene and dignified above its immediate surroundings, the building overlooks Westlake Park, a popular public playground, giving it a beautiful setting.

The white edifice is built on a scale of surpassing grandeur, and beautifully embellished. Its inspiring Grand Hall, at the main entrance, with its 53-foot vaulted ceiling, has the dignity and spaciousness of a cathedral. This entry, 135 feet long, and 50 feet broad, terminates in a Memorial Hall.

The Lodge room of the new Home is unusually impressive, measuring 75 by 135 feet, with a beamed ceiling 47 feet high. The largest concert organ ever installed on the Pacific Coast, costing \$50,000, will provide music for all ceremonies.

A large banquet hall, with a stage for orchestra or entertainment, is located on the second floor. Dinner dances will be featured here.

On the left of the Grand Hall are the main

dining room, the spacious lounge, and a patio where meals may be served outdoors in the shade of sheltering palms. There are six private dining rooms and a grill on the fourth floor.

For the recreation of members, there are billiard, pool and game rooms, a completely equipped gymnasium, handball courts, and six standard bowling alleys.

A glass-covered, sun-lighted swimming pool, one of the largest on the Pacific Coast, 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, will enable the Elks to indulge in aquatic sports. To insure purity, the 200,000 gallons of water in the pool are continuously circulated under pressure through a battery of sand and gravel filters and then sterilized by oxygen.

For members residing in the Home, and visiting Elks, there are 100 guest rooms, each with a private tiled bath or shower, and all the accommodations of the most modern hotel.

Another unique feature of the edifice is the accommodations provided for the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the members—the women's section. It is practically a building within a building, with separate entrance, separate elevator, and separate equipment throughout for the ladies. It has private parlors, private dining rooms, a private stairway, and a private dressing and shower-room section for the swimming pool, which the ladies will be allowed to use.

The elaborate program of the dedication which formally opened this truly remarkable building were highly impressive. The Dedication Committee, of which Dr. Ralph Hagan was the Chairman, had left nothing undone to

assure the success of the exercises. They were held in the great Lodge room and every available inch of space was used to accommodate the large gathering. Those who could not be accommodated there thronged the halls, the lounges and other spacious rooms of the building where they were able to follow the services, listening to the voices of the speakers as they were transmitted over the magnavox system which had been installed for the occasion.

Following the opening ceremony in which many Past Exalted Rulers and charter

members of the Lodge participated, came the dedication service. This was conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, who was assisted by the following: District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Earl S. Patterson, W. E. Varcoe, L. A. Lewis; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Howard B. Kirtland; John W. Haley, Past Exalted Ruler of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6; and Eugene Dancy, Past Exalted Ruler of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 108. The dedicatory address, delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, was eloquently expressive of the feeling of the gathering in its appreciation of the building and achievements of the Lodge.

Mr. Benjamin was followed by Richard H. Hill, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge; Past Exalted Ruler Leo V. Youngsworth, Frederick Warde, and Past Exalted Ruler Max Horwinski of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171.

An interesting moment in the services, and one charged with considerable sentiment, came when Past Exalted Ruler Youngsworth escorted charter members George McLain, Harry Burns, M. A. Hamburger, and W. F. Kennedy, Thomas J. Darmody, and Ernest W. Fleming (Past Exalted Rulers) to the Exalted Ruler's station and introduced them among the cheers of the assemblage.

The exercises were brought to a close by the Eleven O'Clock Toast, beautifully rendered by John G. Mott, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge.

Two features added greatly to the impressiveness of the evening: the musical numbers played on the Lodge's \$50,000 organ by Sibley G. Pease, fourteen years organist of the Lodge, and the vocal selections of Gage Christopher.

New State Officers in New York and Massachusetts

THE officers elected for 1926-1927 at the recent Convention of the New York State Elks Association held in Syracuse are as follows: President, John T. Gorman of Owego; Secretary, Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls; Treasurer, Dave Farrier of Oneida; Vice-Presidents, Daniel Jones of Watervliet, Joseph Johnson of Brooklyn, Joseph F. Ibbotson of Auburn, John E. Smith of Buffalo and Lewis R. Dowd of Cortland. Trustees

Charles C. Ryan of Buffalo, Miles S. Hencle of Syracuse, William T. Phillips of New York City, James A. Murray of Troy and Howard A. Swartwood of Binghamton. It was decided to hold the 1927 meeting in Troy.

The Massachusetts State Elks Association, meeting at Lawrence, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Patrick J. Garvey of Holyoke; Secretary, Jeremiah J.

Hourin of Framingham; Treasurer, Bernard E. Carbin of Lynn; Vice-Presidents, James R. Flanagan of Boston; George S. Harvey of Malden, James R. Savery of Pittsfield; Trustees, Theodore T. Ellis of Worcester, and Charles L. Magee of Taunton.

Detailed accounts of these important conventions will be reported fully in the August number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



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

Orphans and Cripples Guests of Detroit, Mich., Lodge

More than 1,400 boys and girls from fifteen orphanages and institutions for crippled children recently attended the fifteenth annual May festival of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, held at its Home. Next to Santa Claus on Christmas day, this annual affair is regarded by the youngsters as one of the biggest days in the year for them. Funny clowns, funny stories, funny songs and funny dances, interspersed with peanuts, popcorn, ice cream, cookies and numerous gifts, kept the children busy in a noisy appreciation of the efforts of many entertainers to amuse them, and made the afternoon a continuous round of laughter.

Float of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Wins Coveted Prize

To Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, went the first prize honors for its float in the recent Tulip Festival—an important event that is held every spring in Bellingham. The float won first prize from a field of fourteen other fraternal entries. It was twenty-four feet long, eight feet wide and towered over fourteen feet above the ground. On each corner was a large basket containing purple and white tulips, and two large elk heads gave additional beauty to its design. A large clock, the basic feature of the float, was trimmed with purple and white, offset with gold.

Bay Cities Lodges Organize Trapshooting Association

The Bay Cities Elks Trapshooting Association held its first shoot last month on the grounds of the Golden Gate Gun Club at West Alameda, Calif. All the Lodges in the Bay Cities district are represented in this new organization, and it is planned to hold monthly shoots at the traps of the Gun Club. Both individual and team trophies will be awarded at each meet.

Lodge in the Philippine Islands Has Active Membership

Though Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, is thousands of miles from the Mother Country, its members are enthusiastic and active in perpetuating the spirit of the Order. Its membership is made up of the most distinguished residents of the Island and its record of achievements is long

and praiseworthy. It owns a splendid Home on the beach at the head of Dewey Boulevard and the southern side of the Luneta Moonlight Park. This building possesses architectural beauty and practical convenience and stands on a site that is increasing constantly in value. Manila Lodge is a leader in the welfare work done on the Island, its annual minstrel show being the means by which it swells its large charity fund.

Alabama State Elks Association Meets for Annual Convention

The recent annual convention of the Alabama State Elks Association at Opelika proved to be one of the most satisfactory yet held. Much important business was transacted at the several sessions and the entertainment and hospitality shown the visitors by members of Opelika Lodge, No. 910, and by the townspeople generally, made for a thoroughly enjoyable time.

The meeting was opened by the retiring President, Dr. John W. Perkins, with practically every Lodge in the State represented. Dr. Palmer, Mayor of Opelika, made an address of welcome which was responded to by Judge Harvey M. Blue, Montgomery Lodge, No. 596, Past President of the Association. Walter A. Page, of Opelika Lodge, Vice-President of the Association, who was later elected President, welcomed the delegates on behalf of his Lodge. Other officers elected were Tom E. Martin, of Montgomery Lodge, first Vice-President; E. J. McCrossin, of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, second Vice-President; T. W. Morgan, of Birmingham Lodge, third Vice-President; C. L. Haley, Jr., of Florence Lodge, No. 820, Treasurer; W. S. Harris, of Opelika Lodge, Secretary. S. B. Israel, of Blocton Lodge, No. 710; Sol Minsky, of Montgomery Lodge; J. L. McLane of Talladega Lodge, No. 603; and Arthur G.

Smith, of Opelika Lodge, were elected Trustees. The new officers were then installed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Bell.

Blocton Lodge won the handsome silver cup offered by Mr. Bell for the best exemplification of the initiatory ritual, and its team was heartily complimented for its fine work. It was voted to hold the 1927 convention at Talladega, and to appoint a committee to confer with the Georgia and Florida State Associations with a view to forming a Tri-State Association. An outing and barbecue dinner wound up the meeting.

Ponca City, Okla., Lodge Shows Rapid Advance

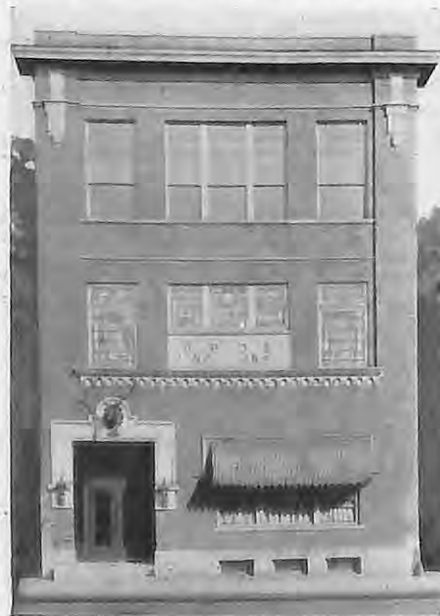
Ponca City, Okla., Lodge, No. 1522, continues to advance rapidly since its institution on March 4 of this year, and is already doing splendidly in its charity and Social and Community Welfare work. Recently District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. F. Rand made his official visit and after the initiation of a large class of candidates a banquet was held. Many Elks from the surrounding Lodges were present, and plans are now under way for similar social festivities among the Lodges for the coming fall and winter.

Weehawken, N. J., Lodge Has Enthusiastic Membership

Weehawken, N. J., Lodge, No. 1456, though a comparatively new Lodge, owns a beautiful Home. The building and grounds are situated on a bluff of the Palisades overlooking the Hudson and command a view for miles up and down that river. The membership of the Lodge has grown steadily since its institution and is now close to 500. Many of the most successful business men of the community take an active part in its affairs. One of the excellent organizations of which the Lodge is proud is its Band. Though only in existence a year, it ranks among the best in the State, each member having been a professional musician and attained a reputation before he joined the Lodge.

Dedication of New Home of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge

The dedication ceremonies of the beautiful new Home of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, were attended by a distinguished gathering of Grand Lodge and State Association officers, and by many Elks from near-by Lodges. Preceding the formal service, which was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath, assisted by visiting officials, there was a luncheon at the United States Hotel at which members and guests enjoyed a special program of music. William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, delivered the dedicatory address and other speakers were Edward W. Cotter, Grand Trustee; Murray Hulbert, member of the Grand Forum; William E. Fitzsimmons, President of the New York State Elks Association, and James A. Farley of Haverstraw Lodge, Past President of the State Association. An interesting incident of the ceremonies was the presentation, by Past Exalted Ruler Ulysses G. Tompkins on behalf of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge,



This handsome three-story brick building is the Home of Hornell, N. Y., Lodge, No. 364

No. 744, of an American flag, which was accepted for Haverstraw Lodge by Exalted Ruler Clarence J. Seaton. In addition to those already mentioned, the following well-known members of the Order took part in the exercises: Philip Clancy, of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; Herman Engel, Past Exalted Ruler of Peekskill Lodge; William J. Crosson, Past Exalted Ruler of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841; Dr. James H. Brennan, Past Exalted Ruler of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, and John F. Lantry, Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22.

The new Home is a three-story brick and stone building of Colonial design. It is beautifully situated on a mountain-side and commands a magnificent view of the Hudson River. On the ground floor are a grill, a large kitchen, billiard room, smoking room and space for three bowling alleys. The next floor contains the office, a large lounge, dining room and service pantry. To the rear, and practically a separate unit, are the anterooms and two-story Lodge room. On the third floor are fourteen living rooms. No trouble or expense was spared to make this one of the finest and most complete buildings of its kind and Haverstraw members are justly proud of their new Home.

District Deputy Irvin Institutes Arcadia, Fla., Lodge

Arcadia, Fla., Lodge, No. 1524, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. S. Irvin of Lakeland, Fla., Lodge, No. 1291, who was assisted in the ceremony by officers and members of Fort Myers, Fla., Lodge, No. 1288, and H. A. Bennett, President of the Florida State Elks Association. Forty-three charter members were present and the following officers were elected: Exalted Ruler, John Treadwell, Jr.; Secretary, D. J. Thomas.

Baraboo, Wis., Lodge Celebrates 25th Anniversary

Baraboo, Wis., Lodge, No. 688, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a large banquet and entertainment. Nine charter members were present, including the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, M. H. Mould. In addition to special music, both vocal and instrumental, addresses were made by a number of the distinguished guests.

Baraboo Lodge has shown good progress during the last year in all of its departments, being especially successful in increasing its membership.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge In Varied Welfare Work

The annual report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, shows a wide variety of charitable and civic activities. In addition to generous distribution of clothing, food and fuel among the needy, and Christmas gifts to more than 3,000 children, the Committee found work for 825 unemployed persons, returned fifteen boys to their parents in other States, provided transportation for seventeen men to join their families, placed a number of orphans in private homes, and cooperated generally with the courts, hospitals and jails.

In addition, the Lodge Home was turned over to the G. A. R. for its State Convention, and a committee from the Lodge handled the Boys' Parade. This last is an annual feature in Salt Lake City and this year the Lodge was again assigned the honor of organizing the march of some 1,500 youngsters, and awarded prizes for the best appearance and turn-outs.

Benjamin B. Odell, Member Of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge

In the passing of Honorable Benjamin B. Odell, former Governor of the State of New York, Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge, No. 247, has lost one of its most distinguished members. Initiated more than fourteen years ago, Governor Odell was throughout his busy career a loyal and faithful supporter of the interest of his Lodge and worked for its growth and prosperity. He took part in many of its functions during his life. In July 1925 he presided at the



*One of the imposing buildings
of the city is the fine Home of
The Dalles, Ore., Lodge, No. 303*

Flag Day exercises of his Lodge, that observance being one of the largest and best ever held in the city. On the occasion of the Tablet Service conducted by Newburgh Lodge shortly after his death, Frederick W. Wilson, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, delivered a eulogy to his memory before a large gathering of his fellow members and friends.

Cambridge, Ohio, Lodge Honors Charter Members

Honoring a number of its charter members, Cambridge, Ohio, Lodge, No. 448, recently gave a special entertainment and banquet. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Sherry, and a number of other prominent members of the Order made interesting addresses and there was an excellent program of both vocal and instrumental numbers. The presence of a great many visitors from out of town Lodges contributed much to the success of the evening.

Work on Magnificent New Home Of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Progressing

Work is progressing rapidly on the splendid new Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, which is being erected at Livingston Street, Boerum Place and Schermerhorn Street. Nearly \$5,000,000 is being spent by the Lodge on this new building, which will be one of the largest and most luxurious Homes in the Order.

Galena, Kans., Lodge Increasing Its Membership

Galena, Kans., Lodge, No. 677, is conducting an active campaign for new members under the direction of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Griffin and Exalted Ruler Judge Edward Sapp. It is hoped that 100 candidates will be available for initiation. The famous degree team of Iola, Kans., Lodge, No. 569, which recently initiated a large class for Chanute, Kans., Lodge, No. 806, will conduct the ceremonies, and an old-fashioned program will follow.

Georgia State Elks Association Holds Twelfth Annual Convention

At the twelfth annual convention of the Georgia State Elks Association held at Albany, Ga., recently, the following officers were elected: Louis Ludwig, of Brunswick Lodge, No. 691, President; E. Foster Brigham, of Augusta Lodge, No. 205, Anthony B. King, of Columbus Lodge, No. 111, W. L. Morgan, of Americus Lodge, No. 752, Walter Lee of Waycross Lodge, No. 369, Al. H. Martin, of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, and B. J. Fowler, of Macon Lodge, No. 230, Vice-Presidents; B. C. Broyles, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, of Atlanta Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John

G. Price attended the meeting and at the opening ceremonies responded for the Grand Lodge to the addresses of welcome by E. H. Kalmon, Mayor of Albany, and Past Exalted Ruler H. T. McIntosh, of Albany Lodge, No. 713. Among the resolutions passed was one thanking Mr. Price for his interest in the Association. Retiring President Gilbert Phillip Maggioni, who has served as head of the State body for two years, also addressed the gathering.

The business sessions were productive of a number of interesting suggestions, among them being one for a joint convention next year of the Elks Associations of Georgia, Florida, Alabama and South Carolina. At the Lodge session held the first evening of the convention a class of candidates was initiated by the Degree Team of Atlanta Lodge. Dances, a banquet in honor of the Grand Lodge and State Association officers, a huge barbecue and a parade with many fine floats, were among the entertainment features enjoyed by the visitors and delegates. No date or place was set for the 1927 convention, as the suggestion of a joint meeting is being considered.

Monroe, La., Lodge Plans Large New Home

Plans are being discussed by Monroe, La., Lodge, No. 454, for the construction of a handsome new Home to cost from \$75,000 to \$100,000. The building as now proposed will contain all usual club features, bowling alleys, billiard room, lounging and smoking rooms, reading and writing rooms, Turkish baths, grill room, reception room for ladies, Secretary's office, and a beautiful and ornate Lodge room.

Monroe Lodge has made rapid strides in the past year and is one of the most important organizations of its kind in the city. Its summer program calls for a number of activities, including outings, picnics, barbecues, etc., the net proceeds to go to some worthy charity or civic institution.

Kelso, Wash., Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

The handsome new Home of Kelso, Wash., Lodge, No. 1482, was recently dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hollis B. Fultz, who was assisted in the ceremony by the Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers from neighboring Lodges. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. H. Tucker delivered the dedicatory address and each of the visiting officers spoke briefly, congratulating the Lodge on its fine achievements.

The new Home of Kelso Lodge is a striking two-story, reinforced concrete structure, the first floor being devoted to a number of stores and the second carefully designed for Lodge purposes. It is situated in the heart of the business district. Much thought has gone into the design and furnishing of the large Lodge room. It is exceptionally well lighted and



The attractive and well furnished Home of Williston, N. D., Lodge, No. 1214

finished in a beautiful bronze tint. The furniture is all dark gold, quarter-sawed oak, and the fixtures are in keeping.

After the formal dedication, a banquet was served in honor of the Grand Lodge officers, the State Association representatives, and the officers from Washington and Oregon Lodges.

Kelso Lodge has shown a remarkable growth since its institution in April, 1924. Beginning with a charter list of less than fifty it now has more than 400 names on its roll.

Montana State Elks Association To Meet in Butte in August

At an informal meeting of the officers of the Montana State Elks Association, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Montana Lodges, held at Butte in connection with the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, it was decided to hold the annual convention of the Association at Butte some time in August. A committee was appointed and has since been at work making the necessary arrangements for the meeting.

Subordinate Lodge Secretaries Should Note this Information

Subordinate Lodge Secretaries directing communications to Rochester, Minn., concerning members who have gone there for medical treatment, should address their inquiries to Roy K. Shadduck, Welfare Secretary, c/o the Elks Club, Rochester. In the past many such inquiries have been made of the Secretary of Rochester Lodge, which has meant delay and extra work, as all such communications have to be turned over to Mr. Shadduck as representative of the Minnesota State Elks Association.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy Sleeman

The visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James B. Sleeman of Huntingdon, Pa., Lodge, No. 976, to Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, was the occasion of a splendid reception in his honor. A class of candidates was initiated by the well known degree team of Reynoldsville Lodge and the evening was marked by the attendance of Elks from Du Bois, Franklin, Clarion, Brookville, Bloomsburg, and other distant points.

Rich Hill, Mo., Lodge Treats Youngsters to Circus

Some eighty youngsters were made happy when Rich Hill, Mo., Lodge, No. 1026, presented them with tickets for a circus performance. The idea originated with Secretary C. F. Krieger and was enthusiastically taken up by the members, who enjoyed watching the children as much as the youngsters did the performance.

Macon, Mo., Lodge Owns Beautiful Home

Though Macon, Mo., Lodge, No. 999, is located in a comparatively small town, its

members own a beautiful Home that represents an investment of over \$50,000. The Lodge lays much stress on welfare work and its building is frequently used for public meetings in connection with the local schools, civic functions, and other public gatherings. The Lodge, instituted in 1906 with a membership of fifty, now has close to 400 on its rolls.

Owego, N. Y., Lodge Presents Uniforms to High School Band

At a recent special meeting of Owego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1039, the members voted to supply the Owego High School Band with uniforms. There are some forty pieces in this excellent organization and the uniforms, consisting of a dark blue cape lined with red silk, a dark blue overseas cap, and white trousers, cost the Lodge approximately \$500. The band accompanied the Owego Lodge delegation to the annual convention of the New York State Elks Association held at Syracuse last month.

Opelousas, La., Lodge in Flourishing Condition

Opelousas, La., Lodge, No. 1048, whose recently completed Home is one of the finest in the State, representing as it does an investment of \$100,000, is in a flourishing condition and very active in its community. On June 3, Confederate Memorial Day, the largest class in the history of the Lodge was initiated and the ceremonies, followed by a barbecue and dance, were attended by hundreds of Elks from neighboring towns. An excellent minstrel show was produced in the High School Auditorium and plans are on foot for a huge children's picnic to be held some time this month. The enthusiasm of the members is high and the coming year should see even greater progress by this active Lodge.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. H. Kubley of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, and the way he visits far North Lodges

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge Enjoyed an Active Year

The Lodge year recently closed by Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, has seen much sound progress made. More than 100 new members were added to its rolls and a drill team organized which made an excellent showing at Niagara Falls in competition with long-established teams from large New York State Lodges. Its Memorial and Flag Day services were attended by big audiences and its social events were all highly successful. The work of its Social and Community Welfare Committee was excellently performed, many individual cases being investigated and relieved in addition to its work with institutions, while plans for even wider activity this year are being made.

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge Sponsoring Boys' Band

The newly organized Boys' Band of Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 788, is now holding rehearsals. The youngsters are receiving their training under competent instructors and the members are enthusiastic over the progress already shown. As individual abilities become apparent, it is planned to divide the boys into three groups—a marching squad, an orchestra, and a fife and drum corps.

Corning, N. Y., Lodge Planning Addition to Home

The progress of Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1071, during the past two years has made necessary considerable enlargement of its Home. At a recent meeting members examined a set of plans for a one story and basement brick and concrete addition to be built on the lot owned by the Lodge at the east of its Home. The plans call for a large hall, 45 x 68 feet, equipped with a stage and dressing rooms, to occupy most of the first floor. Should the basement be enlarged it is planned to install an attractive grill and four bowling alleys.



Shreveport, La., Lodge Band to Attend National Convention

The band of Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122, will be represented at the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago in July by its popular band of forty pieces, which is under the direction of Prof. B. Axel Johansson, formerly of Chicago. The band enjoyed a highly successful winter season, playing to large and enthusiastic audiences on every public appearance. In line with their policy of "Going About and Doing Good," they have always donated their services to institutions of charity, hospitals and patriotic celebrations, giving free concerts for the less fortunate at every available opportunity. They have also been retained by the City of Shreveport for the usual series of concerts to be given at the parks and playgrounds of the city throughout the summer season.

Greenwich, Conn., Lodge Has Had Successful Year

Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150, has passed through a very successful year. Its membership is steadily increasing and it has been active in many fields, especially in Social and Community Welfare work. It has, among other organizations within its membership, a most efficient ritualistic team which has demonstrated its ability in a number of sister Lodges throughout the State.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Writes for Lodge Bulletin

"The Elkogram," the official bulletin of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, now carries an inspirational article every week by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier. Mr. Meier conducted a similar feature the year he was Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge, which was very successful. Due to an insistent demand by the members of his Lodge, he consented recently to continue the series.

Nashville, Tenn., Lodge Has Fine Library

An excellent library of approximately 4,000 volumes of history, biography, science, drama, criticism, fiction and other subjects of general interest is maintained by Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72. There is a librarian in charge, and the Lodge has recently published an attractive, well indexed catalogue of the books on its shelves.

Report of Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge

The report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, for 1925-26 shows a sum of more than \$20,000 spent in assistance to unfortunate individuals, contributions to hospitals and charitable institutions, gifts to inmates, and a Christmas-tree celebration enjoyed by more than 3,000 children. The Committee, under the chairmanship of Moses Altman, decided to discontinue the crippled children's outing and instead to endow a bed in the Hospital for Crippled and Ruptured, and contributed \$2,500 for this purpose. The total expenditures for relief during the year, including those mentioned above, came to more than \$60,000.

Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Active In Many Fields

The crippled children's clinic conducted recently by Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, in the Health Department of the City Hall, proved one of the most successful ever held in the city. Thirty-six crippled boys and girls brought by autos from Saratoga, Troy, Waterford, Cohoes, and Colonie, received examination and treatment. Dr. Leroy Hubbard, noted orthopedic specialist, directed the clinic and was assisted by a score of prominent doctors and surgeons.

In addition to its crowded program of welfare work Watervliet Lodge recently initiated a large class of candidates and staged an elaborate production of a play which netted a goodly sum for its building fund.



The Grand Lodge Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, erected at his grave in the Riverside Cemetery, Waterbury, Conn. Impressive ceremonies attended by many distinguished members of the Order marked its dedication

Claremont, N. H., Lodge Will Remodel Home

Acceptance of new plans for the remodeling of the Home of Claremont, N. H., Lodge, No. 879, was the outstanding feature of a recent meeting of the members. The most striking change called for in the plans will be made on the upper floor, the entire area of which will be used for the Lodge room and hall. The basement will be remodeled for recreation purposes, and the billiard and grill rooms will be located here. On the other two floors the enlarging of certain rooms will be effected to make them more adaptable to the present needs of the membership. The work will begin at once and is expected to cost between \$12,000 and \$15,000.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Band Plays at Penitentiary

Accompanied by a large delegation of members and their wives, the fine band of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, journeyed to the Federal penitentiary on McNeil's Island, where they gave a concert for the 700 convicts confined there. This thoughtful interest in their welfare, in keeping with Exalted Ruler John C. Slater's motto of "Let's make someone happier," was deeply appreciated by the prisoners and their response to the music was unrestrainedly enthusiastic. After the concert Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier, of Seattle Lodge, made a brief address, and gifts of cigars and tobacco were passed out.

On the return trip, the band stopped at the Western Washington Hospital at Steilacoom where they gave another concert.

Garret, Ind., Lodge Acquires Site For New Home

Garrett, Ind., Lodge, No. 1447, recently acquired a site for a new Home by the purchase of property on Randolph Street between King and Quincy. The present buildings on the site will be razed and a modern structure will be erected, 50 x 125 feet in dimensions. Plans have not been completed, but it is probable that a theatre will be located on the first floor, with

Elk quarters on the remaining floors. It is planned to start work on the new Home next year.

California Elks Trapshoot Sets New Record for Contestants

The Elks trapshoot held a short time ago at the Golden Gate Gun Club at Alameda, Calif., is believed to have set a new world's record for the number of contestants taking part, more than 500 registered shooters competing. Nine traps, each accommodating a battery of five guns, were working from daylight to dark, and 30,000 shells were fired. A number of prizes were awarded and approximately \$500 realized for charity.

Houston, Tex., Lodge Planning Magnificent New Home

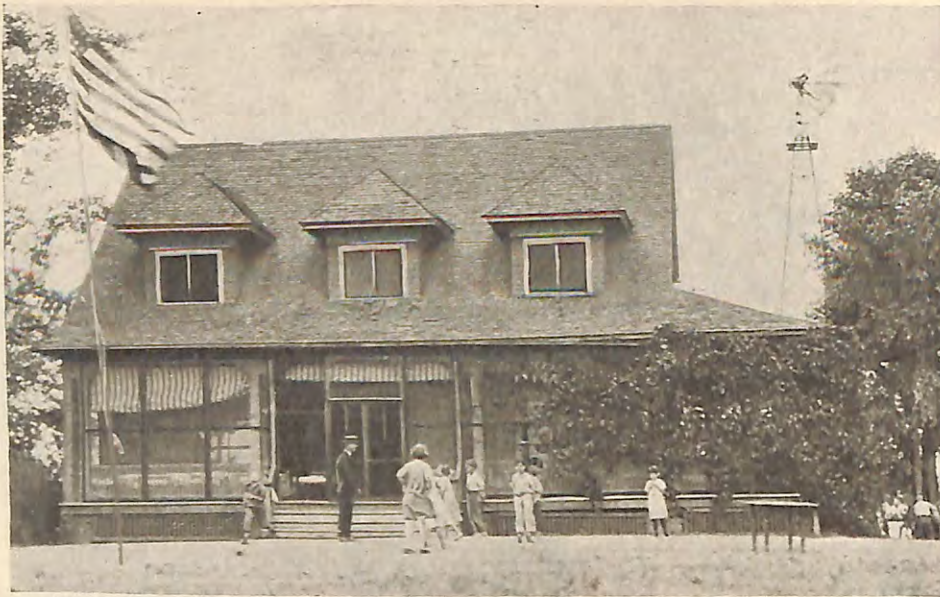
A building committee has been appointed in Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, to go into the details of a new Home for the Lodge. Tentative plans include a fifteen-or-twenty story building equipped with a swimming pool, gymnasium, roof garden, and Turkish bath, in addition to the usual Lodge and club features.

Newark, N. J., Lodge Makes Big Donation for Cripples

An example of the enthusiasm of its membership for charitable work was given at a recent meeting of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21. The members were called upon for voluntary contributions to be used in equipping a ward in the Home and Hospital for Crippled Children. Though the amount asked for was only \$1,000, before the meeting was over more than \$4,000 had been contributed by those present—abundant evidence of the broad spirit of benevolence that pervades Newark Lodge.

San Antonio, Tex., Lodge to Sponsor Second Boy Scout Troop

Boys' work occupies a prominent place in the activities of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216.



The health camp for children which is maintained by Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39

A little more than a year ago a troop of Boy Scouts was organized and sponsored by the Lodge. So successful was this undertaking that now a second troop is being arranged for, to be under the direction of Secretary Grover Collins as Scoutmaster, which will also enjoy the full support of the Lodge.

Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge to Aid Crippled Children's Hospital

Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, has voted the sum of \$1,000 toward the preliminary expenses for the establishment of a hospital for crippled children in its city. The vote, taken at the largely attended Mother's Day meeting, followed upon a report for the Social and Community Welfare Committee by Past Exalted Ruler Charles Fisher, on the excellent work being done in other New York State hospitals.

West Virginia State Elks Association To Meet in August

The annual convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association will be held at Martinsburg, W. Va., on August 16, 17 and 18. This will be the first time that Martinsburg Lodge, No. 778, has entertained a State Convention and officers and members are all working hard to make the event a memorable one.

Proceedings of Minnesota State Elks Association in Printed Form

A complete, illustrated copy of the proceedings of the twenty-first annual convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association has been received by the Magazine. It is a handsomely bound booklet of fifty pages and should be of lasting interest to all who took part, and to officers and members of other State Associations as well.

Opportunity for a Lodge to Secure Elk Antlers

The Museum of Columbia College, Dubuque, Iowa, owns a beautiful pair of elk antlers which it is anxious to dispose of. They are said to be in excellent condition, well mounted, free from blemish, and perfect in every detail. Any Lodge interested in purchasing them should communicate with G. W. Heitkamp, Curator of the College Museum, who will be glad to furnish a complete description, size, price, etc. The antlers are part of a collection which was purchased last year. Although the College would like to keep them, there are so many other articles more essential to its needs that it has decided to offer them for sale.

Death Claims Dr. Laban Hazeltine Member of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge

Dr. Laban Hazeltine, charter member and first Exalted Ruler of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 203, recently passed away at his home in

Jamestown. Long active in the Lodge and respected throughout the community, his death was a loss to his fellow members and the citizens of Jamestown. The officers of the Lodge conducted the funeral and burial services which were attended by a large gathering who came from many parts of the district to pay final tribute to their friend.

Building Plans Approved by Grand Exalted Ruler

The Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler have approved the plans for the purchase of property and the erection of new Homes for the following Lodges:

Ontario, Calif., Lodge, No. 1419. Purchase of a Home, a two-story, brick building located on the principal business street. The first floor is to be used for business purposes and the second for Lodge and club purposes. The purchase price is \$36,000, alterations \$5,000 and furnishings \$3,000.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613. Erection of a new Home on the site of their former Home which was destroyed during the earthquake last summer. The Home will be four stories and basement, the first floor and basement to be used as stores, second floor for club purposes, third floor for Lodge and dance rooms and fourth floor for gymnasium. The building site is valued at \$160,500, the estimated cost of the building is \$275,000 and \$25,000 will be spent for furnishings.

St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541. (Correction.) Erection of a new Home at an estimated

cost of \$150,000, instead of \$15,000 as previously reported.

Madison, N. J., Lodge Has Attractive Home on Traveled Highway

Madison, N. J., Lodge, No. 1465, has a most attractive Home situated on the main highway to Lake Hopatcong and Pennsylvania. Its doors are always open to traveling members and its hospitality is well known to many. Madison Lodge has a Sister Lodge visiting committee which is active throughout the district and which has been the means of building up strong ties with neighboring Lodges.

Oneida, N. Y., Lodge Will Build Large Addition to Home

A \$50,000 addition to the Home of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, No. 767, will be ready for occupancy on March 2, 1927, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Lodge. Plans and specifications are now being prepared for this addition which will give Oneida Lodge a larger Lodge room, a grill and other modern conveniences, making the Home one of the best in Central New York. A splendid celebration will be arranged for the dedication and anniversary observance to which the Grand Exalted Ruler and other officers of the Order will be invited.

California State Elks Association Publishes Fine Report

The bound copies of the proceedings of the eleventh annual meeting of the California State Elks Association are models of what such a report should be. In addition to complete stenographic notes of all speeches, committee reports, discussions and resolutions, there are excellent photographs of the winning teams and organizations in the various contests, and portraits of past and present Grand Lodge and State Association officers. Its 150 odd pages of excellent coated paper are sturdily bound and the printing and typography are admirable.

Social Welfare Committee of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Reports

The annual report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, shows a total expenditure for the year of nearly \$17,000. In addition to cash donations to various drives and institutions and to work with individuals, the Lodge maintains several permanent agencies of relief. One of these is a farm of 189 acres at Bound Brook, N. J., where poor and under-nourished children are sent for building up. During the summer months the farm is open to other New Jersey Lodges who wish to send children there, and during the year a total of 870 boys and girls were received. In its work with crippled children the

(Continued on page 58)



This attractive building is the Home of Sycamore, Ill., Lodge, No. 1392



The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

By John Chapman Hilder

All Photographs Copyright by E. L. Fowler

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon, July 14, at four o'clock, the magnificent Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, situated at the intersection of Lake View Avenue and Diversey Parkway, Chicago, is to be dedicated. Exactly five years from the month of its authorization by the Grand Lodge, this unique structure will be formally turned over to the uses of the Order by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, which has been in charge of its construction.

Nowhere in the world, so far as is known; certainly nowhere in the United States, is there another such building, combining in one beautiful design the two functions of a War Memorial and of the executive headquarters of a great national fraternity. In every respect, from its dual rôle to its unusual, circular design, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is an original production. There is nothing quite like it anywhere.

In order fully to realize how completely the building fills the requirements laid down at its inception, one must know the condi-

tions which led to its creation. To understand these, it is necessary to revert to the proceedings of the Grand Lodge Convention of 1921, held in Los Angeles, California, in the course of which the Order took the definite step of authorizing the construction of the building. As a matter of fact, to be accurate, the story begins prior to that. The question of the advisability of having a national headquarters for Grand Lodge use had been discussed for some years. It was not until 1920, however, that any step was taken toward bringing this discussion to a head. In that year, at the Convention in Chicago, Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain recommended, in his official report, that the office of the Grand Secretary be located permanently in a National Headquarters building. "The Order," said this report, "has reached a stage in its history where it should have a permanent place for the offices of the Grand Secretary and National Headquarters. A centrally located city should be selected and suitable headquarters leased, or better still, a building should be built by the Order." The report

made a further recommendation which was embodied in the following resolution, unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge at that time: "That the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler be and is hereby authorized and directed to appoint a special committee of five, whose duty it shall be to thoroughly investigate the advisability of the establishment in some suitably located city of a permanent National Headquarters for the Order, and to report to the next Grand Lodge Session the conclusion and such recommendations as it may deem proper in the premises, including the suggestion of ways and means to put into effect such recommendations as it may make."

Accordingly the new Grand Exalted Ruler, William M. Abbott, appointed the members of the Elks War Relief Commission, whose work was tapering to a close, as members of the National Headquarters Committee, with instructions to investigate the matter of a permanent headquarters and to report on their findings at the Convention of 1921. Thus the first step was taken.



This general view of the Great Memorial Hall gives an idea of what one sees looking across it from the west lobby toward the bronze doors of the main entrance



One of the lovely arches which lead from the Great Hall to the wings



The vaulted foyer just inside the main doors. Below—one of the urns

What the Committee accomplished is set forth very clearly in its report to the Grand Lodge, assembled in Los Angeles the following year. It seems simpler and more satisfactory to quote freely from that report than to try to paraphrase its contents. This I shall do, omitting here and there portions no longer essential to an understanding of the subject. It should be remembered, in reading this article, that in 1921 there was no such thing as THE ELKS MAGAZINE and that by reason of this lack it was more difficult then than it is to-day for the Grand Lodge to learn the sentiment of the membership, and almost impossible to acquaint the membership individually with its problems and proposed activities. The first action of the newly appointed National Headquarters Committee back in the autumn of 1920 was to address a circular letter to each officer of the Grand Lodge and to each Subordinate Lodge of the Order, inviting suggestions which might be considered helpful to it in the performance of its duty. "From the several hundred replies which were received," said the report, "your Committee is convinced that the suggestions and recommendations hereinafter presented are in accord with the views and desires of the membership generally; and that adoption thereof by the Grand Lodge will meet the approbation of the whole Order."

It had been pointed out by Grand Exalted Ruler Rain, in 1920, that the quarters at that time occupied by the Grand Secretary



were inadequate and that they were subject to change in location with every change of residence made by that officer. The National Headquarters Committee, after studying this situation, agreed that the Grand Secretary's office certainly should be permanently located, but that: "If the only consideration involved were the proper location and housing of the Grand Secretary's office, that purpose might well be accomplished by establishing it in some fire-proof building of adequate size in any one of a dozen cities of the country." Of itself, the locating of the Grand Secretary's office did not seem wholly to justify the erection of a special building.

But there were other factors to be considered. Among these was the recognized need for a representative and permanent National Headquarters for the Order, providing space for the use of Grand Lodge Officers and Committees and THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The most important factor, however, in considering reasons for embarking on so large an enterprise, was the desire of the Order to erect a War Memorial.

On this phase of the undertaking the report of the Committee ran as follows: "It will be remembered that more than seventy thousand members of the Order of Elks were in the service of our country during the World War. More than one thousand of these Brothers made the last supreme sacrifice in that service and laid down their lives in exemplification of their



Windows of the Grand Reception Room. Note the beautiful carved columns and the remarkable ceiling

fidelity to the obligation of loyal patriotism and devotion to country which they assumed at our altars.

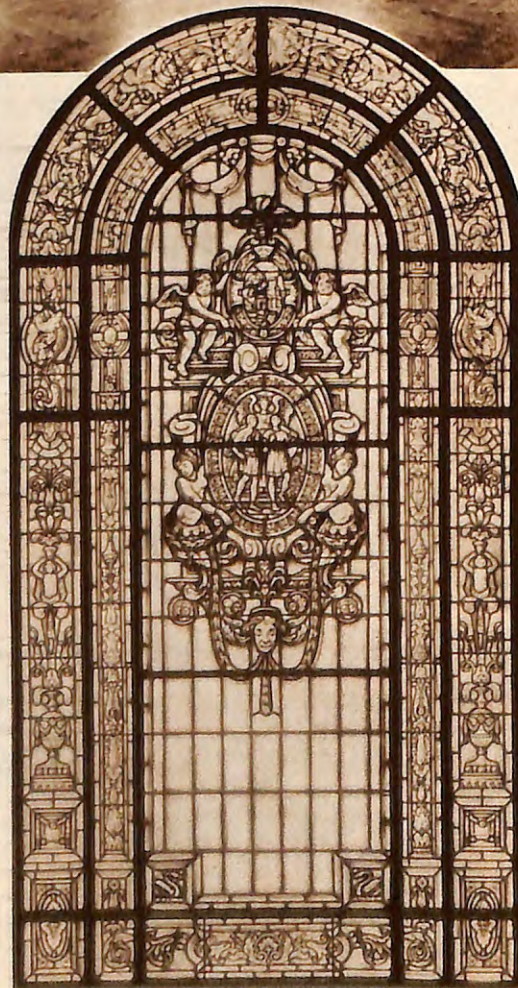
"No clearer duty, nor one more in accord with every tenet of our Order, lies before us than that of providing a suitable memorial to the valor and sacrifice of these heroes who have shed a radiance of glory over the whole Order.

"That memorial should be not only worthy of the splendid heroism which it would commemorate, but also worthy of the great fraternity whose love and pride and grateful memory it would express to the world.

"Of course, the forms which such a memorial might take are infinite in variety and each suggested form would present an appeal all its own. It might be in the shape of some humanitarian or utilitarian activity. It might be a monument of marble or bronze; an arch, a shrine or temple.

"But in view of the proposed establishment of a National Headquarters of the Order and the erection of a building to be used as such headquarters, it would seem that an opportunity is presented for a combination of the memorial feature with that project in a manner that would be eminently desirable and the results of which would be most effective and desirable from every viewpoint.

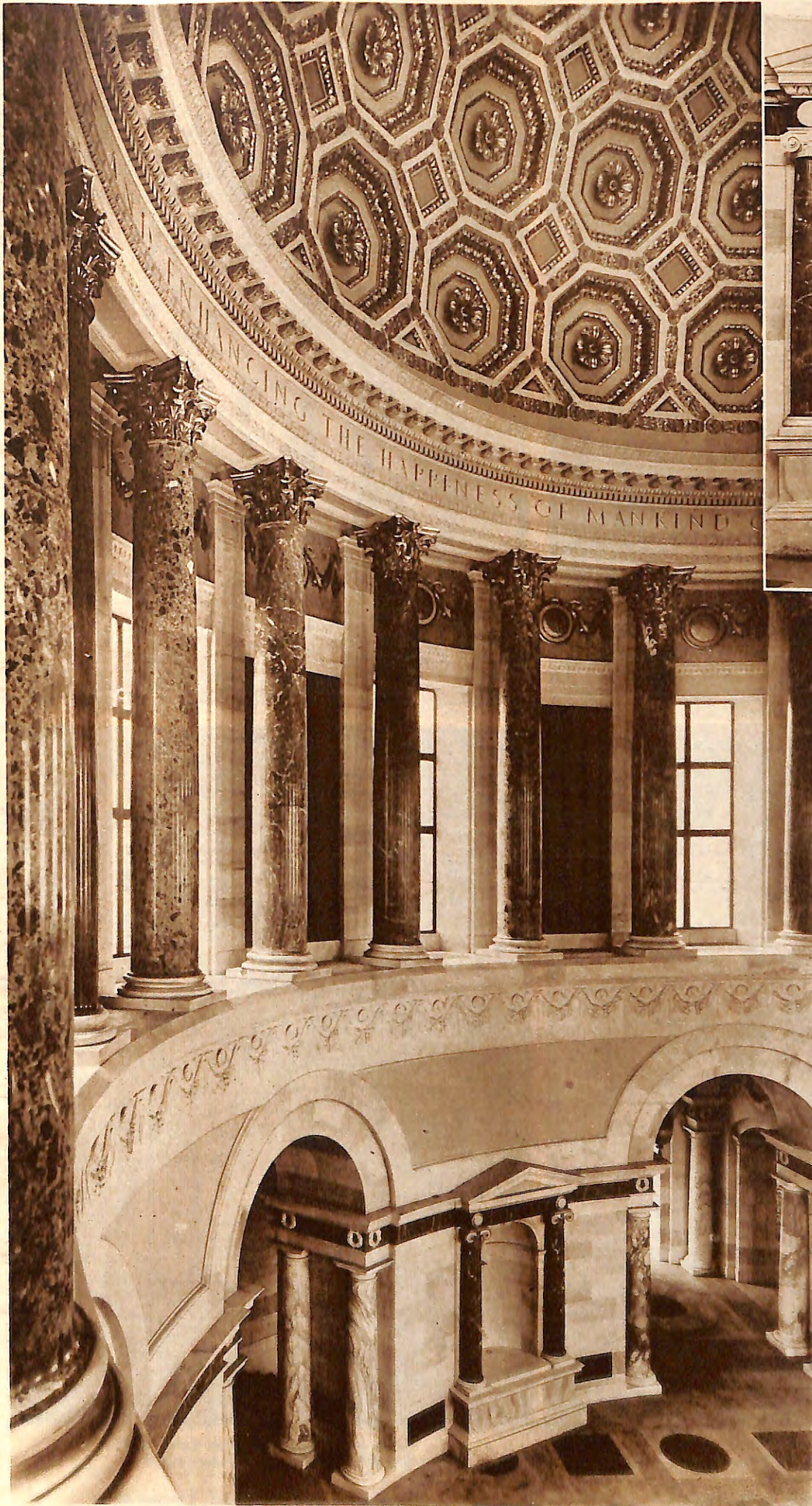
"The building could itself be of a design and character that would make it a stately memorial; and it could contain



definite monumental features and tablets which would fittingly commemorate the service and sacrifice designed to be honored. And at the same time such features would in no way impair its adaptability to the proposed use thereof for headquarters purposes.

"Your Committee is of the opinion that this idea should be carried out in the construction of the Headquarters Building. And it, therefore, recommends that the suggested building be made definitely monumental and memorial in character; that the architectural design be so stately and beautiful, the material of its construction so enduring, its site and setting so appropriate and commanding, and its distinctive monumental features so artistic, that the heart of every Elk who contemplates it will be thrilled with pride, and that it will, for generations to come, prove an inspiration to that loyalty and patriotism which the Order so earnestly teaches and has so worthily exemplified."

There were, then, three considerations to be taken into account, in so far as the necessity and desirability of a headquarters building were concerned. A fourth consideration was the determination of how large an outlay would



Above, one of four niches which will contain bronze figures

Part of the great interior colonnade showing the marble columns

be required to erect a structure of suitable size and impressiveness to meet the need. "This building," said the Committee, "should not only be made adequate in size and equipment to provide for the proper and convenient conduct of the business affairs of the Order; it should also be of a character and dignity that would reflect the power and prestige of the Order. Not only should it be a building occupied wholly for Grand Lodge purposes, but it should be a building of such a type and of such architectural beauty that it would be distinctive and monumental, worthy of the Order and truly representative of all for which the Order stands. It should be a building in which the members of the Order could feel a just and proper pride; and one which would compel the respectful admiration of all people, as a fitting home for the conduct of the affairs of so great an organization of patriotic Americans. The Order is too great, rich and powerful to longer deny itself this appropriate evidence of its wealth and prestige and this needed instrumentality of real service."

Based on its study of costs in relation to the requirements, the Committee recommended the appropriation of two and a half million dollars for the purpose of purchasing a site and constructing the building, and recommended also that the

(Continued on page 50)



At top, view of vaulted marble corridor ceiling over stairway shown below

These stairs lead down to the lounge and other portions of the basement

Vista looking from Memorial Hall through west lobby to Reception Room

Central doors of the Grand Reception Room, showing carving and panelling

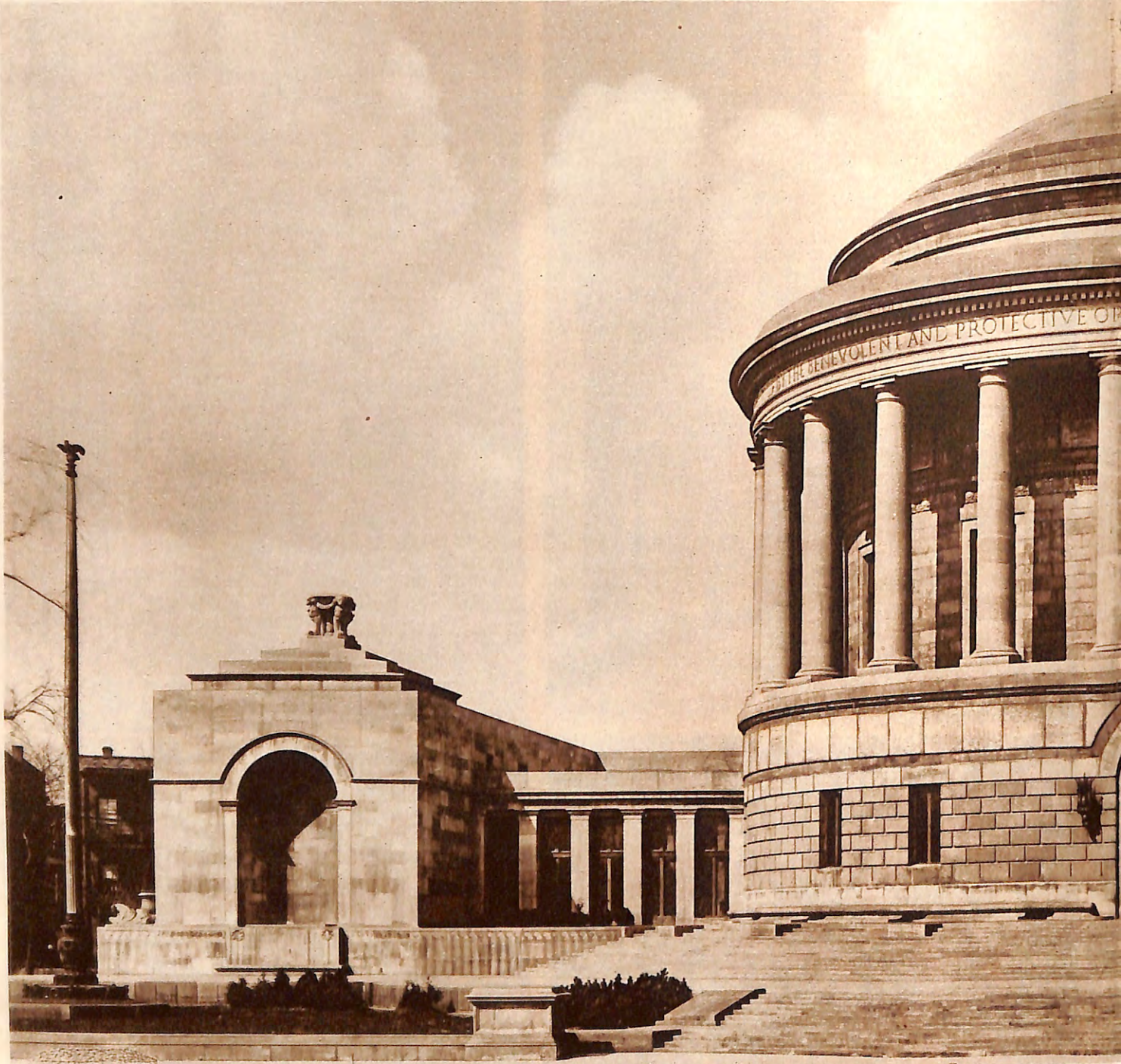


One of the circular domed anterooms on either side of the Reception Room

Decorative end window of Reception Room. Note beauty of woodwork

One of the fine vaulted marble corridors surrounding the Memorial Hall

A view looking down the same curved stairway shown on the opposite page



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JOHN K. TENER, Chairman.
Charleroi, Pa.

JOSEPH T. FANNING,
Executive Director and
Secretary-Treasurer,
50 East 42nd Street,
New York, N. Y.

JAMES R. NICHOLSON,
Box 2404, Boston, Mass.

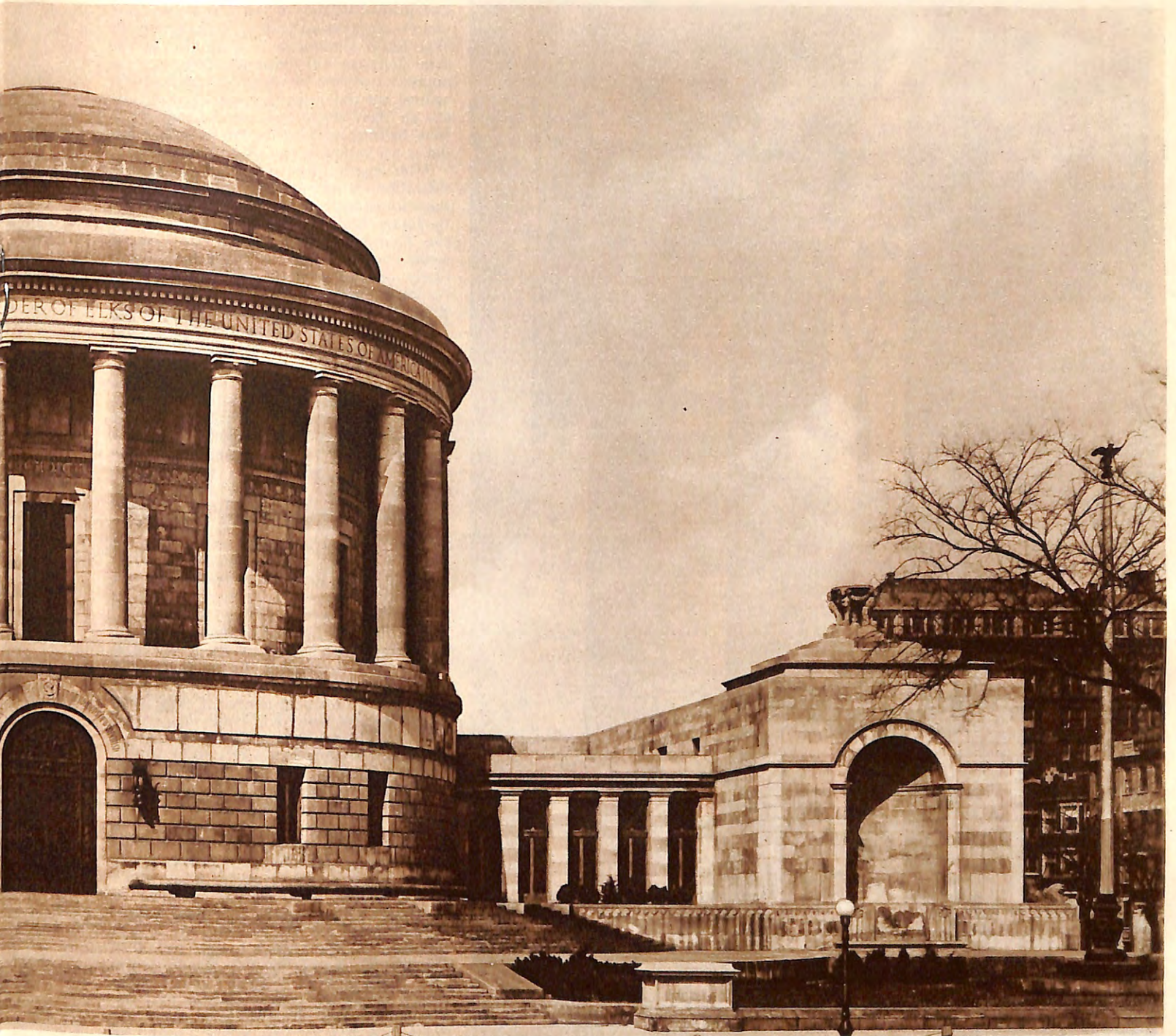
EDWARD RIGHTOR,
1010 Canal-Commercial Building
New Orleans, La.

FRED HARPER,
Lynchburg, Va.

BRUCE A. CAMPBELL,
Murphy Building,
East St. Louis, Ill.

THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF
PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS
INVITED TO ATTEND
ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL
ERECTED BY THE BENEVOLENT AND
UNITED STATES
IN MEMORY OF THE SERVICE
DURING THE
DIVERSEY PARKWAY AND LA
ON THE AFTERNOON OF
ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL





ALL LODGES OF THE BENEVOLENT AND
 ARE CORDIALLY AND FRATERNALLY
 THE DEDICATION OF THE
 NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING
 AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE
 STATES OF AMERICA
 AND SACRIFICE OF ITS MEMBERS
 THE WORLD WAR
 KEVIEW AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
 JULY 14, 1926, AT FOUR O'CLOCK
 NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS COMMISSION

- WILLIAM M. ABBOTT,
58 Sutter Street,
San Francisco, Cal.
- RUSH L. HOLLAND,
Metropolitan Bank Building,
Washington, D. C.
- FRANK L. RAIN,
Fairbury, Nebraska.
- WILLIAM W. MOUNTAIN,
Tremainsville and Upton Avenue,
West Toledo, Ohio.
- J. E. MASTERS,
Office of County Treasurer
Washington, Pa.
- GRAND EXALTED RULER,
Member ex-officio





The majestic outer columns of the Memorial Hall. They are four feet thick at the base and thirty-two feet high. The urn is on the north wing

unexpended balance of the War Relief Fund and the assets remaining in the hands of the War Relief Commission be applied to the same purpose. It recommended that the appropriated sum be raised by special levies against the Subordinate Lodges proportionate to their respective membership, from time to time as needed, not to exceed one dollar per capita in any calendar year.

After lengthy discussion and careful consideration of the report, which included suggestions for certain necessary changes in the Grand Lodge Constitution and Statutes, the Grand Lodge approved the several recommendations of the Committee, separately and as a whole, and so the Elks National Memorial Headquarters and THE ELKS MAGAZINE were brought into being. To take the place of the National Headquarters Committee, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission was created. Grand Exalted Ruler William Wallace Mountain, on the day of his installation to office, and in order that the work of the Commission might proceed at once, appointed the following Past Grand Exalted Rulers as members of the Commission: Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, William M. Abbott, Rush L. Holland and Frank L. Rain, with the Grand Exalted Ruler a member ex-officio. The Commission has since been augmented by the addition of Past Grand Exalted Rulers William W. Mountain and J. Edgar Masters. Each succeeding Grand Exalted Ruler has also been a member ex-officio during his term of office. The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission elected Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director.

So much for the background, the reasons and needs which inspired the erection of the building. The next step was to acquire a site. During the year in which it had studied the proposition, the National Headquarters Committee had visited many cities which had requested consideration as possible locations for the project. The final recommendation of the Committee, which was approved by the Grand Lodge, was that Chicago be chosen as the Headquarters City. Factors influencing this choice were, briefly, as follows: It was essential that the site be one which, to use the language of the Committee, "for all time to come would be reasonably sure to preserve its relative importance and desirability as a setting for such a memorial; and not one likely to be affected by probable shifting of the centers of commercial and industrial activities.

"It is apparent that such a building should not be located in any city where it would for any reason fail to maintain itself as an outstanding and conspicuous monument.

"There are also considerations of commercial and administrative importance which must be taken into account. The location should be one from which the business affairs of the Order can be conducted with convenience and dispatch and with proper regard to the number and relative locations of the Subordinate Lodges and members of the Order to be served. Transportation and postal facilities are important details to be considered.

"Other questions involved relate to taxation, expense and construction; cost of site, size of site available, street frontages, expense of maintenance, relationship to buildings and memorials of like character, and other kindred matters, all of which



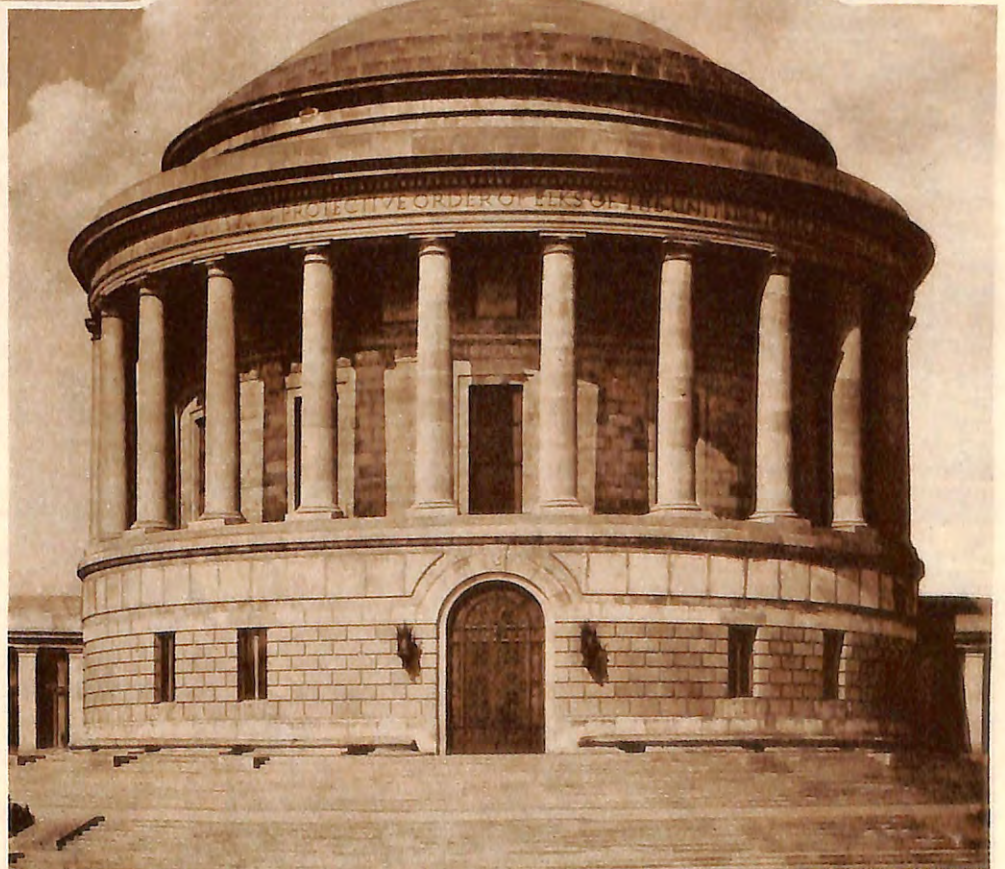
Here you see the Diversey Parkway end of the Building as it appears from the northwest corner of the property

have been carefully considered by your Committee."

It was the unanimous opinion of the Committee that, great as were the advantages offered by many other cities, those offered by Chicago, all in all, were the greatest. Among these is the vast plan, now under way, of beautifying the Chicago Lake front, a plan into which the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building fits most admirably.

After a thorough examination of various sites, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, under the authority vested in it by the Grand Lodge, selected and purchased a plot of ground situated at the intersection of Lake View Avenue and Diversey Parkway, fronting Lincoln Park and Lake Michigan, a very advantageous site located but a few minutes by motorbus or automobile from the heart of the city, yet far enough removed from the congested district for the building to dominate its surroundings. The property has a frontage of 393 feet on Lake View Avenue and 250 feet on Diversey Parkway. This property, which cost \$375,000 in 1921 and which, a year later, had more than doubled in value, was conveyed by deed to the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

With the land bought and paid for, next came the business of securing a design for the building. And as is usual when a semi-



The course of large stone blocks running around the front of the Memorial Hall will carry the carved frieze by Adolph Weinman



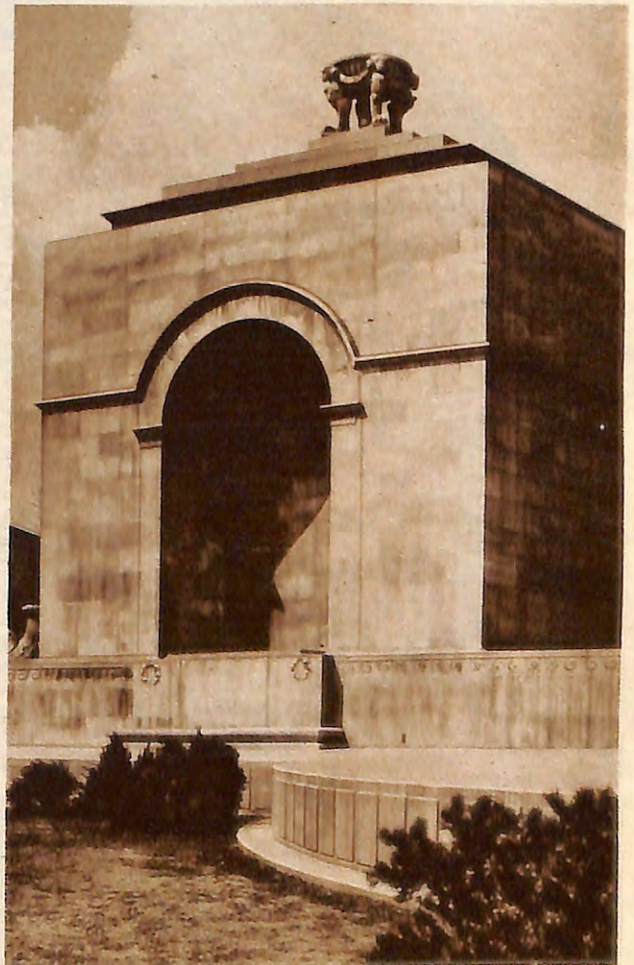
This rear view shows the relation of the Building and its grounds to Lincoln Park and Lake Michigan



The power house is on the right of this driveway which runs along the rear of the Building, connecting with a driveway at the south end

public edifice of monumental character is to be erected, the choice of an architect was made through the medium of a competition. The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, under the advice of Col. J. Hollis Wells, of the firm of Clinton & Russell, Architects, of New York City, who had been engaged as Professional Adviser to the Commission, invited a limited number of architects, of national reputation, to participate in a competition to be held under the rules of the American Institute of Architects. In this competition seven of the foremost architects of this country competed, each submitting a design of such excellence that it could well have been adopted with confident assurance that it would have met the approval of the entire Order. But, after careful consideration of all the designs and drawings, the one submitted by Egerton Swartwout, of New York City, was unanimously selected and a contract was entered into with him. Mr. Swartwout was the architect of the Missouri State Capitol, the National Victory Memorial in Washington, the Mary Baker Eddy Memorial in Boston, the U. S. Post Office and Court House in Denver, the Municipal Auditorium at Macon, Ga., and other similar structures.

One of the features of Mr. Swartwout's design which led to its adoption is the very unusual, circular shape of the Great Memorial Hall which is the central element in the plan. The requirements for the building, as set forth in the program supplied to the competing architects, specifically called for a memorial hall, monumental in character, containing not less than 4,000 square feet. Also specifically required were a monumental reception room for the Grand Exalted Ruler, together with an office, a conference room and ante-rooms; offices for the Grand Secretary and other Grand Lodge Officers and Committees; file rooms, supply rooms,



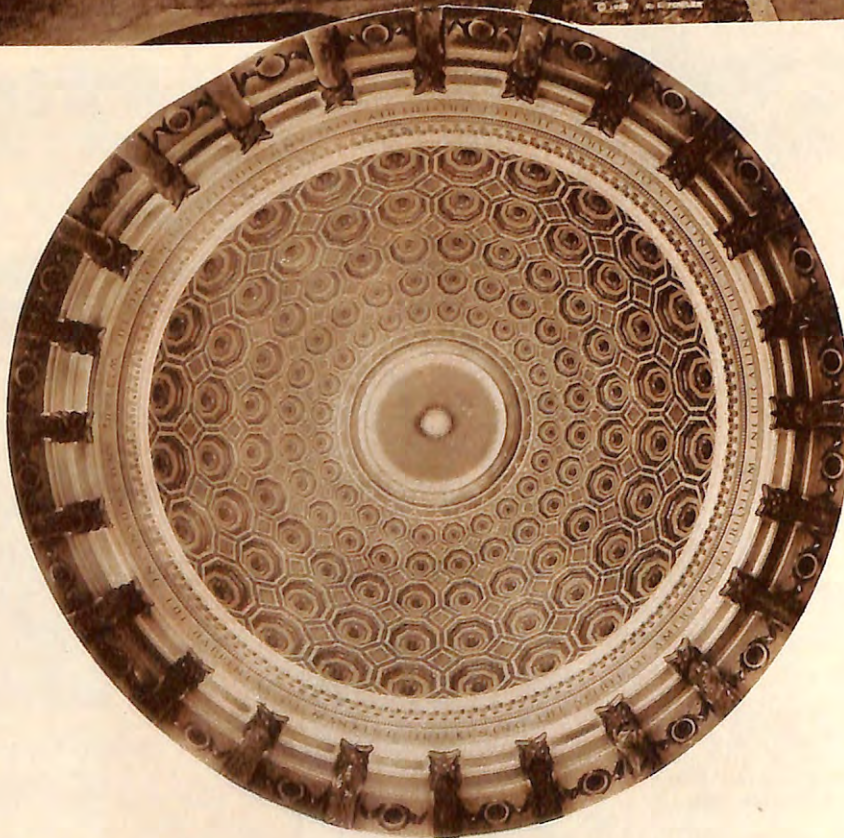
store rooms, vaults and so on. The dominating feature, however, was to be the Memorial Hall; from the standpoint of design the other features were necessarily to be secondary.

In working out the problem, Mr. Swartwout, who has long specialized in monumental work—as contrasted to work of a purely residential or commercial nature—had strongly in mind the need to keep away from the square building with stepped or pyramidal roof which had become closely identified with the buildings of another fraternity. It seemed to him that the best way to do this would be to adopt the one form which obviously is as far removed from the square as any shape can possibly be—namely, the circle. And so he designed a perfectly round memorial hall, as his central feature, flanked on each side by low rectangular wings containing the offices, connected with the central hall by glassed-in corridors

Ornamental detail at corner of south wing and one of the flag-poles in its bronze base

Top right: Looking down into one of the inner courts situated between the Memorial Hall and the wings

Each wing has a niche which will contain a bronze group; one representing Fraternity, the other Patriotism



Here you see more of the Memorial Hall. In reality this room is a perfect circle. Because of its size the camera made it seem oval

Standing in the center of the Memorial Hall and looking up you have this view of the dome. The top is ninety-four feet away

at the front, and, at the back, joined by the grand reception room and the other rooms required for the Grand Exalted Ruler. Thus he evolved a design striking in its originality, simple in its masses, perfectly symmetrical and immediately indicative, to even the most casual observer, of the character of the building.

There have been other circular buildings, not many, but some of them well-known, such as the Pantheon in Rome and some smaller temples. So far as we can discover, however, there is no other building anywhere having a great circular room, surrounded with an unbroken colonnade, surmounted by a relatively flat, open dome and, in relation to its rear and its sides, standing in the position of the middle bar of the letter E. There is no building in existence just like it.

In an article appearing in the September, 1922, issue of this Magazine, Mr. Swartwout wrote: "There will be many who will ask what is the style of the Memorial. I might say it was classic, and more Roman than Greek; I would prefer to say it was modern, and that it was American. It is certainly modern in its conception, and while it is classic, it is not archeological. It follows along the lines of that adaptation of the classic which got such a noble start in this country just after the Revolution; the style used in the Capitol and other buildings in Washington. It is our national heritage."

The design chosen, several months elapsed during which the detailed plans, specifications and working drawings were being prepared. When these were ready, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission invited bids from a number of well-



There is a stairway like this in each of the wings, leading up to the suites of offices on the second floor

known contracting firms, finally awarding the general contract to Hegeman-Harris Co., Inc., of New York City, who have since then erected also the Tribune Tower in Chicago and other large modern structures. An old residence on the property was torn down, ground was broken and construction begun in 1923. The cornerstone was laid June 7, 1924, with impressive ceremonies, at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman of the Commission, presided, Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland conducting the ritualistic service assisted by the other Grand Lodge Officers. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell was the orator of the day. In July, 1925, at the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Oregon, the Commission reported that the structural portion of the building proper would be completed on the scheduled date last September and that the dedication would take place in July, 1926.

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building may be pointed to with pride as one of the most flawless combinations of perfect materials and workmanship ever erected anywhere. From the huge blocks of stone to the smallest hidden details, everything is of the very best. There has been no skimping in material and no scamping in labor. The contractors, sub-contractors and individual workmen were given to understand that high quality alone

would count and that none other would be accepted. Rigid inspection has been maintained at all times and, although the building operations have proceeded at a good pace from the start, speed has never been the paramount requisite.

Because of the circular design, construction of the Memorial Hall was particularly difficult and called for extreme care, since all masonry, all brick and stone work had to be laid on a radius. Almost every piece of stone has a curved face. The size of each piece was worked out, in advance, on the drawings, and each piece was numbered to correspond with its number on the plans. The manufacturing plant, at Carthage, Mo., where the stone was cut and finished, made every piece to fit into the mosaic of the whole, a job requiring the strictest accuracy.

The Indiana Limestone used in the exterior of the building is a special, hard, bluish-gray variety, taken from the bottom of the quarry. As the pictures show, it is set in heavily "rusticated" courses—that is, the joints are deeply indented—in the lower portion of the Memorial Hall. In all, some 50,000 cubic feet, approximately 400 tons of limestone, were used in the exterior. Here are a few of the dimensions, which will give you an idea of the size of the building. From the sidewalk to the point of the dome the height is 115 feet—equal to that of a ten-story building. To the floor of the great colonnade is 38 feet. The columns them-

Below is the unusual brick spiral stairway leading to the outer colonnade





Vista from the south wing to the north wing clear through the great hall

selves, four feet thick at the base, are 32 feet high. There are twenty-four of them. The outside measurement of the Memorial Hall is 106 feet in diameter. From wing to wing, the measurement is 233 feet. The width from the outside of the terraces is 275 feet 8 inches. The wings are 109 feet, 9 inches deep. If you will study the pictures accompanying this article you will secure a better idea of the building and its imposing beauty than I could possibly give you in a description full of superlatives.

You will see the beautiful bronze entrance doors, flanked by decorative lanterns and surmounted on either side of the keystone, which bears the emblem of the Order, by this inscription: "The Triumphs of Peace Endure—The Triumphs of War Perish." You will see, just above these great doors, and just under the colonnade, a strip of stone on which is to be carved a marvelous symbolic frieze, the creation of the famous sculptor Adolph A. Weinman, who also will model bronze groups for the niches in the front ends of the wings. You will see the way in which the building is set on terraces and approached by two flights of semicircular steps; and how the ground has been landscaped, with American and English elms, flowering trees, evergreens and other shrubs

and grass plots. You will see how, with a nice touch of imagination, the architect brought the park right into the building, as it were, by providing for the planting of trees and shrubs in the glassed-in forecourts on each side of the Memorial Hall. Study the pictures and you will gain a clear idea of its appearance—except as to color. It is in the color of the marbles used in the interior that one of the most lovely features of the building is to be found. Here it is really necessary to use superlatives.

The inside of the great Hall of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building is without question the finest example of interior marble work in the world. This is a sweeping statement, but it is true. In color, variety, quality and perfection of workmanship, these marbles are without equal in either this country or any other. The walls of the Memorial Hall and the beautiful vaulted corridors surrounding it are faced with varieties known as Cream and Cipolin, from the Eastman quarries in East Rutland, Vermont. Securing this stone was one of the most difficult phases of the construction work. It was said that there did not exist enough marble, in the particular color desired, to meet the requirements. But by quarrying 150,000 cubic feet, and removing two entire "floors" of the

quarry, it was possible to obtain the 22,000 cubic feet needed.

Marble, you see, is more or less a freak of nature. It was originally limestone, ages ago, and the combination of heat and pressure changed its characteristics. While still in a porous state, impurities, such as iron oxide and other chemicals, seeped into it, causing discoloration. In its pure state, marble is white. It is seldom found, however, absolutely pure. Usually it is streaked with these veins of color, which, having been caused by the haphazard infiltration of alien substances, tend to change in hue and intensity with every foot of stone quarried. You can understand, therefore, how difficult it is to find a large quantity of marble sufficiently uniform in color and marking to make it acceptable for a building in which the areas are large and the color definitely specified. The stone in this lovely building represents the pick of the quarry; not only of one quarry, in fact, but of all the quarries in this country and Europe. For, in addition to that in the walls, there are other marbles as, for instance, in 44 columns on the main floor of the hall, 8 columns flanking four niches which are to contain gilded bronze figures by James Earle Fraser, representing Charity, Justice, Brotherly

(Continued on page 78)



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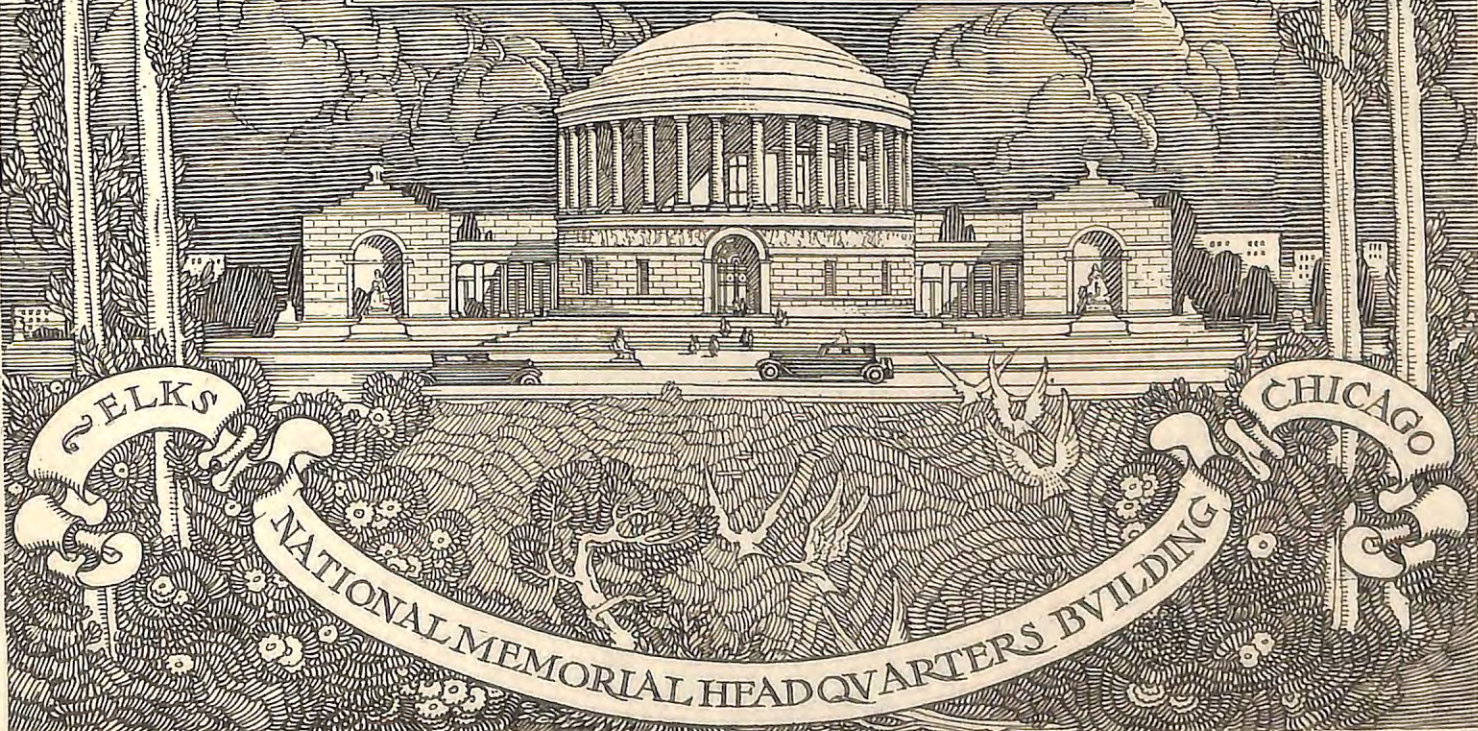
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Opposite Public Library
NEW YORK

IMPORTERS OF ANTIQUE AND MODERN RUGS
FROM PERSIA, INDIA AND THE FAR EAST

Seamless Carpets in Solid Colors.
Emblem Rugs Hand-Woven to Order.
Spanish Rugs

The Rugs in the New Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building
in Chicago furnished by this firm are of the Persian Sarouk Type—
some of the finest in texture and richest in color of modern weaves.

A catalog will be sent to Club Building Committees or Individuals on request



Accommodations for Traveling Elks
Living accommodations are obtainable in any of the Lodge Homes listed below.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge No. 593
 Agana, Guam, Lodge No. 1281
 Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49
 Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461
 Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101
 Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345
 Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201
 Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266
 Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194
 Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436
 Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 19
 Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181
 Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36
 Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733
 Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4
 Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210
 Decatur, Ind., Lodge No. 993
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
 Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892
 Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 538
 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165
 Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge No. 877
 Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200
 Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485
 Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616
 Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13
 Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
 Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
 Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291
 Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319
 Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
 Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
 Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654
 Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
 Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301
 Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
 Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
 Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761
 Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
 Middleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
 Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
 Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46
 Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
 Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 245
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487
 Norwich, N. Y., Lodge No. 1222
 Oakland, Calif., Lodge No. 171
 Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 185
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39
 Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60
 Pendleton, Ore., Lodge No. 288
 Pensacola, Fla., Lodge No. 497
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2
 Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge No. 395
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11
 Plymouth, Mass., Lodge No. 1476
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 789
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142
 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100
 Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943
 Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24
 Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
 Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge No. 794
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516
 Sunbury, Pa., Lodge No. 267
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708
 Torrington, Conn., Lodge No. 372
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357
 Vallejo, Calif., Lodge No. 559
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
 Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
 Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge No. 449
 Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850
 York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

If any Lodge has accommodations, but is not listed here, The Elks Magazine will be glad to include it without charge.

Committee employs a visiting nurse who, last year, paid more than 1,500 personal calls to homes and hospitals; fourteen operations were arranged and paid for, and many appliances provided.

A completely equipped Boys' Club is also maintained. An athletic field, gymnasium, and shower baths, and a good library are open to the boys every day, under the direction of a superintendent and an assistant. Last year the club entered six basketball and two baseball teams in various city leagues.

John W. Quinn Honored by Friends At Cambridge, Mass., Lodge

More than 300 friends of John W. Quinn gathered in the new banquet hall of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, to do honor to him on the occasion of his appointment as superintendent of the Inman Square Post Office. Mr. Quinn has been a member of Cambridge Lodge for more than twenty years, during which time, according to the address made by Exalted Ruler Charles F. Kirby, he has been called upon for service more often than any other member. Past Exalted Ruler George F. McKelleget acted as toastmaster, and among the guests and speakers were many well known State, municipal and Post Office Department officials.

Orphans Are Given Happy Outing by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

Close to 2,000 boys and girls from orphan homes were recently given a most enjoyable outing by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. The youngsters were taken in large busses to Dexter Park, Woodhaven, where all sorts of entertainment was provided. There were music, ice cream, cake, sandwiches, clowns, soda pop and lollypops, and each small child was given a sweater and the older ones "lumberjacks." The outing was one of the largest and most successful ever conducted by the Lodge.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Will Give Children's Outing

The activities of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, in the field of welfare work are showing a marked increase. A feature this summer will be the annual Crippled Children's outing. This year the youngsters will be taken for a sail up the Hudson on one of the large iron steamboats. Bronx Lodge has always taken great pride in the success of these outings and plans to make this year's event unusually attractive.

Iola, Kans., Lodge Holds Trapshoot

Iola, Kans., Lodge, No. 569, recently held a trapshoot on the range of the Iola Gun Club. Forty Elk shooters were on the grounds, besides a large number of spectators. The attendance was remarkable considering this is the first time an Elks' shoot has been conducted in Iola, and that a large percentage of the shooters were novices at the game. As a result of the

success of the shoot, the Lodge will enter a team in the Elks National Trapshooting Tournament to be held July 13-14, during the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago.

Royal Oak, Mich., Lodge Instituted by District Deputy Baxter

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter recently instituted Royal Oak, Mich., Lodge, No. 1523. The Exalted Ruler is Codie R. Clark and the Secretary is John J. Lynch.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Active in Helping Crippled Youngsters

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, continues to carry on the good work it has been doing for the crippled children of its community. Recently the Home of the Lodge was the scene of a meeting of the Welfare and Crippled Children's Committees from Lodges in Auburn, Seneca Falls, Lyons, Geneva and Newark. A moving picture, showing some of the work done by Rochester Lodge was shown at the meeting. The occasion was also marked by the annual banquet given by Julius Friedrich, Chairman of the Committee, to thirty crippled children.

Prominent Member of Raleigh, N. C., Lodge Dies

Raleigh, N. C., Lodge, No. 735, lost one of its most devoted members in the death of J. R. Chamberlain, a Trustee and an Elk of twenty years standing. Mr. Chamberlain, born in New York State and going to North Carolina but a few years after the Civil War, achieved a position of trust and affection. He was widely known for his splendid work while in charge of the Agricultural Department of the State College of Agriculture and Engineering and, later, as founder, officer and director of half a dozen large business enterprises in the South. A man of positive character and strong convictions, he made his influence felt in his Lodge and in his community, and his death is a genuine loss.

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Prepares For Annual Fair

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, will hold its annual fair on the Home grounds on East Front Street from July 9 to July 21. A large committee, under the chairmanship of Henry Sussman, is now busy perfecting the plans. All of the profits from the event will be devoted to the various branches of the charitable work conducted by Red Bank Lodge.

Radio Station to be on Grounds of Columbus, O., Lodge Country Club

Radio Broadcasting Station WAIU, to be operated by the American Insurance Union, is to be built on the grounds of the Country Club of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37. The station will occupy one and a half acres at the northeast
(Continued on page 92)



Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell and a group of Dallas, Tex., School Children

BUILDERS

THE high purpose and patriotic motives which prompted the erection of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, inspired our best efforts in meeting the great responsibility put upon us in the building of it.



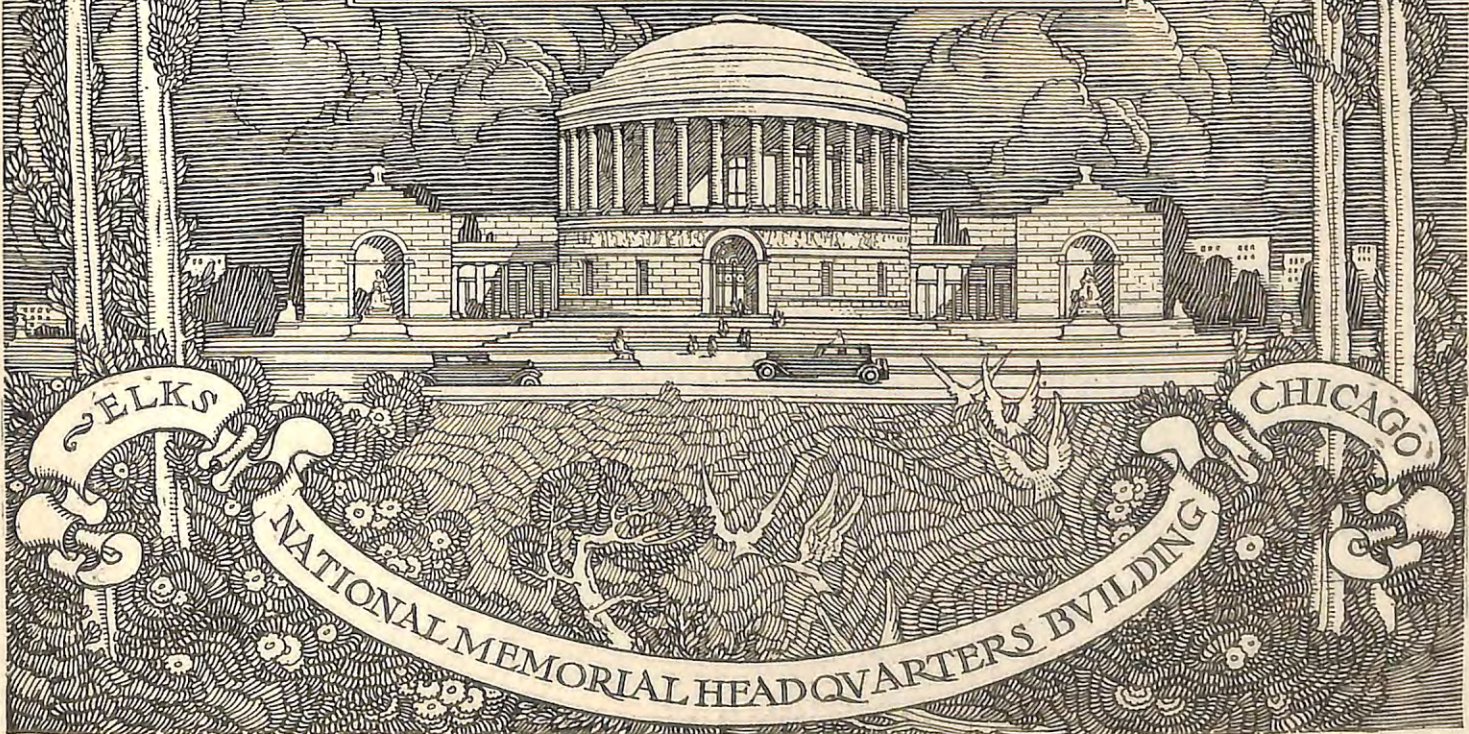
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After shaving— AQUA VELVA keeps the face feeling fit

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Elks 7-25

Let's Take the Car to Europe

(Continued from page 18)

upon the sides of the hills as they swept down the valley, while in the distance to their left they caught glimpses of the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland. It was going through a small village in Languedoc that Mr. Stedman shed his first—and only—drop of blood in France. Skimming along, bathed in sunshine and contentment, with the motor singing quietly and the road stretching out smooth and level far ahead, they came all at once to a tiny village with a dozen houses clustered beside the highway. Just beyond was a turn, and as they swept around the curve Mr. Stedman found a flock of sheep extending right across the road. A grinding of brakes, the mingled shouts of the shepherd in the rear, the barking of the sheep dog and the exclamation from the back seat of the car—all that soon acquainted the villagers with what had happened. In ten seconds flat the entire population had turned out to witness the festivities.

Damage was less than expected, however, for only one lamb was actually killed, the rest merely frightened. A hundred franc note solved the difficulty, the road was cleared finally after a good deal of shouting on the part of the natives and barking on the part of the sheep dog aided by several of his colleagues in the village, and the Stedmans moved along. This taught Mr. Stedman a lesson, however, and he realized why it was that French cars continually kept their horns going when nearing a village. Huge carts harnessed to oxen, farm wagons, and peasants taking produce to market in clumsy vehicles took lots of time getting to the side of the road. This was one of the exasperating things about traffic in the French countryside; the slowness with which everything got off the road. But after his experience Mr. Stedman blew his horn and kept it blowing whenever he came near a corner or through a village.

THEY spent that night at Avignon, a city as full of Roman ruins as Chicago is of railroad stations. Pushing along the next day, still following Number Seven, they caught their first glimpse of the Mediterranean about noon, a deep blue reflecting the blue of the sky. The road twisted and turned around rocks and cliffs, they crossed a good-sized mountain range and dipped down beside the coast to follow its contours as far as Monte Carlo, where they were to spend the night. Route Nationale Number Seven went on several miles farther to the Italian frontier at Mentone, where it passed out of existence.

That night they stayed at Monte Carlo, and the next day also they remained, bathing, visiting the world-famous Casino, wandering along the water front and listening to the band and incidentally, giving the car a chance to receive a thorough overhauling. The service station of their car obligingly put two mechanics on the job, and the entire day they worked on her. When the manager presented Mr. Stedman the next morning with a bill for a hundred and eighty francs, or seven dollars, that gentleman shuddered a moment at the memory of garage charges at home, and paid hastily for fear there was some mistake. Turning the car northward he observed that the work had been done competently and thoroughly. There are no better mechanics in the world than French mechanics.

Now the trip down had been along water-sheds and riverbeds; but the trip back was through country of an entirely different sort. It penetrated the heart of the mountains of Savoie, the region which adjoins Switzerland. In fact the road they took is called the "Route Des Alpes," because it goes across the French Alps, and from the moment they left Monte Carlo behind they began to mount, following the gorge cut by a hillside torrent running wildly down to the sea. Early in the afternoon they started to leave behind the low, clinging houses of Provence for gray stone dwellings built like Swiss chalets and perched on the slopes of the mountains. At five they reached the little town of Digne, a small provincial city tucked away in a peaceful valley.

Visiting Digne was an experience because it was a city typically French and thoroughly provincial. Shut away from the outer world, inaccessible almost, except by auto, it was the

sort of place few strangers who come to France ever see. The chief town of the Department of the Basses Alpes, or Lower Alps, it boasts of a population of about thirty thousand people, and at six at night shuts itself off from communication with the outer world when the telephone and telegraph force goes home to cook dinner for her husband who works on the narrow gauge railway that takes you—after an interminable ride—down to Nice and the sea. The Stedmans discovered this when at six thirty Mr. Stedman tried to send off a telegram, and only then was it that he realized that telegrams are not considered of sufficient importance in France to necessitate a delivery at night.

WHILE Mr. Stedman was vainly endeavoring to get his wire off, Ruth and Mrs. Stedman were wandering around in admiration of the hotel and their surroundings. The Boyer Mistre was a typical example of an old, a very old French country inn, with a wide courtyard and cobbled pavement where stage-coaches used to drive in and discharge passengers in days gone by. As evening came on, however, a chill descended from the mountains, and they were glad to get into the low-ceilinged dining-room with the soup steaming in big bowls upon the table. It was filled with commercial travelers and prosperous farmers from the surrounding countryside who had been selling their cattle at the local market, and the meal they ate in these surroundings they did not soon forget. But it was not, however, the meal they remembered most of all in France.

That meal was their lunch the next day. They had pressed on further than their morning's run called for, and at one o'clock they decided to stop in a little mountain village which boasted a small inn run by an elderly madame who welcomed them into her tiny dining-room. It was capable of seating perhaps twenty, low-ceilinged, like so many of the French country interiors, and smelly. But it was a clean smell, the smell of good cooking and of old wine, long since entered into the walls and the rafters above their heads. For lunch they had first of all fresh asparagus with a thick yellow sauce. Then a dish of spiced country sausage, followed by a roast chicken cooked as they had never seen a chicken cooked before completely smothered in strips of bacon. The bread was fresh, so was the butter; and a bottle of Chateaufort du Pape dusty and frowsty with long years in Madame's cellar did not hurt the meal in the least. To top it off she brought in a huge plate with six or seven kinds of country cheeses upon it, and ended up with bowls of cherries from the garden behind the house. Yes, this meal lingered long in the memory of the Stedmans.

On a large slate in the hall as they came out was a series of statements made in chalk. Madame came running out after them—

"What's she want, Hank?" said Mr. Stedman, for Henry was the only one who understood anything.

Henry listened, watched her while she pointed at the blackboard and went through various gesticulations. Then all of a sudden he guessed what she wanted. "She's asking how the road we came over was," he said. "See, every road has the latest dope on whether or not it's passable. Bon, bon, bon," he shouted at Madame. She grabbed her chalk and began hastily to write down in large letters, "BON" under the words, "ROUTE NATIONALE 35." They went out and settled themselves in the car again with some difficulty.

"Well, that's a meal for about forty cents apiece. Including drinks," said Mr. Stedman.

"Yes, and you wanted to tour the Canadian Rockies, too—"

"That's what we're getting right now. Or the next best thing to them," answered Mr. Stedman as the car started up a long winding incline. They were going up through a neck in the chain of the Alps of Savoie which separates the region of the Dauphine from the Mediterranean seacoast. Up and up, up and up, the scenery becoming vaster and grander as they rose, huge snow-capped peaks shining in the near sunshine, flocks of sheep tinkling on the hillsides around them, shepherds with long sticks watching the car rumble past with astonishment. Soon they

(Continued on page 62)

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Let's Take the Car to Europe

(Continued from page 60)

wound their way into St. Veran, a tiny village of wooden chalets clustered on the steep slope of the mountain. Had they been in the United States, a sign would have informed them that:

**YOU ARE NOW ENTERING ST. VERAN
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Needless to say there was no such sign. Hank Stedman learned this from an old gaffer in a broad-brimmed hat and corduroy trousers when he stopped at the village pump to get water for the radiator of the car. They left St. Veran behind and went on higher and higher, vistas of mountain ranges all around them, until at last they reached the summit of the pass and were running quietly down again. The snow beside the road disappeared, vineyards and orchards once more rippled along the hills, and before evening they had come down the pass into Grenoble, that city tucked away in the heart of the Alps.

The next night, after a long day's run, they made Paris, and several days later they were on the boat bound for New York, the car slung down in the hold without a scratch or mark upon it. Sitting in steamer chairs on deck, the Stedman family discussed the trip and what had been seen during the twenty days since they clambered down the gangplank at Southampton. Southampton seemed a thousand years away to them then—

"Well," said Hank Stedman, "I'll tell you a few things we didn't see. We didn't see any roadside advertisements proclaiming the merit of hotels with two hundred rooms and two hundred baths. Nor any other advertising signs. We didn't see endless processions of cars waiting to cross ferries, get over drawbridges, pass through main business streets or lining up for gas and oil at service stations. We didn't see any

rattletrap cars carrying the family and the family furniture and the family wash hung out to dry. We didn't see any trucks carrying loads that prevented you from seeing ahead of them, we didn't see any huge touring busses that took up 85 per cent. of the road and refused to give 7 per cent. up to let us pass. We didn't see any fourteen-year-old boys driving eight-cylinder cars, and we didn't see any college students walking from Los Angeles to Boston stopping us for lifts. We didn't see any one ask us to buy auto tags for the local hospital, or the police Field Day, and we never saw any real-estate salesman the whole trip. We never had to look at camping sites just outside the city limits on the morning after, and we never once saw—"

"Oh, shut up, Henry! We know what we didn't see. What we want to know is what we did see."

"THAT'S just as easy. We saw twelve of the most beautiful counties in England, including Devon and Somerset. We saw three cathedral towns, we saw Oxford and London. We saw the north of France with a glimpse at the battlefields, and the entire valley of the Rhône. We saw the best of old Provence and the Riviera, and Monte Carlo and the Alps and Normandy and the Channel ports and a lot of other things. Now what I want to know, dad, is just how much it cost. Not that five thousand you were talking to me about in your office that morning."

Mr. Stedman did some figuring on the back of an envelope. "No, not quite," he said.

"Not quite what?" said Hank, "not quite half!"

"Exactly, Henry, not quite half. Since you are so curious, the whole trip including the fares for the four of us, and the freight for the car, comes to something under nineteen hundred. That's not bad, not—"

"Not bad," said Henry. "Not bad. Not quite it isn't—"

Rabbit Ears

(Continued from page 28)

this afternoon. Just don't think of that game. McHune had no business sending you into the game. But, he did it. He's manager."

"I don't mind, Joe," gratefully returned Tim.

"That's the old spirit," grinned the puckered lips. "You'll get another chance against that outfit."

By this time they were walking across the field. Coming toward them at an angle and cutting across their paths were Sorenson and McGuire. "Hello, Joe . . . Hello, Rabbit Ears," they chorused, maliciously.

"Lay off this 'rabbit ears' stuff," warned Tim.

"OH. How de do, Mr. Somers," they curtsied.

Burkett wasn't prepared for what immediately followed. For Tim Somers catapulted from his side, swung a heavy fist and drove one of his tormentors to the ground. Those two Wasps were far from being amateur scrappers. Before Tim could swing again, he had received a walloping right-hander directly under the ear. It sent him to his knees but he was on his feet again and mixing furiously before they could close in. By this time, Sorenson, who had been knocked to the ground in the first impact from Tim's fist, was up again and was joining McGuire in raining blows at the pitcher. Dodging around them, Joe Burkett tried to swing in where wallops would do the most damage, but the figures before him were shifting too rapidly.

"Stay out of this, Joe," gasped Tim, from between cut lips.

There was another rush of bodies—another tangle of fists—but Tim, side-stepping, met them, met them . . . fist for fist and kick for kick, for it wasn't a fair fight. Such a fight rarely is. First Tim was on the ground and the two sluggers were on top of him. Then he was up and one of them was down. These intermissions—for such they were to him—gave him opportunity. Relentlessly he would bore in, hammering and swinging his fists. Punishment he took. His clothes were torn. His face was bleeding. One knuckle, the first knuckle on his

left hand, was shoved aside—sprained, or broken, he didn't care which, and he felt it crack with every punch given, but his left fist kept pounding.

With a gasping cry Sorenson was driven from his feet to the ground and this time he stayed there. McGuire, dodging in to miss a crushing right-hander, crashed squarely against Tim's swinging left fist and he, too, went down . . . the lust of a rough-and-tumble battle fading from his eyes and placidness taking its place.

"You—you—you . . . what do you mean by tackling the two of them?" swore Burkett, as he gathered Tim into his arms. "Didn't you know that those birds are two of the toughest eggs in baseball? What's the big idea?"

"I don't care who they are," returned Tim. "I'm sick of this 'rabbit ears' gag. I had to lick a few tough ones down in Texas before they'd quit it. If I've got to . . . I'll lick 'em up here. That's all. They can pull that stuff on the ball field—pull it as often as they find it healthy to pull it . . . but, they've got to lay off it when the game's over. I mean that."

Tim was brushing off his clothes and players from the two teams were approaching, on the run. McGuire and Sorenson were getting to their feet as Larry McHune appeared.

"What's the matter here?" rasped McHune, glancing swiftly around.

"Well, it amounts to this," explained Burkett. "These two hard eggs—Sorenson and McGuire—picked a scrap with Tim. That's all."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. Didn't get a chance," regretfully answered Burkett.

"You mean to say that Somers took the two of them to a trimming—single handed?" ejaculated McHune.

"Not a trimming, Larry," softly returned Joe. "A beaut of a licking."

"I'm sorry," apologized Tim, stretching out his hand to McGuire.

The two victims grinned as best they could through puffed and swelling features, and accepted Tim's fingers. The pitcher returned to

(Continued on page 64)



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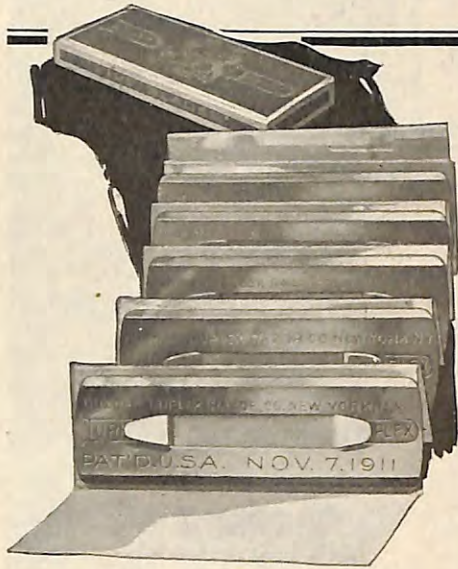
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Rabbit Ears

(Continued from page 62)

the clubhouse for such repairs as could be made, and Joe Burkett went with him.

"Listen, Tim," he warned. "Don't pay any attention to that 'forgive me' stuff that Sorenson and McGuire were so quick to accept. I know those babies. They'll get you. But I'm glad you mugged them up, though. Gosh! What a hellcat you've turned out to be!"

IT WAS the last game of the series between the teams. The Greys needed victory to even up their series and maintain their strategical position of a step, or two, to the rear of the pace-makers. It was on that morning that Joe Burkett had sought out Larry McHune, in his room.

"Tim is pitching this afternoon," Burkett quietly announced.

"Know any more good jokes?" returned McHune.

"No joke. Tim wants to work. He's ready."

"I'm sending back Dawson."

"To another trimming?"

Larry's eyes went cold. "I don't like that spirit on my ball team," he snapped. "Dawson's a smart enough pitcher to trim them. Furthermore, that other afternoon was his off day . . . he'll be good for this game."

"Somers will be better," doggedly insisted Joe. "Besides, you promised, when I went after him, that you'd let me pick his game. You didn't. You shoved him into an impossible spot—where he couldn't win even if he shut out the Wasps the rest of the way. Maybe you'll be bullheaded and start Dawson, but Somers will finish up. And, I don't want him in any more jams not of his own making. 'Tain't fair. Besides, this is his spot. The licking he gave Sorenson and McGuire the other day has taken some of the conceit out of those lads. You haven't heard them yip since."

"That doesn't mean they won't, if Somers pitches this afternoon."

"Let them—it's got to come, sometime. Let it come to-day. I gotta hunch that Tim has something up his sleeve besides his arm. I want to see what it is."

McHune wavered.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said, after a pause. "I'll flip you. Heads it's Dawson; tails it's Somers."

Protesting, Joe yielded.

McHune drew a quarter from his pocket, balanced it in his fingers and repeated—

"Heads it's Dawson; tails it's Somers!"

"Let her go," growled Burkett.

The coin spun in the air, turning over and over and dropping to the floor where it rolled beyond the two men who were scrambling to see it and deposited itself against the wall, in the corner of the room.

Burkett leaned over, breathed deeply, and exulted—

"Tails she is. Somers pitches."

Thus it was, on the flip of a coin, that Tim was given his chance for redemption that afternoon.

THE newspaper stories of that game were rather uninteresting. The baseball reporters found it difficult to throw up highlights around which to build their stories. "Too machinelike," "Too much Somers," they wrote the following day. A shut-out; the Greys getting six runs off Mitchell, who tried to repeat his victory of the opening game, while the Wasps were struggling to fathom the curves—the fast ones—and the slow change of pace of the "hurler from Texas who, finally, had come into his own."

The drama was missed entirely.

As a baseball game it may have been tedious to watch. As an exhibition of the quality of Tim's nerve, it was not. Going into the box to open the first inning he had been met by a verbal fire of "rabbit ears" from the Wasps' bench. He recognized, in the clamor of human tongues, the voices of Sorenson and McGuire, and he had grinned, mirthlessly, to himself.

Sorenson, batting fourth, and McGuire, batting fifth, did not come to the plate until the second inning. Then it was that Tim motioned to his catcher, calling him to the center of the diamond. He whispered, looked at Sorenson—whispered again.

The batter, twisting his spikes in the dirt, snarled:

"Get in there and pitch, you hash-slinger."

The catcher, back in position, crouched and signalled. Tim's right arm drew back—flashed forward. The ball, a streak of light and thrown with terrific force, sped for the inside corner of the plate, leaped aside as it neared the rubber and narrowly missed one or two hairs that stood out rather fetchingly on the end of Sorenson's nose.

The batter, after the ball had crashed into the catcher's mitt, dropped sprawling to the ground.

"Get on your feet, you big tramp," yelled the catcher, as Sorenson volleyed oaths at the pitcher.

Sorenson assumed his hitting position again. This time the ball was aimed right at his head. Terrific, blinding, speed and he dropped in the dust as he sensed the line of flight as it left Tim's fingers.

"He's trying to bean . . ." he started to yell, as he fell, but the umpire's right hand went up and the protest was cut off before it could be finished. "Strike one!" roared the judge of play.

Sorenson got to his feet, screaming protestations; the umpire, chuckling and in a sarcastic voice, said:

"A marvelous curve, Mr. Sorenson. Broke a foot in front of the plate. Right over. As a strike was very successful."

Sorenson gritted his teeth, crowded the plate and swung his bat, menacingly.

Another pitch. Another fast one, chin high and Sorenson, determined not to be outwitted, stood his ground. The ball crashed against the handle of his bat as he held it in front of his face.

"Foul . . . Strike two!" sang the umpire.

The next pitch was high and inside . . . very fast. It came so close to the letter on Sorenson's shirt that he tried to protest that he had been hit but the umpire shook his head and waved him back into the batter's box.

"This one will be a bit wide," figured Sorenson, trying to collect his thoughts, and with the count of two and two.

It wasn't. The ball shot across the plate and into the big mitt before Sorenson could lift his bat. Venomously, he threw the stick to the ground and walked away.

McGuire was next. He, from his waiting position, had watched . . . but had not learned. The baiting tactics of Sorenson were repeated—intensified. Tim's fast one came cutting through, narrowly missing the batter on three occasions and being called, each time, a ball. With the count of three and nothing, McGuire was defiant—outspoken—brutal. His confidence was premature. The next three pitches went past him like bullets; the first one he did not offer at . . . the next two he swung at viciously and missed completely.

That was the way of this ball game.

Through the succeeding innings the Wasps tried by every known means—and by some methods that were invented on the spur of the moment and the stress of the occasion—to shatter the poise of the man in the box. Always, they failed. It was in the last half of the eighth that Sorenson, purposely, released his grip on his bat, while swinging futilely at a curve ball that fairly sizzled as it broke. The heavy club flew directly at Tim, and he jumped aside just in time to miss its crushing impact.

White with anger but completely in control of himself, he ran back, picked up the bat and strode slowly toward the plate.

"I'm warning you," he snapped, as he tossed the weapon to Sorenson. "Warning you—for the last time."

Sorenson spat a stream of tobacco juice at Tim's feet.

Sorenson thought he had looked at some fast pitching that afternoon. And he had. But this one was even faster. So fast that he did not see the ball. He heard it as it whipped by him . . . that was all. The little catcher, receiving it, was hurled back from his haunches and into a sprawling heap, but he clung to the ball. The umpire, in a choking, bewildered voice—choking and bewildered because it was a faster pitch than he had seen in many a day shouted:

(Continued on page 66)

WELCOME W

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☐ Our hotels are new and modern, and we guarantee the rates to be as low as any city in the country, and if these rates are not approved by the Grand Lodge Officers when they make their arrangements for the reunion this fall, we will be willing to withdraw our invitation.

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CHAMPION
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Rabbit Ears

(Continued from page 64)

"Strike!"

He held up his fingers to indicate "strike one—ball one," but Sorenson wasn't looking. Instead of crowding the plate, he had stepped back. Fear crept into his eyes and he slouched, an impotent figure, watching two more pitched balls cut across in front of him, finishing the count and retiring the side.

In a daze he walked away to resume his position in the field.

"Sorenson . . . come here!" he heard his manager's voice.

Head dropped, he went toward the bench.

"Sorenson!"

"Yes, sir."

"Hold out your hands."

Dumbly, he did so.

His fingers were trembling—violently; the color had disappeared from his face.

The pudgy manager grunted in disgust, turned to Simmons, the slugger's understudy, and ordered:

"Get out there in left field."

McGuire, from second base, watched the breaking up of his partner. He swallowed hard, slapped the glove on his left hand, and croaked to the shortstop:

"Come on, old boy, let's get this game over with."

Tim Somers, hunched up on the Greys' bench, did not hear the words of praise that McHune was showering on him.

But he knew he was again on the high road . . . this time, to stay.

The Modern Pipes of Pan

(Continued from page 31)

municipalities and individuals took notice of the growing popularity of the modern pipes of Pan.

Most of the big municipal auditoriums now open their doors for periodical organ concerts. There are hundreds of organs in fraternal buildings. There is an excellent organ in a Chicago labor union headquarters; another large one in a Buffalo catalogue house; another in a Dayton, Ohio, factory. From Florida to California and from Oregon to Maine pipe organs are played in private homes.

As the lineal descendants of the original pipes of Pan it is especially fitting that pipe organs should be played in the open places. There is one such at a Virginia college. A special train carried one huge organ from a factory in the East to Roosevelt Memorial Park, near Los Angeles. More than 300 concerts are given annually on the open-air organ at Balboa Park, San Diego. Up near San Francisco is the Bohemian Grove organ.

There is an organ in the towering First Methodist Church Temple of Chicago. There is one in the basement of a private home in Oklahoma City.

All told there are about 16,000 genuine pipe organs in American churches, about 6,000 in theatres and about 2,000 in homes, schools, lodge rooms and commercial houses. Two thousand new organs are installed each year.

All large pipe organs can reproduce almost any tone produced by a symphony orchestra or a military band. But many of the organs in homes and theatres are called orchestral organs because the sounds made by bells, brasses, and drums and other instruments of percussion—so prominent in the jazz, dance hall or vaudeville theatre orchestra—predominate over the pure organ tone. Many organs are playable with perforated rolls similar to those used in player pianos.

Traditionally the male of the species is the most effective at the pipe organ. There is a long list of masculine names which means much to organists. But women organists play most of the 1,500 organs in Texas. There were nearly four times as many women as men in the last graduating class of a New York organ school and twice as many women as men in a similar Chicago class. Two-thirds of those attending the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the American Organ Players' Club and nearly half of those at the fourth general convention of the American Guild of Organists were women. The Women Organ Players' Club of Boston is a young but flourishing organization. The romantic background as well as the musical possibilities of the modern pipes of Pan appeal to women as much as to men.

Swells and Stops and Other Things

Whenever an organist speaks of his or any other organ he refers to it as having a certain number of stops. Terminology is a terrifying thing on a pipe organ. Organists have a language all their own. And when an organist mentions a stop he is dealing in the delicate double meaning.

The audience at a pipe-organ concert can see a row of stop knobs on each side of the keyboard

manuals, on the older organs, or a row of tablets or stop keys above the keyboard manuals, on the newer instruments. The organist pulls and pushes the stop knobs with his rapidly moving hands. Or he presses the tablets or stop keys with his nimble fingers. In either case he is "drawing the stops." What he actually does, when he draws any stop, is to admit compressed air from the reservoir or wind chest—which is bellows-filled by motor power—into a chromatic series of pipes, called a rank. Each rank is so voiced as to give a particular quality of sound and is called a "stop." So there are stops and stops on a pipe organ.

AN ORGAN pipe, whether it be thirty-two feet long and three or more feet in diameter or three-eighths of an inch long and no wider than a lead pencil, generates only one quality of tone at one pitch and at one degree of loudness. The largest and lowest pitched pipe in the Atlantic City Municipal Organ weighs about 600 pounds and vibrates sixteen times per second; the smallest and most acute pipe weighs about two ounces and vibrates 4,032 times per second. This organ is divided into smaller organs, each played by its own set of keys, called a manual. The individual organs are designated as Great, Swell, Choir Solo, Bombard or Echo' and Pedal. Each manual has sixty-one keys or a "compass" of five octaves. The Pedal is played by the feet from large wooden keys placed on the floor under the organist's bench. The individual organs can be united by means of couplers, so that all the divisions may be played at once. Since there are sixty-one keys on a manual, there must be sixty-one corresponding pipes in each stop in the organ. Thus if there are ten stops on the Great Organ, there must be 610 pipes and if all ten stops are drawn there will be ten pipes of various qualities of sound playing from each key.

Certain classes of organ pipes generate what is known as the "organ tone" or "cathedral tone"—a tone peculiar to the pipe organ. The chief of these organ-toned pipes is the "diapason," the foundation of all pipe organs. In addition to these there are also a great variety of flute tones made by pipes that are either magnified or miniature flutes; a chorus of reeds that produce tones by the vibration of brass tongues against the pipe bottoms; and various sets of pipes that imitate the woodwind instruments such as piccolo, oboe, clarinet, English horn and bassoon, and others that imitate the trombone, tuba, trumpet and other brass instruments. There is also a large family of pipes designed to imitate stringed instruments such as the violin, viola, cello and bass viol. Steel bars reproduce the harp tone and there are frequently concealed in the back of the organ the marimba, xylophone, and divers other percussion instruments connected with the keyboard.

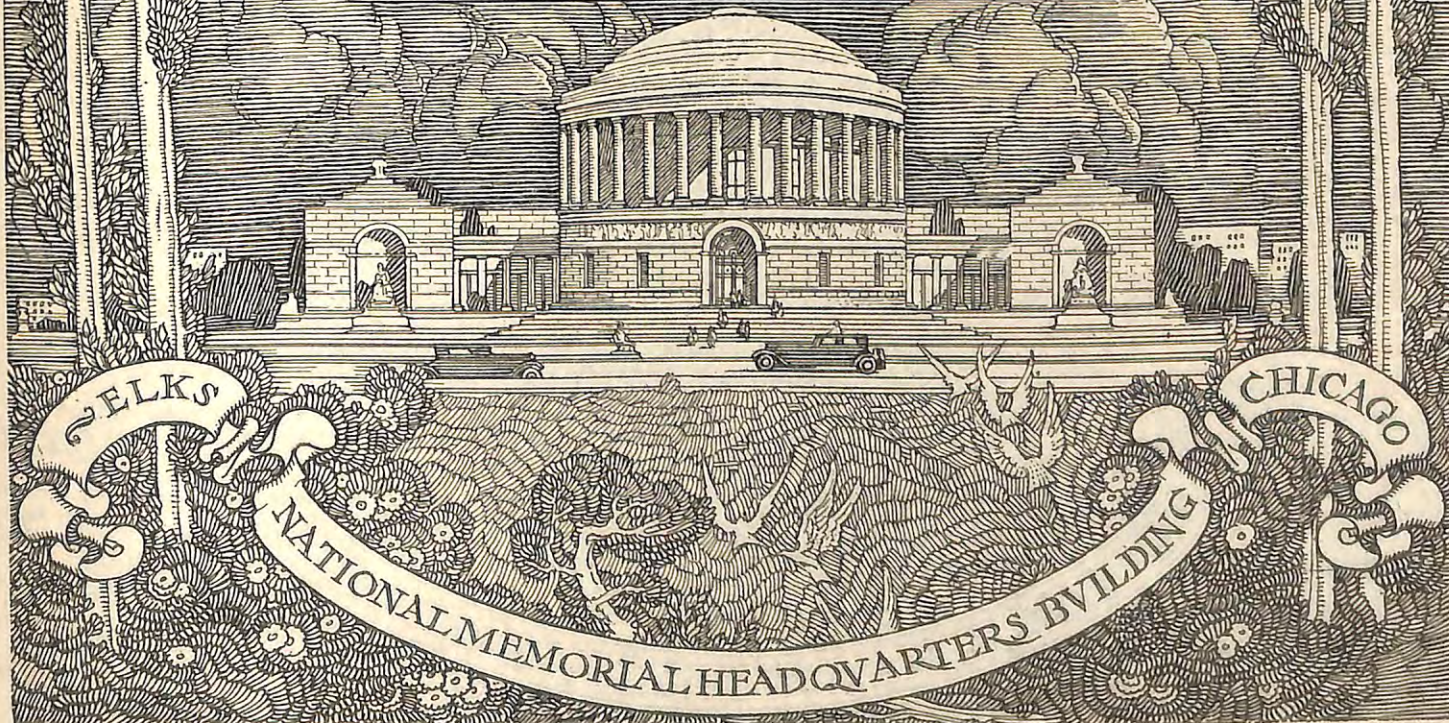
The bellows are the lungs of the organ. If the lungs are not fed with air the organ remains silent and the organist feels very much out of place.

One does not have to be very old to remember when all pipe organs were pumped by hand. The First Presbyterian Church of Rochelle,

(Continued on page 68)

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The Modern Pipes of Pan

(Continued from page 66)

Illinois, had such an organ long before the Spanish-American War. Partly because I, as the village band leader, pumped air into a cornet from my bellows-lungs, and partly because Cousin Ida was official church organist, the job of organ pumping was wished on me.

When the mixed choir was about to burst into "Work, for the Night is Coming," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," or "There is Rest Beyond the River," a nod or a nudge from Cousin Ida aroused me to five minutes' hectic pumping. With the supply of air thus accumulated the organ opened up and the choir followed suit. The game was to try to catch up with the pumper. I'm proud to say they seldom caught me, though now and then, when weary with well doing, I would effect a diminuendo on the organ when a crescendo was due, and vice versa.

"The Committee Thinks—"

Many a church, theatre, municipality and fraternal organization is wrestling with the problem of buying a new pipe organ. Like the instrument, this problem is not so easy as it sounds. Many members of committees appointed to select a new organ are from the laity.

Few of them know that many of the bright gilt pipes adorning the organs in our gathering places are dumb Doras and do not yield a note. Fewer, still, of these laymen know that the average big organ is really an assemblage of several organs, known as the Great organ, the Swell organ and so on. In modern organs all the working pipes are contained in "Swell-boxes" or chambers which control the volume of sound. These Swell-boxes are equipped with Venetian shutters that open and close to modify the tone. The Choir organ, of soft-speaking pipes for accompanying the human voice, is generally found below the Swell organ pipes. Farther back or at the sides one usually finds the Pedal organ; while an Echo organ and a String organ may be located at the opposite end of the auditorium or in some remote portion of the building, so that their music will seem to come from a distance. Recent developments in electrical connections and operations permit the organist to operate when the console is 200 or more feet from the pipes.

There is a classic joke in pipe organ circles about Deacon Smith, church treasurer and member of the new pipe organ committee, who arose to remark, "Mr. Chairman, I don't see why we should have a great, a swell and a choir organ. I think one organ quite enough for our church."

It happened that Deacon Smith was a tailor on weekdays, so the musical man of the committee replied, "Surely, Deacon Smith, you would not say that a man was well dressed who wore only a coat. You would try to sell him a coat, vest and trousers." Whereupon, Deacon Smith voted for a three-manual organ.

Competition is keen among the sixty or more pipe organ manufacturers in this country, and the pipe organ salesman is abroad in the land. Hence, committees and pipe organ producers have their hours of uncertainty. But the approved method of selection seems to be that founded on deep study, much travel to factories, many attentive hours before different kinds of organs, much correspondence and interviewing—and a final decision based on elimination.

After that comes the vexed question of where to put the new organ. Sometimes an organ architect is called in to advise the organ builder where and how to place the instrument. Sometimes the committee depends upon the organ builder's knowledge of acoustics and the practical side of the question. Whatever happens, any convention of organists can get a good kick out of hearing an organ builder tell what he thinks of an organ architect. For the most part the organ business is a serious business, although it has its lighter side.

Some of the Lighter Sides

Very old alumni of Beloit College will recall one morning in chapel when a fish-horn sounded its discordant note as soon and as long as the organ was in action. The wideawake boy who hand-pumped the organ on that day was named Sleeper. In later life he became Prof. Henry Dyke Sleeper, head of the music department of

Beloit College, and served his Alma Mater well. But he treasured one secret many years. The secret was that during the particular chapel exercises to which I refer he, the boy who filled the organ bellows behind the organ pipes, had stuck a fish-horn into said bellows and left it there during the chapel hour.

There may be alumni of Harvard who remember that a group of undergrads, filled with the joy of life, spent the greater part of one Saturday night, so re-arranging the pipes of the chapel organ that when the organist began his Sunday morning program and tried for a plaintive oboe tone he got a flute instead—and so on *ad nauseam*. And in the annals of Amherst occurs some slight reference to the Swell-box and the cats. The particular Swell-box then in use on the college pipe organ had horizontal shutters. One night two inspired students captured two reluctant cats, tied them tail to tail and left them roosting on the flat surface of an open shutter. The organist began chapel the following morn with a heavy fortissimo passage, and the Swell-box open. A very soft passage followed. The organist closed the shutters in the Swell-box. The unwilling cats slid into view of the assemblage and hung heads down, suspended by a string. Their tails were tied but not their tongues. Chapel exercises that morning were not a success.

Happily, college students no longer play pranks. They have all gone in for higher education I am told. But if they do have foolish moments let them turn from the direct descendant of the pipe of Pan to some of the Pan-pipe's progeny several times removed. Let them turn, for example, to the calliope.

Calliope's Callin' You

According to Noah Webster, "calliope"—with the accent on the second syllable—was the Muse of eloquence and poetry. According to the troupers on the circus lots, and the small boys who follow the grand, glittering, free street parade, the calliope—pronounced "kally-ope"—is the prize ballyhooper around the big tops.

The player of a steam calliope gets a free Turkish bath every time he goes on parade. Fletcher Smith has probably had more of these baths than any other living artist. I sat with Fletcher and his circus pipes of Pan one day at Elgin, Illinois, seeking local color. Fletcher would wait until the steam gauge on the rusty upright boiler registered 120 pounds. Then he would open up with "Silver Threads Among the Gold" or some such sprightly ditty—at the conclusion of which the steam gauge would register forty pounds and Fletcher and I would be dripping with heat and moisture and suffocating in clouds of steam. After we had dried off and the boiler had steamed up my host would render another selection. I went home with incipient pneumonia. Yet Fletcher, in spite of forty years of this rapid alternation of heat and cold, has never had a cold in the head. Perhaps Pan is protecting him.

So long as circus parades persist, we will have the steam calliope with us. But the air calliope is superceding the steam-energized disseminator of harmony in many places. Like its more dignified prototype, the pipe organ, the air calliope is made eloquent by columns of slightly compressed air driven through graduated pipes. This air is compressed, as with most pipe organs, by a blower driven by an electric or some other motor.

You will find an air calliope attached to nearly every circus, amusement park, medicine show and carnival outfit. It is particularly valuable to outdoor showmen because, mounted on an automobile chassis and concealed in a gaudy red and gold box, it traverses the streets and even invades distant highways, carrying the message of good cheer to the hinterland. The old horse-drawn steam calliope can ballyhoo for blocks. The new-fangled air calliope can ballyhoo throughout the county, and does. To make it easier for the operator, it is equipped with a mechanical player, like a player piano.

A more blatant version of the twentieth-century pipes of Pan is the band-organ. This is a pipe organ rampant. With brass tongues vibrating in horn-like pipes of brass, a set of

(Continued on page 70)

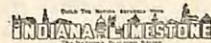


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The Modern Pipes of Pan

(Continued from page 68)

player rolls and a powerful electric motor, the band-organ is built to replace a brass band of fifteen pieces—and more than fills the bill. It can be heard a mile if the wind is right.

In churches, universities, theatres, schools, Lodges, open-air auditoriums and municipal auditoriums about 15,000,000 Americans listen to the modern pipes of Pan each week. But the radio is rapidly increasing this audience. From an Iowa hill overlooking the Mississippi the call of the calliope reaches thousands of receiving sets in distant states. From Atlantic City and a dozen other cities the potent pipe organ rumbles, rolls and thunders for the entertainment of the listeners-in. A rancher in the blizzard-swept Canadian Northwest encores Shubert's "Serenade." A devout old lady on an isolated Kansas farm closes her eyes to the tune

of "Old Hundred." A crippled kid in a New York hospital claps his whitened hands at a bit of jazz. A blind girl in Nova Scotia smiles at the strains of Wagner's "Evening Star." Some English fan sits up until four o'clock in the morning to get the melody of an American song. The manager of a Cuban sugar plantation applauds Handel's "Largo." An officer on one of Uncle Sam's battleships maneuvering, off Hawaii, visions a symphony concert in Carnegie Hall as he catches a Bach fugue, played on a pipe organ.

So Pan is not dead. He wanders over hill and dale. He flits across river, lake and sea. Greek god he may have been. He may have gone out of fashion with mythology. But he lives again in the organ and other modern pipes of Pan.

Down to the Sea in Books

(Continued from page 29)

in a humble way, was to be mine, too; men great in their endeavor and in hard-won successes of militant geography; men who went forth each according to his lights and with varied motives, laudable and sinful but each bearing in his breast a spark of the sacred fire."

In the sketch "Christmas Day at Sea" we have the heart-stirring picture of Conrad's ship passing in the Southern Ocean a Yankee whaler, two years out from New York, and two hundred and fifteen days on the cruising ground. On Conrad's ship a keg was got ready, containing the latest available newspapers and two boxes of figs—these, in honor of the day. It was flung far over the rail and the British ship, sliding down the slope of a great swell, left it far behind. *The Southern Sea*, says Conrad, went on tossing the two ships like a juggler his gill balls, but a little white boat shot out from the whaler in a moment and the Yankees picked up their Christmas present from the deep. A wonderful and lonely glimpse of those ships that pass each other on the endless wastes, isn't it!

Endearing chapters are there, of life on sailing vessels, not alone of the seaman, but of travelers when wise folk went about under sail, and when a cow was hoisted aboard for the children and old maiden ladies developed, during a passage, "a nice discrimination in steering."

Then those essays of fine literary import: *Stephen Crane, John Galsworthy, A Glance at Two Books*, and so on.

Not a word should be missed, for here, in all truth, is the finest kind of reading.

You know how, when listening to some great man spinning yarns, you dread to speak—to even clear your throat—for fear of deflecting him, stopping his gorgeous talk! Well, reading this book of Conrad's is like that. You don't dare sneeze. You turn the pages softly, softly, so as not to make even the slightest rattle—or the thing might vanish from your hands, the magic voice cease.

Salt Water Poems and Ballads, by John Masefield. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Masefield sings his sea songs with a deep, gusty roar. Biting wind is in the rhythms, and sailor life in the themes. Tenderness fantasy, heroism, all are in the poems, each of which is a sea story in itself.

In speaking of Masefield's mastery of his art no words are superlative—he just knows how to write this sort of poetry, that's all, a little better than anyone else.

In this volume are many of our old favorites. There's *A Wanderer's Song*, which goes:

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
 I'm tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;
 I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
 Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.

And the one about Bill, the seaman, who was buried at sea but whose spirit came back to talk to his mates:

"I'm a-weary of them mermaids,"
 Says old Bill's ghost to me;
 "It ain't no place for a Christian
 Below there—under sea."

For it's all blown sand and shipwrecks,
 And old bones eaten bare,
 And them cold fishy females
 With long green weeds for hair."

Oh, one could go on for pages, by which, of course, we'd all be the richer. But get the poems for yourself. It will only take up an inch on your book-shelf—and it's worth a mile.

Briny Novels

Steel Decks, by James B. Connolly. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

For some years past we have been taking snappy voyages aboard Mr. Connolly's short sea yarns—yarns that have held us quite spell-bound and which have made us distinctly dissatisfied with life ashore.

Now Mr. Connolly breaks forth into his first full-length novel which has plot, atmosphere, stout sea jargon, honest characterization and surprisingly delicate and astute observations. What more does a good story need?

The author gives us the record of an oil-tanker's trip from New York to Tampico. We see, first, the politics and corruption in the home office of the Maritime Transportation Company; then comes some highly interesting "dirty work" on the bridge; we enter the inner shrines of two girls' hearts and make a pleasing acquaintance with an adventurous hero.

That exhausted phrase, Not a Dull Moment, must, in sheer honesty, be set upon its tired little feet for a minute and urged to do its bit for Mr. Connolly. This tale of intrigue and hazard is dashing stuff, and love and wind-swept days are, always nice to read about. Mr. C. writes authoritatively of the sea, and his views on humanity are vivid and compassionate.

Above all this, however, he has a vision, a bright hope, that his story may in time bring about better conditions on such "hell ships" as the *Rapidan*, as doubtless it will if the right people read "Steel Decks."

Red Hair and Blue Sea, by Stanley R. Osborn. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A wild tale, if ever there was one! But we defy anyone to put the book down once it is begun.

A restless young girl, panting for excitement is given a double distilled dose of it. Captured from a gleaming pleasure yacht (out of San Francisco, bound for Honolulu and Japan) by a gnome of a modern pirate, she is left on a deserted scrap of a South Sea island to be "brought to terms," while the ruthless little Ponapé Burke makes off in his brig. She has stores for a six-weeks' stay and she is allowed to keep her pink silk parasol. Except for tidal waves or tropic storms she will be reasonably safe, and when Burke returns, "a kiss, free given" will be her passport off the island.

Well, do you want to go on?
 What follows is the best part of this astounding work of Mr. Osborn. There's a savage in it, a faithful kanaka, and there are miles of water, the "empty, million miles" across which the savage paddles, swims and floats with the girl until she is safe again in the arms of the family.

(Continued on page 72)

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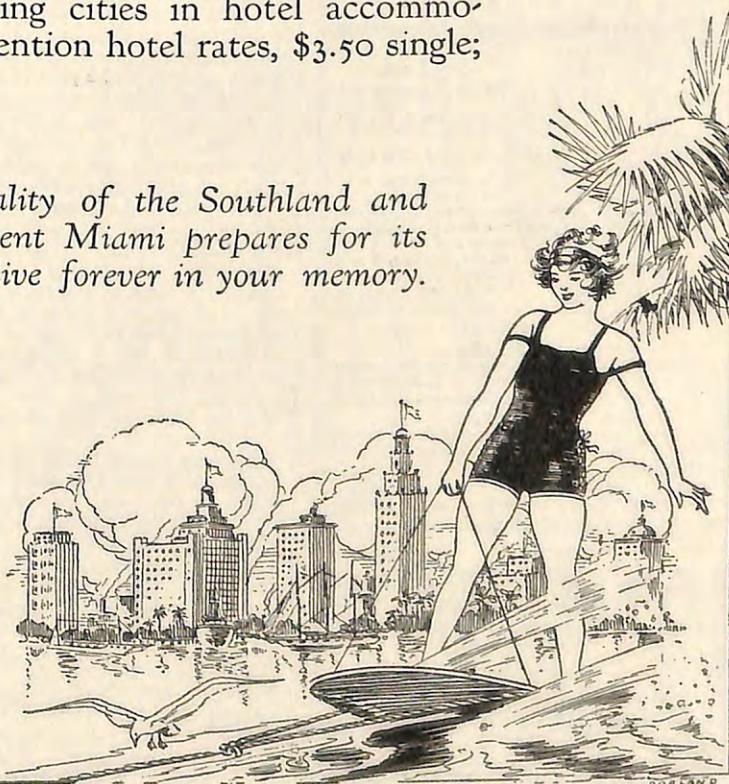
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Never Stains**

Down to the Sea in Books

(Continued from page 70)

As real mental food, the book is, of course, non-existent. As dessert, it is a fantastic and highly colorful dish. Some moments of real suspense and paragraphs of real beauty occur, and throughout the whole thing one gets the sense of warm rain and the bright waters of the South Seas.

Taken with four or five grains of critical salt, it's not so bad, if you ask us.

Great Sea Stories. Edited by Joseph Louis French. In two separate vols. (Brentano's, New York.)

There is an aged anecdote about the enthusiastic young American woman in Venice who wrote home in this wise: "To-day I have been on the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before!"

Much the same sense of damp reptile when we had read through both of these very excellent collections of famous sea stories.

In the first of these compilations we come across chapters—clear cut as entire tales—from "Westward Ho!" by Kingsley; "The Red Rover" by James Fenimore Cooper; "An Iceland Fisherman" by Pierre Loti; "In Blue Waters" by H. de Vere Stackpoole; "Spun Yarns" by Morgan Robertson; "South Sea Tales" by Jack London, and many, many others.

Here, indeed, is the cream of deep sea literature. No one who has not at least a bowing acquaintance with these is quite in a position to pass judgment on the sea stories now being written. They are the grandfathers of the young and robust romances that appear in all the magazines and are to be found on all book stalls to-day.

The second book holds just as honorable and magnificent a list of authors and titles. These books cannot be recommended too highly. They are equivalent to a whole little library in themselves.

Now for Some Pirate Stuff

Porto Bello Gold, by A. D. Howden Smith, (Brentano's, New York.)

Small boys, of all ages up to eighty, read pirate stories; grown men write them; and movie stars act them—thus proving that civilized man keeps in his heart an unregenerate spot wherein, if you could put your ear against it, you could hear the pleasant sound of swash-buckling, the whip of cutlasses through the air, the drip, drip of gore upon piratical decks, and good, round, healthy swearing. In other words, your ear would be up against the pirate complex which appears to be part of the make-up of all the kindly, polite people you know.

Banking on this universal instinct, Mr. Howden Smith has provided as good a pirate tale as anyone could demand.

It opens in eighteenth century New York.

A young blood, sitting at dinner with his father hears a strange voice back of him. He swings around. There in the doorway stands a middle-aged figure, tall, straight, clad in yellow damask and black velvet, lace jabot and cocked hat—all the glad rags of the most untouchable dandy of the era. Ha! He is no other than our young blood's uncle, but at the same time he proves to be the infamous Captain Rip Rap, whose ship stands off the Hook, scaring the good simple folk of little old New York into what might be called conniptions.

Suppose you were this youth, and your illustrious uncle calmly walked off with you and before you knew it you were involved in a dare-devil enterprise in the Caribbean! You'd rather like it, wouldn't you? You'd say, "It's good to get away from the old desk for a while! This is the life!"

Well, throw yourself, some hot summer day, head first into Mr. Howden Smith's romance, and pretend you're Master Robert.

Those who are ever faithful to their Robert Louis Stevenson will find an added joy in this volume, for here again they will meet Long John Silver, Ben Gunn and others of the "Treasure Island" company. Here they are as they must have roamed abroad before Stevenson captured them with his pen, and as Howden Smith imagines them going about the important business of burying the famous treasure on the

Dead Man's Chest—in which affair Captain Rip Rap and his nephew have a part. A good tale of rogues and gentlemen, love and loot and a sparkling sea.

In Icy Waters

Gone are the days when great whaling fleets with spread canvas sailed out of Nantucket, New Bedford and other American ports made famous by such historic ships.

To-day, says E. Keble Chatterton, in his enthralling book "Whalers and Whaling" (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,)

"the whale-catcher has evolved into a vessel of from 150 to 180 tons, of a type that shows a kind of amalgamation of the steam trawler and the ocean-going tug. For extreme hardiness and exceptional sea-worthiness combined, these little steamers are unrivalled. And when you consider that they have to steam from Northern Europe, down the North Sea and Atlantic, cross the equator, wrestle with those heavy gales and treacherous ice near the Antarctic circle, chasing the cetacean past unsurveyed coasts, and entering harbors barely safe from wind and ice, surely as much is asked of a ship as ever a man could have a heart."

With these little whale-catchers goes the mothership, like a big hen with her chicks. The mothership is a floating factory and the base of operations, but even under such a business-like system whaling remains a great sea adventure.

Mr. Chatterton's book, the history of the industry, develops into an absorbing narrative. It could not help but do that, for here is the quest which for hundreds of years has called for all of the science, daring and fortitude of which men have been capable.

Whaling in the Frozen South, by A. J. Villiers. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)

With Mr. Chatterton's volume taken as an appetizer, you will never in the world be able to resist Mr. Villier's record of his own experiences with the Norwegian Ross Sea Whaling Expedition which he joined at Hobart, Tasmania, giving up his job as proof-reader on a local newspaper and shouldering his camera and pencils and pads and going aboard the *Sir James Clark Ross* (named after the discoverer of the Ross Sea) as an ordinary seaman.

Here, with no reservations, is a story worth reading by anyone in whom the blood warms to the vision of daring deeds, and daring men fighting against unimaginable odds.

Through Mr. Villiers' most observant eyes we see the birth of icebergs; the uncanny politeness of Emperor penguins, bowing, and addressing the ship's company in long guttural speeches; we hear the story of the exiled princess on Campbell Island and weep for the young boy helpers of the whalers when they are tossed into the icy waters. And always, we are on the lookout for whales and more whales.

We particularly thank the author for his maps. About every other page we found ourself turning to these, so fascinated did we become in following the course of the dauntless little fleet.

Argonauts of the South, by Capt. Frank Hurley. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Being, the author tells us, a narrative of voyages and polar seas and adventures in the Antarctic with Sir Douglas Mawson and Sir Ernest Shackleton.

Captain Hurley was attached to both of these expeditions as official photographer, so his record is pictorial—gloriously pictorial—as well as literary. The motion-picture reels and the negatives of his wonderful stills (of the Shackleton Expedition) were saved, after their ship was smashed to pieces in the ice, at the sacrifice of precious food and at the risk of life.

A strange, silent, cruel part of the world down there in the frozen Antarctic! The terror and dreadful beauty of it creeps into every page of this remarkable record. Read it.

P. S.

While we have our sea legs on, don't let us forget to mention that sea book of all sea books for boys: "Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard M. Dana. This is one of the important Children's Classics being republished by The

(Continued on page 74)

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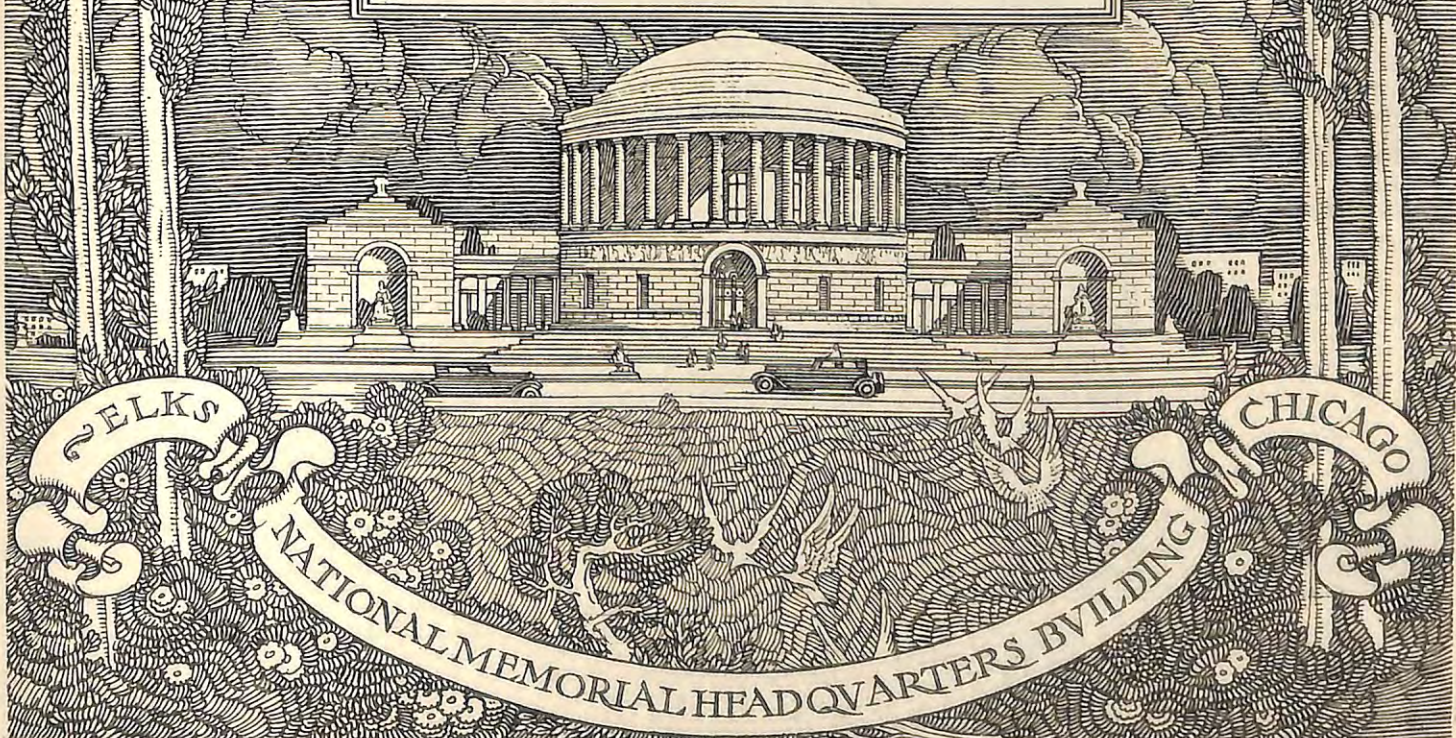
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Down to the Sea in Books

(Continued from page 72)

Macmillan Company (New York). It has a stimulating introduction by Sir Wilfred Grenfell and splendid colored illustrations by Charles Pears.

For adult sea-hounds (different from sea-dogs) we recommend a quaint volume of adventures culled from old log books and original narratives

and gathered together, dearly beloved, by The Marine Research Society of Salem, Massachusetts.

This unusual book is "The Sea, The Ship and The Sailor," and having it in the house is like being visited by your ancient great-uncle who followed the sea in his distant youth and who spins amazing yarns about convicts, cannibals and Spice Islands.

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 25)

rolling under my feet, I had gone round half the island, while thoughts of Susan Pascoe went through my mind, and reached the windward beach. It was very bright there; the moon shone on a terrace of white coral with a little stream trickling through; on green bushes growing by the stream; on white-maned breakers, tossing short and wide, as they toss, in those shallow, perilous seas of Torres; on—

Yes, it was a ship; a lugger of twenty or twenty-five tons, rolling at anchor out in the wind and sea. Who had anchored her on that side of the island, and why? It must be some one who knew the islands either very well, or not at all. In any case, the maneuver was dangerous.

I stood, puzzled, looking about me. It was very noisy that night, as I have said; the wind among the rocks, and the sea on the stones running high tide, between them made such a racket that one could hardly hear oneself think. I wondered, vaguely. The boat was a pearling lugger; that I knew, being familiar with the type—but what she was doing there late at night, on a stretch of sea poor in shell, anchored to windward of an island where no one ever lived or went, I could not guess.

THERE was a pile of cream-colored rocks in front of me. I climbed up one of them, and stood on the top looking about. I don't know what I expected to see—I don't know that I expected to see anything. But when I had done looking before me and about, I looked down; and there, with his back to me, leaning against a rock not ten feet away, sat Herod Pascoe.

There was no mistaking the man, his bulk, his wide shoulders, even the red hair bursting out from under the helmet that—uselessly enough—he wore. It was Herod without doubt. He was not dead, he was not even seriously injured. He was there before me, safe, strong and wicked as ever, with one of his pearling luggers lying at hand, and—I did not doubt—a crowd of the worst brutes on Farewell manning her. Indeed, as I looked, with eyes sharpened now by knowledge, I could see many figures, far more than were necessary for the working of the craft, moving about on her, small as pins.

"I wonder what arms he has?" I thought; and I remembered the all but weaponless, unmanned schooner at the other side of the island, with Paul and Laurie, unsuspecting, making love, almost in sight of the man who had lately tried to kill one of them so that he might force marriage on the other.

Like a fool, I kept on standing on the top of the rock, making myself a conspicuous, not-to-be-missed figure, if anything should induce Herod to turn his head. He did not turn it, however. He remained where he was, staring out to sea, moveless, buried in thought. I would have given much to peer for a moment under the skull of that red head, as the devil is said to have peeped under the roofs of a certain town—just to see what might be going on within. If he had found us—

But had he found us? That was what I was beginning to wonder. He could not have known that we were thereabouts, else he, and his lugger full of black-and-tan villains, would have been round at the other side before this. Was it possible that he had called at the island for some other reason, unconnected with us? Now that I looked at him again, it seemed as if he were awaiting something. Now that I listened hard, through the battering of the wind and sea I thought that I could hear some noise that was neither—a sound as of men carrying iron, bumping it against rocks as they went.

In a minute or two I saw that I had guessed right. Herod was ashore for the purpose of seeing his portable water-tanks filled; nothing but that. From that spot, men were coming down, four to a tank, staggering over the lumpy coral. There were twelve men in all; three tanks. Others followed the tank men, one, two, three, four—ten of them. . . . Twenty-two men ashore, and another dozen, at least, on the ship.

"This looks as like good old-fashioned piracy as anything I ever saw in my life," I reflected. "They could walk all over us and eat us up. . . ." It occurred to me that I was cutting much too notable a figure, there on the top of a rock in the full moonlight. I slid down, making as little noise as I could.

It was too much, however. Herod Pascoe had always been as sharp-eared as any cat. I remembered that, when I saw him, slowly, raise his big, panther-colored head, and become as immobile as a statue. He had heard; he did not understand the noise, but he meant to.

Standing behind the rock, which was barely short of my own height, I peered over, my heart thrumming like an engine. I wondered if he wouldn't hear that too. If so, it was all up with me. He might have supposed the scrabbling noise I made in descending, to be produced by a crab or a rat, but crabs don't have throbbing pulses, and rats do not sn—sn! No, it was not a sneeze. I succeeded—just—in stifling it, with a vicious pinch across the bridge of the nose. "That was pure nervousness," I chid myself. Then I bent down a little, and waited. The wind had dropped—just when one would have most wished it to keep on blowing—and I could have heard any noise, any least movement from Herod's side. None came.

I don't know what obscure corner of my mind it was that warned me to take off my shoes. I did take them off; however, with infinite precaution, and stood, socked only, holding my shoes, in the muddy pool that some recent overflow left about the base of the big rock. The wind had gone down, but the sea still roared; the moon was bright with a wicked sort of brightness, that seemed, somehow, to be a part of the anger and tumult of the waters. The place didn't feel wholesome. I cannot describe the impression that had hold of me; but I know I wished myself safe back again on the *Susan*.

It was just then that I smelt Herod.

I do not suggest that Pascoe's personal habits were other than decent; but I had always been able to smell him when he came near my cottage, in the old days when we had been friends. Perhaps my sense of smell is unusually well developed. Perhaps he used a stronger brand of tobacco, a shaving paste of sharper scent, than most men do. At all events, I caught the odor of both with them too, the indescribable salty sea-smell that I have often noticed about the clothes of men who have been some days aboard ship; and the combination of odors was coming round the corner of the rock. Barely in time, I realized that he was stealthily slipping to the back of the boulder, in order to see if any one was hidden there. "Lord!" something ticked in my mind, as quick as a watch. "It was lucky I thought of the shoes." And then I hadn't time to think, any more, for I was busily engaged in slipping round the rock, just far enough ahead of Herod not to be seen.

We circled the boulder all round, Herod and I and then paused, each in the place where we had begun; I at the back, peering through a tuft of sea-grass, Herod at the front, where he stood with his arms folded, staring out at the lugger,

(Continued on page 76)



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The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 74)



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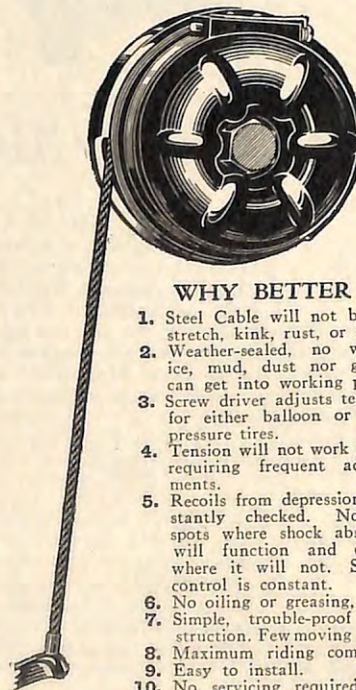
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and trying to make up his mind that he hadn't heard anything at all.

I only hoped none of the men had seen us; I trusted they were too busy struggling along under the heavy loads of water, to notice anything else.

With a great sigh, Pascoe seemed to make up his mind. He relaxed his listening attitude, sat down again, and let out a curse or two—I heard him distinctly—against the slowness of the men. He was impatient; that was clear. About what? Well, I could guess. Some one had seen us during the past day or two, and reported our whereabouts to Herod. Probably he supposed us to be somewhere near Two Brothers since it was there that we had stayed the longest. If he could get away quickly, he might hope to surprise us at anchor.

What then? Knowing all I knew—or thought I knew—I realized that he would stop at nothing. That was how I put it to myself. The next few minutes were to show me that if anything, I understated the case. . . .

HEROD seemed to be amusing himself by turning out the contents of his pockets—or at least, he took a small bright object from one pocket, and looked at it, with something like a chuckle, for a good while, tossing it about and caressing it between his huge fingers. I could not see what it was, but I thought it looked like a very small bottle.

By and by a long hail came across the water. The boat was ready.

Herod got to his feet, slipped the small bright toy into his pocket, and stalked away down the beach, swinging arms and legs like a windmill. I watched him go; I watched the boat pull off, the men in her scramble aboard, saw the sails hoisted, the little engine set a-going, all in the bright, crude, strangely sinister moonlight. I saw the lugger swing round abreast the seas again tossing wildly on her way to Two Brothers Island. I saw her at last grow small and melt away among the breakers. Not till then did I feel that Bowen, Laurie and I—were safe.

I came out from behind the boulder. If I did a dance of mockery and triumph, under the moon, there alone on the beach of the deserted island, I think I may be excused.

In the midst of it, my foot hit something slippery, and I almost fell. I bent down to see what the thing was. A bottle, a small bright bottle, lay winking at the moon upon the sand.

"Aha," I said, "men who murder their wives don't get their buttons sewn on, or the holes in their pockets mended, any more. I wonder what else you've dropped to-day?"

I picked up the bottle, held it in the brightest of the mounting moonlight, recognized the shape of it, and read the label, then my fingers relaxed, and I let it fall on the ground.

"My God!" was what I said.

I must go back here for a moment. Among the studies that had helped to pass away my time on Farewell Island, was that of savage weapons and their significance. I have theories on the subject that would probably bore you. . . .

Poisoned spears and arrows interested me a good deal. I did not collect the weapons, but I had a pretty complete set of the special poisons used by various tribes of savages. The poisons were kept locked up in my room. Among them was a small quantity of the notorious drug curare, which is better known in the history of experiments on animals, than in any other connection. It was said, I remember, that the early vivisectionists used it to paralyze their victims, leaving them at the same time in full possession of every sense. It has not been used in that way, I suppose, for at least a generation; in fact, it has, to-day, practically no use at all, save among the savages I have mentioned; they daub their arrows with it, in order to bring down big game with safety and certainty.

This was the drug that Herod had stolen from my locked press; this I had seen him handling and caressing, chuckling over, while he waited for the lugger to carry him away again in search of Paul, the stealer of his bride. . . .

Perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, I might not have understood. But I had been into hell, and seen human beings turned to the likeness of fiends, only a few days before. I did

understand. I knew that between Herod Pascoe, and the human fiends of the Fly River, there was brotherhood closer than between him and the children of his mother. I knew that he had taken the definite step back, which we of the lonely places know too well; that step which carries a man across thousands of years, and sets him down where his forebears of the Stone Age lived.

I took the little bottle in my hand, and, walking to the verge of the moonlit breakers, tossed it far away into their striving crests. Then I went back to the *Susan*.

Going back, I had decided to say nothing. It would have been rather too easy for Paul to catch up the lugger, had he wished, and I was not at all sure that he would not wish, if he knew that it, and Herod, were so near. "What you don't know will do you no harm, my ruffly young cock-o'-the-walk," I thought, as I went into my cabin, after greeting the two lovers, and making an indefinite answer to their careless questions about my walk.

I went to bed. I was tired, and slept well, but a seabird, crying far off among the hills of the island, troubled me a little from time to time. It kept on intermittently; each time I heard it as in a dream, half-waked, and sank back almost at once to depths of sleep again.

Next morning it seemed that Paul had heard it too. He told me so, as we were getting under way for the next island marked within the circle. "If we don't find her there . . ." he said, and broke off. I knew what he meant.

"Queer," he added while he stood watching, with a sailorly eye, the native A. B.'s hoist the rattling sail. "Queer, the way that bird kept on last night. And I could almost fancy I heard it again this morning, once or twice."

"I didn't," I said.

"I did," contributed Laurie. "Sometimes it seemed a long way off, and sometimes quite near, when the wind got up strong for a minute. I—there it is again!"

We stood in listening attitudes for a moment. In the silence, the bird's call sounded, once, twice, and stopped.

"Do you think it is a bird?" I asked, feeling my lips stiffen strangely as I spoke. Nobody answered for a moment.

"We'll go and see," said the captain.

"Where do you think it came from?" asked Paul, as we landed.

"Somewhere among those great piles of rocks," I ventured doubtfully. "At least I fancy so."

"We looked well over the island yesterday," he said. "Did anyone hear anything?"

No one had.

HE STOOD listening for a minute, his feet planted apart, as if we were all pitching in a heavy sea; his mouth hard set, between the lines of the odd, half-smiling parentheses that mark the faces of those who know and have endured hardship. Wind and waves were down; it was another of the blue days of Torres. You would have thought the islands, where they reared themselves from the scilla-colored sea, sheer bits of heaven or fairyland afloat; homes of incredible, exquisite beings, remote from common earth. That is, if you had not spent the past days as we had spent them—tramping painfully, with blistered feet and burned faces, over those very islands; seeing their cruel barrenness; sensing without words—for how can one put it into words?—their insolvent carelessness, that took not so much thought of us and our lives and deaths, as we took of the wanderings of an ant among the corals on the beach.

Paul Bowen relaxed his listening attitude.

"I daresay it was nothing," he said. "In fact, I'm practically sure it was; but there's only one thing to satisfy us all, and that is, look again."

We looked.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, as we were passing, for the third time, I think, the mouth of a shallow little gully that led to nowhere—you could see right into it—I noticed something that I had not seen before. A crow. Two crows. More crows, following one another with slow, lazy flappings from one side of the island to the other.

I knew something of the Australian crow, whom to name, on the continent of Australia, is to draw down tales of woe and bitter cursings. Here, among the Australian islands, it was the

(Continued on page 78)



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The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 77)

same bird, with the same cruel, clever, vulturous ways. I watched the black v's winging through the blue above; watched them rearing the place where we stood; hovering and retreating baffled, with angry, long-drawn "Ha-haa's."

"Let's go a bit back, out of the way," I suggested.

"You look sick," remarked Laurie. "You've been walking too far."

"On the contrary," I said. "I have not walked enough."

As we retreated, the crows came on. Before long there were eight or ten of them, planing about in the blue over one spot—the entrance to the blind, empty gully.

At that, we began to run back again; at least, the two others ran, and I came behind as quickly as I could. We all got to the gully within a few seconds of each other. We all stood staring. There it was, just a blind opening into the rocks; you could walk all round it—we did, without seeing anything, save small boulders, pie-crust colored, and little tufts of grasses and tangles of mermaid-hair.

But still, the crows kept about, evidently waiting for us to go. . . .

"There's only one thing," said Paul. "We must let them show us the way."

"Let them settle? Do you know what they do to lambs and sheep, that are down and can't get up?"

"Yes, I know. Pick out their eyes. We won't give them time. Get off again—no, a good way. . . . I daresay that'll do. Let's stay here and keep quiet. Stand by to go with a run."

I don't know how long I could have waited—not very long, I fear; the suspense of the moment had almost unnerved me—but there was no great trial of our patience, after all. Barely had the party withdrawn itself from the gully, and gone a little way off, when the crows were down, one after another, flying to a point a little behind the gully, and dropping. . . .

"Climb the rocks up to the top," panted Paul, running hard, and dragging me by the hand. Laurie needed no help; she flew along like a bird; she outstripped me, and Paul, handicapped as the latter was; she reached the spire of rock that overhung the gully, and scrambled up it while you might have counted ten. Then she took one good look about her, bent down, seized a stone in each hand, and flung them, hard, at the level rock below. I heard them strike with a hollow sound, saw them vanish, saw a crow fly up and speed away, cawing—"Ha-ha-ha—!" Then I was up on the top looking down, and I saw, as Laurie and Paul saw, a sort of pot-hole in the rocks, utterly concealed from any point of

view save that directly above. And lying at the bottom of the pot-hole, quite still, was the figure of a woman.

When we reached her, I thought that she was dead. She lay with her face turned to the sky, her eyes half closed, and her white teeth showing through lips that had fallen apart. She was dressed in indescribable rags; a mass of plaited grass, lying beside her, had apparently been used for a hat. She was as thin as a broom handle, her skin was bright yellow, with red sun blisters all over it; her sleeves were torn almost off, and her stockings gone from her feet. One foot was tied up in a rough bandage. The sides of the pot-hole were marked as if by clutching hands; in one part there was a long, sliding smear.

"It was no bird," I said, and hot irons went through my heart as I thought of myself lying all the night in my bunk on board the schooner, with that feeble cry sounding, sounding on. . . . I lifted her dead hand, to press it to my lips, with what feelings I cannot say. And my lips, lingering, met with a living pulse. And so the world that had stopped, went on again for me.

"We'll have the devil's delight, getting her out of this," commented Bowen. "Stand by till I fetch a rope from the ship."

Laurie climbed up out of the pot-hole again, to stay on top, and help with the rope when it came; also, incidentally to watch Paul Bowen all the way there, and all the way back. I sat beside the wreck of what had been Susan Pascoe, and to me she was lovelier, far, than Laurie in all the shining splendor of her youth.

"What should one do for her?" I wondered, looking at the closed eyes, the barely heaving chest. "If I had water—or brandy—in books they always give brandy."

But there was no brandy nearer than the schooner, and no water on that side of the island. On the other—

"Thank God," I thought, "that she did meet with this accident—whatever brought her here. If she hadn't, she might have run across that devil last night, and then, I reckon, there'd have been a dead woman who'd have told no tales. . . . Why doesn't Bowen come back?"

I looked again, anxiously, at the unconscious features. And as I looked, life and consciousness came back to them. The brown eyes opened. The lips parted, and Susan Pascoe said, almost in her ordinary tone of voice—

"I thought it was you. I thought you would come. . . . Has my husband been anxious about me?"

And I realized, with an unspeakable shock, that she knew nothing; nothing at all.

(To be concluded)

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

(Continued from page 56)

Love and Fidelity, and 24 huge columns forming an interior colonnade 27 feet above the floor. In addition to these columns, there are marbles in the floor itself—many different varieties. The Tompkins Kiel Marble Company, of New York, collaborated very efficiently with the builders in securing the various marbles with the least possible delay.

Look at the photograph of the interior of the main doorway, or at those of some of the other arches leading off from the great hall. The columns employed in the construction of those arches are of the most delicate hues imaginable: lavenders, reds, blue-greens, clear greens, blues. And the marbles of which they are made have curious names: Fleur de pêche (peach blossom), Breche violet, Pavonazzo, Fantastico verde and viola, Breche Centelli—these being all from Italy, from Querceta, Serravezza, Carrara and Massa. Then there are Skyros, from Greece, Escalette, from France, and Madre veined, from our own Alabama. The niche columns which, like those just mentioned, are monoliths, and the big upper columns—see page 45—which are in three pieces or drums, are also varied in color and come from many different places. Among the big ones are three of a rich shade of green known as Verde Maurin, which came from a quarry located at the

top of the French Alps, where it is possible to work only in June, July and August. And there are others from Italy, southern France, Greece and Austria. The big upper columns, 30 feet high from bottom of base to top of their gilded Corinthian capitals, are amazing in texture and richness. Their colors are repeated in the discs and plaques of the floor, which were cut from the same marble blocks as the columns themselves. Around these discs and in the borders of the square plaques, are other marbles from Knoxville, Tenn., and Carthage, Mo., and the floors of the surrounding corridors are of Napoleon gray, which comes from Phenix, Mo. The frieze, which runs around the hall, on a level with the niches, is of a dark red, known as Lumi, a marble from Austria. And the little carved wreaths and discs are of Eastman's cream, from Vermont.

The beauty of the interior of the Memorial Hall is quite beyond description even as it is now, minus the paintings and sculpture which are being made for it and of which I shall say more further on. As you enter the massive bronze doors, you pass through a shallow vestibule and find yourself in a vast room, a perfect circle in shape, crowned by a great dome, heavily panelled, gilded and painted, rising to a height of

(Continued on page 80)

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The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

(Continued from page 78)

94 feet above the floor. The drum of the dome begins just above the entablature of the big monolithic columns already described. Cut in the face of this entablature is an inscription, taken from the preamble to the Constitution of the Order: "Inculcating the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; promoting the welfare and enhancing the happiness of mankind; quickening the spirit of American patriotism." Between each pair of columns is a tall window, of gray glass with ornamental leading, gilded to reflect little shafts of light, so that at night the windows will not seem to be mere black holes in the walls. Between each pair of windows is a panel—there are twelve in all—each of which will contain one of a series of symbolic mural paintings by Eugene Savage. Facing you, at the other side of the Hall is an arch, through which, beyond an ante-room, you can see a door which leads into the Grand Reception Room. At each side are more arches, some of which give onto the glassed-in passages leading to the side-entrances to the building, in each wing; others lead into vaulted corridors leading to the stairway; others lead to the Grand Exalted Ruler's Conference Room and office, through small ante-rooms. The Conference Room and Grand Exalted Ruler's office, situated one at each end of the Grand Reception Room, are both circular, 25 feet 6 inches in diameter and with domed ceilings 19 feet high.

THE Grand Reception Room itself is second only to the Memorial Hall in impressiveness. Seventy four feet long, 30 feet wide, and 26 feet high, it is of particular interest because of its very elaborate ceiling. This ceiling is suspended from the steel framework of the building and was one of the most complicated and difficult construction features of the edifice. It is extremely heavy and its suspension from girders makes it one of the most unusual ceilings ever built in this country. When completed, the ceiling, which is at present painted in flat reds and blues and heavily gilded, will contain in its panels exquisite decorations and symbolic paintings. The woodwork of the room is of quarter-sawn English oak, very old, brought from the forests which were formerly reserved for use in British men o'war, before the age of iron and steel. Its panels, mouldings and fluted columns are wonderful examples of the carver's art. As one of our photographs shows, the room is lighted by a large Palladian window of beautiful proportions, glazed with stained glass. Four chandeliers, of bronze and crystal, by the Sterling Bronze Company, are of distinguished design and add much to the brilliance of the room. Special furniture has been made for it by the Orsenigo Company and there are fine Oriental rugs supplied by Kent-Costikyan. Back again, in the Memorial Hall, looking up at the "eye" of the dome—it took some 14,000 square feet of gold leaf, by the way, to gild the dome inside—you wonder how the great hall is lighted at night. Hung in the eight arches around you, you observe alabaster lanterns, but these cannot adequately illuminate that vast interior. The solution is to be found in the opening of the inner dome, which is not closed at the top. Through this opening projects a special reflector, a little bit like a stalactite from the roof of a cave. Its surface is made of plaster covered with gold, bronze, and silver leaf. Around the upper rim of the opening in the dome are placed powerful electric lamps—14,000 watts—whose rays are trained on this glistening reflector which sends them outward and downward, bathing the hall in a flood of soft light of which the actual source is invisible. There is only one other similar lighting arrangement in existence. It also was designed by the architect of this building.

From a corridor leading off the great hall, a small spiral staircase rises to the floor of the outer colonnade, whence a splendid view of Lincoln Park and Lake Michigan may be obtained. Standing up there, dwarfed by the massive columns, one gets a true sense of the magnitude and majesty of the structure. On the walls of the Memorial Hall, below the entablature of the outer colonnade, are panels,

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each of which will contain carved designs. On the face of the entablature itself reads the legend "Erected in the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Four by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America in Honor of Its Members Who Served in the World War." Incidentally, the stairway just mentioned is in itself a remarkable example of brickwork. Unlike most spiral stairs, it has no central post, or support. The steps spring from the circular masonry wall and are supported by it at their wide outer ends.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the building, from the standpoint of construction, is the dome, which has a span of 67 feet. In common architectural practice a dome is very heavy and thick and must have ribs, trusses, or vaults beneath to support it. In this case the dome, which is double—one inner and one outer—is little more than a shell, so far as relative weight and thickness of masonry are concerned. It was built on the Guastavino principle by the firm of that name, which uses several layers of tough tiles laid one over the other in cement. By this process the tiles are laid from the outside of the dome opening, that is, from the rim of the drum from which the dome springs toward the center. The greatest thickness of tiles comes at this outer circumference, gradually tapering off until at the center the thickness is only a matter of a few inches. This method of construction makes it possible to use less massive side walls, inasmuch as the extreme lightness of the dome itself reduces the outward thrust and is consequently an inexpensive solution to what has always been a costly and troublesome architectural form. At the same time, though unusually light, a dome built in this way is exceedingly strong.

Aside from the problems presented by the difficulty of securing the desired marbles and by the circular shape of the central portion, no serious obstacles confronted the builders. Such problems as arose were mainly questions of architectural detail occasioned by the unusual nature of the basic design. In the first drawings, for instance, the dome was considerably flatter than it is now. The necessity of changing it became apparent upon careful study of a small scale model which was made from those first drawings. By looking at the model from what would be the level of the eye, it was seen that at close quarters the curve of the dome would be invisible to a person standing on the sidewalk. Other changes of similar nature, changes in proportion, in the height of the outer steps and terraces, in the width of the side wings, were also made after studying the model.

THE north wing, devoted to the Grand Secretary's quarters, contains five offices on the first floor and five more on the second. In the basement are shipping and store rooms for the Grand Secretary's department and the office of the superintendent of the building. In the South wing are thirteen offices, for the use of Grand Lodge Officers and Committees and the Elks Magazine, with shipping and stock rooms beneath. In the basement, under the Memorial Hall, is a large lounge and writing room for the use of visitors, with check rooms and retiring rooms conveniently disposed around it. Below the Grand Reception Room are located the ventilating machinery—which washes, dries and warms all air delivered to the great hall—and the switchboards. The electrical installation, although elaborate, contains nothing of unusual interest. The heating plant, located in a small separate building across the driveway at the rear of the property, contains two boilers. This building is on a separate plot of ground bought to protect the main building from encroachment.

At the southerly end of the building is a broad driveway, connected at right angles with another driveway along the rear. The side driveway provides a motor entrance and small parking space for visitors arriving in cars, who can enter the building through the entrance in the south wing. Normally the big bronze doors will be kept shut, access to the Memorial Hall being gained from one wing or the other.

As was pointed out earlier in this article, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters is very simple in design. Its outline is decorative but at present its appearance, both outside and in, is a good deal more austere than it will be later

(Continued on page 82)



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The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

(Continued from page 81)

on. At present, you see, it is virtually without carving or ornament of any sort. Each wing has an urn on the forward end of its roof; there are urns at the entries of the low curb surrounding the property; and rams at the corners of the side terraces of the wings, with a light Greek scroll breaking the severity of the line of these terraces. The important decorative features, however, features which will greatly enrich and vivify both exterior and interior, are not yet ready. Chief of these is the great frieze, which will be carved on the outside of the Memorial Hall, just below the colonnade, half on one side of the main doors and half on the other. It was hoped that this frieze, already modeled and cast, would be already partly carved by the time of the dedication. For reasons which need not be explained here, however, this was not possible, though the carving operations will be begun soon.

To design this frieze, the Commission chose the famous sculptor Adolph Alexander Weinman, former pupil of Martin, and of Augustus St. Gaudens, and winner of many prizes and medals, among them the Silver Medal awarded at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, the Silver Medal at the Brussels International Exposition in 1910 and the Gold Medal of Honor of the Architectural League of New York. Mr. Weinman's works are too numerous to mention in toto, but they include the monumental sphinxes flanking the Scottish Rite Temple in Washington; the dime and half-dollar minted in 1916; the Lincoln Memorials in Hodgenville, Ky., and Madison, Wis.; the Lincoln statue in the State Capitol at Frankfort, Ky.; sculptures for the facade of the New York Municipal Building and many others.

Mr. Weinman's own description of the frieze follows:

"The themes represented in the composition of the frieze encircling the building below the colonnade, are at the right hand, The Terror of War, at the left, The Glory of Peace.

"The introductory motive in The Terror of War, reading from right to left, shows The Sway of Might, symbolized in the figure of a man of powerful proportions, enthroned, with crown and scepter and clad in the accoutrements of war, surrounded by the figures of Force, Avarice, Suspicion, Fear, Rumor and the Sower of the Seeds of Strife.

"Following to the left is the flying figure of Alarm with plunging horses, and men in battle array obeying the Call to Arms while the Dogs of War strain furiously at their leash; The following group to the left shows The Terror of War, a figure of gigantic proportions in full armor, bearing a two-handed sword and burning torch, accompanied by the Fury of Hatred mounted upon a blind nag and the Fury of Revenge on fiery steed, both rushing headlong into the fray. Following the Terror of War to the right is the heavily draped figure of Death, with cup uplifted and beckoning his followers to the bloody feast.


"Following this group is the Battle, showing a hand-to-hand conflict of helmeted and armored warriors hurling the javelin, wielding the battle ax and sword or speeding the deadly arrow. The intensity of action and display of furious passion and masculine power are the noteworthy features of this group.

"Following is The Human Wreckage, a group of dead and dying warriors over which hovers a Vulture, as symbol of Destruction, while in the lap of a lamenting Mother rests her dead son, her sacrifice to her country's cause.


"The climax is reached in the heroic figure of the Mourning Victory, arm resting wearily upon a sheathed sword, her laurel-crowned head bowed low in deep contemplation of the scene of misery and desolation before her, while a sprightly youth with wings of frail fibre holds out to her a branch of evergreen, symbol of Hope."

"The introductory motive in the Glory of Peace is the heroic winged figure of The Spirit of Peace giving blessing to the group of mother and children about to lay floral offerings upon her altar, while in her shadow repose Virtue and Contentment, hovered over by chanting angels. Following to the right is the Sower, the Reaper, and the Husbandman with his ox and plow.

"Now follows a series of themes symbolizing

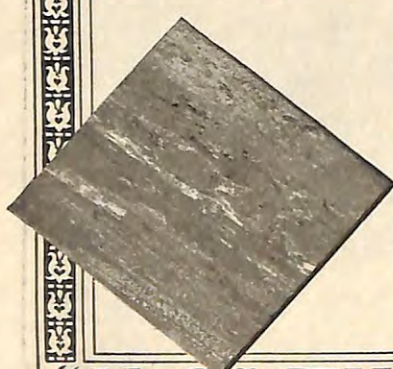


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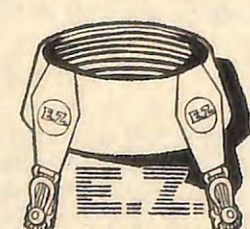
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The THOMAS P. TAYLOR CO.
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the four Principles of the Order of Elks: Charity, offering food and shelter to Life's unfortunates and warding off Hunger and Despair.

"Justice is symbolized in the enthroned figure of Justice before whom Innocence pleads her cause, while Nemesis with fiery sword lays her avenging hand upon the evil-doer.

"Brotherly Love is symbolized in the two powerful men who are relieving their heavily burdened brother, while another is giving succor to him whom illness has afflicted.

"Fidelity is depicted in the group by a vigorous man standing steadfast by his mate, spurning Temptation, shown in the siren holding aloft the brimming cup that cheers, and warding off Adversity and gaunt Poverty.

"Following this allegory of the four Principles of the Order of Elks is Pegasus, the symbol of creative inspiration, surrounded by the Bearer of the Sacred Fire and the Singers of the laden horn of plenty.

"The climax is reached in the group of the Human family surging onward to the self-revealing figure of Truth and the Higher Life."

The frieze is remarkable not alone in its breadth of conception and high symbolic quality, but also in execution. It presented a difficult problem in design because of the necessity of making figures of heroic size in a height of less than five feet. Mr. Weinman's solution was to bend his figures so that while the children in his allegories are standing erect, the adults are stooped, thus giving the impression of great size. Another interesting feature of the frieze is the way the sculptor has made a quite low relief seem like full relief, by cutting back, sharply, behind the contours of his figures, producing deep shadows which contrast strongly with the lights on the surfaces.

The same sculptor has been commissioned to design groups to be set in the niches on the front walls of the wings. These groups, one representing Fraternity and the other Patriotism, will be cast in bronze and will serve to give color to the walls in question which, with the niches empty, at present seem a trifle bare.

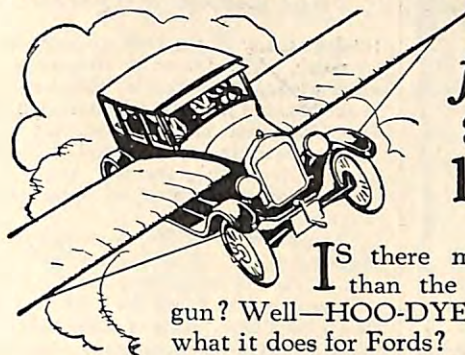
At the Lake View Avenue entry, opposite the middle of the Memorial Hall, two pedestals flank the opening in the low stone curb. For these pedestals, two reclining elk, in bronze, are being modelled by Laura Gardin Fraser. Mrs. Fraser, who is best known, perhaps, for her medals and coins, is also a noted sculptor of animals. Among her works are the Grant Memorial half-dollar; a half-dollar commemorating the centennial of the State of Alabama; the Morgan Horse Club medal; the Polo Pony medal; the Irish Setter Club medal and other beautiful things.

When these works of art, the Weinman frieze and niche groups and Mrs. Fraser's bronze elk are in place, and the panels beneath the colonnade are carved, the decoration of the exterior of the building will be complete. Carving of the frieze will take several months, as will also the modelling and casting of the statuary. Very beautiful bronzes are already in place: the great front doors and the lanterns beside them, the flag-pole bases and the candelabra at the rear of the terraces. These objects were designed by Raffaello Menconi, Inc., under the supervision of Mr. Swartwout, the architect of the building, and were cast by the Gorham Company. The main doors, of exquisite design, are nearly 20 feet high and, as you can see from some of the photographs, are particularly beautiful when viewed from inside the building.

The decorative scheme for the interior of the Memorial Hall and the Grand Reception Room is extremely colorful and elaborate and its effect, when finished, will be describable only through the use of so banal a word as "gorgeous." Three of America's greatest artists, two painters and one sculptor, have been commissioned to carry out the program. James Earle Fraser is the sculptor chosen to design figures for the four niches in the great Hall, representing Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. Mr. Fraser was the winner of two gold medals awarded in 1915 at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, at which was exhibited his very well-known statue, "The End of the Trail," the figure of a mounted Indian on his pony. He studied at the Art Institute in Chicago, at the Beaux Arts, Colorossi and Julien schools in Paris and was at one time assistant to Augustus St. Gaudens, to whose

(Continued on page 84)

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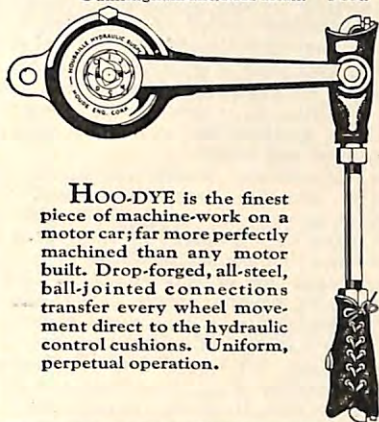
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All entries should register at the Headquarters of The Elks National Trapshooting Committee at the PALMER HOUSE, ground floor show-room. Entries will be accepted via mail or in person up to day of shoot

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EDUCATIONAL AID SOCIETY
Dept. 603, 168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

(Continued from page 83)

tutelage many of our best sculptors have owed so much. Mr. Fraser is represented, among other works, by the bust of Theodore Roosevelt in the Senate Chamber in Washington, the John Hay Memorial in Cleveland, the statue of Bishop Potter in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, the new U. S. five cent pieces, and a number of other important sculptural.

The dean of American mural painters, Edwin Howland Blashfield, is working on three paintings which will be mounted in the west lobby leading from the Memorial Hall to the Grand Reception Room. One of these will be a large panel symbolizing Charity in the form of a central winged figure supported on either side by flying figures, one of which brings food, the other clothing, to a group of the needy, represented by women and children. Another panel of the same size will contain a composition in which Peace and Harmony are shown in the guise of a female figure holding up an olive branch; on either side of her stand children holding the emblem of strength in harmony—the bundle of rods bound together—while below four men are depicted taking the oath of Brotherly Love. The third painting, a lunette over the doorway, is to portray Justice in the centre, enthroned with sword and scales. At her feet will be Fidelity, caressing a hound, the symbol of that virtue. On either side will be children, each bearing a scroll inscribed, respectively, Justitia and Fidelitas. Throughout the composition will be a profusion of oak leaves, signifying staunchness and fidelity.

Mr. Blashfield's murals appear in clubs, libraries, churches, large homes and public buildings all over the country. He studied in Paris under Leon Bonnat and, as a young man, spent much time abroad, exhibiting regularly for many years at the Paris Salon and at the Royal Academy in London. Some of his most important murals are in the Central Dome of the Library of Congress, the High Appellate Court of New York, the Court House in Baltimore, Senate Chamber of the State Capitol of Minnesota, the Court House of Newark, N. J., the State Capitol of Wisconsin and others too numerous to mention.

The largest portion of the paintings which will embellish the Memorial Hall and the Grand Reception Room are to be the work of Eugene Savage, recognized as one of the very best of the younger American decorative painters. Mr. Savage, who was left an orphan at an early age, studied when he could, between the odd jobs with which he supported himself. He studied at the Corcoran School, Washington, at the Art Institute, Chicago and finally, winning the Prix de Rome, went to study further in Rome, Florence and Munich. He has since won many prizes.

The program laid out for him is literally huge and will require several years of the closest application before it can be finished. First of all there are twelve large panels to go in the spaces between the windows of the Memorial Hall. At the time this article is written these panels are only in the sketch stage and to attempt to describe them one by one without picturing them would result only in confusion. The general plan for this series is to represent, in allegorical compositions, the Beatitudes. Mr. Savage's work is noted for its purity of color, grace of line and vigor. His strength is in the warmly glowing quality of his color and the very high order of imagination he brings to the development of his themes. Though far from a copyist of the ancient masters of mural painting, he has absorbed their spirit and may be said to resemble them in his ability to produce compositions eminently fitted for use in architectural settings. There is a vast difference between a picture, suitable for framing and hanging on a wall as an entity in itself, and a picture designed to become an integral part of a wall. The art of the mural painter is to produce the latter and that is something Mr. Savage does instinctively. All art forms impose certain limitations on the artist. Sometimes these limitations bear in on a man so forcibly as to have an obviously cramping effect on his work. With Savage one feels that he has



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accepted the bonds of his craft painlessly, subconsciously.

In addition to the twelve panels aforesaid, this artist is to do decorations for the pendentives, the spaces above the arches in the Memorial Hall. The great ceiling in the Grand Reception Room will be his also, containing three large ovoid panels and numerous smaller decorations. In the same room are spaces for two lunettes, panels with arched tops, which will be executed by Mr. Savage too. These paintings will be symbolic, their subjects expressing ideas and passages in the Rituals of the Order.

The same care and good taste which characterize the building and its decorations have been exercised in the choice of hardware, fixtures and fittings, furniture and every other detail.

It is interesting to note, at this point, that the cost of the construction of the building fell within the original appropriation of the Grand Lodge. It is also interesting to note that the extra cost of the sculpture, decoration and furnishing of the building are being entirely defrayed by THE ELKS MAGAZINE, out of its earnings, thus obviating any additional levy upon the membership and the Subordinate Lodges for this purpose.

And so we come to the end of this description of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. It is offered in the hope that it will at least convey to those of its readers who cannot see the building in person some idea of the magnificence of the structure and imbue them with the wish to behold it with their own eyes as soon as they can. There is always a certain virtue in understatement; and it is very sure that no one who reads this article first and sees the building afterwards will feel that the description exaggerated the merits of its subject.

To the officers and members of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission great credit is due for their devotion to the duty assigned them of erecting the building. They gave themselves unsparingly in the effort to see to it that the problems arising in the course of its construction should be solved in the best interests of the Order.

One fact should be emphasized and cannot be brought out too strongly: that there is in this monument no hint of the atmosphere of a mausoleum. Though erected in honor of men who gave their lives for their country, the building is devoid of any funereal taint, in which respect it is wholly in keeping with the traditional precepts of Elks toward their absent Brothers; precepts which hold that an Elk is never forgotten, never forsaken.

Flag Day Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 34)

another man's sons and daughters; here there is luxury and schools for every man's sons and daughters. What jewels are in our hands?

Therefore, we must know that if justice fail, ours is the fault. If the torch of liberty grows dark, ours is the blame. If our flag falls, it drops from our own hands. Freedom is not only our glory but our danger. We must not falter; we must not weaken; and even though challenged, we shall not run! This flag, this flag that is damp with the sprays of the Pacific, from Alaska to California; whose iridescent beauty glints the waves of the Atlantic from New England's furthest crag to the utmost finger of Florida; that lines the Gulf, inspires Mexico across the Rio Grande and, fortlessly and saberlessly fronts England's Canadian Dominion—this flag that flies from every state house and every school house and every capitol and every fort that lies between these boundaries—this flag, our flag, is the spirit of Liberty!

The everlasting rocks silently wear away, but even as the years of this flag's life have not dimmed a thread of its color, even as have not the recurring suns, the seasons and the storms, aged nor robbed it of its splendor, so may its constantly rippling waves watch over our immortal union of indestructible states, keeping each and all more glorious through the thoughtful demeanor of the individual citizen.

"We can only be supremely American by continuing the process that made us American."

All hail America!

All hail the flag!

All hail the spirit that made, and makes both!

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Today, we can do much more than reverently observe the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. We can, if we like, write a declaration of financial independence for ourselves; a declaration which chronicles a resolution not longer to delay in the rearing of a financial structure.

The significance of such an act, either to ourselves or our families, cannot be exaggerated. Today, we can earn and soundly invest our earnings, so that tomorrow, when we cannot earn, they will earn for us.

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Fundamentals for Investors

By Paul Tomlinson

CONSERVATIVE estimates place the losses of the people of the United States, who put their money into worthless or fraudulent securities, at a billion dollars a year. This is a colossal sum on which interest alone amounts to over twenty million dollars a week, and more every half hour than all but a very small portion of our population are able to accumulate in a lifetime. How can one explain the fact that this staggering amount of money is taken out of the pockets of our people every year? We boast that we are well educated, that we are intelligent and shrewd in business, and yet it is safe to say that no other people in the world are such marks for unscrupulous promoters and swindlers.

No one has any desire to lose money. Most of us have to work pretty hard for what we get, and we owe it to ourselves and our dependents to hold on to it if we can. And sometimes it seems more difficult to keep money than it does to earn it. A little education in the business of investing would quickly show us how to keep out of trouble, and if we can do that much, the principal task would be accomplished, and there would be no need to worry about profits.

All over the country are get-rich-quick operators attempting to deceive or defraud investors. Experienced investors can take care of themselves, but the number of experienced investors comprises only a small percentage of our population. The National Better Business Bureau, Inc., formed by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, is one agency which is striving constantly to safeguard the small and inexperienced investor against fraudulent and speculative investments. There are forty-five branches of this organization in the United States, all working constantly to discover the truth about investments and make the facts known to the investing public.

The Investment Bankers Association, through its agencies, members, and research committees, is constantly collecting facts about securities and disseminating the facts they have gathered. This information is gathered for the benefit of the investing public, and is at their disposal; it is valuable information for every investor, and for the inexperienced investor it is well-nigh indispensable. Service of this kind is also for the best interests of business and the country generally, for every dollar that can be saved from the wastage of fraudulent and worthless investment means that much more capital for legitimate enterprise. And if industry is to grow and function to the best advantage it must constantly have new capital at its disposal.

In the first place it is essential that an investment to be thoroughly sound must be safe as to principal, and consistently income-producing. Further, it is desirable that it be marketable; that is to say, that there be a demand for it which will enable the owner to sell at any time he so desires. If the principal of an investment is not safe there is no point of course in investigating any further, and the first thing then is for the prospective buyer to have some idea as to how to determine whether or not this first requirement is successfully met.

SHARES in new enterprises are almost always speculative, and a safe general rule is to let them severely alone. The salesman will naturally argue that it is the people with courage and faith to back new enterprises who reap the greatest benefits. Which may be true, but in addition to courage and faith a fat pocketbook is also important. The amount of a corporation's bonded debt, notes payable, and other liabilities, are essential factors in determining the value of stock. So are earnings, but if a company is not yet operating there are no earnings and there is no one who can foretell what they are going to be until actual experience has supplied the proof. When there are real earnings to consider it is well to inquire what they have averaged over a period of years, for past performance is the very best basis on which to base future hopes in the business world. Management is a vital factor in success, and any salesman should be willing to supply the names of the directors and officers of the corporation whose shares he is endeavoring to market, to say nothing of the people connected with the firm which he himself is representing.

When the person solicited to buy has all the information suggested by the points raised in the preceding paragraph he is in a position either to say "No" or to pursue his investigations further. One of the most fundamental of investment fundamentals is never to make a hasty bargain, never to commit oneself to buy without a thorough and exhaustive investigation. The world is as full of good investments as the sea is full of fish, and because one misses what may seem at the time to be a desirable opportunity does not mean that there will not be plenty of others just as good. Be skeptical, be curious and inquisitive and do nothing until you are sure you are right.

Many people have the idea that stocks are sold for the purpose of making their owners rich. The truth of the matter is that stocks are, or should be,—sold for the purpose of providing capital for the legitimate undertakings of legitimate businesses. No honest seller of stock will make any attempt to guarantee profits, and in the matter of dividends he can do no more than call attention to the corporation's record of earnings, the position occupied by the stock in the corporation's financial structure, and say that if all goes as well as the directors hope it is reasonable to expect that dividends can be distributed regularly.

THE business of dealing in securities, properly conducted, is one of the most essential of industries. If the railroads had not been able to sell bonds and stocks the American people would not be enjoying their present high standard of living, and transportation as we know it today would not exist. The same thing applies to public utility corporations, to steamship lines, to manufacturing businesses of all kinds; capital furnished by the investing public is what makes our industrial world go 'round. The man who invests a thousand dollars in a legitimate business is making a direct and valuable contribution to the welfare of his country. Such a man is entitled to a reasonable return on his investment, but he has no right to a return out of all proportion to what experience and his own intelligence tell him is proper to expect. The man who tries to get too much for his money is, in the long run, pretty certain to find that so far as he is concerned investments are not only unprofitable but expensive possessions. And in the last analysis has he anyone but himself to blame?

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"Arnold's Certificates," Arnold & Co., Washington, D. C.

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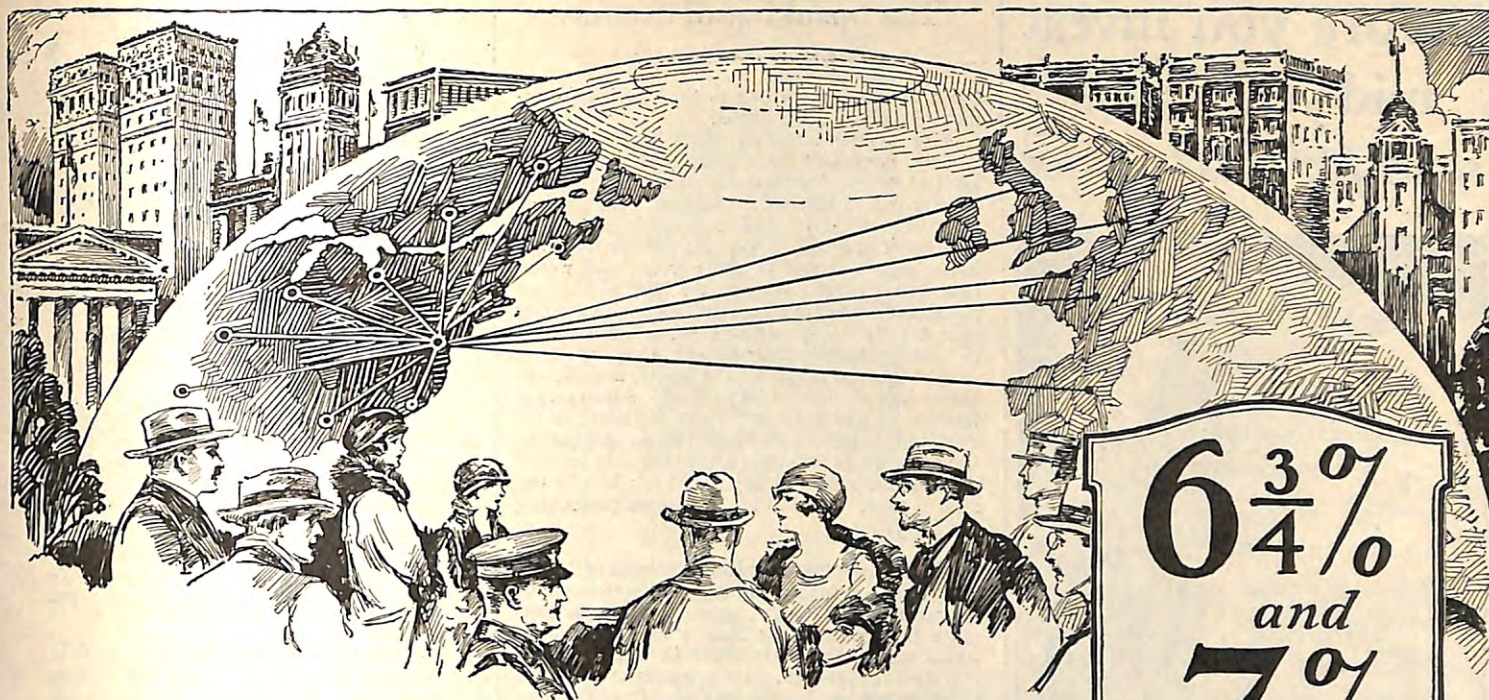
"Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety"; "How to Build an Independent Income," The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investment Guide," Greenbaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison, Chicago, Illinois.

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The Spanking of Sammy

(Continued from page 10)

the next hour, according to the varying fecundity of Smarty's invention.

Once Minnie's father, after having abused Smarty, stepped from a train and slipped and his feet were almost under the wheels, when Smarty pulled him out. Old man begs forgiveness. Shortly afterward the unregenerate old cuss again scorns Smarty. He's thrown from a horse, a foot caught in the stirrup, and would have been dragged along on the back of his neck ploughing furrows in the dust, his head bumping over the "thank-you-mams"—shallow hollows, if Smarty hadn't jumped out from ambush, caught the fiery steed by the bridle, and Herculeanly brought him to a standstill. Again paternally craves pardon. Then, if Smarty's invention is sufficiently fecund, Heinke staggers to the edge of a precipice in a conveniently created daze or dizziness and is jerked back just in the nick of time. Follows the inevitable beseeching and forgiving.

AGAIN she—Smarty always thought of her as "she"—never as Minnie Heinke—was skating with Jimmy Banks, against whom she had often been warned by Smarty as a dangerous junior sheep. But she would do it. The ice broke and she went through. Jimmy ran away, or stood wringing his hands. Smarty simply dived into the hole, swam under the ice with the current that was carrying Minnie toward the cataract, grabbed her and brought her up at the opening.

Or Smarty sees himself rescuing her in a snow-storm or from a train or from bad-man abductors. He follows them and takes her away from frowsy, toothless old hag—just why female companion to abductors is always frowsy and toothless not known—who smokes a short black clay pipe and holds her a prisoner in a frowsy old hag of a house, that smokes a vile chimney, in a hollow, somewhere—exact location not known—and not material. On such an occasion Smarty climbs tree and springs from swaying branch into room—a la Doug or Harold—on upper story, and takes her in his arms. He always times the rescue when ruffians and hag are drinking and quarreling over the swag—in another room. As to the improbability of these schemes of heroism, he shunned that—only the highlights interested him. Just how a boy of nine could catch an enraged, onrushing bull by the horns, twist his neck and throw him on his—the bull's, not Smarty's—shoulder, a thing he did repeatedly, or how he could overtake an abducting auto, grab it by the tail and swing himself aboard or how he could, even with the Australian stroke, catch a running speedster in which Minnie was being abducted for purpose of ransom or how his strength was enough to halt a maddened horse—very properly did not concern Smarty.

Smarty was forever pausing and leaning up against a post—or something else—and dreaming adventures—dreaming them out loud in the hearing of Billy—their true meaning always being conveyed to the astute alter ego by means of hypothetical questions or statements which were designed to disguise them—throw Billy off his guard.

Smarty was always in heroic attitudes—while she was always in attitudes of adoration. He was always very athletic, masterful—like the young men in the advertising sections of magazines in their undershirts and marcelled hair and with great out-thrust chins, who are forever bragging that they always get what they set out to get.

Said Billy: "Smarty's got 'lope on the brain. He's given it to the rest of the bunch. If he sees a queen or a Jane or even a skirt, it's always, 'I'll steal her' or 'I'd like to kidnap her.'"

"Hold on a minute, Billy. Elucidate."

"Yes, sir," said Billy, vaguely.

"Tell me what those things are—queen and the rest of it."

"A queen's a girl that puts on airs—like Milly Penrose."

Millicent Penrose, a young Greek and Latin prodigy, a girl of infinite delicacy and refinement, was the daughter of my friend Penrose, the poet.

"Go on, Billy. A Jane?"

"A Jane? Oh, she's just a nice girl."

"What's a skirt, Billy?"

"A skirt? Say, a skirt's a regular she-guy. She plays with the boys—no airs."

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"I get you," said I.
 "Smarty's orders to the gang are," Billy proceeded, "Let each guy have a skirt or a Jane. If he can't get her any other way, steal her."

According to Billy, many a village girl had been singled out, if she but knew it, for abduc-tional honors, and was greatly imperiled—so the minor sheeps flattered themselves.

"But where does Smarty get the idea, Billy?"
 "He gets it from the big sheeps. Don't you see, we gotter do what the big sheeps do? For ain't the big sheeps got more sense than we got?"

I shrugged my shoulders, suggesting dubiety.
 "Smarty asked me to 'lope with him. When I told him you gotter 'lope with a girl, he said: 'Wonder if I could get Minnie Heinke?'"

"Naw, you couldn't," I told him.
 "Cause why?"
 "Cause you trew her down that time when you wouldn't take her to the party."

"And Smarty, he said; 'At's all right. But Jim Nichols says the harder you throw a woman down, the better she likes you."

Billy elucidated: "Jim Nichols is the chief of the big sheeps; he hangs round Hanon's pool room, an' he wears belly pants."

"Belled trousers?" I said after a moment of perplexity.

"We call 'em 'belly pants.' You know, regular sheep's pants that bulge out at the feet like sailors."

"Why don't you say trousers, Billy?"
 "Say, Mister, how long do you s'pose you'd last with the guys I travel with if you called pants 'trousers?'"

Station-agent Heinke's deposition was brief but significant: "Smarty James has been hang-ing around here—asking questions. He wanted to know the fare to Niagara Falls or Washing-ton, and seemed much discouraged when I told him the amount. I said: 'You'd want a sleeper, of course?' He said: 'Why, no, we can sit up.' 'We,' I said, 'going to get married?'—joking like. That rattled him a little. 'What makes you think so?' 'Cause no one but new married couples go to Washington or Niagara Falls from this place.' 'Me get married? You're kiddin,' he said. When I asked him what he wanted to know for, he said: 'That's all right—I'm only expressing myself."

Heinke, too, uttered the phrase—expressing myself—as if it were some devil-made, weird and esoteric incantation and quite beyond the comprehension of the benighted adults of the community.

On other occasions, Sammy broached the sub-ject of the cost of transportation to various points less distant than Washington to the station agent, hoping, I reckon, to find some-thing within the scope of his pocket, but each time appearing to be depressed at the amount stated.

"What d'ye suppose he's up to?" Heinke asked.

"Nothing," I said, "it's only boyish fancy."

This brief testimony is unimportant except that it corroborates the testimony of Billy Wat-son and Minnie Heinke as to the utter lack of culpable intent in Smarty's elopement enter-prise.

I handed the report of the foregoing inter-views to Nellie—just as I have given it here.

I DID not include, however, the consensus of opinion that Sam was a Smart Aleck and a nuisance; that instead of being the corrupted, he was in a sense the corrupter; that he was the link between the lounge lizards and the minor sheeps; that the name Smarty James stood for all kinds of devilry—most recently, the juvenile elopement talk, the stealing of little girls, stuff he had learned from the asinine talk of pool-room sheiks, lounge lizards.

I did include, however, the following epitome:

The whole elopement craze, movement, or foolishness, had been brought about by the machinations of a half dozen "lounge lizzies" or "senior sheeps," who were determined to put their community in general, and themselves in particular, on the map. The superior sheiks had determined that they would make Stanwich the most up-to-date community in the country; that they would not wait for the big city of which they were a suburb, to set the pace; that they

(Continued on page 90)



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The Spanking of Sammy

(Continued from page 89)

would do something to bring upon them the metropolitan newspaper spotlight.

The invention of eccentric jazz steps, the home brew and hip-pocket scandal that had brought youths and lassies into undue prominence had passed the period of its usefulness for spotlightism purposes. No, the community must be dosed with a stronger medicine than that in order to make it sit up and take notice. It was clear that the most intriguing subject was girls. But just how to go about getting a new angel on sex relations was what puzzled the superior sheiks.

At this point a succession of elopements in the community occurred—the self-same elopements mentioned by Joe in our first interview. These elopements had created a positive sensation. Everyone talked about them. The principal actors therein were pinnacled. It may have been coincidental or possibly one elopement suggested or superinduced the other. At any rate, the metropolitan papers had taken the matter up.

This had given the sheiks the cue: modified cave-man methods. Marriage brought about in the regular way was too prosy.

It was decided that the stealing of girls was to be made the scheme. Of course, no stealing was contemplated—for abduction was highly risky. But the talking about it, the putting out of dark threats and sinister innuendoes in the hearing of the girls, not only of flapperistic tendencies but of all girls—for every girl has something of the flapper in her—would make them, the sheiks, and their cave-man methods, objects of delightful terror, and consequently, objects of clandestine adoration.

That's the way the movement started. It spread beyond the sheiks' calculations. For they were really a harmless lot—were the senior sheiks. The threats and innuendoes designed for the ears of girls alone found their way by obvious means into the home circle. Parents began to take notice. The talk developed from mere suggestion into something definite, concrete. Mothers admonished their daughters to be careful. Fathers of young men of the senior-sheik age and variety warned their offspring that if they lent themselves to any scheme remotely approaching abduction, or otherwise involving paterfamilias in financial responsibility, they, the fathers, would act in a manner to indicate that they considered such a thing highly reprehensible.

This stuff—I can think of no better word—coming from the envied, the adored senior sheiks, naturally impregnated and imbued or infected the minor sheiks of the community.

I found that there was almost none—if any—sex impulse or interest in the aspirations of the younger sheiks. It was merely a matter of adventure—imitation—emulation.

I told Nellie that my opinion was that Sammy was nothing more than a regular boy; that he was neither worse nor better than other boys; that he was leader because of physical and mental superiority. Do not imagine that this was said just to placate Nellie. It was a simple fact.

I suggested to Nellie, therefore, that there was no occasion for sending Sam away—that if they only kept their eyes open nothing would occur.

I urged, however, that the thing be not taken too lightly. For I was convinced that there was a real childish sentiment of elopement in the air—a sentiment that might at any moment be translated into action.

I recommended that the parents of the community should not openly oppose any expression of the sentiment of the children on the subject, but rather ignore it, or treat it with indulgence. For it was clear that the foolishness would pass away gradually unless it should get some very discouraging bump or jolt which would pass it away in a hurry. Nevertheless, they were to keep their eyes and ears open.

I urged Nellie and Joe that it was up to them to discourage any abduction enterprise on the part of Sam. For the other youngsters all looked up to him and were prepared to follow his example or carry out his instructions.

I was convinced, though I did not tell Nellie, that if Sammy, the idol, could be shown to have feet of clay, another leader would be chosen.

In a word, I strongly urged Nellie to let matters take their course. I offered to take full responsibility in the matter, for I was never more convinced in any case that I was right. But the most carefully reached conclusions or convictions of mice and men sometimes develop a stratum of sand in their foundation.

One night Billy came to me and warned me that things were drawing to a climax; the boys had been twitting Smarty, and he, Billy, felt that Sammy would do something desperate if he weren't watched.

Billy said that Smarty had preached steal a queen so much and done nothing, that rivals for leadership began to demand that he make good.

"What makes you think so, Billy?" I said.

"Smarty and Minnie are scheming to 'lope. Smarty's been saving up money. Don't you tell, cause Smarty'd beat me up."

"How much has he saved?" I asked.

"Dollar eighty."

"That's serious," I said.

I gave Billy the customary half dollar, with the injunction to keep both it and the facts in the case to himself. And he winked significantly at me and made off through the hole in our back fence, through which he was accustomed to appear and disappear nocturnally since his elevation to the post of spy extraordinary.

My next step was to acquaint Nellie with the underground—hole in the fence—communication that I had received, carefully guarding the identity of my agent, however.

Nellie affected the contemptuous, but with knitted brows, which convinced me that she was troubled. Joe was serious.

"Do you think we'd better warn Minnie's parents?" he suggested.

"Ridiculous," said Nellie. "The woman is an incorrigible old blab."

"Besides," she urged, "it takes two to do the trick. If we can manage Sam, who is, of course, the master mind"—get the proper maternal attitude—"that's enough." She paused; then: "Sam hasn't any money and no one would lend him a car."

"He's got a dollar eighty and a good stout pair of legs," I said.

"Who told you he's got a dollar eighty?"

"A little bird."

"How do you suppose he got the money?" Nellie said.

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "Odd jobs."

"I see," Nellie said, "I see." She knitted her brows and pondered, "I see."

And Joe nodded: "I get you, Nellie, I'll drop a hint here and there."

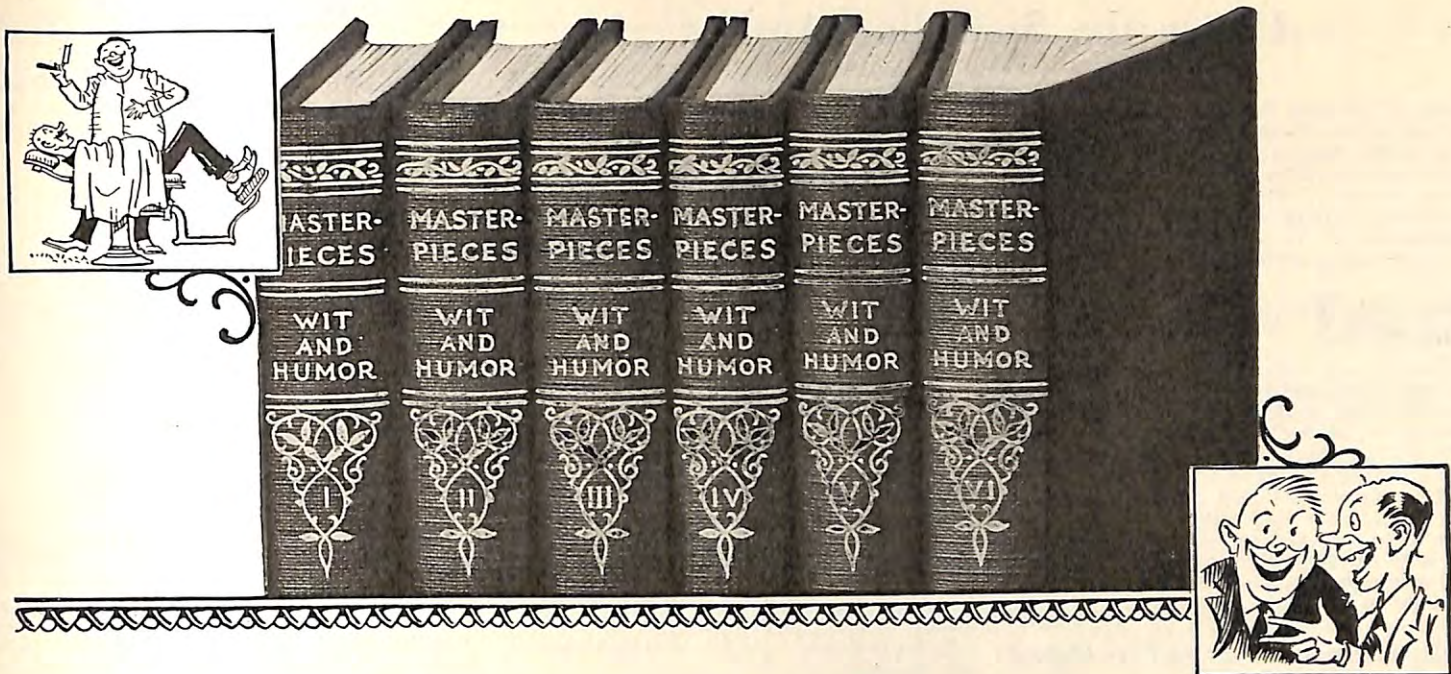
The result of our little confab was brought to me a few days later by my diminutive hole-in-the-fence mercenary.

SAMMY had come to Billy in a state of great perplexity, trouble even. He had suddenly found himself without pecuniary resources over and above the dollar eighty which he had cached for aforesaid clandestine purpose. No one would employ him to do odd jobs about the place. He didn't know why, for his capacity for efficient service had never fallen below par, so far as he could see. Furthermore, everybody seemed to be guarding their tin lizzies. Smarty couldn't steal one for a joy ride. He avowed that he was getting more and more desperate.

But Nellie had reckoned without her host, which sometimes happens even with a woman so astute as Sammy's beautiful mother. But it was all for the best, it seems. For, paradoxically, the very maternal restraint which was calculated to defeat any abduction or elopement enterprise on Sammy's part actually brought about a mental and moral condition in the lad which precipitated an act which had the effect of not only defeating the individual ambition of the boy, but of throwing the whole elopement movement into utter disrepute.

For it was the aforesaid restraint—Sammy's inability to make any money and buy a railroad ticket, or steal a tin lizzie—that made him do something which, in the beginning of this story, I characterized as "the next best thing to stealing a planet."

(To be continued)



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A Few of the Authors and Titles

GEORGE ADE Fable of the Preacher Who Flew His Kite But Not Because He Wished To Do So The Fable of the Caddy Who Hurt His Head While Thinking	WASHINGTON IRVING Selection from Knickerbocker's History of New York
ARTEMUS WARD Among the Spirits The Shakers Mr. Ward and the Prince of Wales	STEPHEN LEACOCK My Financial Career
HENRY GUY CARLETON The Thompson Street Poker Club	MARK TWAIN (SAM'L CLEMENS) Colonel Mulberry Sellers The Jumping Frog
E. P. DUNNE ("MR. DOOLEY") Home Life of Geniuses	BILL NYE A Fatal Thrift On Cyclones
EUGENE FIELD Dibdin's Ghost The Cyclopedy	JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY The Elf-Child A Liz-Town Humorist
S. W. GILLILAN Finnigan to Flannigan	FRANK STOCKTON Pomona's Novel A Piece of Red Calico

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 58)

corner of the golf links. In addition to two 200-foot towers, there will be a bungalow of the same architecture as the club house, which will house the transmitting apparatus and provide living quarters for the operator. With the new transmitter working the excellent entertainment organizations of the Lodge will be able to go on the air at regular periods.

Reno, Nev., Lodge Establishes Country Club

Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597, launched a project some time ago for the establishment of a Country Club on the shores of Lake Tahoe. All members of Nevada Lodges can become entitled to its privileges and will have the right to build on the grounds if they so desire. Reno Lodge is already planning to take a prominent part in the Trans-Continental Highways Exposition to be held at Reno in 1927. The exposition is to commemorate the completion of two inter-mountain roads connecting San Francisco and Coast points with the East.

Woburn, Mass., Lodge to Give Outing For City Home

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908, plan to give the inmates of the city Home an outing sometime during July or August. The program of the day will include an automobile trip along the North Shore which will be followed by a shore dinner at one of the seaside hotels.

Gift of Historic Gavel Made To New Bedford, Mass., Lodge

On the occasion of the installation of its officers by Taunton, Mass., Lodge, No. 150, New Bedford, Mass., Lodge, No. 73, was presented with a handsome gavel. The gavel, the gift of William A. Lyons, Past Exalted Ruler of Taunton Lodge, was made from the timbers of the old historic Faneuil Hall of Boston and is highly prized as a patriotic relic.

Camden, N. J., Lodge Dedicates New Home with Week of Festivity

The week of festivities which marked the dedication of the splendid new half-million dollar Home of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, was opened with the initiation of a class of more than 200 candidates in the spacious auditorium of the new building. Among the delightful social occasions of the following days were the gala banquet at which the charter members of the Lodge and a number of prominent Elks were guests of honor, and the Ladies Night, when members of the Lodge and their guests gathered for an evening of entertainment and dancing.

The formal dedication service was in charge of Past Exalted Ruler James H. Long, assisted by other Past Exalted Rulers of Camden Lodge, while the dedicatory address was made by Hon. Thomas S. Mooney, of Burlington, N. J., Lodge, No. 996, a past Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. At the close of the services, a street parade which was routed to pass the two former Homes of the Lodge, was held.

The new building, which is of modified Colonial design and constructed of brick and stone, has a frontage of 70 feet on Cooper Street and 150 feet on Seventh Street. The lobby, which is 24 x 35 feet, opens into the large club parlor, 56 x 65 feet, and into the paneled, 45 x 53 foot dining-room. The parlor is beautifully wainscoted with American walnut and is equipped with a handsome fireplace.

The grand stairway between the first and second floors is of marble and ornamental iron. Columns and pilasters with arches extend from the stair-landing well up through the second story, forming a loggia at the second floor level. The second floor lobby is of the same dimensions as that on the first floor, and from it open the splendid billiard room, 55 x 66 feet, and the Lodge room, 41 x 58 feet, with its ante rooms and organ chamber. The auditorium on the third floor is 66 x 100 feet, with a large stage and two tiers of dressing-rooms. On the mezzanine are the pro-

jection room for the moving-picture machine, and the band and marching club rooms.

In addition to the kitchen, heating plant, and so on, the basement contains shuffle boards, four splendid bowling alleys, shower and locker rooms, and a small grill. The high speed electric elevator, with which the building is equipped, is indicative of the thoroughly modern construction employed throughout the entire Home—a Home in which Camden Elks may not only find comfort and convenience, but reason for pride as well.

Kalispell, Mont., Lodge to Establish Permanent Rodeo

Kalispell, Mont., Lodge, No. 725, is sponsoring a "Frontier Day Celebration" to be held in its city July 5-6. The event gives promise of rivaling anything of its kind ever staged in Northwest Montana. Business and professional men of the city and various civic organizations are enthusiastic and are cooperating with the Lodge in the undertaking. It is planned to make the event an annual celebration which will become known as the best of its kind throughout the region.

Miami, Fla., Lodge, and Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, Want 1927 Convention

At the Grant Lodge Convention in Chicago this month, a committee from Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, will invite the 1927 Convention to meet in its city.

Miami Lodge, in cooperation with the Greater Miami Hotel Association and the Miami Chamber of Commerce, has gone into the matter thoroughly and formulated plans that it believes should prove interesting to the Convention. Unsurpassed surf-bathing, fishing, motoring, and the proximity of Miami to such interesting places as Nassau, Bimini, and Havana, are among the attractions that Miami Lodge will offer in its appeal. Excellent hotel accommodations are claimed for the city, and the fact that special rates will hold for the Convention will be presented by the Committee as another inducement.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, as previously reported in this department, will also invite the 1927 Grand Lodge Convention to meet in its city. This Lodge has had the close cooperation of the city's Chamber of Commerce in working out the plans which it will present to the Convention. Claiming unusually fine hotel accommodations and entertainment facilities for its city, and stressing the geographic position of Cincinnati, the Lodge hopes to interest the Convention seriously in its invitation. The invitation committee will emphasize the success which attended the three Grand Lodge Reunions held there in the past, and will lay a preliminary program before the Convention said to call for the expression of even greater hospitality.

New Jersey Lodges in Widespread Work With Crippled Children

Printed copies of the report of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association read at last year's convention, have been received by the Magazine. Illustrated with photographs and containing the full account of the work of New Jersey Lodges among these unfortunate children during the period covered, the pamphlet bears interesting and inspiring testimony to the spirit of the Order. In 1924-25 New Jersey Elks were responsible for some 400 operations, and more than 20,000 treatments. They provided 319 children with braces, found employment commensurate with their physical condition for 37 cripples, and employed 16 welfare nurses and 6 masseurs. Joseph G. Buch, Past President of the State Association, signed the report as Chairman of the Committee.

Work Begun on New Home of Sheffield, Ala., Lodge

Work on the new Home being built by Sheffield, Ala., Lodge, No. 1375, is progressing

rapidly. The building, which will be located on the Jackson Highway, between Sheffield and Florence, will be one of the outstanding structures of the Muscle Shoals district. It will have a roof garden, ballroom, billiard parlor and spacious quarters for the convenience of members and for special functions.

Frostburg, Md., Lodge Host to Neighboring Lodges

Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, makes a point of keeping in close fraternal relations with all its neighboring Lodges and its out-of-town members. Recently the officers of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, were guests of the Lodge and initiated a class of candidates for their host. The meeting was the occasion of a special entertainment which included a supper, and music by a well known orchestra.

Muskogee, Okla., Lodge Holds First "Civic Club" Night

Many men and women representing the Lions, Rotary, Kiwanis, Civitan and Optimist Clubs of the city, were recently guests of Muskogee, Okla., Lodge, No. 517. An elaborate program was arranged in which the various clubs took part. The event, which was held in the Home of Muskogee Lodge, will be made an annual affair on the social calendar of the Lodge.

Grand Exalted Ruler at Meeting Of Texas State Elks Association

The second convention of the reorganized Texas State Elks Association attracted to Dallas more than 2,000 Elks whose enthusiastic participation promised a brilliant future for the Order in the Lone Star State.

The convention was called to order by Chairman Charles A. Mangold, Past Exalted Ruler of Dallas Lodge, No. 71, who welcomed the visitors and delegates on behalf of his Lodge. The principal addresses at this first meeting were made by retiring State Association President Jack R. Burke, of San Antonio Lodge, No. 216, and by Col. P. L. Downs, Past Exalted Ruler of Temple Lodge, No. 138, and a Trustee of the Association, who was later elected President for the coming year. Following the speeches the assemblage paid tribute to the memory of Gen. W. H. Patterson, Past Exalted Ruler of Dallas Lodge, a member of the Order since 1888. General Patterson, who was to have occupied a prominent position on the program, died a short time before the meeting.

At the afternoon session the following officers were elected: Col. P. L. Downs, of Temple Lodge, President; Otto Fullen, of Waco Lodge, No. 166; Reagan R. Huffman, of Marshall Lodge, No. 683; Martin Kindle, of McKinney Lodge, No. 828; W. G. Bering, of Burkburnett Lodge, No. 1489; A. A. Moody, of Houston Lodge, No. 151; L. T. Hoyt, of Mercedes Lodge, No. 1467, and N. J. Nanny, of Breckenridge Lodge, No. 1480, Vice-Presidents. Grover G. Collins, of San Antonio Lodge, was re-elected Secretary, and L. J. Schneider, of Austin Lodge, Treasurer. Named to serve as Trustees were Fred O. Grimes, of Hillsboro Lodge, No. 903; Charles A. Mangold, of Dallas Lodge; L. P. McSween, of Seguin Lodge, No. 1229; J. Will Embrey, of Waxahachie Lodge, No. 280; M. H. Frank, of Lufkin Lodge, No. 1027, and A. C. Estes, of Eastland Lodge, No. 1372. Houston was selected as the meeting-place of the 1927 convention. Social features that evening included a stag party for the visiting members, and theatre parties for the women guests.

At the meeting on the following morning Colonel Downs offered a resolution lamenting the death of General Patterson, which was unanimously adopted and entered upon the minutes. A mammoth parade with bands, drum corps and drill teams, then preceded a barbecue picnic at the Fair park. Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell delivered a characteristically inspiring talk to the great crowd at the park, reviewing the work of the order and emphasizing the importance of the coming Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago. Judge Atwell later presented a beautiful silver cup to the band of San Antonio Lodge, which won the annual band contest held that afternoon. A grand ball wound up one of the most

(Continued on page 95)

When Fourth
of July bands are playing—and
the cannon are roaring out their
celebration of another day of
Independence and Freedom
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IT WAS a surprise to everyone, but chiefly to him. He came across the room, stood beside the piano—gazed at her as though discovering her for the first time.

She was beaming, happy—*triumphant*. Now they would notice her! Now they would know she was not a wallflower to be neglected, overlooked.

"Why—I never knew you played!" he whispered.

"I didn't until comparatively a few months ago," she answered, smiling.

"But you play beautifully! That was Brahms' *Cradle Song*, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Do you like it?"

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writes Turner B. Blake of Harrisburg, Ill.

"I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your easy lessons," writes C. C. Mittlestadt of Mora, Minn.

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The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is due largely to a wonderful new method that makes the reading and playing of music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. You are *told* clearly and simply how a thing is done; then a picture *shows* you; then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not *entirely plain*, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

Whether you take up piano, violin, cello, organ, saxophone, or *any other* instrument, you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical*. Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment*. That's why students of this course get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast*—as those who study old-time plodding methods! Read some of the letters on this page and see for yourself. They don't guarantee

that *every one* can become a good player in three or four months; but they are written by people who didn't know any more about playing when they started the U. S. course than you do now. (Note that if you *do* know something about music now, the U. S. School of Music grades you and instructs you accordingly.)

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course can not be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy *absolutely free*, for the trouble of filling out the coupon below—and in the booklet you will find a special offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a *very low price—if you act promptly*. With it will be sent a Demonstration Lesson which explains better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful new method is. There is a good reason for this big reduction, as you will see on reading the booklet, but since the special offer reduces the lessons to a *few cents each*, we want only people who are seriously interested to take advantage of it! If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon *now today*. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3627 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 92)

enthusiastic and successful gatherings Texas Elks have ever held.

Nebraska State Elks Association Holds Splendid Convention

The three-day convention of the Nebraska State Elks Association, to which Falls City Lodge, No. 963, played host, was one of the most active and enjoyable meetings which the Association has ever held. Formally opened with an address of welcome by Mayor Roy O. Castle, to which Exalted Ruler Joseph C. Reavis of Falls City Lodge replied, the program included, besides the business sessions, social and sporting events of all kinds. Delegates and visitors from Lodges all over Nebraska were entertained at dances and card parties, and many took part in the trapshooting and golf and bowling tournaments and baseball games which had been arranged. An event of much interest attended by many Elks was the Air Circus, which marked the christening of the new airport, one mile east of Falls City.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: A. B. Hoagland, of North Platte Lodge, No. 985, President; Thomas B. Dysart, of Omaha Lodge, No. 39, E. C. Mudge, of Beatrice Lodge, No. 619, and Charles A. Laughlin, of Grand Island Lodge, No. 604, Vice-Presidents; Frank Real, of McCook Lodge, No. 1434, Treasurer; Otto Nielsen, of Omaha Lodge, Secretary; Charles A. McCloud, of York Lodge, No. 1024, W. W. Jenne, of Falls City Lodge, and Walter Nelson, of Omaha Lodge, Trustees. It was voted to hold the 1927 convention at Grand Island.

At the moment of going to press word was received of the tragic death of Otto Nielsen, the newly elected Secretary of the Nebraska State Elks Association. Mr. Nielsen was fatally injured when the automobile in which he was returning home from the convention swerved into a ditch and turned over twice, seven miles from Falls City. He died before reaching a hospital.

Otto Nielsen, for many years Secretary of Omaha Lodge, was one of the most hard working and best loved members of the Order in the Middle West, and his sudden death, just as he was entering upon even wider activities, was a shock to his many friends and a deep loss to the Order.

Friends Honor William T. Phillips, At Testimonial Banquet

More than 1,000 Elks crowded the banquet room of the Hotel Commodore on the occasion of the testimonial dinner given by his friends to William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, on his completion of twenty-five years of continuous service as an officer. Many past and present Grand Lodge and State Association officers, as well as officers and members from New York and New Jersey Lodges, gathered to pay tribute to Mr. Phillips' unselfish devotion to the best interests of the Order, not only as an officer of the Mother Lodge, but in the councils of the Grand Lodge and the New York State Elks Association as well. Thomas F. Brogan, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, acted as toastmaster, and Henry Kohl, Past Exalted Ruler of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge, No. 247, and Secretary of the Associated Past Exalted Rulers of New York Southeast, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Other speakers were John Edwin Dearden, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1, who made a presentation speech on behalf of Mr. Phillips' friends; John J. Martin, Exalted Ruler of No. 1; William E. Fitzsimmons, President of the New York State Elks Association; Hon. Aaron J. Levy, a member of No. 1, and Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, and Hon. Maurice Blumenthal.

Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association Elects Officers

At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Southwest Elks Association, held at Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, officers were elected for the

coming year. The new officials are Ralph C. Robinson, Past Exalted Ruler of Wilksburg Lodge, No. 577, President; William D. Hancher, Washington Lodge, No. 776, Vice-President; C. H. Roberts, Homestead Lodge, No. 650, Treasurer, and C. S. Brown, Allegheny Lodge, Secretary. After the meeting, dinner was served in the dining room of Allegheny Lodge and in the evening more than 200 Elks attended a special service held in his church by Rev. Martin F. Bierbaum, chaplain of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

Blind Ward of Dallas, Tex., Lodge Takes High Scholastic Honors

Miss Alloah Dallas Elks, an adopted daughter of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71, graduated this Spring from the High School Department of the Ursuline Academy in Dallas with second highest honors in the class. Miss Elks, who is now nineteen years old, has been blind since infancy, and was adopted by Dallas Lodge while still a baby. In addition to her fine record in academic work, she is an accomplished musician and is planning an intensive study of the piano with a view to making music her career.

East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge Building Beautiful New Home

Work is now under way on the beautiful new \$100,000 Home which East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 319, is building. The plans call for a three-story and basement brick building, with a floor area of 42 x 85 feet. The top floor has been given over entirely to the Lodge and ante-rooms. The Lodge room is beautifully planned, with a vaulted ceiling and delicate columns and pilasters decorating the walls. The ante-rooms are shut off by removable partitions so that the whole floor may be thrown together for large gatherings.

Stamford, Conn., Lodge Has Active Membership

Stamford, Conn., Lodge, No. 899, has an enthusiastic and active membership. The Elks Frolic which they produced a short time ago was a great success, and the recent carnival, held on their lawn, netted a considerable sum of money. In addition to these activities the Lodge maintains an excellent baseball team.

Fellow Members Pay Tribute To Dr. J. C. Hunter

At a recent meeting of Apollo, Pa., Lodge, No. 386, a resolution was unanimously adopted expressing the membership's appreciation of the long and faithful service rendered the Lodge by Dr. J. C. Hunter. For more than twenty-five years, Dr. Hunter has been Esquire of the Lodge. He also served at one time as its Exalted Ruler, and has held the office of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. He has been most enthusiastic in the activities of Apollo Lodge and in everything pertaining to the Order.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Charles R. Gould, of 12 South Idaho Street, Walla Walla, Wash., is anxious to recover an elk's tooth which Hale B. Gould, shortly before his death last December, is believed to have left with a jeweler, a friend, to be remounted. This occurred in Portland, Ore., or between Portland and Harrisburg, Ore., and any one having knowledge of the whereabouts of this tooth will confer a favor upon Mr. Gould by communicating with him.

Jackson, Tenn., Lodge celebrated its 35th anniversary by initiating a large class of new members.

Natchez, Miss., Lodge presented a silver cup to Mayor Luther A. Whittington as the citizen who had done the most for Natchez during the past year.

In the annual band tournament of the eastern division of the Texas Association of Bandmasters

(Continued on page 96)

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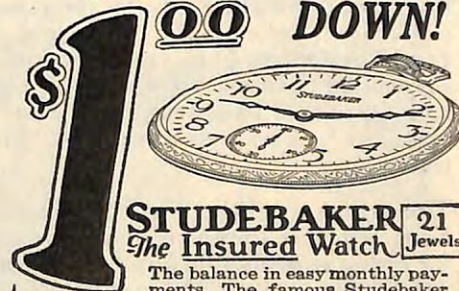
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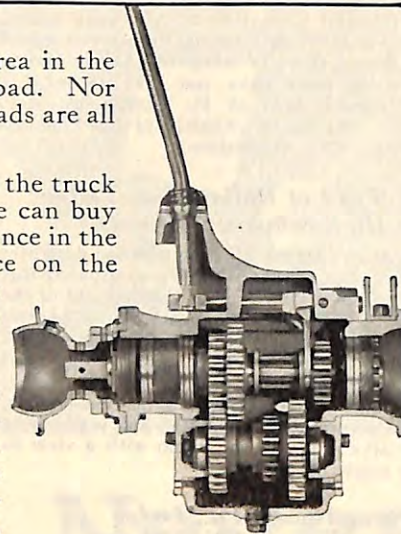
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 95)

the bands of Dallas and Temple Lodges, respectively, took first and second place in the "B" Fraternal Class.

Washington, D. C., Lodge will hold its annual outing for the orphans of the city early this month.

Franklin, Pa., Lodge entertained a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Northwest Elks Association.

The Homecoming celebration of Grand Forks, N. D., was a great success and was attended by Elks from many northwestern Lodges.

A class of more than 100 candidates was initiated recently by Louisville, Ky., Lodge. This was the first of monthly classes of 100 which the Lodge hopes to initiate during the coming year.

Millville, N. J., Lodge has received a letter from Gov. A. Harry Moore of New Jersey, congratulating it on its excellent work among crippled children.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge will hold its annual outing next month.

A group of entertainers, accompanied by a large delegation from Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge put on a show for the disabled veterans of the Soldiers Home at Sawtelle.

Eugene F. Kohler, Secretary for eight years of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge has been forced to resign on account of ill health.

Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge will hold its third annual carnival from July 3 to July 10.

Brazil, Ind., Lodge was bequeathed the sum of \$5,000 in the will of Mrs. Samuel M. McGregor, widow of a late member of the Lodge.

A building fund committee has been appointed in McCook, Neb., Lodge to arrange plans for raising money for a new Home.

Braddock, Pa., Lodge marked its 500th session with a number of special events.

Orange, N. J., Lodge is planning a series of outings for children from the various institutions of the neighborhood.

Moscow, Ida., Lodge has purchased additional property adjoining its Home and is planning extensive improvements on the building.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge is planning to add to the accommodations for members which the Lodge maintains in hospitals.

Washington, Pa., Lodge celebrated its twenty-fourth anniversary with a reception and banquet followed by dancing.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., Lodge is planning extensive improvements on its Home.

Secretary Fred Parker of the Ohio State Elks Association, who was forced to resign on account of ill health, has been succeeded in office by Harry Hale of Newark, O., Lodge.

Alexander J. McConnell, Trustee of Cordova, Alaska, Lodge, visited the offices of the Elks Magazine and reported his Lodge in flourishing condition, with a membership of more than 200.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge played a very prominent part in the large parade which celebrated Bronx Borough Day.

At a recent meeting of Iola, Kans., Lodge, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Griffin was given an honorary life membership.

Kirk Journy, the present Exalted Ruler of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, is one of the youngest to hold that office, being twenty-six years of age.

Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge is proud of its White Mountain Quartet; a very efficient musical organization composed of the wives of the members.

Orange, N. J., Lodge has accepted plans for its new Home and it is expected that construction work will shortly be under way.

Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge held a most successful "Home-coming" party, among those present being some fifty members of twenty, or more, years standing.

OUR GUARANTY

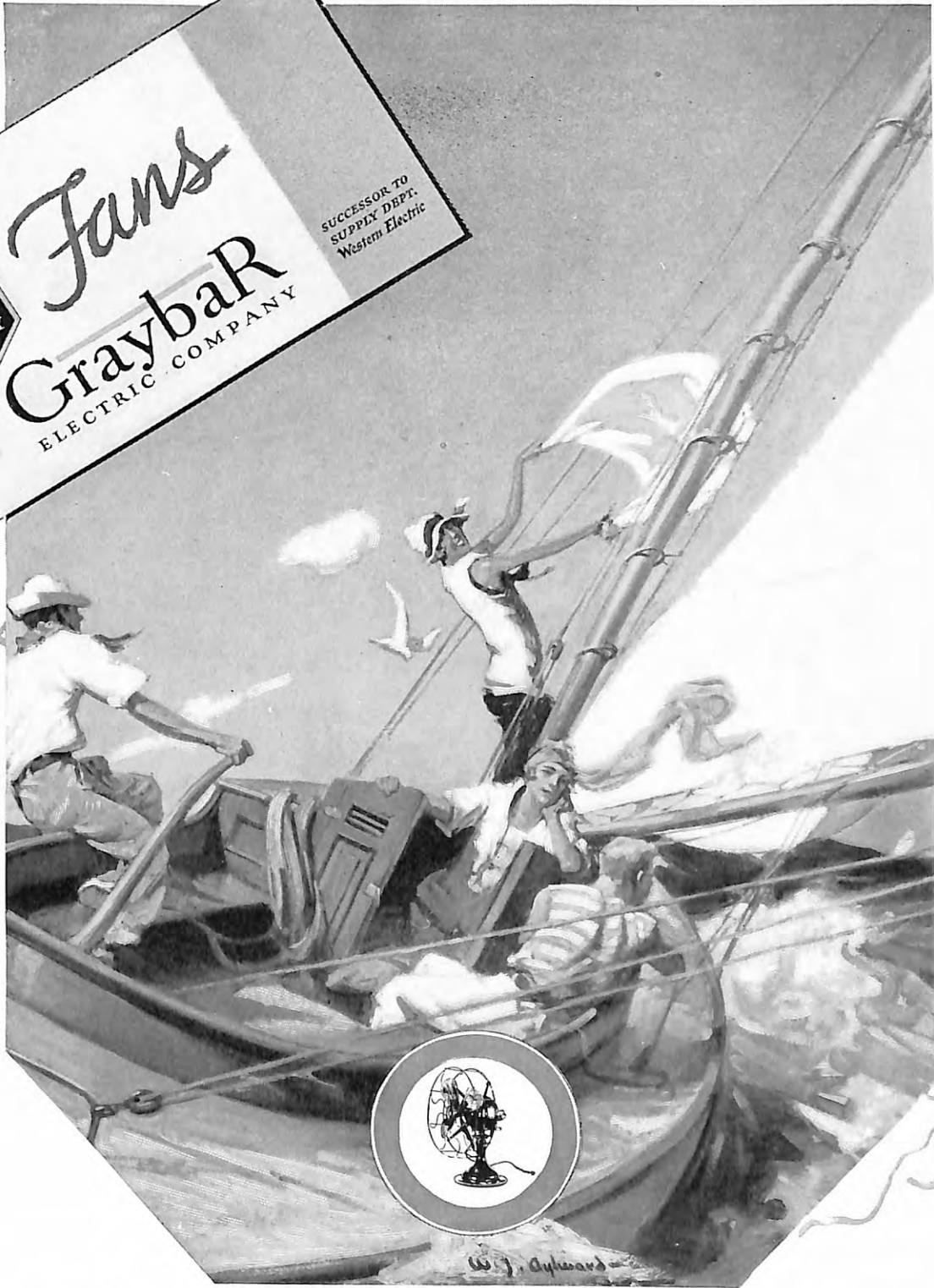
ALL merchandise advertised in THE ELKS MAGAZINE is absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded by the manufacturer or by us if proof is shown that the merchandise advertised in our columns is not as represented.

It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offerings, but we do guarantee to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

The only condition of this guaranty is that the reader shall always state that the advertisement was seen in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



The Graybar quality tag—under which 60,000 electrical supplies are shipped. A mark of reliability.



Two ways to keep cool

DOWN to the sea in ships is one way. Down in front of a Graybar Electric Fan the other—this way more convenient and quite as refreshing.

The Graybar Electric Fan is shipped under the same identifying tag as 60,000 other quality electrical supplies. These supplies cover virtually every electrical

requirement of industry and the home.

The Graybar Electric Company is the successor to the Supply Department of Western Electric with its 56 years' experience. Through a nationwide system of 56 distributing offices Graybar is amply equipped to fill America's electrical needs.

Graybar Electric Co., Executive Offices: 100 East 42nd Street, New York City

See What Happens

when you soften the beard at the base

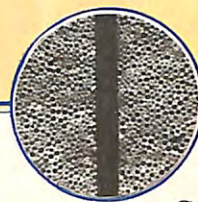


Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. The large dark spots are air—the white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

Modern Science has discovered

— a new method of beard-softening . . . a way to quicker, smoother shaving that provides comfort you have never known before.



Colgate Lather

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

How thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard and soften it scientifically, right where the razor work is done.

WHEN you shave, does the razor pull and leave your face smarting and uncomfortable? Do you have to go over certain spots again and again to remove the beard completely.

Nine times out of ten these troubles are due to improper softening of the beard. They can be directly traced to lack of moisture-saturation at the bottom of each tiny hair.

Recently, famous scientific authorities have discovered the basic underlying cause of these troubles.

They have found a scientific means of overcoming this condition—a way to quicker, smoother shaving that leaves your face feeling smooth and comfortable throughout the day.

It is a complete new shaving method—different in formula, action and result from anything you have ever known before.

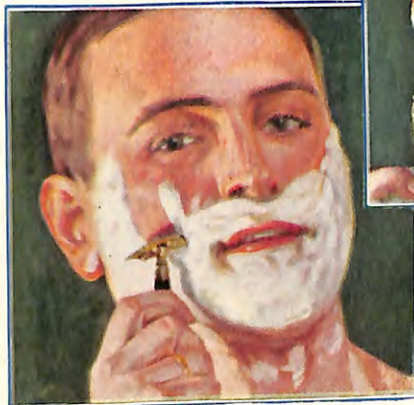
Unlike any other lather you've ever used

Colgate chemists developed it—worked for years to achieve the unique results it offers.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. Colgate's is really shaving cream in concentrated form—making a super-water-absorbent lather of the finest texture.

In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows. This provides two distinct advantages: (1) Small bubbles hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact. (2) They permit greater penetration into the base of the beard.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair. Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water



"Razor pull is entirely banished"



"Tiny moisture-laden bubbles soften your beard at the base"

in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened at the base, where the razor does its work.

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—makes it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin delightfully cool and comfortable throughout the day.

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal.



Softens the beard at the base

texture of Colgate lather. Notice how compact it is—how close these tiny bubbles nestle to the hair.

Then compare it with the coarse texture of the other lather. Those large-size bubbles you see are filled with air. They merely hold air instead of water against the surface of the hair.

And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real beard-softener.

Because Colgate's softens the beard at the base with moisture, every hair receives a sharp, clean cut. "Razor-pull" is entirely banished.

Try it for 10 Days

A fair trial will convince you of Colgate advantages beyond question. Simply mark and mail the coupon at the left—send for generous trial tube.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 144-G, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name

Address

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Est. 1806
NEW YORK

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