

The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

AUGUST, 1926



In this Issue:

Lucian Cary, Henry Irving Dodge, Ben Ames Williams and many others

Roadster \$795—Sport Roadster \$880
f. o. b. Detroit



A Year from Today

What will your car be worth *then*?
- - Or in *two* years? - - Or in *five*?

Important questions, these
—but they create no worry,
no uncertainty for the
owner of a Dodge Brothers
Motor Car.

90 per cent of the 1,600,000
Dodge Brothers Motor
Cars still in service—

Owners enjoying six, eight
and even ten years of faith-
ful performance! Mileage
running into six figures a
common occurrence —

Depreciation costs so low
you seek in vain for a par-
allel—

Resale values unusually
high, yet an eager market
to absorb them—

Upkeep costs so nominal
that it would be difficult
to find records to match
them—

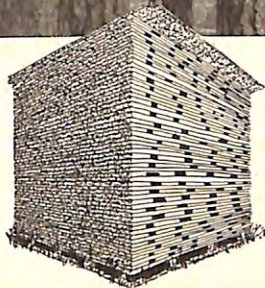
A greater percentage of
costly Chrome Vanadium
Steel and drop forgings
than in any other car in the
world, regardless of price—

In a word—Long Life—
a phrase internationally
associated with Dodge
Brothers name.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

"We are developing our organization thru the growth of our own employes"



27 Men on Their Way to Bigger Positions!

IF YOU owned timber tracts and lumber mills representing millions of dollars' invested capital, how would you *protect* that investment?

"By surrounding it with *opportunity*," answers D. H. Foresman, General Manager of the Pioneer Lumber Company, Elrod, Ala., and the Sumter Lumber Company, Electric Mills, Miss., known thruout the industry for their large-scale operations on some of the finest timber tracts remaining in the South—and notably for their "Nearwhite" and "Light and White" brands of shortleaf pine.

To Mr. Foresman, "opportunity" means not merely excellent living conditions—good homes, churches, schools, play-grounds, club-houses, hospitals, for example—all of which have been created by these big lumber companies at the scene of their operations.

More than all these, it means for the individual the chance to get ahead—to make more money.

In accordance with this thought, these great companies encourage their employes to enroll for specialized business training with LaSalle Extension University, arranging the undertaking on a fifty-fifty basis.

Twenty-seven men (five are pictured), in several departments, have already availed themselves of this cooperative plan.

They are on their way to increased earning power.

"We are interested in each of these young men," writes Mr. Foresman, "and will appreciate learning at intervals how they are progressing."

The Sure Route to Promotion

Would it mean something to you for your employer to be personally interested in your advancement?

Every week we write to hundreds of employers advising them of the enrollment or progress of their employes.

Prove to your employer that you are seriously fitting yourself for greater responsibilities and your promotion will be swift and sure.

Send for These Free Books

The coupon will bring you, without obligation, full particulars of a clear and definite plan that has doubled and tripled the incomes of thousands and thousands of LaSalle trained men.

With it you will receive a 64-page book setting forth the opportunities in the business field in which you most prefer to win success, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story of how one man, after years of wandering, found the path to responsibility and power.

If you have reached a point in life when you are ready to make a serious effort to carve for yourself a bigger place in the business world, then this moment—while you read these words—fill in, clip and mail the coupon.

"The Trained Man Is Worth More—to Himself and to Us"

"Our encouragement of LaSalle training on the part of our employes is due to our realization that men today cannot afford to stop growing when they finish their school days. Business is becoming more and more complex, competition is keen, and the man who is best equipped with specialized knowledge is worth more to himself and to us. We want our men to keep on studying and growing.

"LaSalle is furnishing a valuable service to business men in enabling them to train at home in their spare time without interference with their daily work. The Sumter Lumber Company and the Pioneer Lumber Company appreciate the opportunity this offers of developing our organization thru the growth of our own employes."

(Signed) D. H. FORESMAN,
General Manager,
Pioneer Lumber Company,
Sumter Lumber Company.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION
FIND YOURSELF THRU LA SALLE!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 8328-R CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of your salary-doubling plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- Modern Salesmanship:** Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- Traffic Management:** Foreign and Domestic: Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- Banking and Finance.**
- Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.
- Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- Industrial Management:** Training for position in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- Commercial Law.**
- Expert Bookkeeping.**
- Business English.**
- Commercial Spanish.**
- Effective Speaking.**
- C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**



free!
mail coupon now

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

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

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Five
Number Three

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for August, 1926

| | | | |
|---|----|---|----------|
| Speech of Acceptance of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow | 5 | The Spanking of Sammy, Part II, a story, by Henry Irving Dodge | 24 |
| The Question Puller, a story by Ben Ames Williams | 6 | <i>Illustrations by R. L. Lambdin</i> | |
| <i>Illustrations by Lui Trugo</i> | | The Wreck of the Red Wing, Part V—a novel of the South Seas by Beatrice Grimshaw | 28 |
| Adventuring on Shanks's Mare, an article by Boyden Sparkes | 10 | <i>Illustrations by Douglas Duer</i> | |
| <i>With Photographs</i> | | Editorial | 32 |
| The Champion Takes Off His Sweater, a tennis story by Lucian Cary | 14 | New Home of Oakland and Sacramento, Calif., Lodges | 34 |
| <i>Illustrations by Eugene Mc Nerney, Jr.</i> | | Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Order | 35 |
| The Builder's Debt to Antiquity, an article by Donald McIntosh | 17 | Grand Lodge Convention Proceedings, Dedication of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building and Reports of Grand Lodge Officers and Committees | 39 to 52 |
| <i>Drawing by George Picken</i> | | Public Utility Investments, an article by Paul Tomlinson | 80 |
| And All This for Fifteen a Week, drawing by George Shanks | 19 | Cover Design by E. N. Jackson | |
| Want Something to Read? Book reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn | 20 | | |
| Behind the Footlights and on the Screen | 21 | | |



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

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

Joseph T. Fanning,
Editor and Executive Director

John Chapman Hilder,
Managing Editor

Charles S. Hart,
Business Manager

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

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

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

Copyright, 1926, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America

“His Tail Between His Legs”

What most men would see if they could see themselves

MOST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have **THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.**

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for **SOMETHING TO TURN UP** that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourgings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more **COWED** they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the “little-business” slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—**MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!**

The pity of it is, nothing can **SHAKE THEM** out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children **BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.**

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They **CHALLENGE** the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, **TO SET A HIGH GOAL**—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who **DO** try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, “Now do with me as you will.”

What about **YOU?** Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in **YOUR** Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? **ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?**

Success is a simple thing to acquire when you know its formula. The first ingredient is a grain of **COURAGE.** The second is a dash of **AMBITION.** The third is an ounce of **MENTAL EFFORT.** Mix the whole with your God-given faculties and no power on earth can keep you from your desires, be they what they may.

Most people actually use about **ONE TENTH** of their brain capacity. It is as if they were deliberately trying to remain twelve years old mentally. They do not profit by the experience they have gained, nor by the experience of others.

You can develop these God-given faculties by yourself—without outside help; or you can do as **FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND** other people have done—study Pelmanism.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It is a fact that more than **550,000** people have become Pelmanists—all over the civilized world—and Pelmanism has awakened powers in them they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

Famous people all over the world advocate Pelmanism, men and women such as these:

- | | |
|---|--|
| T. P. O'Connor, “Father of the House of Commons.” | Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board. |
| The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous novelist. | Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist. |



- | | |
|---|--|
| General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. | Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff. |
| Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver. | Admiral Lord Beresford, G. C. B., G. C. V. O. |
| Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian. | Baroness Orczy, Author. |
| W. L. George, Author. | Prince Charles of Swedef. |

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

A remarkable book called “Scientific Mind-Training,” has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE.** Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. “It’s no use,” they will say. “It will do me no good,” they will tell themselves. “It’s all tommyrot,” others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS,** and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something radical in your life. You cannot make just an ordinary move, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF.** Mail the coupon below now—now while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York.

19 West 44th Street Dept. 1548 New York City

The Pelman Institute of America,
19 West 44th St., Dept. 1548
New York City.

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 550,000 people. Please send me your free book, “Scientific Mind Training.” This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name

Address

City..... State.....



Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge Meeting in Chicago, Ill., July 13, 1926

Speech of Acceptance, Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow

*Before the Grand Lodge, at Chicago, Illinois,
July 13, 1926*

HISTORIANS, writing of two of the greatest statesmen in the history of France, tell us that they were so appreciative of each other's loyalty to country that they sat for hours, each at a loss to find words to express his admiration.

Your action to-day has left me at a loss for words, so deeply appreciative am I. The spontaneous, whole-hearted manner of the doing leaves me groping for adequate expression. May I, therefore, just say that my future actions and my sincere application to the duties of office must be my expression of thanks to the heart of each and every one of you.

This Order to-day stands in a unique position. It has established itself and proved its ability to serve. History's pages record Elkdom's marvelous development, and how her every step has been marked by helpful cooperation in community and national activities. The National Memorial Headquarters, about to be dedicated, is a most beautiful expression of appreciation to her valiant sons who helped to make possible our present-day democracy. The Memorial, tribute to their patriotism, is a poem in stone. We should ever remember with grateful hearts that most excellent Commission which made it possible. That building, that beauty, attest to the loyal, painstaking, sincere efforts of Governor Tener and those gentlemen who, I feel, comprised one of the most effective Commissions I have ever known.

But the accomplishments of the past, the progress recorded, and the many benefits which have accrued to humanity through our Order, are as nought unless, from a contemplation of all this, there comes pardonable pride that expresses itself in still greater endeavor for the advancement of humanity.

To-morrow, with its possibilities, to me is like a gorgeous sunrise. Then will weighty problems of to-day be dispelled, even as the sunrise scatters the mists of the morn, sending its many rays to be reflected in the dew that has fallen during the night, and imparting to all nature a golden and jeweled loveliness that beckons all on to greater achievements. So, I ask you to-day to renew with me your pledge of allegiance to this marvelous organization, that her effectiveness may be further increased. May every Elks Lodge be directly known as the civic center of its community, the one great meeting place where all patriotic and charitable activities converge, and where the unfortunate come for succor.

Let us not get away from the impulses that resulted in the formation of this fraternity.

Let us get further acquainted with its accomplishments. Let us study the lives of the great men who made her destiny, that we may realize what made possible the glorious reality of to-day. Let us put forth all our effort for the future as an expression of appreciation of what has been accomplished in the past.

Standing in the forefront of the forces which have made possible the tremendous progress of our Order, is THE ELKS MAGAZINE, with the marvelous results it has achieved in attracting to our activities the favorable attention and comment of the public at large. Too much praise cannot be given to Brother Fanning, editor-in-chief, and his assistants. Scan its pages. Absorb the activities of the various Lodges. Realize not only the strength of this magazine but the scope of our Order. There is much of benefit in such perusal.

This will be a very busy year, but be assured that the speaker will endeavor to serve to the best of his ability, and will seek to merit the approval of every member. Being but human, the kindest impulses will influence his every action under that mandatory injunction, "Be just to your fellow-man."

My desire, my aim, shall be to visit as many Lodges as possible, my only request being that you arrange the dates to demand the least necessary retracing of steps, so that the greatest area may be covered.

My chief desire is that, when I visit your Homes, you achieve the fullest interpretation of Elkdom and American citizenship by having an initiation ceremony. Affiliation with our Order is a long step toward better citizenship, because none can become one of us without being a better American.

We want to sell Americanism to Americans. What body of men is better fitted to do this than our magnificent membership? Built, as we are, on the foundation of our country's progress and on love of God and country, Americanism is our very fundamental.

There is but one more thought. My heartfelt gratitude to you for the great happiness you have brought to me this morning in conferring upon me this great honor, for it is a great honor to be selected leader of almost one million American gentlemen. You, too, share this happiness, for whatever I am to-day you have made possible. Whatever the speaker has accomplished in Elkdom has been through your words of advice, friendly counsel and encouragement.

We have, in Pennsylvania, a school of learning that has most appropriately placed above its door: "Enter to learn; go forth to serve." In 1907 the speaker was admitted to the fraternity. He entered to learn more of patriotism, of helpfulness, and to play his part in the great game of life with a confidence in his fellow-man. To-day is graduation day. You have presented me with my diploma. Be assured that it is with a happy heart, light of foot and full of desire, that I go forth to serve. Do permit me to serve you.



The Question Puller

A Story of the North

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



THERE by the table Hacker leaned, a taut little man, and trembling. The candle guttering on the table sent its uncertain rays slanting upward across

his countenance, catching the twitching glare of madness in his eyes, gleaming on the wetness of his lips, picking out dull glints on the heavy pistol in his hand.

He leaned there, vibrating like a reed that is bowed in a rushing torrent of wind; his whole small body turned and wrenched as though containing inward torment. Only his outstretched hand, that hand in which the pistol hung, was steady. When it seemed like to sag from the weight of the great weapon, he lifted his other hand to help support the burden. His eyes were fixed across the cabin upon that blank, closed door; they burned there, ravening.

And then a convulsion shook him; his hands contracted upon the pistol, the cabin roared with thunderous reports and filled with the reek of smoke. When he thus pulled the trigger it was with a straining fury, as though his fingers bit into the soft flesh of a yielding throat; and in the closed door small holes appeared, splintering, light gleaming through.

He continued to squeeze the trigger twice or thrice after the last ball was sped; stood then with gun still thus outstretched, and watched the closed door and listened fearfully; and his eyes drooped as though sleep were heavy on him. He pulled the useless

trigger yet again, in a curious, spasmodic way, like a man fighting off sleep, rousing himself with difficulty. And he watched the door; and its bland imperturbability whipped his dying frenzy up again, so that with both hands he flung the pistol crashing against the panel. It fell and thundered on the floor.

Little still wreaths of smoke drifted toward the candle, were sucked up beside the flame by the draft of heated air, and rose into the darkness under the roof. The smell of powder hung stiflingly. In the closed door, where the bullets had sped, there were little pricking points of light from some illumination beyond. Hacker might perhaps have peered through the holes, but when presently he crept forward to retrieve the pistol, he turned his head aside, caught it up, darted back to the table again, and began hurriedly to reload.

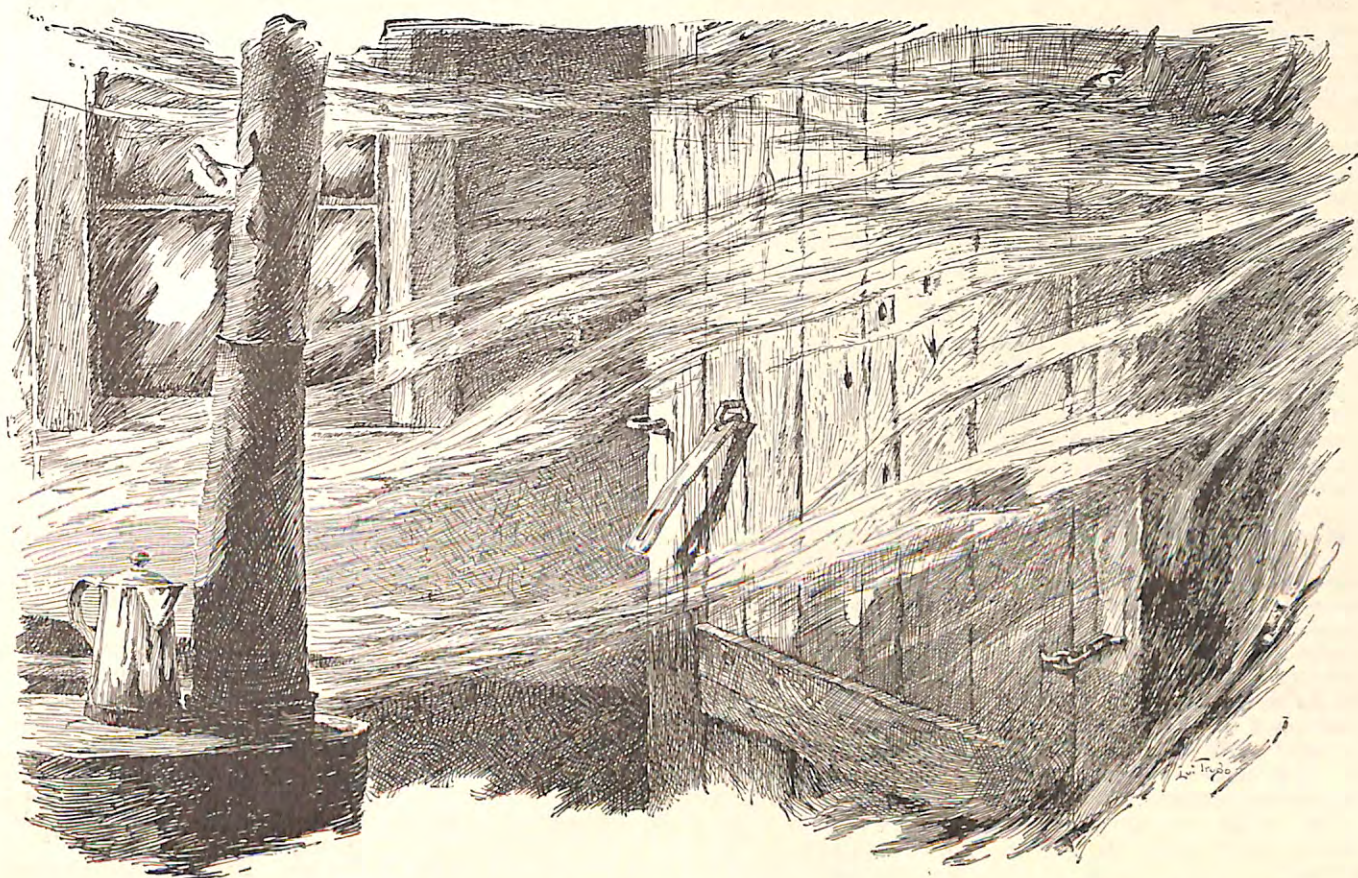
He did this business by touch, watching the door always; and when the loading was done, he sat down, the pistol in his hands upon the table, pointing always toward the door. The candle at his side flickered; wax ran in an untidy succession of clear drops down its side. Hacker paid it no heed. For the most part he watched the door; only now and then his eyes flitted around the little cabin in which his vigil lay.

Outside were leagues of wilderness, deep beneath the snow, where nothing stirred save the small wind devils, snow crystals picked up by whirling gusts, waltzing among the dark trees, dancing down the frozen

river bed. Within the cabin there lay stillness too; no sound save the whickering of hungry little flames within the stove, like the low cries of souls far gone in torment, sobbing there where the billets gave up their goodness to the sucking fire. Hacker's desperate eyes, turning this way and that again, discovered in the familiar cabin familiar things in unfamiliar guise. He looked at the stove as though at a monstrosity; he stared at the blanket-littered bunks as though they were never seen before; his eyes wandered among the soiled dishes on the table, gropingly. But always they returned to the closed door there, pierced by many little splintered holes. Behind which silence was so absolute.

The door appeared to lead into a little apartment like a closet, in the corner between stove and wall. It was made, this closet, of hand-sawed slabs, spiked and fitted there; the door itself was of slabs, and it was hung on short links of chain in lieu of hinges; and there was a rude iron latch upon it, dangling now, and a staple where a lock might have been affixed if there were need. There were cracks between the slabs, but these seemed to have been sheathed over on the inner side; there remained—save for the bullet holes—no aperture through which the eye might penetrate at all.

Hacker, sitting like a stone man there beside the table, the pistol held between his hands, watched these little splintered holes, spots of light illumined from within. And for a long time he did not move.



By and by—it must have been hours—the bullet holes began to dim, then abruptly they were dark; the candle within must have burned out. The rank smell of hot wax filled the cabin; then slowly dissipated and was gone. The outer cold crept in. For the fire in the stove was dying now; was dead now. The cabin was growing very cold.

And the candle upon the table began to near its end.

Hacker roused himself, and threw some splinters into the stove, and left the lids off so that the flames illumined with flickering light the upper part of the cabin. Their reflection gave enough light for him still to see the rude door, to see the little splintered holes there. He kept the fire going, feeding it with a stick at a time; the cold withdrew and the cabin became reasonably warm once more. Somewhere in the forest outside a tree cracked sharply in the frost.

Once, after many hours, Hacker rose and flung himself toward that closed and silent door as though to wrench it wide; but when his hand was lifted to the latch he stopped, and stood, and let his hand irresolutely fall again, and so withdrew.

And at long last he became conscious that day had come, outside; that the night was gone. Dull light showed in crevices between the logs of the walls; showed in dull fashion behind the dim glass of the single small window. Imperceptibly the dark within the cabin yielded; it became possible to see more clearly.

But the closed door, for all its splintered, pepper dots of holes, was as inscrutable as before.

Till in the end Hacker could no longer silently endure. He rose and moved across the cabin, laggingly; he was minutes in making that short traverse; he came to the door and lifted his hand, and it hung there in the air; descended in the end upon the latch.

The door was swung to open inward; he lifted the latch and pushed, and the door opened there beneath his hand.

HACKER was a small, serious man, intensely alive to his surroundings. On the steamer which first brought him north, he wandered to and fro, observing all the processes of navigation, scrutinizing his fellow-passengers, watching the panorama of distant shore line occasionally visible where some promontory jutted far into the sea. One day, a little way off from the vessel, he discovered half a dozen small, dark objects, moving to and fro on the water, disappearing, bobbing into sight again; and he wondered what they were, and looked about to discover an informant. A man was leaning upon the rail a few paces from where he stood; a man named Jim Daw. Hacker knew Daw by sight and by name; knew him as a jovial, friendly person who seemed to hold a certain standing among the old timers on the vessel. So the little man went to Daw's elbow, and spoke to him, and asked curiously:

"What are those things in the water? Porpoises?"

Daw looked down at him and grinned. "Seals," he replied, in a tone tolerant and faintly amused.

"The kind you get sealskins off of?" Hacker persisted.

"Well, they're seals, and they've got skins on them," Daw pointed out. "First catch your seal."

"But sealskins are mighty valuable, aren't they?" Hacker asked.

"Heard so. Never bought one," Daw confessed.

"How do they catch them?" Hacker pursued; and Daw grinned again.

"You want to know a pile," he commented; but patiently sought to make some explanation to the little man, and Hacker listened eagerly, adding a further question

now and then. When that topic was exhausted, finding Daw friendly and full of information, he inquired:

"Have you been up here before?"

"Two years," Daw assented.

"Gosh, you must be an old timer, aren't you?" Hacker asked.

"Well, two years ain't so darned old."

"Did you find any gold?"

"I made a living," Daw evaded.

"There's lots of it, isn't there?" Hacker urged; and Daw grinned and said; "It's there if you can find it."

"Oh, I've always been lucky," Hacker explained. "Luck's the biggest part of it, don't you think?"

So Daw told him some tales of lucky strokes of fortune; and Hacker listened with his eyes wide. He was delighted to find a man who could answer his questions, and Daw was flattered by the deference the other paid him; liked to play the rôle of oracle. The end was that the two men so dissimilar became associates, pardners, in the local phrase. They spent a summer together in the wilderness and emerged before the snows with empty hands but eyes all undismayed. To inquirers they reported that their prospecting had been fruitless; and by the last steamer they left those parts behind.

But Hacker's luck had held, and the next spring saw them approach from another direction, the remote valley in which their research had been laid. The way they now chose was arduous and long; it meant poling a heavily laden boat up-river, many weary miles; meant transporting their supplies, thereafter, upon their shoulders. And Hacker, even while they labored, was full of question. "Why?" "Why?" And again: "Why?"

"So they won't know we've found anything," Daw explained. "So they won't go trailing us. So we'll have it to ourselves this year anyhow."

Thus, they came at last to the valley of their discovery, without pursuit; and they began to build the cabin.

"Why won't a shelter do?" Hacker urged; and Daw replied:

"We're going to winter here. It'll take two summers to clean up. Easiest way is to stay."

"A shack would do for the summer; we can build the cabin later, can't we?" Hacker insisted. But the other good-humoredly overbore him, amused at the questions of the little man.

It was near mid-summer before they were ready to attack the rich trove they had found; they passed the weeks thereafter in fruitful toil. Time fled in an intoxication of riches; the pocket was extensive, and the yellow dust was more plentiful than their dreams. They worked at first in a fever; and at night in the cabin they were like to shout aloud in their glee together. And little Hacker asked, night by night:

"How much to-day?"

Then Daw would tell him the weight; and Hacker would insist:

"AND how much is that worth? And how much does that make altogether?"

Daw built sluice boxes, devised and constructed apparatus to lighten the sheer labor involved; and always Hacker at his elbow asked: "Why do you do it that way? What makes the dust catch there? Why wouldn't it be easier so?" Till more and more often, when Daw laughed at him, there was a fretful irritation apparent in his tones.

"Watch," he would say, impatiently. "Watch and see. Don't ask so many questions all the time."

Hacker at this always drew off; but he was apt to murmur apologetically: "You see, Jim, I don't know any of this stuff; and you know so darned much. I'm just trying to learn; and I can't learn without asking questions, can I?"

Even his arguments were thus put in interrogatory form. He was curiosity articulate. But the northern summer was fine; the lavish forest lay all about them rich and almost tropical; the river sang in the shallows below their cabin; there were fish in every pool and the wild things came day by day to look upon their handiwork. Also the sands in which they delved were yellow with gold; and night by night their trove waxed and grew. Daw was too well content with the world to feel more than a passing impatience with the little man's persistence. Hacker worked ardently and well; he did what he was told; he accepted orders uncomplainingly, seeing in Daw something like a superman in knowledge and in power. And Daw enjoyed the rôle; he came to think himself as wise as Hacker thought him.

During the later summer and the early fall they laid in some supplies of meat, shooting near the cabin all they were likely to need. Daw looked forward to the long winter with no least misgivings. But Hacker dreaded the cold.

"It's going to be bitter, isn't it?" he would ask uneasily; and Daw—with his usual kindly chuckle—reassured him.

"Won't bother us any," he was accustomed to retort. "We'll be snug inside. No harm can get at us in the cabin there."

So at last the snow came; winter clamped its bonds upon the river; leagues of wilderness impassable enfolded them and the forest all about grew deadly still.

Daw knew many things about this north-land; but there was one thing he did not know: the irksome spell which winter weaves.

He did not know the long and cumulative irritation it engenders. He had heard other

men speak of this matter, but unconvincingly. He knew the tales of pardners who, after a winter in the wilderness together, became enemies.

"But that," he told himself, "was because they were too much alike. They fought, and argued. One man has to be the boss; that's the way to get along."

And this was the relation between him and Hacker, so he had no misgivings. Nevertheless, for the sake of having winter occupation, he had brought in a few steel traps, had learned the trick of contriving dead-falls and snares; intended to harvest a cargo of fine furs. Also he had a pack of cards. Thus fortified, he faced the long solitude undismayed.

But in such an intimacy as that into which the two men were now thrown, little things begin to appear mountainous. During the summers they had spent together, it had always been possible to escape from one another; when Daw found Hacker's ways an irritation, he turned his back upon them. But now they were, perforce, together all day long, and at night too; and there was no escape for them. Two surfaces which seem plane and smooth reveal their inequalities when they are pressed together; when they are put in a state of friction, each excrescence on the one scars the other, and is in its turn abraded and worn down. A grain of sand in your palm is of small account; in your shoe it is an irritation sore. A nubble of earth on the ground does not bruise your foot; but if you try to sleep upon it, it assumes the proportions of a boulder, jagged and huge. Thus it was now with these two men immured.

The snows quickly grew too deep for trapping; Daw's inexperience surrendered before the difficulties of the task. They tried cribbage; but the inconsistencies of the game—which Daw taught Hacker—led the little man into an orgy of questioning. He asked why the count of thirty-one combined with last card was credited with only two points instead of three; why the knave turned at the cut should count two holes as against one when it was held in your hand; why a flush of four cards in your hand should score when there must be a five-card flush in the crib to tally. Daw could only say:

"Blast it, son, it's the rule. That's all!"

But this did not satisfy Hacker; and Daw at last, in a burst of irritation at the other's questioning, flung the cards into the stove. So long days of idleness, long evenings without occupation, were left to fester on their hands.

And always Hacker asked his questions. So long as Daw answered him, he was contented as a cat; but when Daw could not or would not reply, the little man fretted and fumed in his own bafflement.



This came in the end to amuse Daw; he began to find a certain ironic pleasure in putting Hacker off, tantalizing and bewildering him. And thus at last was the catastrophe prepared.

They had broken, during the summer, one of the long bars which they had brought to use as drills or as crowbars, according to necessity. It occurred to Daw one day to try to weld the pieces together and restore the bar to its former usefulness. The thing had fractured in the heavier part; it would be necessary to heat each broken end and beat it to the shape of a wedge before attempting any union. With this project in mind, one morning after breakfast he brought the shorter, heavier fragment into the cabin and thrust it into the stove, piling the embers close about it, opening the draft. There was a question in his mind whether a wood fire would produce sufficient heat for his purposes; it might be necessary to make charcoal, to build an oven . . . But the winter was before them, time lay heavy on their hands.

He had not confided in Hacker; had of late fallen into a habit of sardonic silence, to protect himself against the other's curiosity. But when the little man saw what now he did, he approached Daw's elbow, and watched for a moment, fidgeting; and then he asked in his eager fashion:

"What you doing, Jim?"

Daw grinned in a wry way. "Poking the fire," he retorted, tormentingly.

"No, you're not," Hacker pointed out. "You're just heating the bar. What are you doing that for?"

"So it'll get hot," Daw told him, his eyes smoldering.

"What you going to do with it after it gets hot?" Hacker insisted. "What you going to make?"

"Well," Daw drawled, on an impish impulse of the moment. "You're so full of questions you're fit to pop. Got to get 'em out of you some way. I figured I'd make me a question puller."

"WHAT'S a question puller?" Hacker cried at this, his eyes widening. "I never heard of one."

"You never did?" This in vast surprise.

"No. What is it, Jim?"

"It's to pull questions with," Daw assured him gravely, relishing the other's befuddlement. "You can pull questions out of pretty near anybody, with a good one."

Hacker grinned ruefully. "Guess you're making fun of me," he suggested.

"No!" Daw cried, in tones of mock incredulity; and Hacker, faintly hurt, turned and moved away. He began to whistle, paid Daw no further heed, drew on his heavier garments, and went out of doors. Daw, there by the stove, grinned to himself, chuckled to himself at this jest he played.

By and by he caught a glimpse of Hacker spying on him through the one small window; and he grinned again. And before the little man returned, to make a greater mystery, he cooled the bit of iron and wrapped it in his blankets and hid it away in his bunk. It seemed to him that there was prospect of amusement in keeping Hacker in an itch of curiosity. He began thereafter to elaborate the affair.

Very early in the proceedings, he abandoned all idea of welding the bar into one straight shaft again. That scheme had been, after all, no more than an artifice to kill the long hours. So he did not again produce the piece of iron in Hacker's presence, but waited till the other man was out of doors. Then he would draw it out and pound on it with the sledge, thrusting it

away again when Hacker came to the door. This became a game which he played over and over. Whenever Hacker left the cabin he was sure to hear the clank of sledge on iron; when he returned it was to see Daw whisking something out of sight under his coat, or into whatever hiding place lay near at hand.

And again and again the little man was driven to speech, to cross-examination.

"What are you making such a mystery out of it for, Jim?" he would plead; and Daw would reply:

"It ain't done yet. Spoils a good question puller if you use it before it's done."

"You're making a fool of me," Hacker protested. "You think that's any way to do, Jim? Pardners the way we are."

"Why, I'm doing it for you," Jim would assure him, soberly. "You'll be using it all the time, when I get it done. You can take it out in the woods and pull all the questions out of yourself and then you won't have to come bothering me with them. I aim to finish it and give it to you, son."

And Hacker would try guessing. "Making a drill, are you?" he would ask, in a sly way.

"No, it's more a kind of a hook," Daw would retort. "You wouldn't call it a drill. It don't bore, like a question; it pulls. It's a question puller, I told you. Didn't you ever see one?"

"I bet you're just making a poker for the stove," Hacker hazarded.

"You kind of hook it on to a question and give a yank," Daw said, gravely. "And out it comes."

Hacker might have searched the thing out while Daw was away from the cabin; but Daw anticipated this and took pains to keep it hidden. Later he carried it thrust within his clothing, sagging heavily there, hanging from a loop inside his trouser leg. And eventually he collected slabs which they had ripped off with the saw in the process of squaring logs for the cabin, and with these built a small closet in the corner beside the stove; and he contrived a rude door, and a latch to hold it.

When he began these operations, Hacker asked again:



"What are you building there, Jim? A store-room?" And Daw told him gravely:

"Why, you see, I'm ready to finish up the question puller, and that takes time. I'll have to work on it in the evenings, so I want a place where I can work without bothering you. If you was to see it before it was done, it wouldn't be a bit of use at all."

Little Hacker, fretted and tormented, squirmed with misery. His voice rose to a higher pitch, shrill, and faintly trembling. "What are you making, Jim?" he insisted. "What are you so mysterious about? You might as well tell me. I'm bound to know by and by."

"I don't know about that," Daw told him. "I may spoil it before I get it done. It's a mighty ticklish job to make a good question puller that will work every time."

"You're just having some fun with me, aren't you?" Hacker pleaded. "That's all there is."

"Why no," Daw assured him. "I wouldn't do that, son. No. I'm making this to use next summer. I figure it'll save us two hours a day. You can take it and

pull all the questions out of yourself at night and then you won't have to ask any while we're working."

"That's the only way to learn things, is asking questions," Hacker urged, aggrievedly. "Why do you get sore at that, Jim? At my asking you things?"

"Sore!" Daw protested. "Why, man, I've told you everything you ever asked, haven't I?"

"You haven't told me what you're making?"

"I'm making a question puller," Daw retorted. "I've said so a hundred times. . . ."

SO he finished his closet in the corner of the cabin; and then he began to retire into its seclusion after their evening meal, and Hacker outside could hear him hammering there, pounding with metal upon metal. The little tapping sounds tormented the nerves of the man who listened but could not see. And Daw would talk to him cheerfully, raising his voice the better to be heard; and Hacker would stand shivering, fighting down the impulse to wrench open that closet door and see what went forward within. But he mustered up a pitiful dignity and pride that held his hand. If Daw would not tell him, then Hacker would stoop to no underhand means to win the answer. Nevertheless his nerves suffered, his appetite failed, he lost weight, and he was very miserable indeed.

Daw, curiously, fattened and grew indolent and jovial under this régime. A wiser man might have perceived that little Hacker was whipped to the breaking point; but Daw had nothing but a tolerant and jesting scorn for him.

After a fortnight or so, the hammering ceased; a new sound came nightly now to Hacker's ears. This was the sound of a file; and its persistent scrape and rasp was infinitely harder to bear than that recurrent, rhythmic tapping had been. The little man would sit by the table, a candle guttering before him, his nails biting his palms; he twisted and turned, unable to escape from his misery. It was no longer so much his curiosity which was tormenting him; no longer just his sense of wrong. He began to imagine things; began to imagine that Daw was making a dagger, or some vague implement designed for torturing and deadly uses; began to perceive in the other's activities a menace to himself, tangible and immediate, becoming by degrees intolerable. And there

(Continued on page 72)



© ARABEL CURTIS

Adventuring On Shanks's Mare

By Boyden Sparkes

AN ADVENTURER, according to the Century Dictionary, is "one who engages in adventure; an undertaker of uncertain or hazardous actions or enterprises, as in travel, war, trade, speculation, etc." Therefore, since these gentlemen you are to learn about were in search of buried treasure, and since they were exposed constantly to a hazard that those who have faced both bullets and ridicule avow to be worse than bullets, it seems eminently fitting to call them adventurers.

One, a slender, spectacled figure in an oversize uniform of khaki, carried a banjo slung over his thin round shoulders where it engaged in an awkward struggle with a rucksack, fat with sandwiches, that was also slung there. He carried his spade as he might have supported a cane, negligently, in his left hand. Week-days he was a window display man in a New York department store. But this was Sunday, the day set aside, in his scheme of existence, for adventure.

His companion was gray-haired also, but his face was youthfully ruddy. In addition to his spade, strapped at his back, he was burdened with a musette bag like those worn by officers in the field during the war; and there was a boy scout axe, sheathed in leather, hung in his belt. His canvas leggings were a relic of the Spanish-American war. This one was, as he would have expressed it, "in" insurance.

These two from one of those boarding-houses that snuggle side by side behind brownstone façades in the close weavings of New York streets, had embarked on a ferry-boat at six o'clock that Sunday morning, and as they saw the serrated skyline fade out in an opalescent haze that hung as a purple and gold curtain between sky and water, the tall buildings there seemed a much more likely place to hunt for treasure than the rocky hills of Orange County to which they were going.

Here is a splendid beckoning peak for the mountain-loving hiker—white-headed Rainier, as seen from Alta Vista

If their destination was a secret that morning, it is a secret no longer, and this is as good a place as any to reveal that they were going by Erie train to Tuxedo, and then by their own feet through the hills of the Ramapos to rock caves in the face of a lonely cliff which long ago were the rendezvous of a robber band that was headed by a stalwart rascal named Claudius Smith. They were going to hunt for the hidden loot of this gang that operated during the years of the American Revolution when the Sherwood forest of the Smith gang was an often used screen that served Gen. George Washington in his dealings with the British army as a bandanna handkerchief serves a prestidigitator in his dealings with an audience.

CLAUDIUS SMITH'S gang, sometimes referred to as cowboys, were a hard lot. In the early years of the revolution they sometimes attacked farm-houses by night. They would run off the live stock, presumably for the purpose of selling it to the British army, or to the Continentals for that matter. They were not concerned with patriotism; only with profit.

Smith himself was probably more villainous than any of his subordinates, three of whom were his sons. One time they raided the home of Abimal Youngs, a miser, and when he refused to tell where his hard money was concealed they swung him by his heels



© WINTER PHOTO CO.

It takes strong legs, lusty lungs and a stout heart to conquer slopes as steep as this side of Mount Baker, Wash.

Ours is a country of contrasts. These are the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee—compare with rugged Mt. Ranier

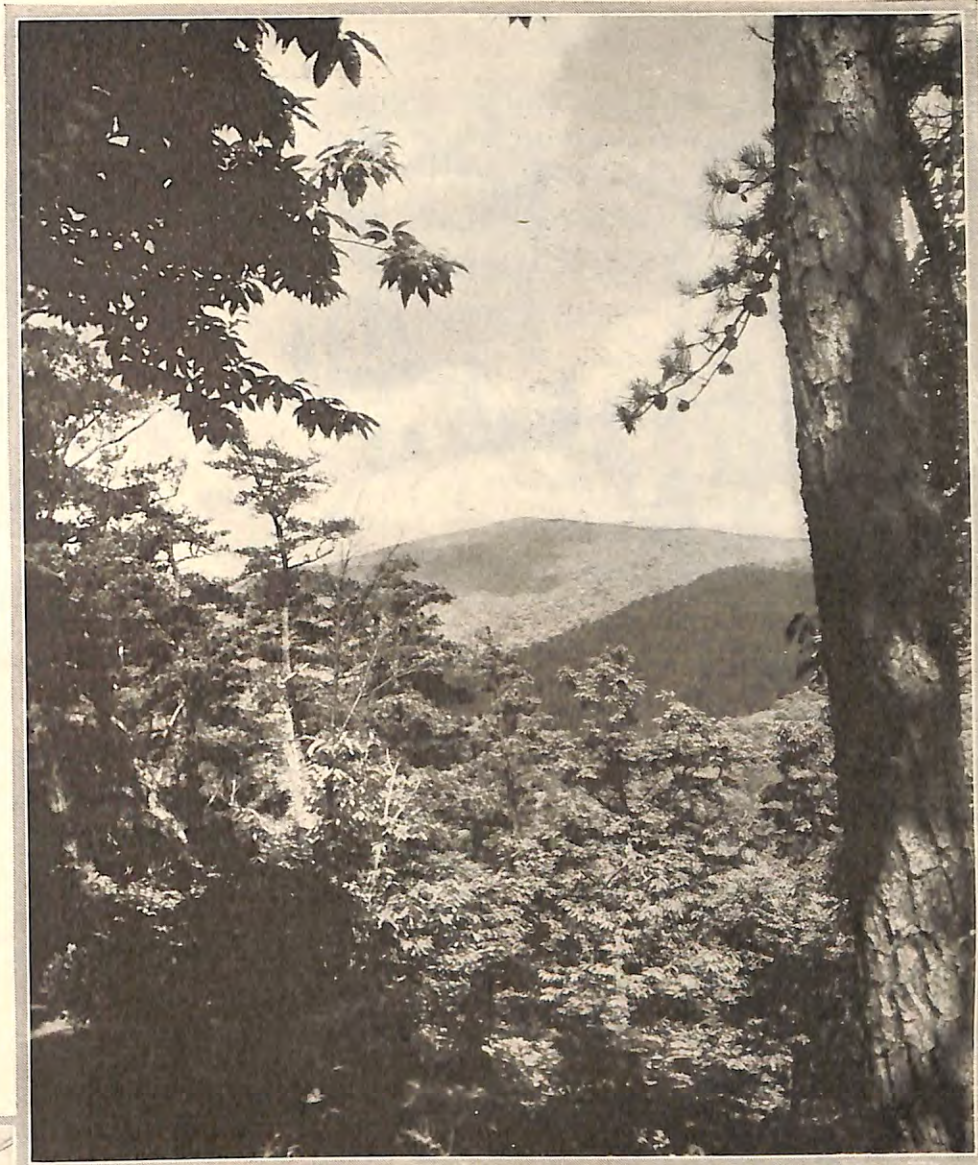
from the end of his well pole. Probably they ducked him in the well, but they could think of nothing in the way of torture that would wring from Abimal Youngs a secret so important. Finally they rode off, carrying all his papers and leaving him suspended until frightened employees crept out of their hiding places and released a spluttering, swearing miser.

Not long afterwards Smith was caught, quickly tried and sentenced to be hung. Abimal Youngs was one of those who crowded about the gallows, but he had not come to jeer. His purpose was to implore the robber to tell where he could find his papers which contained the proof of indebtedness of many a citizen of that region.

For this important occasion Claudius Smith had attired himself in a suit of rich broadcloth, appropriately black but adorned with silver buttons. Just before Abimal Youngs made his plea the condemned man had kicked off his shoes, explaining that he wished to make a liar out of his mother who had predicted when he was a youth that he would die like a trooper's horse, with his shoes on.

Clearly he was not a man likely to be moved by the importunities of a business man such as Abimal Youngs.

"Mr. Youngs," reproved Smith as the hangman adjusted the noose, being careful not to include in the loop the buckram stiffening of that fine broadcloth coat, "this is no time to talk about papers. Meet me



A pair of American eagles at home. Hikers see such sights as this

THOMPSON PHOTO

© A. B. DOCKHAM

Horizontal cracks in the base of two cliffs, thirty or forty feet long, eight or ten feet deep and with a roof high enough to permit the tallest of men to stand erect, they would have sheltered a large band of robbers.

For more than an hour the New Yorkers spaded vigorously into the floor of one of the caves. Then they discovered something that all archeologists know, and that is that a treasure hunt is something that cannot be hurried. They moved about two cubic yards of earth and rubble in that time and then decided to rest until after they had eaten their sandwiches. Then they thought it would be a good idea to play the banjo a while and think about the treasure. Perhaps Claudius Smith had not buried it in the cave. In a little while they persuaded themselves that they ought to engage in more research into the history of the cowboys of the Ramapos. By the time they had reached that conclusion it was time to get that late afternoon Erie train, the last one going into New York.

They found it crowded with other hikers, all of them treasure seekers. There were stenographers from law offices, school teachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, artists, children, a great throng with a common viewpoint as to the joys of hiking, but with a wide diffusion of ideas as to what other hobby should be pursued when hiking.

There are thousands and thousands of these week end pioneers in America. The ferry that paddles from San Francisco to Sausalito in the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais

in the next world and I'll tell you all about them."

Then they hung him, and hardly had his feet stopped twitching before the crowd was engaged in a discussion as to the probable hiding place of the things of value that Claudius Smith had possessed. It is a legend now but it was important gossip in those days. Rich silver services that had been brought over from England had been stolen by Smith's gang from some of the farm-houses and the sale of stolen cattle and horses had produced far greater revenue than the man could possibly have spent.

Many of the gang survived so it was hardly

safe to prospect for the hidden treasure in the caves which sheltered them when they were in hiding, and with Smith dead, seemingly his gang's courage died too. So there was a stalemate, and if there was treasure hidden in the caves or near them no systematic search ever was made for it.

The thin facts that have survived are the skeleton of a vigorous legend that is told of winter nights around farm-house fires in the Ramapo Mountains. It was the legend which impelled the two adventurers to equip themselves with spades.

They found the caves easily enough after walking a couple of miles from the railroad.



WINTER PHOTO CO.

These fort-like bastions of ice, known as séracs, are on the Winthrop Glacier, Mount Rainier

carries scores of them every Saturday and Sunday. The trains that leave Chicago on Saturday for the sand dunes that are the southern lip of Lake Michigan are alive and chattering with others. In Omaha they travel out to their starting point on the Bellevue-Fort Interurban. Every city in the country has its hikers, and through increasingly potent organizations they are beginning to make themselves felt in politics. Instead of cutting down their numbers the automobile tends to increase them by making it possible to begin their walks in places that would otherwise be inaccessible and which are therefore all the more interesting.

They find treasure, every last one of them, even though it is not always buried treasure. Our two friends who explored the caves of Claudius Smith have not found his loot—yet; but they are still determined to look for it with the result that each Saturday afternoon finds them heading into the hills and away from the noise and strain of industry. The delightful hope of finding a few pieces of the hall marked Georgian and Queen Anne silverware that may have been carried off by those half-forgotten robbers of the revolutionary period serves them as a self-starter. Once they are in the hills they derive other benefits even more subtle and certainly more beneficial than the thrill that quickens the blood of a treasure-hunter.

THE vitality that is generated and stored in the bodies of those who hike as electric energy is replaced in the batteries of an automobile in the course of a long journey is something that has a market value. There are several health farms in the hills north of New York. There millionaires with high blood-pressures and low will-power pay about \$500 a month for the privilege of being herded up and down those hills on shanks's mare. They may plead fatigue when it is time to go into the gym at daylight; they may shirk the afternoon horseback ride but the one thing they are all obliged to take if they stay at these farms is the daily hike.

"If these birds had as much sense as money," one of these trainers told me, "they'd walk without paying somebody to make 'em do it. There's medicine in the hike. It is a cure for too much cigarette smoke, too much food, too much work or too much play. I've no patent rights on hiking. I wish I did. When my patients begin hiking

of their own accord, because they like it, they cease to be patients."

There is a limit, of course, to the amount of enjoyment that may be extracted from a walk in any city but there is no limit to the fun when the hike is directed into the hills, and that is where the automobile has given hiking a tremendous impetus. Before the automobiles drove hikers off the main highways the wild land back of West Point, for example, and in the South Highlands of the Hudson was terra incognita. Now on two days of the week every by-path and wood road that form a network in those hills echoes to the hob-nailed strides of hikers. It is like that all over America.

"We are beginning to overtake the British as a nation of hikers," I was told by Raymond Torrey, who is to hiking what William Winter was to the drama. Torrey for a number of years has edited a department of *The New York Evening Post* devoted to those who hike. Just now he is in addition field secretary of a survey of State parks, and the State parks, like the Government parks, exist because there are increasing swarms of hikers to use them.

On the West Coast the hikers rise as a tide into the hills each week end. There has been less of that in the East where the Appalachians have not been appreciated as fully or as widely as their loveliness deserves. But now a concerted effort is being made to change that neglect into a perfect appreciation.

His name is Benton Mackaye and he is a brother of Percy Mackaye, who has distilled poetry and several successful Broadway plays out of the Appalachians, and the shy people who dwell in their fastnesses.

Mackaye's scheme has the backing of the American Institute of Architects. It is nothing less than a foot-path marked as plainly and as distinctly for hikers as the Lincoln Highway or the Jefferson Highway or the Dixie Highway are marked for automobilists, and which would extend from Mt. Katahdin in Maine to Lookout Mountain. There would be a fork at Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina that would extend to Stone Mountain outside of Atlanta.

Hundreds of feeder trails—foot-paths, all of them—would link this main trail with the tidewater cities along the Atlantic Coast, opening this vast and little used wild land to the seeker of outdoor recreation as the Pacific Railroad opened up the Far West; but with a distinction.

"The railway," Mr. Mackaye told me, "opens up a country as a site for civilization; the trailway should open up a country as an escape from civilization."

It is possible now to hike through the Appalachians from Maine to Georgia but anyone doing so would have to possess a fair amount of woodlore. He would have to be a sort of 1926 Daniel Boone. The plan of Mackaye and those who are



H. L. GLEASON

Beginners are advised to try foothills before attempting this sort of thing

in sympathy with him is to have those mountain ranges marked as plainly throughout their length as they are where they swing closest to New York City, in the Palisades Interstate Park section. The trail sign used there is a circle marked on its outer rim with the words, "Appalachian Trail Palisades Interstate Park Section." These words include a device formed of the letters A and T, with the A astride the T in such fashion that the bar of the A serves as the cross-line of the T.

Up in the White Mountains is another link destined to be a part of the great trail. That trail was marked first by the Appalachian Mountain Club, an organization of hikers with headquarters in Boston which regards the White Mountains as its own field of exercise. A club which has its headquarters in Asheville, North Carolina, is enthusiastically committed to the enterprise. As a result of a conference in Washington last March there is a permanent organization in existence which has for its purpose the marking and preservation of that foot-path, following as nearly as possible the crest of the mountains from Maine to Georgia.

Someone may ask why there is so much stress on mountains as a place to walk but

it is a question easy to answer. There is an instinct common to all hikers that impels them to head for the high places as soon as they put on their Munson last shoes with the broad cathedral-like toe space.

It is that instinct that makes every hiker, even those whose walks never include anything more adventurous than a daily circuit of the reservoir in Central Park, avid for information of each new attempt to climb Mount Everest.

It is not necessary to go to Asia to climb mountains if you wish to risk your life. There are fatal accidents every year in America to daring climbers not content with the pathways. Last June two young men started out on a walk along the crest-line of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. It would have seemed absurd to have cautioned them against any sort of danger. Nowhere in their journey would they cross railroad tracks or risk being run down by automobiles. The wild animals they might encounter would almost certainly be more afraid of them than they of the beasts.

of the region to be traversed are listed as essentials for hikers using that extraordinarily fine recreation ground. The Green Mountain range is 157 miles in length and in places this wilderness is thirty miles wide. It is plenty big enough for adventure.

It is possible to be dogmatic only about one phase of the hiker's equipment—foot-gear.

Examine any group of experienced hikers and their equipment will be found to vary in all details except that one. Invariably their stockings will be thick, woolen ones; their shoes will be at least an approximation of the good old Munson last which was designed for the soldiers of the United States Army. That shoe is the most scientific article of apparel ever offered to an unappreciative market.

Before it is worn on the trail it should be well oiled and broken in. If it is loose fitting—as it is intended to be—its equal cannot be found.

Under the weight of a pack the feet of man, woman or child expand, spreading in all directions. The simple way to test this

statement is to have someone draw an outline of your stockinged foot as you stand without a burden. Then put on a heavy pack, or just pick up a heavy suitcase and have another outline drawn. After that make a comparison and if you have never done this before you will be not only surprised but sincerely converted to the idea that hiking with a pack calls for shoes at least a size larger than those normally worn.

The best kind of woolen stockings or socks are those which were knit for soldiers, according to specifications, during the war by Red Cross workers. They are needed as cushions and to prevent abrasions and blisters.

WOOLEN underwear should be worn—light or heavy according to the season—for the reason that anyone who hikes with a pack is going to perspire. A flannel shirt with breast pockets is best; Khaki trousers or breeches and belt; a canvas hat; a wrist watch.

For the rest a great variety of advice is available. The best that I have had offered is that given by the Green Mountain Club to members contemplating a two weeks' hike over the long Trail. Two men making such a journey would require:

Flour, 10 pounds; bacon, 5 pounds; cinnamon, 1 oz.; cocoa, instant, 1 can; corn meal, 4 pounds; pepper, ½ oz.; bread, 1 loaf; sugar, 9 pounds; raisins, 1 pound; chocolate, 2 pounds; cheese, ½ pound; baking powder, ½ pound; dried apricots, 2 pounds; dried milk, 2 pounds; succotash, 2 cans; butter, 4 pounds; rice, 2 pounds; oatmeal, 3 pounds; salt, 1½ pounds; tea, ½ pound or more; salmon, 2 cans; candles, 6.

No person should ever travel the Long Trail or anything like it without an axe, compass and matches.

(Continued on page 74)



But nature held a trump card that was played as a blizzard.

Huge flakes of snow began to zigzag from the sky like feathers from an opened pillow. In half an hour the ground was covered. In two hours the trails were hidden beneath a snowy covering thick as a mattress. They were not woodsmen. Foolishly they had started out lacking several of the essentials of such an expedition. Their bodies were found several days later by a searching party. They had died of exposure.

Their fate is a gruesome answer to those who ask what need there is for hikers' organizations.

The primary function of any such organization is the education of its members in woodcraft. I have before me a guide book published by the Green Mountain Club which has a membership of about 1,500, mostly, I think, New Englanders. The long trail of this organization extends the length of Vermont, a state so hilly that its loyal sons insist it would equal Texas in area if some way could be found to iron it flat. "No person," warns the Green Mountain Club's guide book, "should ever travel The Long Trail without axe, compass and matches. There may be accidents or delays, and even women should be so equipped."

What to wear on the person, what to carry in the pockets, on the belt, in the pack, what food and tools to take are given with great detail. Large scale maps

Here is an enthusiastic body—the Alpine Club of Canada in camp

H. FO-LARD PHOTO

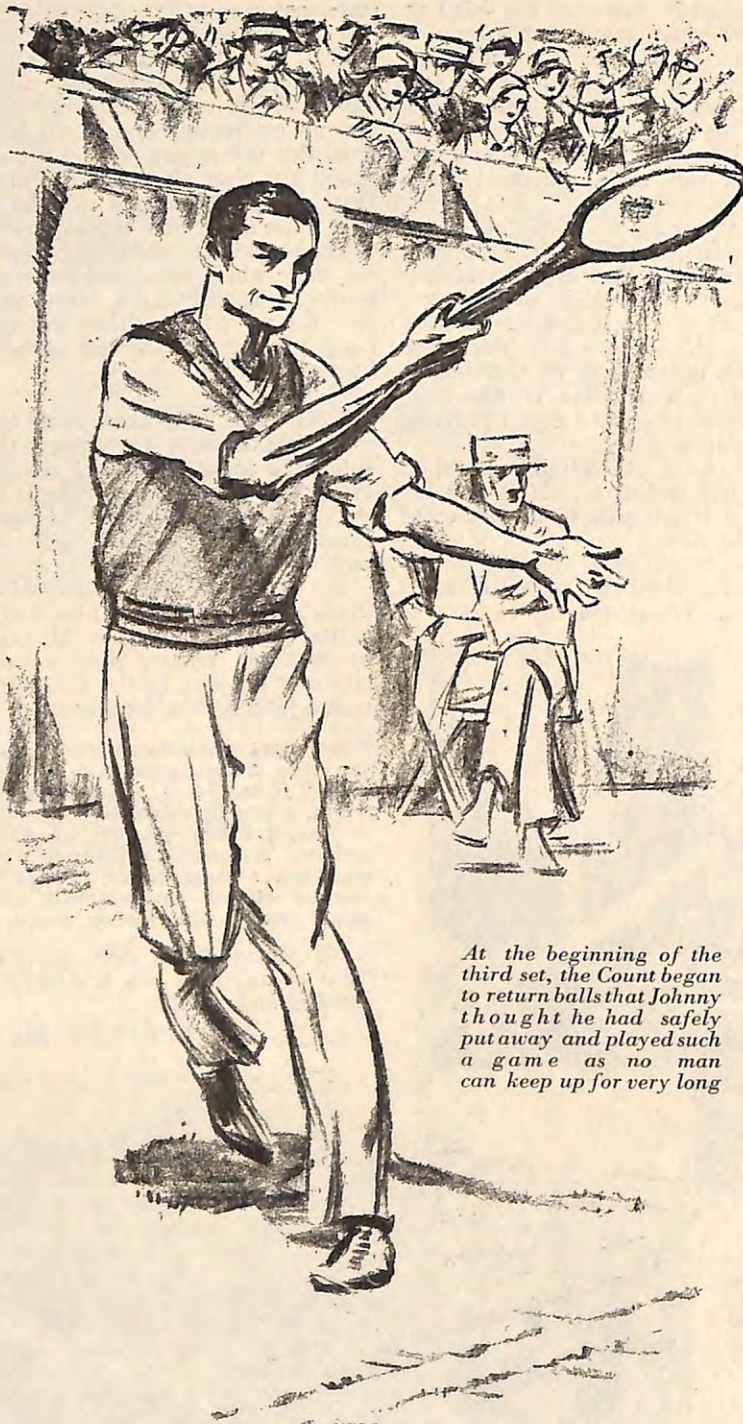
It's all right if the rope holds and if you don't easily get dizzy. These men are climbing the Eagle's Throne, in the Rockies of Colorado

MIKE HIGH PHOTO



The Champion Takes

By Lucian Cary



At the beginning of the third set, the Count began to return balls that Johnny thought he had safely put away and played such a game as no man can keep up for very long

THE French have a saying that sounds odd to our ears. They say, it gave him to think; and sometimes, it gave him to think furiously.

Johnny Wickett was sitting in the marquee that is reserved for newspaper reporters and players in the tournament at the Brightwaters Tennis Club. Beside him sat Muriel Davis. That gave Johnny to think. Indeed, the presence of Muriel Davis in the world had been giving Johnny to think ever since he had come East with the ambition to win a place in the first ranking ten.

It was one of those August afternoons when the sun blazes down after rain and the earth steams and everybody says it isn't the heat, it's the humidity. In front of the marquee was spread such a sward as costs twenty years of rolling and clipping and watering and rolling and clipping and watering. Beyond and at either end the seats rose tier on tier. Six thousand people looked down on that impeccable turf and watched two men playing the last match but one for the Brightwaters Bowl. And that gave

Johnny to think. An hour earlier he had won his own match in the semi-finals. Tomorrow he would play the winner of this pair in the finals.

One player was the Count von Knaak, captain of the Austrian Davis Cup team and champion of the Riviera; the other was a young man named Reginald Cholmondeley, who had come all the way from Australia for a chance like this. Reginald was taller, broader, and thicker through the chest than Jack Dempsey. He had a trick of hitting a tennis ball harder than anybody else in the world. When he had a bad day, which was often, his tremendous drives struck anywhere from four inches to four feet beyond the baseline. When he had a good day he was one of the best. To-day was the best day he had ever had in his life. He was hitting the ball with everything

he had and getting it in. He was sending the ball like a bullet just inside the far corners. The Count had run himself ragged; the Count had made impossible gets; the Count had varied the spin on his shots with consummate art. But he had failed to hold his own.

The score was two sets all. But Reginald had a lead of 5-1 in the fifth and final set, and it was his turn to serve. He needed a single game—just four points—to take the set and the match. It did not give the six thousand in the grandstand to think. To them it was all over. They leaned forward to see the details of the Count's finish. But it gave the little crowd in the marquee to think. They knew the Count.

"What'll he do now?" Muriel Davis said to Johnny Wickett.

"I don't know," Johnny said. "But he'll do something."

They were both thinking that the Count von Knaak was not only a crack tennis-player but a comedian with a gift for getting a laugh from a big crowd and upsetting his opponent's game. He had been playing tennis for two hours now without so much as a gesture for the gallery. He was apparently beaten. It was inevitable that he would do something.

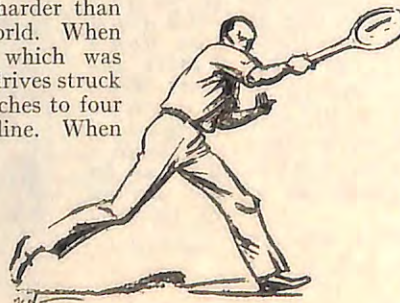
Reginald stood ready to serve. Sweat poured down his face; his neck; his arms; his shirt was plastered to his great shoulders with sweat. His face wore the concentrated frown of a man with only one idea.

THE Count skipped insouciantly into position, well behind his own baseline, and twiddled his racquet. His shirt was plastered to his back, but no one could see that. He was still wearing the heavy white sweater which it was his pride not to take off. He was grinning, as a man grins when he has pleasing thoughts in the back of his mind. To look at him you would have thought it was he who had the commanding lead.

Reginald tossed the ball high and hit it with a mighty swing. His tremendous swing seemed to catch the ball at the top of the toss and drive it like a streak of light to the extreme left-hand corner of the Count's service court. The Count was quick, but he was not quick enough. He couldn't get his racquet on the ball. Reginald had one of the four points he needed.

Again Reginald took his place to serve. Again the Count skipped insouciantly into position. And again Reginald aced him clean. Reginald had two of the four points he needed.

The third time Reginald served the Count took the long chance. He walked in close and took the ball on the rising bounce. He hadn't time to drive. But he blocked neatly to Reginald's backhand as Reginald charged the net. Reginald lunged to the left, reached the ball, and turned to regain the center



Off His Sweater

Illustrated by Eugene McNerney, Jr.

line. The Count hit quickly back to his left. Reginald tried to stop his forward plunge, tried to wrench himself back. But his weight was going the wrong way. His feet slipped on the damp turf and he fell heavily.

"Watch," said Johnny Wickett to Muriel Davis.

The Count leaned solicitously over the net as Reginald struggled to his feet.

"Bust anything?" the Count asked.

Reginald grunted.

HIS pants were quite obviously torn across both knees; and a broad, green stain extended from his hip to his ankle. The Count shook his head sadly as he contemplated the spectacle. Somebody always laughs when a big man falls down. Somebody in the gallery laughed now, a shrill, high, hysterical giggle. Whereupon the whole gallery roared with laughter. Reginald turned, walked stiffly back to his own baseline.

The Count looked down at his own immaculate flannels, glanced at Reginald, shook his head more sadly than before. The eyes of the six thousand were on him now, waiting to see what he would do next. They saw that he took Reginald's fall seriously, oh, very seriously indeed. It troubled him, that fall; he was visibly wondering what ought to be done about it. The Count tried the slipperiness of the turf with a delicately experimental foot, as people try the slipperiness of ice. His foot slipped. It slipped so easily that he almost fell. With comic haste the Count sat down. He sat down in the middle of his court and began to take off his shoes. The six thousand laughed.

Reginald reached his baseline and turned round, ready to serve. For the first time, he saw what the Count was up to. Reginald swore. He was ready to go. The game stood at 30-15. He needed only two more points to win the game, the set, and the match. He was serving even better than he had earlier in the day. He wanted to serve two more aces and be through. He didn't dare stop playing, even for half a minute. He yelled at the Count. The crowd laughed at his impatience.

The Count took off his shoes and his socks with deliberation. Reginald walked back and forth along his baseline like a stag at bay. The Count waved to a ball boy. The boy came running out. The Count handed him the shoes and the socks. Then he stood up and tried the slipperiness of the turf with first one bare foot and then the other. The result was satisfactory. He reached down and rolled his trousers half way up his calves and gave them a twist to hold them there. With his head cocked on one side he surveyed the effect. He looked



Johnny was fit to go the limit. It was ninety in the shade but he was hardly warm yet and the ball was doing everything he asked

like a sailor about to swab a deck. He seemed to like that. Reginald yelled at him again. The Count picked up his racket, bowed to the six thousand, and skipped, skipped like a girl skipping rope, back to his place.

Reginald served with everything he had. The ball shot like a bullet about fifteen yards out of court. Somebody in the grandstand laughed again, that high, hysterical giggle. Reginald lost the little temper he had left. He was too mad to make sure of getting his service in. He whaled the ball. It struck the top-band of the net with such force that it caromed into the marquee. The game stood at 30-all.

Reginald shut his teeth and served another double fault. The game stood at 30-40. Reginald's next service was in but the Count passed him at the net and took the game. The fifth set stood at 2-5.

"Now he'll run out the set," said Johnny Wickett.

And he did. The Count took five games in a row from the hopelessly furious Reginald and won the match. Which gave everybody, even the six thousand, to think.

II

Johnny Wickett walked glumly back to the clubhouse with Muriel Davis. He had the quaint notion that if he could put over something really worth while Muriel Davis would fall for him. The truth was, of course, that if he put over something that seemed to him really worth while he would, for the moment, lose that excess of humility that prevented him from telling Muriel Davis that she was his.

He had come out of the Middle West that spring, as dark a horse as ever came home in front. He had upset one ranking player after another. And now he was to play the Count in the finals for the Brightwaters

Bowl. The obvious way to impress Muriel was to beat the Count.

"Gosh," Johnny said, half to himself.

"Gosh what?" asked Muriel.

"I was just thinking about to-morrow and wondering what I'd do if he pulled a stunt like that on me."

"The thing for you to do is just to pay no attention. Let him have his laugh and then slam him."

"I'd like to go him one better," Johnny said. "I'd like to turn the laugh on him."

Muriel shook her head.

"It isn't your game, Johnny. He's a born comedian and you aren't. You let him take the laughs and you take the points. If you try to beat him at his own game he'll have you cuckoo."

"I'd like to beat him at his own game," Johnny insisted. "It's time somebody did it."

"Yes," Muriel admitted, "it is time somebody got his goat. But you stick to tennis. It's your only chance."

If Johnny hadn't been in love with her he might have recognized that she was talking common sense. But he was in love with her.

"Of course you'd think that," he said, bitterly. "You think I'm not clever."

"Oh, Johnny," Muriel protested, "you know it isn't that. It's just that—"

Johnny stopped short. He knew suddenly that he was going to quarrel with her for the first time. He couldn't imagine anything more painful than to quarrel with her. But he couldn't stop himself. He wanted to hurt her feelings. "It's just what?" he asked.

She gave him a look so tender that his first impulse was to take her in his arms and the next to make her cry.

"It's just that if you stick to tennis you might win in straight sets," she said, rapidly. "He's never been up against that half-volley attack of yours. He likes to stand back and exchange long drives until he gets a real opening. He'll find out you can stand inside your baseline and beat him at that game. And then he'll have to come in, and he isn't as good as you are at the net and—"

"I know all that," Johnny said, dangerously. "But that isn't what we're talking about. What we are talking about is what to do for that low comedy stuff of his—that stuff he pulled this afternoon—and that won for him, too."

"It only won for him because Reginald got mad—"

"Why wouldn't he get mad? Why wouldn't anybody get mad at that tomfoolery and delaying the game and making the crowd laugh?"

"But if Reginald had just ignored it!" Muriel protested.

"How could he ignore it? There he was, going like a house afire and only a minute to go, and this damned, long-legged, low comedian stops the game while he sits on the ground and makes a monkey of himself. Reginald had to do something about it or get mad, that's all."

"What would you have done, Johnny?" she asked, gently.

"I don't know," Johnny yelled. "but I wouldn't have just stood there and taken it."

"I think you could just stand there and take it, Johnny."

"Then you're a little fool," Johnny said.

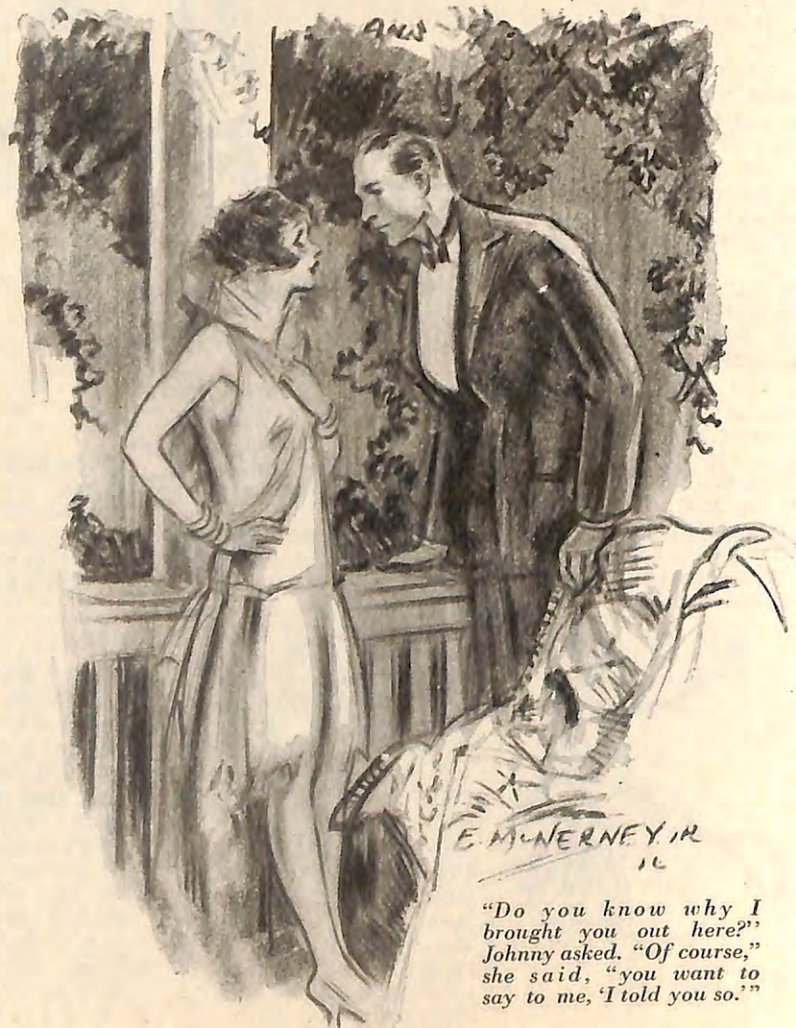
For a moment Johnny stood there, shocked at his own rudeness, and wondering whether she was going to crown him with the racquet she had under her arm or burst into tears.

"Very well," she said, with suspicious gentleness.

"You are," Johnny said.

"Very well," Muriel said again.

Johnny turned on his heel and walked off. He kept on walking, and fighting off the impulse to run after her and beg her pardon, until he was very late for dinner. She wasn't in the dining-room. He couldn't find her anywhere. At nine o'clock he went to bed. He lay awake wondering how he had got that way. At ten o'clock he got up and spent an hour writing a note telling her just how he felt. At eleven o'clock he tore up the note and went back to bed. At twelve o'clock he decided he had ruined his chances of beating the Count by getting himself into such a state of mind; and if he couldn't beat



"Do you know why I brought you out here?" Johnny asked. "Of course," she said, "you want to say to me, 'I told you so.'"

the Count she would never speak to him again; so he might as well get up and dress and go out somewhere and get drunk. At five minutes after twelve he fell asleep and knew nothing at all for nine solid hours.

He awoke feeling unaccountably happy. After a large and leisurely breakfast he strolled out on the veranda. Muriel was sitting in a long chair with the morning paper.

"Holloa," he said, as if nothing had happened.

"Holloa," she said. She went on reading. Johnny found a chair, hauled it alongside, and sat down.

"Interesting?" he asked.

"Very," she said. "I'll give it to you in a minute."

"Why not read it out loud?"

"It's Charlie Partridge's study of that match yesterday," she explained. "He says you've got a chance to win to-day."

"Read it," Johnny said.

Muriel began to read aloud:

IF JOHNNY WICKETT keeps his head this afternoon he will beat the Count von Knaak. But that is an unlikely 'if.' Johnny is too young and too brash. Or, if you like it the other way round, the Count is too wise a bird for young Johnny."

Muriel paused and looked up at him.

"I'd rather not read any more," she said. "I'm afraid it'll make you mad."

"Nothing could make me mad this morning," Johnny said. "Which reminds me that I am awfully sorry I was so nasty last night. I didn't mean it. I—I—I—" he stopped. He had meant to carry off his apology with an air. But he couldn't.

"It's all right," she said, as if she meant it. For a moment he could have kissed her.

But the moment passed. He was suddenly too humble.

"Read the rest," he asked.

Muriel began to read again:

"The time has gone by when there is any decisive difference of stroke among the first flight of tennis-players. The Count has a greater variety of stroke than Johnny Wickett, or anybody else. But Wickett has the most incredible half-volley in the game. He has brought this stroke to a point where he can actually stand inside his own baseline and hold his place there with it. As to stamina, Johnny has the edge. He is faster on his feet and will be faster in the fifth set.

"The truth is that the Count holds his place as a tennis-player solely through his devilish ingenuity in putting his opponents off their game. His advantage is psychological. His antics yesterday against Reginald Cholmondeley are an extreme example of the kind of thing he is always capable of. Somebody in the marquee said yesterday that he'd like to bet that Johnny Wickett will make the Count take his sweater off this afternoon. I shouldn't wonder. But if he does, it will mean the end of Johnny's chances rather than the end of the

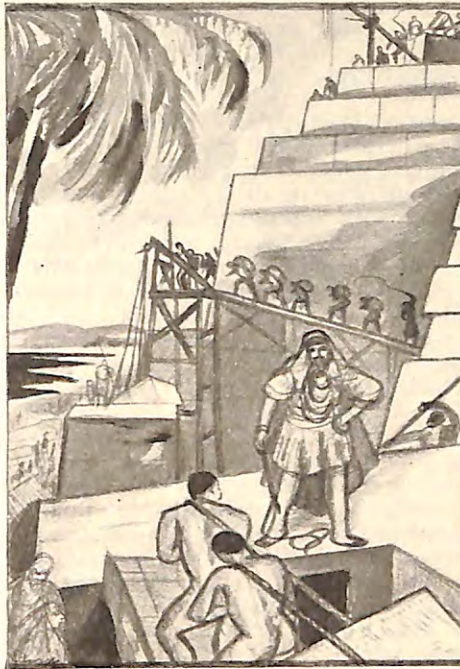
(Continued on page 68)

The Builder's Debt to Antiquity

HUMAN nature being what it is—and always has been—it is safe to say that, when work was being rushed on the Tower of Babel, shifting crowds of the curious, the idle, and the merely vapid, stood around and gaped at the masons as they spread their mortar and set in the bricks. Other crowds, of different races and different times, but with the same old human interests and weaknesses, watched the artisans of Rome as they poured into wooden forms the concrete for the foundations of the Forum buildings, and the masons of Athens as they adjusted the marble columns of the Acropolis. And there were probably comments of a not very intelligent kind concerning the marvels of modern building and the superiority of the methods of the speaker's country to all others. Just such comments as one may hear to-day in any city in America from the groups of clerks, hobos, business men and messenger boys who congregate around the excavation for a new skyscraper, drawn together by the fascination that the sight of others at work while we are privileged to look on, has for all of us.

And so history repeats itself. Ten-ton trucks and hungry steam shovels may take the place of gangs of sweating slaves, steel ribs and backbones allow buildings to grow to unheard of heights, electric hoists and pneumatic drills hasten the work, but the crowd remains the same, and, save for the steel, so do the materials that constitute the most modern structure. The bricks of the tower of Babel and the Roman aqueducts, the marble and limestone of the Greek temples, are used to-day with scarcely a change in the methods of production or application. True, machinery now performs much of the work that was formerly done by hand, but the essential processes remain the same and the material varies not at all. Modern laboratory methods have accounted for a number of developments in the manufacture of concrete, chiefly tending toward uniformity of product, and its uses have grown to include even the hulls of ships, but the principle of an artificial stone made from a mixture of sand, cement, broken rock and water, comes down to us from the earliest builders.

THE history of brick parallels the history of civilization; the origins of both are lost in the mist of untold centuries, both have suffered declines, and both may be said to be going strong to-day. And it is to brick—if one includes in the term all forms of burned clay—that we owe nearly all the information we have of early civilizations, of the histories of the Assyrians and the Chaldeans, the Egyptians and the Hebrews. Clay tablets, carefully inscribed and as legible now as the day they were burned, form, in some cases, close links with nations of the most remote antiquity.



The valley of the Euphrates, where clay is abundant and stone a stranger, situated in what is now known as Mesopotamia, is believed by historians and archeologists to be the site of the Biblical Garden of Eden. That, at least, it is the cradle of civilized man, is now almost unquestioned. No authentic history of an earlier civilization has ever been brought to light, no record or reliable evidence of an earlier abode of mankind. And it is here that the earliest examples of brick and its use as a building material, have been found. Bricks that are unmistakably of a period at least 4,500 years before the beginning of the Christian era have been found at Abu Habba, a small ruin in central Chaldea, and at Fara, a few miles to the south. Yet even these cannot be the first bricks burned, for countless centuries must have passed during the transition of man from the state of his primitive ancestors to that of the scholarly, city-planning Chaldeans who built their towns so well and so enduringly. An amusing instance, by the way, of the repetitiousness of history, and the sameness of human nature, comes down to us from a somewhat later period, but one still sufficiently remote to prove the point. The masons who worked on the magnificent temple of King Solomon were, on the completion of their task, made free men and exempted from all taxes—a bonus which, in those days, must certainly have equalled in value even the high wages and special inducements which the bricklayer of the twentieth century manages to extract for his services.

Brick was in universal use in the building of the ancient cities of Babylon and Ur. The Romans built their bridges and their aqueducts of brick, and brick was extensively employed in the 1,500-mile Great Wall of China, the largest artificial defense work in the world, part of which was built as early as 200 B.C. But following this wide use, brick-making fell upon bad days. With the collapse of the Roman empire, which had carried the practice over half the continent, brick-burning suffered an almost complete eclipse in Europe, and in Britain became virtually a lost art. It took the example of the great fire which destroyed London in 1664 to return brick to its rightful place as an enduring building material.

The use of brick in America began when the colonists of Virginia and New England

Materials of the Pharaohs Building To-day's Skyscrapers

By Donald McIntosh
Drawing by George Picken

erected houses of bricks brought from Europe as ballast in sailing vessels. Brick-making came shortly after. What is believed to be the oldest brick-making plant in America is at Chelsea, Massachusetts. It was established in 1630, and has been operated almost continuously ever since. The story goes that in the olden days Governor Richard Bellingham owned a huge farm at Chelsea, on which he set out to build himself a castle, using the clay from his own farm and burning the brick in this yard. Acre upon acre of clay has been dug out since then, but there still remains enough to keep the plant running.

While the forests lasted and there were no city ordinances restricting the erection of frame buildings, the production of brick in this country remained comparatively low. It was not until 1909 that the industry reached its peak, with an average annual production from 5,000 yards of some 9,000,000,000 brick. But then came the development of reinforced concrete and the skeleton type of structure which cut into the use of brick, until in 1918 the number of yards was reduced to 1,500 and their annual production to approximately 3,000,000,000. The industry had reached its lowest level in half a century and seemed headed for another eclipse. It was a time to test the courage and ingenuity of the brick-makers, and that they met it well is proved by the condition of the business to-day. The Common Brick Manufacturers' Association of America was formed and the brick-makers pooled their knowledge and their resources to revivify the industry. By wide-spread and intelligent advertising and by the development of new uses for their product they have so well succeeded in restoring the business of brick-making, that it is estimated that the consumption in 1926 should very nearly equal the high-water mark of 1909.

CONCRETE—the word is from the Latin *concretus* meaning "That which is grown together"—is the artificial stone resulting from the mixture of hydraulic cement, sand and broken rock. In its modern form, made from manufactured as opposed to natural cement, and reinforced with metal rods, it is familiar to all Americans as the new building material of many towering office structures and factories, bridges, docks, great dams and countless dwelling-houses. In its unreinforced form it provides a nation of automobile owners with thousands of miles of perfect roadways, fences, yards, supplies pipe for water and sewage systems and fills innumerable other needs of modern life. Yet 3,600 years ago the old Egyptian builders were taking advantage of the strength and economy of a man-made stone. Pliny, the Roman historian, mentions that the columns which adorn the

peristyle of the great Egyptian labyrinth were made of such a material.

Factitious stone was employed by the early Babylonians and Egyptians and by the Greeks and Romans in some of the most famous works of history. The pyramid of Ninus in Rome is formed of a single huge block, as was the square stone that formed the tomb of Porsena, which was 30 feet wide by 5 feet high. Volcanic ash from Vesuvius and other less well-known volcanoes formed the basis of an excellent natural hydraulic cement used by the Romans. Mixed with broken stone and formed into molds, it was extensively employed in building the walls and aqueducts, the piers and roads of their empire. With that thoroughness which made them the masters of their world the Romans were not content with the obvious uses and methods of production. Examination of the foundations of the Forum structures as they stand to-day shows wide experimentation in search of better concrete. Different builders used different stone for the coarse aggregate of the material. Some laid the concrete in layers, the alternate layers being made with different kinds of stone. Others mixed the different rocks together, and the concrete was poured into the forms in one mass, without distinction as to layers, which is the method used by builders of the present day. The Romans never discovered, however, the principle of reinforcing concrete with an inner skeleton of metal, and so their use of it was confined largely to foundation work.

WITH the fall of the Roman Empire, cement-making, along with brick-making, as we have seen, and many other arts, virtually disappeared and its rediscovery is comparatively recent. A cement which would harden under water was created by John Smeaton in 1756. This hydraulic cement was used by its maker in building the first satisfactory foundation for the Eddystone lighthouse, off the English coast. Smeaton's product was improved at various times by later experimenters, but it was not until 1824 that Portland cement, the important element in most modern concrete, was invented.

Joseph Aspdin, a stone mason of Leeds, in England, discovered that a better cement could be made by powdering, burning and grinding ingredients proportioned by himself than by using the ready-made materials provided by nature. Crude and unscientific as Aspdin's product was, achieved through guess-work and the trial and error method rather than by exact laboratory calculations, it was nevertheless the beginning of the enormous Portland cement industry of today and the ever growing use of concrete in modern construction. In the patent which Aspdin took out on his process he signified that definite amounts of clay and limestone be used, and described his method of putting the two together and calcining them. This is the distinction between natural and Portland cements; the latter is a manufactured product, its composition governed at all times by the selection of the raw materials of which it is made, and as any variation in these materials is easily detected, it is a highly standardized and dependable product. Portland cement, by the way, is not a trade name, but was given to this product by Aspdin because of its resemblance when hardened and finished to the famous building stone of the Isle of Portland.

One of the outstanding early examples of the modern uses of concrete was seen in between 1833 and 1840, when French engineers rebuilt the great mole which shelters the harbor of Algiers. This mole is so much

exposed to the action of a tempestuous sea that in former times the Moors were compelled to employ a large force of men constantly repairing it, at an annual expenditure of more than \$60,000. When the French Army occupied Algiers the mole, in spite of the extensive annual repairs by the Moors during a period of two centuries, was in a state of complete delapidation, yet it was rebuilt with concrete blocks in less than five years and at a cost of less than \$420,000.

It is a long step from the flower-pots of reinforced concrete made by a gardener named Monier to the bridges and skyscrapers of to-day, yet the drawings on which this pioneer in reinforced concrete obtained his patents in 1867 disclose many of the elements now employed in the very largest works. A patent was granted to the Frenchman, François Coignet, in 1869, covering the use in the body of the structure of double-headed nails, double T-pieces, clamps and hooks for the purpose of strengthening and giving greater cohesive strength, so that the thickness of walls or the sizes of articles made from artificial stone might be considerably reduced and yet retain great strength. The first authoritative treatment of the principles of reinforced concrete was contained in a book by Thaddeus Hyatt published in 1877. Hyatt was a practical contractor and successful inventor, and his work was followed by a rapid extension of the uses of reinforced concrete. Bridges, dwelling-houses, factories, retaining walls, and even ships were built of it, until to-day, with the aid of university laboratories, the experiments of leading engineers and the backing of such powerful trade groups as the Portland Cement Association, its uses in America, and all over the world, are almost beyond counting.

"A metamorphic equivalent of limestone, from which it has been produced by heat or pressure or both." Do you recognize from this encyclopedia description that handmaiden of art and aristocrat of building materials, marble? Probably you do, for as encyclopedia descriptions go, it is a pretty simple one. It has the advantage, too, of making clear the difference between two of the loveliest stones which modern builders have inherited from the grandeur that was Rome and the glory that was Greece. Most of the several varieties of limestone which, unlike many beautiful things, is widely and plentifully distributed about the world, are of organic origin and represent the calcareous remains of marine animals, such as corals and molluscs. Accumulating, through long ages, to a great depth on the bottom of prehistoric seas, the bodies of these little creatures were reduced to a fine ooze by wave action and in other ways and, eventually, hardened into rock by the withdrawal of the waters and the formative processes of the earth. Here at least is one building material which the old Egyptians cannot be credited with being the first to manufacture!

Marble—the Greek word from which ours is derived means "to sparkle"—is crystalline limestone, a progression produced by heat- and earth-pressure exerted eons ago. This beautiful product of Nature's travails was millions of years old when the first Greek sculptor endowed it with his genius and produced statues and carvings which are still the wonder of the world. And no finer or purer marble has yet been quarried than this Greek artist had to work with. The stone from the Island of Paros, in the Ægean Sea, possesses a peculiar waxy attribute which gave the statues carved from it a beautiful polish and, rare among true marbles, was almost perfectly white. It was from this variety so celebrated as

"Parian" that the Venus de Medici was made.

Marbles of an endless variety of texture and color are quarried in many places in the old and the new worlds and treated in essentially the same way as by the Greeks and Romans. Mechanical chisels now cut out the blocks, and electric cranes and elevators remove them from the quarry in most American fields, but blasting powder is still a stranger in marble quarrying, for the stone is too fragile to permit of its use. One ancient method of mining this delicate stone, still in use in certain countries, is to drill a line of holes, insert plugs of porous wood, and pour in water, which causes the wood to swell and so dislodge the slab.

In the letters of Pliny, that observing old Roman who left such invaluable records of the customs of his time, are references to the scandalous conduct of the contractors who supplied the marble-cutters with sand of an unduly coarse grain. For marble was sawed into thin strips then as it is now; that is, with a strip of iron moved back and forth, using sand and water as an abrasive to wear the sawcut through the stone. And, if the sand was coarse, the cut was unnecessarily wide and valuable material wasted. Gang saws now cut with as many as seventy-five or eighty blades, where the Roman sawyer had to be content with one at a time, but nothing better than his sand-and-water and toothless saw has yet been devised.

LIMESTONE, in its uncrystallized form, has a history of human use as long and as honorable as that of marble and for purely building purposes is much more widely employed. It, too, was incorporated into the temples of ancient civilizations and remains to-day one of the favorite and probably the most widely used, of the building stones of the world. To trace its uses through history and in all countries—the Pyramids were built of it 4000 years before Christ—would be a well-nigh interminable task, but it may interest readers of this article to know that the largest stone-quarrying district in the world is in America. Back in 1775 a group of white men purchased 37,000,000 acres of land in southern Indiana from the Planckshaw Indians and it is from this district—the home of the famous Indiana Limestone—that 38 per cent. of all the building stone used in the United States to-day is quarried. The story of the growth of this business from the early days when small independent operators got out the stone by the hand-labor of bands of wandering workmen, to its present high state of organization, is a typically American one. Ingenious machinery has replaced the armies of irresponsible artisans whose nomadic turn of mind made the keeping of contracts a highly uncertain matter, and the recent formation of a new corporation known as the Indiana Limestone Company and capitalized at forty million dollars, is the climax of a series of events that have marked the steady development of the fields since their original purchase from the Indians. The president of the new company, A. E. Dickinson, who was president of the Consolidated Stone Company, and a leader in the industry for twenty-five years, counts on effecting far-reaching economies in production and distribution by the coordination now possible.

At the present time some 12,000,000 cubic feet of the finest and most durable limestone in the world, valued at more than \$15,000,000, are quarried from the Indiana district alone each year. And there are further great deposits being worked by

(Continued on page 83)



By George Shanks

And All This for Fifteen a Week

Want Something to Read?

Here Are Plenty of Varnished and Unvarnished Tales to Choose From

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Mantrap

By Sinclair Lewis. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

THESE are Northwoods and Northwoods, and Sinclair Lewis has written a novel about the latter—thereby taking a fine crack at all novels about the former.

In other words, the author of "Main Street" must have read one he-man best seller too many. He must have clapped the book together, grinned, put his tongue in his cheek and his portable typewriter on his knees and said "I'll show 'em!"

In his mind he must have set up some of our most popular great-out-door stuff—wooden things with their lovely truthful women, their brave young banker on a holiday in the wilds, their bad Indian, their guides, their rapids, their Mounties, their starry nights and their iron muscles!

Well, he'd roll one of his own down the alley and see the poor things fall over—killed with truth!

So he rolled "Mantrap," and it is one of the best things the publishers have offered us this summer.

Jazz

By Paul Whiteman and Mary Margaret McBride. (J. H. Sears & Co., New York.)

"JAZZ," says Mr. Whiteman at the very beginning of his exhilarating book, "came to America three hundred years ago in chains."

It came with the first batch of African slaves. In their frightened hearts lay silent the remembered rhythms and beat of jungle chants and drums. Barbarous and joyful and throbbing. Later, long years later, when they had become happy in this country, their hearts let out a little of this strange ancestral music—if it was music. In Jazz we hear the sophisticated version of this throbbing thing.

Paul Whiteman first met Jazz when he was seventeen years of age, and when he was pretty dissatisfied with String Quartette and Symphony work. One night he heard this new-old music bellowing from a trick platform in a dance hall on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco. It was a crude sound that assailed this trained young musician, but something in it made him want to whoop and sing. He knew that here was crudeness, but also recognized that its unusual rhythm was as "catching as small-pox."

After that he believed it was the one way of saying old tunes with a bang and a new twist. It became for him the very spirit of a new country—the liveliest of the arts. He found in its vitality and ingenuity an outlet for his genius.

The book is his enthusiastic story of how he put this fascinating, discordant, syncopated music—called by the die-hards an "obnoxious disease and a musical profanity"—on the map of the world. He took it over to England, home of conservatism, and finally landed it gloriously on the concert stage of Aeolian Hall in New York, and all the glittering stars of the musical world, Kreisler, Damrosch, Heifetz, Rach-

maninoff, came to applaud and find out how the trick was done.

Well, even if you don't like Jazz, you'll have to admit that this book by the leader of the new music is a rousing affair.

They Had to See Paris

By Homer Croy. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

IN OUR country it's no disgrace to be born poor, but if you die that way you've got to apologize," says *Pike Peters*, who strikes oil down in Oklahoma, goes abroad, "does" Paris, rents a chateau and otherwise hits the social line hard, to "humor his women folks."

You know the sort of thing! One of God's honest, rough gents, doing battle with a subtle and polished civilization. Incidentally, as we go about Paris with *Pike*, we gather up a good bit of information, for Mr. Croy has scattered snatches of historic and other sorts of information throughout his jolly novel.

After Noon

By Susan Ertz. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

POOR old fellow of forty! Give up your slow gait, your bowed head, your senile abnegations. Miss Ertz has dashed to the rescue. She shows us that you can be Romance — Attraction — Desirability! That you can have two self-reliant, modern young daughters and yet be yourself youth and love, when a charming widow steps across your path. Read and be convinced. Indeed, it isn't wise to delay making the acquaintance of these nice English Lesters, and Lydia Chalmers from America. They are rare company. They think, they move, they are refreshingly alive. Really, a better novel for a summer day would be hard to find.

Man Alone

By George Agnew Chamberlain. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

LET your tongue hit once in a while, but never let it slip," is the stark advice that a mother gives her son in this calm, insistent romance of a glass-blower who becomes a lonely giant among men.

Torgue Strayton is a new figure in fiction. Grim, groping, scoffing, believing all women to be black at heart, he still wins our sympathies in his isolated march through life. Surely this is a triumph for the author.

Hangman's House

By Donn Byrne. (The Century Company, New York.)

AND here we are back in Ireland again. This is a tale of a fine young lad, Dermot McDermot, master of a great estate near Dublin, and of one dastardly villain called John D'Arcy. Between the two, like a beautiful Irish rose, stands Connaught O'Brien, daughter of a Lord Justice who is known pleasantly 'round about as "Jimmy the Hangman."

And Conn is torn this way and that, and could have done with a bit of kinder treatment from John but finally gets it from Dermot. And there's hot fightin', and fox huntin' and sweet lovin' in it. And lots of picturesque Irish talk, all in that musical language which seems to drip so easily from Mr. Donn Byrne's pen, and upon which his place among writers rests.

But leaving out his graceful trick of words, "Hangman's House" is just a plain love story, a little melodramatic in spots, but enticing enough to hold us right up to its happy ending.

One Little Man

By Christopher Ward. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

HERBIE FRICK is a bookkeeper. He loves figures because he knows he can trust them. The rest of life harbors uncertainty and is full of dread to Herbie.

Back of his big eyes and his erased sort of face he hides his quaint philosophy about fair play, his sympathy for the under-dog, his simple adherence to the Gospels. These things, he finds, have small space for exercise in a brutal world. All this being so, you can imagine that when love comes to Herbie he can scarcely believe such a treasure to be his.

Every day we push Herbies aside as we dash for trollies, or rush across crowded streets, or work our way to the heads of waiting lines. Herbies get treated that way — always. And often, too, their wives leave them, I suppose, as this Herbie's did. Just up and off, with something louder and funnier.

Well, if these ladies must go, let us hope that they leave the baby behind—like a tiny jewel in a ragged case. And that all the meek, submerged Herbies turn into lions to keep and protect the child, as this Herbie did. We get startling flashes of him as a knight in armor—this little fellow in an alpaca coat with his elbows out. A darned good book.

The Pride of the Town

By Dorothy Walworth Carman. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

ONLY a decidedly insidious thread of keen satire prevents the texture of this little novel from being the pale pink and baby blue stuff designed chiefly for very unsophisticated women's wear. But the thrusts of sarcasm do rescue it, and its humor makes it good reading for all of us.

Miss Carman strikes out boldly against stale traditions, brainless bigotry, and many sacred and profane institutions. She has written the story of the revolt of two dauntless and ambitious young dreamers against the efforts of a New England town to make them "conform." It proves an entertaining conflict.

If, with a wild flash of imagination, you could picture a romance falling mid-channel between "Babbitt" and "An Enchanted April" you have "The Pride of the Town."

(Continued on page 66)



Charlie Chaplin
and
Merna Kennedy

"THE CIRCUS" is coming to town! The world's-most-famous comedian will play a would-be tightrope walker in love with a bareback rider, and practically every scene will be played for a laugh in the original Chaplin comedy manner. He is also writing and directing the piece. Another interesting news note about Mr. Chaplin is the fact that he has signed a contract with Raquel Meller to direct her first picture. It will probably concern the life of Napoleon with Senorita Meller in the rôle of Empress Josephine and, possibly, Mr. Chaplin as the Little Corporal—E. R. B.



MELBOURNE SPURR

"The Duchess of Buffalo" is the title of the latest Constance Talmadge picture. It is a tale of love and intrigue in Russia in which Constance, as an American dancer reluctantly forced to accept the love-making of the Grand Duke Alexandrovich, tricks him into sanctioning her marriage to a dashing young officer—played by Tullio Carminati



MELBOURNE SPURR

*Captions by
Esther R. Bien*

Above are Leatrice Joy and Mike as they appeared in "Eve's Leaves." For fall release she will have a comedy-drama by Lenore J. Coffee, called "For Alimony Only," in which Clive Brooke and Lilyan Tashman will also appear as featured players



BOTH HARRIST LOUIS

Another of Sabatini's novels has been dramatized for the screen. This time it is "Bardelys the Magnificent" in which John Gilbert (left) has a very gallant and romantic role as a French courtier. Eleanor Boardman is his leading lady

The traditional gallantries of Don Juan have found their latest exponent in John Barrymore. The Byron poem has been used as basis for the scenario and the lovely Mary Astor has the role of leading victim. Don Juan will be the first picture to have a specially synchronized musical score performed by the Philharmonic Orchestra



MELBOURNE SPURR



FLORENCE VANDAMM

Evelyn Herbert (left), late of the opera, is lending her talent to "The Merry World," a revue which is long on comedy and short on lyrics, but on the whole, very good hot weather entertainment. The comedy strength is contributed chiefly by Morris Harvey and Donald Calthrop of England; Lily Long, Grace Glover, Emil Boreo and Jack Osterman



MELBOURNE SPURR

The first of our sure-fire, all-winter guests has arrived. The George White "Scandals" is as good a revue as you are likely to see all season and so bursting with talent that there is no room here for a roster of the big names. Ann Pennington (right), whose famous knees have recently been dimpling on the screen, is the featured player



This he'd do craftily that old Stokes might not witness the profanation. And Wheezer, always self-contained under great provocation, simply reiterated his old self-consoling: "Wait! Wait, m'hardy! Just you wait! And in the meantime, if the Lord doesn't send you better manners, I'd advise you to keep a sharp watchout for your toes."

On a certain morning Wheezer and Stokes had been having a periodical spat—not a spat exactly, rather a grumpy argument. Wheezer had growled and barked in a muffled way—coughing, protesting barks, they were. And Stokes had put a big head of steam on him, just for spite.

Stokes was down at the other end of the platform, discussing Wheezer with Jake Heinke, cussing Wheezer out as usual, in the way that one old crony has of cussing out another old crony that he loves.

"Just because it's a hot day, the old devil takes it into his head to get asthma bad. Where's that monkey wrench—I laid it down here somewhere? I'll twist his old neck for him."

Heinke grabbed Stokes by the arm: "Look! Wheezer's started!" And Stokes, taking in the situation, limped mightily towards the old machine. But Wheezer had a start of two hundred feet. And it doesn't take a locomotive any time at all with only one empty box car behind to get headway on it.

"Damn you!" Stokes growled, but scared as the deuce, hobbling over the ties, "you stop!" As he realized the situation, Stokes was petrified with dread. Even if he'd caught up with Wheezer he couldn't have scrambled over the tail of the box car. And he doubted if he could lift himself up to the

Stokes and Heinke were all shriveled up from fearful apprehension. Their stomachs were caved in from it and they were panting like a couple of scared dogs

iron step of the cab with the machine in motion. For Stokes was as rheumatic as Wheezer was asthmatic. But what scared Stokes worst of all was that the switch was open and Wheezer was headed for the main line.

WITH true railroad-man's presence of mind, Stokes wheeled about and made to the telegraph office: "Get the dispatcher, Jake!" Jake sprang to the sender.

Stokes sank into a chair, white, sick with the consciousness of impending tragedy and conscious of culpability. Heinke, not culpable, but scared stiff at the thought of the tragic consequences of an engine running wild on a single-track road, wired the dispatcher: "Shifting engine '52' and one empty box car running wild toward Morgandale!"

But Gad! Wheezer swung down the siding and smelled open country. He bounded ahead, cleared the hated switch—his prison door—with a huge snort. And then—the main line, his old love, the glorious open road.

Such is the efficiency of railroad men in cases of emergency, that in less time than it takes to tell it, the eager Heinke read aloud to the eager Stokes the dispatcher's dictum as it flashed over the wire to Mullins, agent at Morgandale: "Engine and empty box running wild from Stanwich. Ditch same down Dead Man's Gorge. Am wiring to catch '39,' which is twenty-seven minutes late."

"Dead Man's Gorge," so-called from a great disaster that happened there, was a two-hundred-foot precipitous ravine, lying at the end of a spur a third of a mile west of Morgandale. And "39" was the express, due to flash through Morgandale on its thundering way east, always on time, but just now, by the kind interposition of Providence, twenty-seven minutes late.

"Thank God, they're going to ditch her!" cried Stokes.

"Yes, thank God!"

"I always thought the old devil'd come to some such an end with that tricky throttle."

"How come he got started that way, d'ye reckon?"

"Don't know. Devil got into him somehow," Stokes groaned.

Stokes and Heinke could do nothing but sit helpless and wonder—terribly wonder—sickeningly wonder. They were all shriveled up from fearful apprehension. Their stomachs were caved in from it. They didn't realize it, but their jaws were limp and hanging, and they were panting like scared dogs. But they had supreme faith in the ability of railroad men to meet any emergency. They knew that the local passenger would be at the siding at Morgandale, waiting for the flyer to pass coming east. She at least was safe from the onrushing Wheezer. But "39"—the Limited—late twenty-seven minutes, was making speed like hell-bent-for-election. And nobody could flag her. For she had already passed the next station west of Morgandale!

Mullins, down at Morgandale, got busy just as soon as he got the word that Wheezer was running wild and dispatcher's order to ditch him down Dead Man's Gorge. Smith,

engineer of the local, and his fireman, were loafing in the ticket office, gossiping, waiting for "39" to pass. Mullins jumped to the window and yelled to the section boss: "Bill, engine running wild from Stanwich! Dispatcher's orders—ditch down Dead Man's Gorge."

"Good God!" cried Bill. "Where's '39?'"

"Twenty-seven minutes late. Get a move on, Bill! You've got the keys to the switch."

Mullins turned to the wire; then shouted: "Hold on, Bill! Wait a minute!" The dispatcher's second wire was coming. "God Almighty! What's this? 'Two children aboard runaway engine!'"

Mullins was a trained railroad man—always alert—trained to obey orders to the letter, and on the jump. But Mullins was a father—above all things a father. He had little ones at home. There flashed through his mind—"52" with two children aboard, bowling west, running wild, and "39" with its line of Pullmans—filled with men, women and children—coming east—late—making up lost time. Mullins took a chance. He yelled again: "Hey, Bill! Hold on! Take your car off the track!"

Those who heard the dispatch knew there was only one thing to do.

Two old men crouched over the instrument at Stanwich.

"Thank God! '39's late!" mumbled Stokes. "Thank God! Thank God!"

Heinke sat up straight and listened to the clicking of the instrument. His pipe dropped from his fingers. "God!" he said, "God!" The instrument was spelling out message from agent at Dixon—three miles down the line, to dispatcher: "Wild engine '52' and empty just passed! Little boy and girl in cab—girl looks like Minnie Heinke, daughter of Jake Heinke, agent at Stanwich."

"God! God Almighty!" muttered Stokes. But Heinke said nothing coherent for a moment. He sat there dumb, helpless, the agent's words "little girl, Minnie Heinke," and the dispatcher's words "ditch '52,'" jumbled up in his mind in fantastic confusion. "Christ!" muttered the old man, "Christ, help her!" He staggered to his feet and walked up and down, wringing his knotted old hands, and groaning: "Oh, Christ! Christ! Christ! Oh, Christ!"—in despairing supplication. If the thought of Stokes' culpability passed through his mind, he made no sign, for Heinke was a good sport, even in his agony he was a good sport—which is the same as saying that Heinke was a gentleman. Heinke paused and listened to the clicking instrument. The dispatcher was on the wire again with the Dixon agent's message—putting Morgandale wise.

THERE was no special premeditation in the fact that Minnie Heinke, bringing her father's dinner to him, should meet Smarty in the immediate neighborhood of Wheezer at a particular moment. Fate may have ordained it. But not being superstitious that way, I'm more inclined to the plausible theory that a love-sick little show-off of a boy would be at the spot where his adored one was apt to be and at the exact time, or thereabouts, when aforesaid adored one was apt to appear with her old man's dinner pail. At any rate, Smarty and Minnie were there, and so was Wheezer—the conjunction of the three constituting the opportunity.

"Minnie, let's 'lope.'"

Minnie hesitated.

"Just let's get aboard Wheezer and make

out we're 'loping.'" He took her hand, "Aw, come on, Minnie, be a sport." Still, Minnie was reluctant.

"I dare you."

That was the deciding straw! For it wasn't the thing for a junior flapper—a flapperino—not to take a dare. Minnie put the old man's dinner pail on the ground, lifted one tiny foot to the iron step, and with the help of the boosting Smarty, scrambled aboard. Once in the cab, Smarty began to show off. If he could only set the old machine in motion, just a tiny bit, get Wheezer to move, then stop him—just enough to show Minnie his wonderful power over the monster. If he could only do that, she'd fall at his feet in ecstatic adoration.

"This is the way it starts!" Smarty jerked at the throttle—tugged at it. It didn't budge. Then, further to impress: "Here's the magic word the old man uses—'Abra-ca-da-bra.'"

"What's that?" Minnie said.

"That's the magic word, I tell you. Only Wheezer and old Stokes and I know what it means." He gave another mighty pull. The capricious throttle came out with a jerk. Suddenly Smarty realized the monster moving—the incomprehensible—the inaccessible—monster—for Wheezer had suddenly become a monster—moving at his, Smarty's, will. He was thrilled by the awfulness of it, the ecstatic awfulness of it. It was as if he stood at the throttle of the world, moving through space.

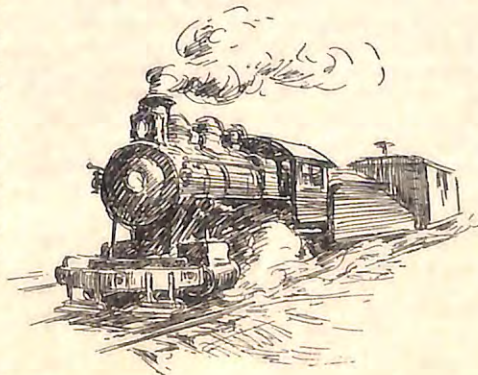
"Gee, I'm scared," Minnie whispered.

"I ain't," Smarty shouted. But he was scared all the same. He noted the fearful adoration in Minnie's eyes. In a transport, the girl climbed to the seat beside him and threw her arms around his neck. And for a moment he was in Heaven—but for a moment only!

Wheezer knew by the way his throttle had been jerked full open that there was a new hand at the lever—a rank amateur in the cab. It was as a fierce slash of the whip would be to an old racer that had been tenderly handled—most tenderly for a long time, on account of declining years, past service and rheumatic joints. For Stokes had handled Wheezer tenderly even if they had had their spats.

"Chick-a-rickey," murmured Wheezer as they rolled from the siding to the main line. "Chick-a-rickey," as they crossed the rail joints; and then increasing, it became "lickity-split-lickity-split." Wheezer with only one empty box negotiated the grade as easily as a Newfoundland dog with a kitten on her back would leap to a chair. "Chick-a-chick-chick," said Wheezer, as they gained the summit and entered on the level stretch.

For a few moments, hypnotized by the wonder of it all, the youngsters sat side by side in high glee. They noted the places they passed—Smith's Pond, Case's Woods, Hyatt's Brook—places they had visited



many times but had never seen under such circumstances. High with ecstasy, delirium, they were utterly oblivious of the prayers that were sent up all along the line—oblivious of the terrible words of the dispatcher that had just passed them on the wire: "Ditch '52' down Dead Man's Gorge." But now a sudden reaction—realization—panic.

"Stop!" cried Smarty, and Wheezer sneered back: "Lickity-split-lickity-split-lickity-split." For Wheezer had the bit in his teeth and a big head of steam on.

"Say 'abra-ca-da-bra' to him," Minnie pleaded.

"Aw, he won't pay any attention to any abra-ca-da-bra, now he's started."

"Try it," pleaded Minnie.

"Abra-ca-da-bra! Wheezer, abra-ca-da-bra!" Smarty shouted, pushing with all his might at the packing-jammed throttle.

But it took more than toy words to intrigue the bit out of Wheezer's teeth that way.

"Lickity-split-lickity-split-lickity-split," said Wheezer.

Smarty tried cajoling: "Good old Wheezer, you know me, you know me. I won't spit on your belly again Wheezer." It was clear that Wheezer didn't trust him. He was the old hound that smells the fox in the distance, conscious of only one thing, and that one thing to Wheezer was the open road—the horizon and his old wonder world beyond.

Wheezer ran along the level stretch with no great increase in speed, till he entered on a ten-mile line descent the bottom of which was Dead Man's Gorge.

Minnie alarmed: "Let's stop and go back!"

"In a minute," assented Smarty, who also felt the new speed.

HE KNEW how to stop Wheezer—that was easy enough—but how to go back—that had never occurred to him till now. He pushed at the throttle. "Gosh!" he pushed harder—that steam packing was doing its devilish work—he couldn't budge it. And all the while Wheezer with the bit in his teeth and with the long repressed passion for the open road in his heart was making big speed. Stop now? I guess not. There was nothing to it! Somehow Wheezer felt that this was his dying kick and he was going to kick high and long and hard. He knew he was going to be ditched, even if he hadn't heard the dispatcher's order. As an old railroader he knew it was the inevitable fate of runaways—his old chum "17" had been ditched in the same gorge, twenty years before.

For years Wheezer had seen the bones of "17," as he flashed by in express and rolled by in local, with the waters rushing and foaming through—a habitat for mountain trout—wonderful mountain trout. Well, there were worse things than being down in the gorge. For the soul of "17" was there close by his beloved steel highway—watching the kings of the road go by. If that wasn't an old locomotive's paradise, what could be?

And he, Wheezer, was a runaway now. By his act he'd made himself an outlaw. But, by the soul of a locomotive, he was no mean outlaw—he was a huge, menacing, monstrous, outlaw—glory be! And he was glad to pay for it—his one last, magnificent kick.

Stop now, with the delirium of new freedom in his veins—a delirium that made him oblivious of everything, even of the youngsters in the cab? He was deaf, blind, to all

(Continued on page 70)



Part V

AGAIN I take up the tale as told to me by others.

When Susan Pascoe left Farewell Island for Thursday Island, on the morning that seemed so long ago, and was yet but a few weeks past, she was not troubled about Pascoe and his strange manner, as she had been some little while before. He had been unusually kind to her; had done all he could to wipe out any unhappy impression he might have made by his brusqueness with herself, or his too-interested way with Laurie. He had given her some confidential business to carry out for him at the island—a matter of money investment—had told her to be sure and see the doctor about her headaches as soon as she arrived; to stay at the best of the hotels, and buy anything she fancied from the Chinese and Japanese stores.

Susan, who kept bright the flame of her loyalty to Herod, through every wind of unkindness or carelessness, was touched by all this consideration, the more because it was not usual.

So it was with a comparatively light heart that she set out in the launch, her only trouble being the certainty that she would, before long, be exceedingly sick in the way of those who use—but not too often—the sea.

She was very sick. Susan Pascoe had always been the worst of sailors, and that day was among the worst, for any sort of sailor, that the islands had known for weeks. She became almost collapsed after a while, and was barely capable of noticing that Tom, the black captain, had steered the launch far out of her usual course for Thursday Island. By and by she summoned up enough force to ask him about the matter.

"I savvy my business, Missus," he answered rudely. And no other reply would he give. Lying among the sea-drenched cushions, upon the pitching deck, she saw, with eyes that could scarcely raise their lids, the forms of unfamiliar islands loom, pass by and disappear.

The Wreck of the Red Wing

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

The day passed; her agonies increased as time wore on. She could think of nothing but the heave and horrible sway of the rail, the climbing and stabbing of the bow, as it reared into heaven, and then sank, taking with it, apparently, every tormented organ in her shaken, suffering body. She remembers seeing, in the light of afternoon, a tall island shaped like a cup set upside down on a saucer, on the not far-off horizon. Then there was a frightful roll of the launch; she felt herself going to leeward, and called Tom to replace her on her cushions. . . . She did not know what happened next. There was a moment's anguished terror, mastering even the sickness that held her—an upwash of cold waves—a mad snatching at hands that repulsed and bore her down—then darkness.

Native Magic and the Mysterious Grape-vine Telegraph Raise and Break a Revolution



She thought that she had died; that she was on the other side of those grim gates that all men fear. There was in her mind a sensation almost of triumph, in that it was no worse. Light smote her eyes. Something touched her body, brushing it from underneath. She swayed about; again she struck. Sensation began to return. She opened her eyes fully, and saw that she was lying under the sky, with shallow sea flowing round her. Again the water came and lifted her, carrying her some way before it set her down. It helped her to raise her head; she sat up, in the midst of the moving tide, and saw in front of her a stony yellow beach; a tall narrow hill; emptiness, sand and sea.

It was Two Brothers upon which she had been cast away; and a worse selection the Fates could hardly have made. There is no permanent water on the place, and very little in the way of shellfish. Only the fact that turtle were laying just then, and that there had been recent rain, kept Susan from dying of thirst and hunger. She had no means of making fire with her, no sail for a shelter. She crept at night, and in the heat of the day, into the crannies of the rocks, thankful for even so much comfort; thankful that, at least, she had no cold to face, that there were no natives on these far-out, barren islands (for in those days, the folk of Torres Straits were little to be trusted) thankful that she could get food from the eggs in the turtle nests, since she was not young or active enough to have captured birds, or even gone a-fishing.

Every day she walked up and down the open part of the beach, and looked for sails; but none came. Once or twice she sighted a native canoe in the distance. She could not understand why no canoe ever ran nearer than half a mile or so to the island; she was almost sure she must have been seen, two or three times, but nobody took any

notice of her frantic hails and arm wavings. She had turned her ankle among the rocks; it gave her trouble at times, and she could not walk easily, but stumbled along the sand. . . .

One day she saw a canoe rigged with a lugsail; it stood far out, and ran extremely fast. She almost fancied—but that must have been nonsense—that she saw white people on it. Whatever it was, she was anxious to attract attention from it; so she ran hard, waving her arms, until her weak ankle gave way, flinging her down on the ground behind a mass of rocks. She could not get up for some minutes; and when she rose again, the canoe—so fast it traveled—was almost out of sight.

THIS was the first misfortune. The next was worse. Water began to fail.

She had been in the habit of drinking daily from a little pool deep among the rocks, that seemed to be fed by runnels from above. There had been no rain, or very little, since she came to the island, and now, after a good many days, the pool began to dry up.

She saw that she must die of thirst soon, if nothing happened, and she was almost glad of that, though she had heard that death by thirst is painful, because the nights tormented her so that she could not, much longer, bear it.

It is impossible to tell those who have never spent the dark hours away from human kind, what night means to the solitary dweller in lonesome places, above all to the castaway.

Susan, in those days upon Two Brothers, had nearly lost her serene, patient mind. If nothing had happened to take her out of herself—

But something did happen. The canoe came.

Not a canoe to take her safe away to

Thursday or Farewell; manned by active dark people, able to cross the seas. Just a small fishing canoe, gone adrift as so many fishing canoes go, and delivered, like bought and ordered goods, upon the shore at Susan's feet.

She knew extremely little about canoes, but she knew that to stay upon Two Brothers was death, and there were islands, a little further west, with water on them. She hoped to find one of these, by committing herself to the little craft, and paddling towards the setting sun. And, by the providence of God, in no more than a day or two, she did.

There was water on the island that she found; there was something more there, too, than turtle eggs for food. Susan found wild yams, little wild grapes, and tamarinds, and wongai plums. She could not have fire, for she did not know how to make it with two sticks. But she got enough food to keep the life in her, and best of all, there was new hope. Susan Pascoe had not lived years among the Torres Islands without knowing how important water is, on any one of them, how surely it brings calling boats, sooner or later.

ALL would have been well with her, had she not slipped, when climbing up the spire of rock to look for boats, and fallen, through the weakness of her injured ankle, down into a pit from which there seemed no escape. That day, she heard the rattle of sails being lowered on the *Susan* as we came in; she heard the roar of the anchor chain, sounding, to her eager ears, loud as

thunder in the stillness. But she fell insensible with pain and weariness, and when she recovered, it was dark. She called and called through the darkness, and at the last, after a long night of fruitless crying and calling, dawn found her so wearied out, that again she fainted away. The crows knew the rest.

It was not till we had her safe on her namesake ship; not till Laurie had clothed her, and tended her, and fed her, with a passionate care that I had scarce thought was in the child, that Susan told her story; and even then, she was weak, and only gave it to us in bits. It was a long time before we knew the whole of it.

Running free, over light blue seas, for Farewell Island, the ship was, during that short trip, a very theatre of emotions;—secrets, reserves, revenges and desires, burning in every breast. I was hiding my knowledge of Herod's whereabouts, and beyond that, the secret that I had carried for so long, and meant to carry until I could finally prove or disprove its truth. All of us three—Laurie, Bowen, and myself—were hiding from Susan Pascoe the knowledge of her husband's crimes, actual and attempted. Laurie was hiding—or trying to hide—the rather ignoble anxiety that made her tend Susan with such passionate care; if I guessed the true cause of her devotion, I am sure no one else did. Paul was hiding nothing, least of all his love. I do not think I have ever seen a man more wrapped up in a girl than our young captain; the pointer of the ship's compass did not more surely follow the north, than those blue sailor eyes, the eyes, the feet, the presence of dark, sweet Laurie.

So, on the second day, we came to Farewell Island.

It rose out of the reef-painted water a long way ahead, pale blue, pale green, pale yellow, almost transparent, but not quite, like scenery in a stained-glass window. And when I saw it nearing us, I knew, I don't know how, that the time had come to speak to Susan. Not to tell her anything she did not know, and never might. Just to speak.

I joined her where she lay in her long chair, under the poop awning, and for a little while was silent. Bowen and Laurie, apparently sunproof, were sitting in the eyes of the ship, enjoying the full up and down motion of the bow, and the unmitigated glare of afternoon. They were laughing a good deal over something or other, and Laurie was sharing with her lover the contents of the cabin sugar basin, in default of civilized "sweets."

"WHAT a pair of babies!" said Susan, softly, with a half smile. "She is a dear child; she has been as good as a daughter to me . . . almost."

Upon that followed the little sigh that the childless woman gives, when she thinks of those sons and daughters who never were.

I took her hand in mine; her dear, darkened, sun-blistered hand that had been so white. "Susan," I said, "let's have truth."

"Yes, let's have truth," she echoed. There was an undertone in her voice that seemed to say—"Let's have that, since we can have nothing else." But I disregarded it.

"You know how it is with both of us."

"Do I?" I saw she would make me say it out.

"I love you," I said deliberately. "I've loved you for years. You didn't, but you do."

She made no answer to that, save what her eyes gave. Oh, the sudden dawn of

light in those amber jewels! the look of faith and trust, and something more; the nameless, priceless something that makes us hold to existence instead of simply enduring it; that is the answer to all the "Whys" of life. . . .

"Susan," I said, "Herod's been a bad husband to you."

Again she was silent. She had the golden gift, if ever woman had.

"The law would give you your freedom."

"If I asked."

"Will you ask?"

"Dear," she said, simply. "No."

NOW, I had had the whole thing prepared, as one used to prepare lectures—I meant to point out to her that she owed it to herself, to me, to justice in general and the welfare of marriage in particular, to bring an action for divorce against Herod, on the usual counts. If that was not enough. . . . Well, it was not; and what was I going to do about it?

Nothing. I knew that now. Even if I had been mean-spirited enough to risk her peace of mind by telling her all there was to tell, I knew it would not avail. Susan was one of those women for whom divorce simply does not exist. I might get her to leave him for good—indeed, her safety demanded it—but I should be none the better for that.

It's only on the stage that a "situation" is really a situation—to look at and to hear. In real life, the big things come to pass, almost in silence. . . . Do you remember?

I said nothing more to her—this woman whom I loved, and had lost, and found again, and now was to lose, in another way, once more. But a wind of passion and of memory seized me, and I recalled how I had said to myself, with angry bitterness—"You never held and kissed her, and now the seas hold her. . . ." I would have so much at least, since the seas had given her back to me.



Something made me look at Conchita. She was vowing promises to all her saints, apparently in connection with the strange, dirty thing she held

Laurie and Bowen were still making merry over the sugar bowl, in the bow. I am sure they saw nobody but themselves, just as I am sure that I should not have cared if they had; just as I know that the native crew saw, and that I did not care. I bent low over the too-slight form lying in the long deck chair, raised it right up in my arms, and held it fast, while I kissed the lips of my love again, and again, and again—for the first time and, I thought, the last.

She was as passive in my hold as the dead. When I laid her back, her eyes were closed, and she said nothing; only a tremor like a little wind went shuddering through her, and she sighed, one long deep sigh.

"Now," I said, leaving her, "God, and the devil, and Herod, all put together can't take that away." And I flung myself into my cabin, and lying on the bunk, saw, without seeing, the blue and gilded peaks of Farewell Island swiftly grow near and nearer, the beach shine out, the houses show. . . . We were home.

WE RAN to the jetty, and disembarked, and immediately it seemed as if all that had happened within the past few strenuous weeks were nothing more than a dream. For here was the Big House, red-roofed, spreading its veranda roofs out widely over the inner rooms, as a hen spreads her wings over her chickens; here were the pearly luggers, their masts penciled thick as rushes against the sky; here were the yellow heights and the light green bushes, and the circling, salt-white shore—and the low seawindy cottage on the sand-spit, and the brown folk wandering, and the gulls and the pelicans flying over—all as I had seen it for so many, many years. And Susan Pascoe walked up the jetty with Laurie walking beside her, just as they used to do when they came back from a journey to Thursday Island. And I half expected to see the giant figure of Herod, red-faced, red-haired, show up on the house veranda, and hear his bellowing big voice shout a welcome to the two. . . .

But the bright, once merry home on Farewell Island was torn to atoms, for all its pleasant looks on that fair day. Susan, who had been all but murdered, was returning to a home destroyed. Herod was roaming the Straits in search of Bowen and myself, whom he would assuredly kill if found, and of Laurie, who might look for worse than death at his hands. As for Susan, would he even now allow her to stand in the way of those plans of his, for which he had bartered honor, decency, manliness, to which, I reckoned, he would cling until the very last? It came upon me that she must know what had happened; for her own protection, if not for ours. I had a reason, a weighty one, for visiting Farewell once more; otherwise, I had simply run for Thursday and its safe white settlement, and remained there. I must still run, and so must she and all of us, as quickly as possible. . . .

She did not know. When she reached the house, she hurried into the cool inner rooms, half-crying with delight at being home once more; she flung off her tattered hat, began hunting through drawers and presses for new clothing. "Laurie, help me, child," I heard her say. "I'm a scarecrow—not fit to be seen. Get me that blue dress, it's cool—where was it put? Who has been upsetting all my things? Was Herod crazy? he's thrown them all into a bundle in the bathroom. . . ."

"Why, Laurie!—(I was on the veranda outside; I could not choose but hear, and somehow, it did not seem to matter.) "Why, Laurie, whom do these things belong to?"



These new silks and kimonos? I wonder if he has been arranging surprises for. . . ." A brief interval. . . . "No, they're all too short and narrow for me. Dear, dear—isn't it just the sort of mistake a man— Try them on; if they fit you, you might as well keep them. You won't? but why not, dear child?"

There was a deadly, momentary stillness in the room. Then came Laurie's voice, cutting and clear.

"Those are my things. I never wore them, I'd rather be dead. Your husband gave them to me the day he married me,

Bowen crashed through onto the pile of furniture, and fell into Laurie's waiting arms

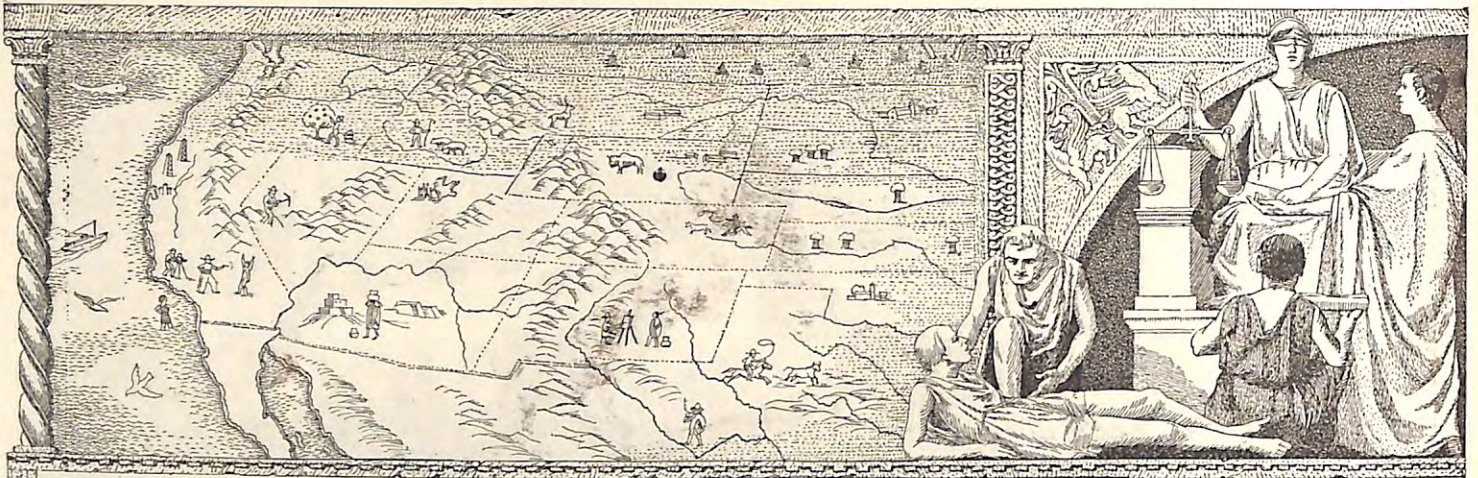
Susan, and I'd rather you didn't call me a child any more, please."

"Good God!" said a voice—that was, and was not, Susan's. "Are you mad, Laurie? What do you mean?"

Laurie told her exactly what she meant, in brief, brutal words. Perhaps they were kinder for that. Perhaps, if I had found the chance I intended to find or make, and had told her the story gently, by degrees, as I wished to do, it might have been all the

worse, I don't know. I could not think just then; the whole scene was blurred and confused to me by the terrible, low sound that came through the open windows, of Susan's tears. That was surely not to be borne—unless I had the right that every man who loves should have; unless I could have taken her in my arms and stopped her crying with her dear face laid upon my breast.

But I might not help her, and I could not stay there and hear, so I turned toward the steps and the coral terrace, my feet, that
(Continued on page 54)



EDITORIAL

WILLIAM HAWLEY ATWELL

PERHAPS no other Chief Executive of the Order has ever been called into service from so exacting a career as was the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler. Presiding over the Courts of a large and active Federal Judicial District, his time was naturally very largely preempted by his public duties. Only by an untiring diligence could he hope for opportunities for adequate attention to the affairs of the Order.

But loyally supported by the attorneys and court officials of his District, to whom he frankly expressed his desires, night sessions of the courts were arranged; and it was in this manner of serving long extra hours that he was enabled not only to keep the dockets of his courts thoroughly cleared, but to make lodge visitations of a number and territorial distribution comparable with those made by any of his predecessors.

It was inevitable that one who undertook the duties of the office in such a spirit would achieve a marked success; and it is now pleasing to report that success as a matter accomplished and acknowledged; and to felicitate the Order and Brother Atwell alike upon a year of splendid progress and achievement.

Brother Atwell early proved himself a real leader, having a high purpose and a broad vision. His charming personality, his cultured eloquence, his enthusiasm for the Order, and his genuine love for his fellows, the sincerity of which they were quick to perceive, won the admiration and affection of all with whom he came in contact. Even those who have missed the inspiration of his personal association have felt the influence of his earnestness and devotion, and have loyally followed him to new fraternal heights.

He has had the faithful support of a splendid set of official associates upon whom he found he could rely with confidence and pride and who have contributed no little to the success that has been achieved.

In laying aside the gavel of authority, but not withdrawing from active service to the Order, Brother Atwell may feel well assured that he has ably maintained the high ideals of the office, has proved himself worthy of the noblest examples of his predecessors, and has won the confidence, esteem and love of the entire Order.

VACATION TIME

IT IS natural, perhaps, to feel a bit envious of the chap who has nothing to do but enjoy himself the year round. At least it is natural to wish to be able to indulge one's desire for pleasure and recreation, whenever the urge might be felt. But, after all, the man who gets the keenest enjoyment out of a vacation is the one who has earned it by diligent and faithful attention to confining business for long months.

The season is now at hand when the majority of those who are able to take only a short vacation are counting the days until it begins and are planning its details. And one gets a big kick out of those days of anticipation. The longest drives and the best approach shots are made before one gets to the links. The biggest fish are caught when the rod is still packed away in the closet. The mountains are loftier and grander, the surf is more exhilarating, the woods more attractively mysterious, in our dreams of them in the City's heat and turmoil.

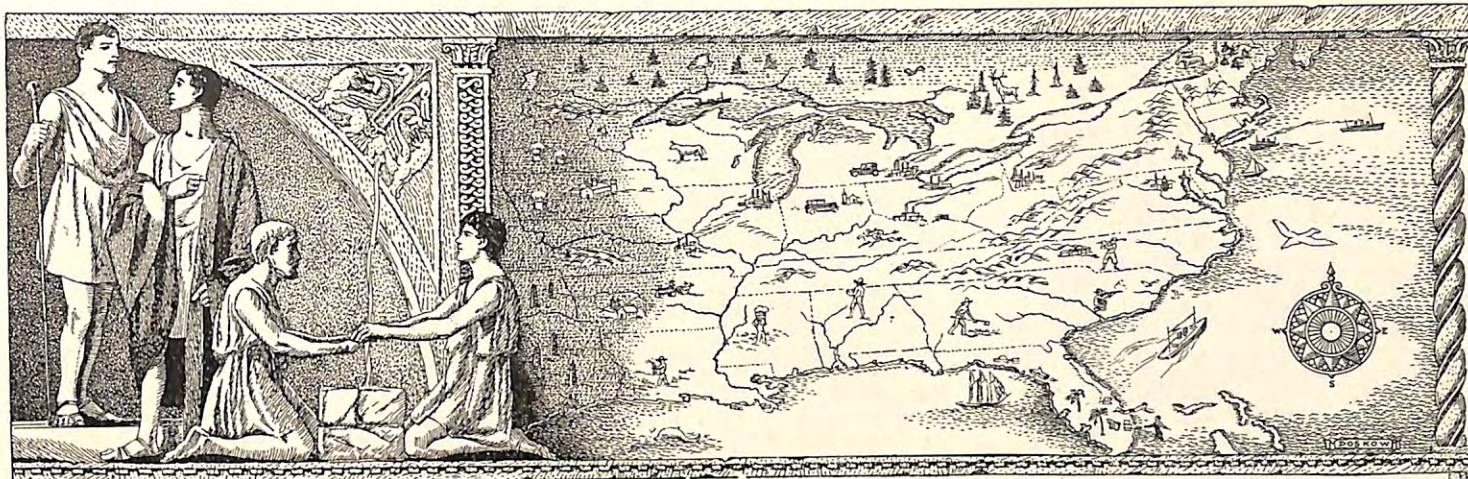
But the realization has its own delights; and it alone can bring the benefits of brighter eyes, clearer brains, healthier complexions, more resilient muscles and a renewed zest for life.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes for each of its readers a happy, safe and rejuvenating vacation. And may each one return refreshed and invigorated for the coming year of work and with a keener relish for the fraternal service which should be planned as a material part of the year's activities.

NO VACATION FOR LODGES

WHILE on the subject of vacations it may be well to suggest that the word applies only to individuals, not to the Lodges. While many of the subordinate Lodges avail themselves of the statutory privilege of holding only one meeting a month during the summer period, the provision should not be regarded as permitting or inviting any relaxation in the benevolent activities that should be carried on.

The hot weather of summer presents its own special challenge to service. The worn and wasted mothers, with heat-enervated babies, need a little break in the nerve exhausting monotony of their daily lives. There are thousands of



sickly children who need a few weeks in the country, but who can hope for such aid only through organizations such as ours.

Indeed, there is work for Elks during the summer, and, collectively, there is no vacation for them. The cry of need is ever falling upon ears that are alert to hear. Read "Under the Spreading Antlers" and see what other Lodges are doing. Report your own activities for the suggestive inspiration of others. And above all, do not fall into the error of assuming that, because there are fewer meetings, there is nothing for the Lodge to do.

WORTHY OF EMULATION

IN ONE of the subordinate Lodges of the Order there is a member, now a station officer, who has been a faithful attendant upon Lodge meetings ever since his initiation, more than twenty-five years ago. Modest and unassuming, almost diffident, he never took an active part in the proceedings. He simply came and in his quiet way enjoyed the evening's associations with his fellows. He was ever prompt to respond to every fraternal call upon him; and, despite his retiring demeanor, perhaps in great measure because of it, he became one of the most respected and beloved members of the Lodge.

One night several years ago, he brought to the Lodge room before the session a large bunch of flowers grown in his own garden, and quietly placed them in a vase on the Secretary's desk. The little touch of beauty, and the fragrant blossoms, brightened and sweetened the whole room. Nearly every member in attendance noted and commented upon the incident and made pleasant inquiry as to the donor.

Every meeting night since, whenever his luxuriant garden had flowers in bloom, he has brought his token of fraternal good-will and thoughtfulness. Sometimes at one station, sometimes at another, there has been this little floral offering, to add to the beauty and attractiveness of the Lodge room. The members look for it now, and knowing the spirit that prompts it, they feel that it is a constantly renewed expression of fraternal affection which they prize and appreciate. And the whole atmosphere of the meetings is sweetened and rendered more wholesome.

In this simple and unobtrusive but effective

manner, this brother is giving something of himself to every session of his lodge, something fine and appealing. And it wins a responsive sentiment from his brothers that, although not always expressed in words, strengthens the fraternal bonds between them. It is like an affectionate greeting between mutually cherished friends.

There are other ways in which a like wholesome effect may be created in Lodge meetings, by similar acts of fraternal thoughtfulness and brotherly love. And the example here related is commended as one, the spirit of which is worthy of emulation in every subordinate Lodge.

BEFORE THE ALTAR

EVERY Elk is familiar, of course, with the prescribed formalities to be observed upon entering, or withdrawing from, a Lodge meeting. But the manner in which the requirement is all too frequently obeyed would seem to indicate that less consideration is given to what is involved in the simple but important little ceremonial than should be accorded to it.

The essential provision that one must present himself before the altar has a definite purpose and significance. It is not merely that he shall thus symbolize his submission to the constituted authority of the presiding officer in the conduct of the session. But primarily the purpose is to remind him of the obligation he there assumed; and to induce a silent repledge of loyalty and fidelity to its every provision.

It is not the wearing of the authorized emblem that makes one an Elk. It is the solemn assumption of the obligation of the Order. And how good an Elk one is depends entirely upon how faithfully he carries the precepts which that obligation embodies into his daily life.

It follows, therefore, that a member can not too frequently call to mind his first experience before that altar. And each time that he stands there in the presence of his brethren, he should recall his fraternal pledge, and reverently renew his vows.

And if, when he enters the Lodge room, or leaves it, he takes his allotted position in the proper spirit, and with a thoughtful regard for the true purposes of the ceremonial act he performs, the desired effect can not fail. He will come, and go, a better Elk for having again stood for a moment before the altar.

Two New Towering California Homes

Oakland and Sacramento Lodges Dedicate Buildings

CALIFORNIA, which already boasts of some of the finest Elk Homes in the Order, was recently enriched by the dedication of two more beautiful buildings—the new Homes of Oakland Lodge, No. 171, and Sacramento Lodge, No. 6. Both of these new structures are unique in many respects and both are distinctive architectural additions to their respective communities.

The new Home of Oakland Lodge covers an area of 135 x 150 feet. Its architecture is pure Gothic throughout. Above its main structure, six stories in height, rises a sixteen-story tower.

The building is carefully laid out to meet the requirements of the members. In the basement are bowling alleys, hand-ball courts, lockers, showers, and a gymnasium with light exercise equipment.

On the second floor are the offices, the lounge, and dining-rooms and kitchens.

The auditorium, with a seating capacity of a thousand, is on the next floor. It has a fully equipped stage and sunken orchestra pit. Here also is the Lodge room. This room is beautifully decorated and has unique stained-glass windows with allegorical figures typifying the principles of the Order. Another feature of this room is the large cathedral organ.

A set of Deagan chimes has been installed in the belfry of the tall tower, and these ring out "Auld Lang Syne" every night at eleven o'clock.

The Home is equipped with seventy-seven splendidly furnished living-rooms in the tower portion of the building, each having a bath or shower. These apartments, for use of traveling members, afford a remarkable view of the city.

The opening ceremonies in connection with the dedication of this new Home consisted of a series of house-warming parties, for members, their families and friends, on the evenings of the week of June 21. A banquet, entertainment and ball made up the program each evening.

These events led up to the formal dedication, which took place on Thursday evening, July 1. A dinner to the distinguished visiting members of the Order preceded this function.

At eight o'clock nearly two thousand members of Oakland Lodge formed in marching order at the old building on Fourteenth Street and paraded to the new Home. The Big Brotherhood Boys' Band of Oakland Lodge and No. 171's Drill Team were at the head of the line. Several other bands and various unusual features played a part in the parade.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William E. Varcoe presided at the dedication, and the other stations were occupied by the junior Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Addresses were delivered by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin and William M. Abbott, and by President of the California State Elks Association John J. Lermen. Short talks were also made by visiting Exalted Rulers of other Lodges, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and Past State Presidents.

Exalted Ruler Fred B. Mellman of Oakland Lodge closed the ceremonies, thanking all the speakers on behalf of his Lodge for the many kind expressions of congratulation made by them.

The directors of the Elks Hall Association, responsible for the construction of the remarkable building, consist of J. Cal Ewing, President; Charles A. Beardsley, Vice-President; Max Horwinski, Secretary; Hardy C. Hutchinson, Al J. Lacoste, Frank A. Fletcher, F. W. Sharpe and James M. Shanly.

The Dedication Committee, which had charge of all the opening ceremonies, was composed of the following: Max Horwinski, Chairman; L. F. Galbraith, Secretary; J. Cal Ewing, Al J. Lacoste, H. J. Anderson, Kenneth F. Wills and Eugene Blanchard.

Equally imposing is the new Home of Sacra-

mento Lodge which was dedicated with impressive ceremonies on July 3.

This building occupies a site 160 x 100 feet on Eleventh and J streets, one of the best locations in the business section of the city. Towering fourteen stories, with its chimes tower, it is the tallest structure in Sacramento, giving beauty and character to the city's sky-line.

The building is so designed that the street floor is divided into stores which will be rented for business. The second, third and fourth floors are occupied by the Lodge room, auditorium, dining-rooms, kitchen, lounging-room, library, offices, pool and billiard rooms and other club features. The upper stories, open on all four sides, form a tower-like structure that rises to the height of over 240 feet. Here are located the beautifully furnished living-rooms which will provide traveling members with comfortable quarters while in the city.

The outstanding feature of the building is the Lodge room and its subordinate accessories. It is large in area, with a lofty ceiling. The walls are finished in a textured stucco, neutral in tone, surmounted by a deep, richly ornamented frieze and coffered ceiling. The Exalted Ruler's station is at the west end, this portion of the room being accentuated by tall, free-standing columns.

Many other novel features are available to the members in their new Home, among these being a swimming pool, shower baths, steam room, gymnasium, hand-ball courts, etc.

The swimming pool is one of the finest in the West. It is 60 feet in length and is tiled on the sides and bottom. Located to the left of the main entrance on the first floor, the pool is quickly available from all parts of the building.

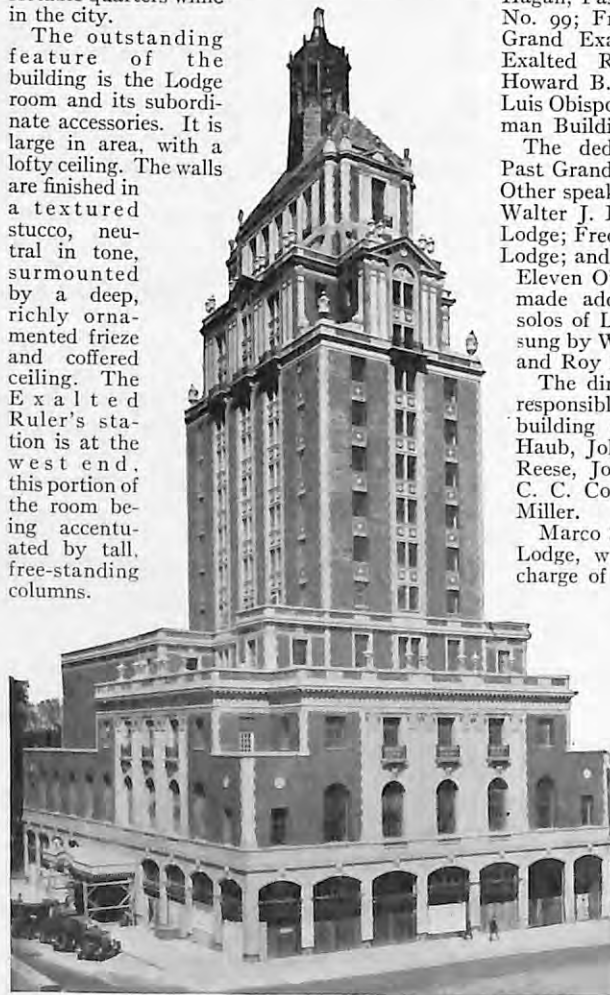
Costing well over a million dollars, the new Home of Sacramento Lodge is a model of everything that could be desired in the way of comfort, convenience and luxury.

The dedication of the handsome edifice was conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, who was assisted in the ceremony by the following: James M. Shanly, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; Harry M. Ticknor, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Ralph Hagan, Past Exalted Ruler Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99; Frank M. Sheridan, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; J. H. Plummer, Past Exalted Ruler, Stockton Lodge, No. 218; Howard B. Kirtland, Past Exalted Ruler, San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322; J. W. Haley, Chairman Building Committee.

The dedication address was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin. Other speakers on the dedication program were: Walter J. Hicks, Exalted Ruler of Sacramento Lodge; Fred W. Kiesel, a charter member of the Lodge; and Judge E. C. Hart, who rendered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. The ceremonies were made additionally impressive by the organ solos of Loren Graves and the vocal numbers sung by Walter Leitch, Secretary of the Lodge, and Roy N. Hamilton.

The directors of the Elks Hall Association responsible for the construction of the great building consisted of J. W. Haley, C. W. Haub, John C. Ing, Henry N. Barton, E. E. Reese, John T. Stafford, George W. Peltier, C. C. Cotter, M. E. Hornlein and John H. Miller.

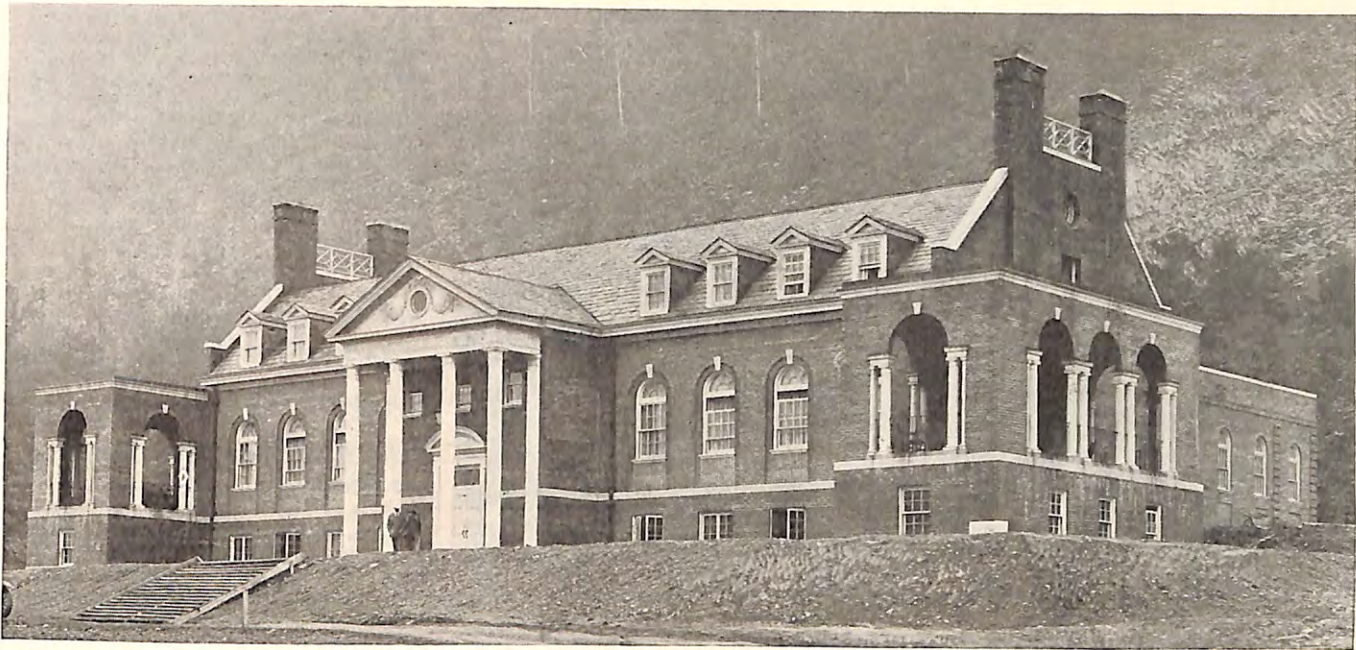
Marco S. Zarick, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was Chairman of the Committee in charge of the dedication ceremonies.



Above is the new Home of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge. It is the tallest building in the city and was erected at a cost of over a million dollars

A most imposing structure is the new Home of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, which was recently dedicated. It affords every imaginable comfort and every convenience for the members





The handsome New Home of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, facing the Hudson River, which was recently dedicated

NORMAN A. BURKE

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Huge Attendance Marks Convention of New Jersey State Elks Association

FEATURED by a monster parade in which some thousands of members of the Order took part, the annual convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association at Asbury Park was an overwhelming success and was an occasion of which officers and members may well be proud. The election of officers for the coming year was held on the first day of the meeting and the result of the balloting was as follows: President, Judge Thomas S. Mooney, of Burlington Lodge, No. 996. Vice-Presidents; Edward Brower, of Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455, Judge Fred W. Bain, of Boonton Lodge, No. 1405, Judge Rene P. F. P. Von Minren, of Dunellen Lodge, No. 1488, and Joseph McGrath, of Freehold Lodge, No. 1454. Edgar T. Reed, of Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784, and Charles Rosencrans, of Long Branch Lodge, No. 742, were re-elected Secretary and Treasurer respectively, and Past President Joseph G. Buch was named Trustee.

The banquet at the Hotel Monterey that evening was attended by several hundred delegates and visitors, and there were a number of speeches congratulating retiring President William K. Devereux on his administration, and greeting Judge Mooney on his assumption of the office. Attending the convention were many well known visitors, a number of whom spoke on different occasions. Among them were Governor A. Harry Moore, who headed the contingent from Jersey City Lodge in the parade; John T. Gorman, newly elected president of the New York State Elks Association; William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; Assemblyman Thomas Muir of Plainfield; Mayor Hetrick of Asbury Park; Assemblyman Clifford R. Powell; Judge Ward Kremer; former Mayor Harry Bacharach of Atlantic City, and Louis Hyman of New York, N. Y., Lodge.

Asbury Park Lodge was greatly aided in the huge task of entertaining so large a meeting by the municipal officers and citizens generally. Streets were gaily decorated with Elk colors and the finest spirit of hospitality prevailed everywhere. It is estimated that a crowd of at least 30,000 persons witnessed the parade and heartily cheered the marchers. Forty bands supplied music for the participants and beautifully decorated floats and automobiles, and various burlesques, provided plenty of entertainment

for the spectators. Prizes for entries in line were awarded to Union Hill Lodge, No. 1357, for the largest number of marchers, and another for the highest percentage of attendance; to Perth Amboy Lodge for the best appearance; to Trenton Lodge, No. 105, for the best drill team; to Irvington Lodge, No. 1245, for the best decorated float; to Newark Lodge, No. 21, for the best decorated automobile and to Plainfield and Passaic Lodges, Nos. 885 and 387, for the best bands.

Ridgewood Lodge captured the silver plaque presented to the Association by Freehold Lodge for the winner of the ritualistic contest, and Hoboken Lodge won the band contest, with the musicians from Weehawken Lodge a close second.

The report of the work of the Crippled Kiddies Committee read by Chairman Joseph G. Buch disclosed that a new record had been set by New Jersey Lodges in their work with these unfortunate youngsters. More than 50,000 treatments were given during the year and some 550 operations performed. Five hundred and twenty-eight new cases were registered with the committees, making a total of 9,739 cripples receiving attention. Many contributions of substantial sums of money were voted by subordinate Lodges and a number of new clinics established.

Dispensations Granted for Two New Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell recently granted dispensations for the following new Lodges:

Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527.
Goodland, Kans., Lodge, No. 1528.

Death Takes Otto Nielsen, Secretary of Omaha Lodge

The recent death of Otto Nielsen was deeply mourned by his fellow-members of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, and his many friends throughout the Order. He was long a member of No. 39 and had served his Lodge as Secretary since 1921, the office which he still held at the time of his death. A tireless and faithful worker in the best interests of his Lodge and the Order generally, he possessed an enthusiasm in his activities that was an inspiration to all who came in contact with him. Death came to him as the result of an automobile accident while he was

returning from the convention of the Nebraska State Association at Falls City, where he had been elected Secretary. Witness to Mr. Nielsen's popularity among Elks throughout the State was the large attendance at his funeral, which was conducted by the Lodge. Members from out of town, representing virtually every Lodge in Nebraska, were present to pay tribute to his memory. Many distinguished members of the Order were in attendance, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain; A. B. Hoagland, President of the Nebraska State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. G. Christensen; August Schneider, Past President of the Association; and W. G. Gregorious, Past Secretary of the Association.

In his passing the Order has lost one of its most devoted servants, a man who felt and lived its cardinal principles.

Circus Assists Lodge in Entertaining Unfortunate Youngsters

The Sells-Floto circus, which recently played in New London, assisted New London, Conn., Lodge, No. 360, in the entertainment of the tubercular children at the Seaside Sanitarium. Through the generosity of the management, the Lodge was able to give these unfortunate youngsters a most enjoyable afternoon, which was made additionally pleasant by the distribution of ice cream, cake and other delicacies.

New Features Added to Home of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge

The remodeling of the handsome new Home of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, on Amboy Road and Clark Avenue, Oakwood Heights, has now been completed, and the members are enjoying the additional facilities. Thirty-six outside rooms are now available for visiting members. These rooms are light and airy and furnished in excellent taste. These accommodations and the fine restaurant conducted by the Lodge should appeal to many Elks touring the region.

New York State Elks Association Holds Largest Convention

The recent annual convention of the New York State Elks Association, to which Syracuse, N. Y.,

BURNS PHOTO



The fine New Home of Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge, No. 896, to be dedicated this fall

Lodge, No. 31, played host, was the largest ever held by that body, nearly 600 delegates and members of the Association registering, while the total attendance was in the neighborhood of 10,000.

Festivities were opened with a banquet at the Hotel Syracuse, at which Syracuse Lodge had as its guests the visiting delegates and officers, officers of the Chamber of Commerce and heads of the city and county governments. Addresses of welcome were made by Mayor Charles G. Hanna and President Oscar F. Soule, of the Chamber of Commerce, while William Rubin, Past Exalted Ruler of Syracuse Lodge, acted as toastmaster. Other distinguished guests who spoke were Hon. Murray Hulbert, member of the Grand Forum; William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; retiring State Association President William E. Fitzsimmons; Public Service Commissioner George F. Lunn of Schenectady, and State Senator William T. Byrne of Albany. John J. Murray, Past Exalted Ruler of Syracuse Lodge, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Automobile trips, theatre parties, dances and special entertainments kept the thousands of visitors busy. The drill team contests and parade were held on the last day of the meeting and evoked great enthusiasm. Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, won first place in the drill, with Rochester Lodge, No. 24, second; Binghamton Lodge, No. 852, third, and Bronx Lodge, No. 871, fourth. The parade, headed by fifteen bands, with marching clubs, drill teams and floats, marched through the downtown section amid the cheers of the crowds of onlookers.

Troy was selected as the meeting-place of the 1927 Convention. John T. Gorman, of Owego Lodge, No. 1039, was elected President for the coming year and Philip T. Clancy, of Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346, and a member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, Secretary. A full list of the new officers was published in the July issue of the Magazine.

Ground Broken for New Home Of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge

Construction of the new \$250,000 Home of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, on the Southeast corner of Estado and Figueroa Streets, began recently when impressive ground-breaking exercises were conducted by the members on the site. The ceremonies were in charge of Exalted Ruler Ivan P. Bliss, and the principal address was made by Superior Judge S. E. Crowe, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge.

The new Home, which will replace the one destroyed in the earthquake, will be one of the finest structures of its kind in the region.

Greeley, Colo., Lodge Conducts Oratorical Contests

Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, is sponsoring a feature which has caused more favorable comment and gained more friends in its jurisdiction than any other of its deeds and accomplishments. This Lodge holds an annual oratorical contest on a patriotic subject between representatives of all the High Schools within its jurisdic-

tion, for which it gives a first prize of twenty dollars, a second of ten dollars and a third of five dollars, in gold. The contests are held in May of each year, the winners delivering their orations at the Flag Day exercises of the Lodge. So successful have these contests become that last year it was determined by the County Superintendent of Schools, as an additional educational requirement of the schools, that they participate in the contest, under the supervision of the County Superintendent. "Our Country's Flag—What It Means to Me," "American Citizenship—What It Means to Me," have been the subjects assigned for the last two years. Next year the subject will be "Our Federal Constitution—What It Means to Me."

Norwalk, Conn., Lodge Observes 25th Anniversary

Norwalk, Conn., Lodge, No. 709, recently celebrated its silver anniversary with festivities that were participated in by many distinguished members throughout the State and representatives from a number of neighboring Lodges. William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and present Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1, was the guest of honor at the large banquet which marked the occasion. In his address Mr. Phillips not only praised the Lodge for its fine record of charitable achievements, but expressed his appreciation of the handsome Home which is owned by the Lodge and which was recently remodeled to meet the requirements of its growing membership.

Tennessee State Elks Association in Annual Convention at Chattanooga

One of the features of the recent annual convention of the Tennessee State Elks Association, held at Chattanooga, were the Flag Day exercises conducted by Chattanooga Lodge, No. 91, at which the delegates were guests of honor. Sight seeing trips and various entertainments were enjoyed by the visitors from all parts of Tennessee and, while the meeting was counted one of the most successful ever held, plans are on foot to make the 1927 Convention at Jackson even larger.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, S. T. Bowman, of Bristol Lodge, No. 232; First Vice-President, Tom Crutchfield, of Chattanooga Lodge; Second Vice-President, L. E. Frankland, of Jackson Lodge, No. 192; Secretary, O. L. Osborn, of Bristol Lodge, and Treasurer, O. M. Penneybaker, of Chattanooga Lodge.

Worcester, Mass., Lodge Owns Beautiful Home

One of the finest Homes in the State is that which is occupied by the members of Worcester, Mass., Lodge, No. 243. It was purchased and remodeled a few years ago at a cost of \$400,000. The building is of granite and is surrounded by beautiful grounds which are landscaped with handsome trees, shrubbery, flower beds and sunken gardens, in such a manner as to create a very pleasing effect. The Home is situated

five minutes from the center of the city in one of Worcester's best residential sections. In the rear of the main building is the Lodge room, recently constructed, with a seating capacity of 1,200. Here is the great organ donated by Theodore Ellis to his Lodge. Worcester Lodge is noted for its hospitality, and every member traveling through the city is invited to pay this handsome Home a visit.

Galena, Ill., Lodge Holds Its Annual Banquet

Galena, Ill., Lodge, No. 882, recently held its annual "get-together" banquet. This event is one that is looked forward to each year by the members and it is always a most enjoyable affair. This year one-half of the entire membership of the Lodge were present.

Elks Hold Session on Steamer in Mid-Ocean

A most interesting session of Elks was held recently in mid-Atlantic on the French Line ship *Chicago*. The meeting was attended by sixty members, representing thirteen Lodges. The Elks were members of the provisional regiment composed of the Richmond, Va., Light Infantry Blues and Veteran corps, the First and Second Companies, Governor's Foot Guards, of Hartford and New Haven, Conn., and the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, Conn. They were all homeward bound from an official visit to the battlefields of Belgium and France, held under governmental auspices, in connection with which patriotic ceremonies were conducted at the tombs of the Unknown Soldiers in Brussels and Paris. They also took part in the reviews held by King Albert of the Belgians, the President of the French Republic, and Marshal Foch. During the course of the meeting addresses were made by a number of the members, and there was special music and entertainment to mark the unusual occasion.

Woburn, Mass., Lodge Gives Library "Old Ironsides" Plaque

A gold plaque upon a black shield as a background, suspended from which is another gold slab, commemorates the contribution of Woburn, Mass., school children to the restoration of the frigate *Constitution*. The plaque now occupies a prominent place on the wall of the Woburn Public Library, having been placed there recently by Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908 with appropriate dedicatory exercises. Lieutenant-Commander Norman Van der Veer was the speaker of the occasion, and the school children themselves also took part in the ceremonies.

Lodge Pays Unusual Honor To Late E. J. Crowe

Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, recently dedicated a handsome monument in St. Paul's Cemetery to the memory of Edward J. Crowe whose death was a great loss to the Lodge. The erection of a memorial to a member who was never an officer of the Lodge is unique, but the services rendered his Lodge by Edward J. Crowe were of an extraordinary nature. He was perhaps the most tireless worker the Lodge had, and in recognition of his high qualities as a man and his great loyalty to the Lodge, the memorial was erected.

Norristown, Pa., Lodge Maintains Children's Playground

This summer the Elks Playground maintained by Norristown, Pa., Lodge, No. 714, has again been a great source of pleasure to the youngsters of the city. A merry-go-round and other new apparatus for the amusement of the children were installed early in the season, and these have added much to the attraction of the grounds. A trained superior is at all times present to direct the play of the youngsters.

Baltimore, Md., Lodge Gives 35-Year Service Dinner

An occasion of more than usual significance occurred recently in the Home of Baltimore,

Md., Lodge, No. 7, when a banquet was held there by its members who had seen thirty-five or more years' service in the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Judge Charles W. Heuisler presided over the gathering as Toastmaster and there were addresses by Mayor Howard W. Jackson; David C. Winebrenner, 3rd., Secretary of State of Maryland; Rev. Dr. William Rosenau; Past Exalted Ruler J. Cookman Boyd and Exalted Ruler Dr. J. Harry Ullrich. Past Grand Trustee Henry W. Mears, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, came in for signal honor, being designated the Dean of the veterans.

Manistee, Mich., Lodge Conducts Interesting "Nationality Nights"

During the past two months Manistee, Mich., Lodge, No. 250, has conducted a series of "Nationality Nights" which has been a great success. These meetings, the program of each being arranged by members of the various nationalities in the Lodge, have done more than cement friendship. They brought out to meetings a greater percentage of the membership, all being eager to witness the various programs and to determine the most attractive. Largely due to the success of these nights, the membership of the Lodge was increased 100 per cent., each of the meetings resulting in a half dozen or more applicants.

Generous Act of Everett, Mass., Lodge Wins City's Praise

Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642, has received the congratulation of its city for its fine work in coming to the aid of the families of two Everett policemen who were murdered while in the performance of duty. The entire proceeds of the Lodge's annual May party, amounting to more than \$5,000, was turned over to its Charity Committee who, in turn, donated it to the fund which was being raised by popular subscription throughout the city for the relief of the men's families.

South Carolina State Elks Association Convenes in Charleston

At the twelfth annual convention of the South Carolina State Elks Association, held at Charleston, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Henry Caughman, of Rock Hill Lodge, No. 1318;



The members of Stuttgart, Ark., Lodge, No. 1238, occupy this comfortable new Home

First Vice-President, B. S. Levingston, Georgetown; Second Vice-President, D. P. Hartley, Charleston; Third Vice-President, Manley C. Sanders, Columbia; Marshal, J. P. Doyle, Orangeburg; Secretary and Treasurer, R. E. Cochran, Anderson; Tiler, Bob Dunlap, Columbia; Inner Guard, Henry Tecklenburg, Jr., Charleston; Trustee, Wyatt Aiken, Greenville; L. D. Boyd, Rock Hill, and Frank E. Condon, Charleston.

The Executive Committee was elected as follows: N. Fleishman, Anderson; A. F. Wieters, Charleston; Wilson G. Hunter, Columbia; George L. Taylor, Georgetown; E. M. Wharton, Greenville; H. C. Wannamaker, Orangeburg; T. W. Huey, Rock Hill, and D. W. Mullinax, Union. The newly elected officers were installed by Past President A. F. Wieters, of Charleston.

Among the important decisions made was one to appoint a committee to investigate the matter of establishing a hospital for crippled children of the State. No convention city was named for next year as the question of a joint meeting with other southern Associations is being considered.

The program of entertainment and hospitality arranged by Charleston Lodge was thoroughly enjoyed by the hundreds of delegates and visitors. Starting with a splendid banquet and entertainment, it included boat trips to points of interest about the famous harbor, a production of the Elks Jubilee Minstrel Show at the Academy of Music, dancing, and an afternoon and evening at the summer Home of the Lodge at Folly Beach where surf bathing and water sports, a fireworks display and dancing were enjoyed. The parade, participated in by industrial, patriotic and other fraternal associations, was a brilliant affair in which were entered many beautiful floats. Four cups were awarded, one to Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, as winners of the ritualistic contest; two to Rock Hill Lodge, one for having the greatest number of delegates at the business sessions and another for having the largest representation at the convention. The trophy awarded for the largest turnout in the parade went to Greenville Lodge, No. 858.

Georgia State Elks Association To Cooperate With Medical Society

Among the interesting decisions made by the Georgia State Elks Association at its convention, reported in the July issue of the Magazine, was one to cooperate with the Georgia Medical Society in the surgical and medical treatment of the under-privileged children of the State. A substantial sum of money was voted the Social and Community Welfare Committee for this purpose. The Medical Society will furnish the treatment, while the State Association will bear the expense of hospitalization. The convention also went on record as enthusiastically endorsing THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Rutland, Vt., Lodge Observes Thirtieth Anniversary

Rutland, Vt., Lodge, No. 345, recently observed its thirtieth anniversary with a celebration in which many took part. F. A. J. Dunwick who, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, instituted the Lodge, was the guest of honor. An excellent entertainment, which included motion pictures and music, was enjoyed by the large gathering. A supper and a dance brought the evening to a close.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Loses Well-Known Member by Death

Walter Melville Drennen, Past Exalted Ruler of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, and one of the city's best known business men, died a short time ago at his home in Birmingham. Mr. Drennen had been a member of the Order since 1888. For three consecutive terms, 1900-1903, he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on the Elks National Home. From 1903-1904 he was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Appeals and Grievances. For three terms he served as Mayor of Birmingham.

This beautifully designed building, the new Home of Montclair, N. J., Lodge, No. 891, was recently dedicated



P. A. VALENTINE

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. 10
 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. 773
 Muncie, Ind., 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. 186
 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
 Pittsburg, 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
 Rocheville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6
 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
 Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge No. 841
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516
 Sunbury, Pa., Lodge No. 207
 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.

His funeral was the occasion of public mourning, the President of the City Commission urging officers and employees of all city departments to attend the services and calling upon Birmingham citizens to pause at the hour of the interment in deference to the splendid character of this upright business man and faithful citizen.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge Pays Fraternal Visit

The officers and a group of members of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, recently visited St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541, where they initiated a large class of candidates for their host. A most enjoyable entertainment program was arranged for the visitors.

Montclair, N. J., Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

The beautiful new Home of Montclair, N. J., Lodge, No. 891, was recently dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Allen R. McCoy of Orange Lodge, No. 135, who was assisted in the ceremony by a number of Past District Deputies of New Jersey and other prominent members of the Order. Hon. A. Harry Moore, Governor of the State, and a member of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, was the principal speaker of the day. Following the dedication there was a banquet in the auditorium of the new Home at which several distinguished members of the Order addressed the diners.

The new Home of Montclair Lodge, completed at a cost of over \$200,000, is one of the finest in the State. Its equipment includes bowling alleys, grill, locker rooms, showers and a barber shop. On the first floor there is a splendidly equipped restaurant which is open to the public, ladies' rooms, men's lounging room, billiard and pool tables. On the second floor is the auditorium with a seating capacity of 550. In this room is also a fully equipped thirty-foot stage for Lodge entertainments. On the third floor are committee rooms, ante rooms and the handsome Lodge room.

Idaho State Elks Association Meets at St. Maries

St. Maries, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1418, was host to the Idaho State Elks Association when it met recently for its fifth annual convention. The meeting opened with a business session at the Home of the Lodge which was followed by a buffet luncheon served for the delegates at the Masonic Temple. All the business houses and industrial plants of the city shut down in the afternoon to greet the visitors and witness the parade of gaily decorated automobiles, floats and marching delegations, led by the band and drum corps of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228. Winding up at the ball park the marchers witnessed a ball game between Kellogg and St. Maries and an exhibition by the drill teams from Nampa and Boise Lodges, Nos. 1389 and 310.

In the evening the American Legion Auxiliary served a banquet to more than 400 visitors,

while the State Association and Lodge officers were given a dinner at the golf club. Two dances, one at the Lodge Home and another in the Legion Hall, followed the initiation of a class of candidates by a degree team composed of State officers. After the election of officers the next day a boat trip on the St. Joe River wound up the convention.

Nampa was chosen as the 1927 convention city and the following officers elected for the coming year: President, Dr. A. R. Manock, of St. Maries Lodge; Vice-President, Ralph R. Breshers, of Nampa Lodge; Dr. P. G. Flack, of Boise Lodge, and Frank Garvin of Blackfoot Lodge, No. 1416; Secretary-Treasurer, Earl Boyse, of Caldwell Lodge, No. 1448, and Sergeant at Arms, Frank Lynch, of Twin Falls Lodge, No. 1183.

Columbia, S. C., Lodge Opens Its New Home

The handsome new Home of Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, was recently opened officially at which time the public was invited to inspect the building. Close to 1,000 people visited the Home during the day. The Elks orchestra furnished music for dancing, and refreshments were served during the evening. It was a gala occasion for the Lodge and one that fittingly celebrated the completion of one of the finest Lodge Homes in the state.

Pottsville, Pa., Lodge Has Excellent Male Chorus

The recently organized Male Chorus of Pottsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 207, made their first appearance on the program of the Lodge's Flag Day exercises. Their performance was much appreciated and they were highly praised. This chorus is the only male organization of its kind in the city and something entirely new for the Lodge. In the fall they will appear in the Lodge's minstrel show, and from the enthusiasm shown at their first appearance, they should be one of the big attractions of the performance.

South Dakota State Elks Association Meets at Madison

At its annual convention held at Madison a short time ago, the South Dakota State Elks Association elected the following officers for the coming year: President, W. A. Snitkey, of Sioux Falls Lodge, No. 262; First Vice-President, Dwight E. Campbell, of Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1046; Second Vice-President, A. A. Harris, of Brookings Lodge, No. 1490; Third Vice-President, Louis A. Reither, of Yankton Lodge, No. 994; Secretary, William J. Mulvey, of Madison Lodge, No. 1442; Treasurer, H. P. Gannon, of Aberdeen Lodge; Trustees: Charles D. Ray, of Watertown Lodge, No. 838; H. M. Whisman, of Huron Lodge, No. 444; and R. C. Royce, of Lead Lodge, No. 747.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James. G. McFarland, of Watertown Lodge, No. 838, attended the various gatherings which included, besides

(Continued on page 83)



The Frank Schoonover Memorial Home, erected by the members of Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002

The Grand Lodge Convention At Chicago, Ill., July, 1926

ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 12, the Sixty-second Grand Lodge Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America was formally ushered in at the Opening Public Session held in the Auditorium Theatre in the City of Chicago, Illinois.

Before an audience of several thousand men and women, who filled the large hall to overflowing, the Order of Elks was officially welcomed to Chicago, and offered the freedom of the city.

Realizing that this Grand Lodge Convention was to be marked by one of the most important events in the entire history of the fraternity—the dedication of the magnificent Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building—members of the Order, accompanied in a majority of cases by their wives, began early to arrive in Chicago by tens of thousands. It was reported by the Grand Lodge Convention Committee of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, that visiting Elks had registered to the number of 243,000. This figure is exclusive of Grand Lodge members and of other thousands of Elks from Lodges in the vicinity of Chicago, who came to the city from day to day to take part in the various entertainment features of Convention Week and to witness the dedication and the great parade.

Very naturally, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building was the center of interest, and for several days preceding the actual opening of the Convention, visitors flocked to it from morning till night. Though they had been prepared for a wonderful and inspiring sight by the descriptive illustrated article on the Building which appeared in our July number, these visitors were so impressed by the beauty of what they found, that they were for the most part unable to find words with which adequately to express their admiration of the structure. Seldom has any undertaking of the Order been greeted with such complete unanimity of approval as that which has been voiced concerning the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. And this feeling of satisfaction was reflected in the spirit of harmony which prevailed throughout every phase of the Convention activities.

The Opening Public Session

THE Opening Public Session of the Grand Lodge was attended by the Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen, members of the Grand Forum and the Board of Grand Trustees and by many Past Grand Exalted Rulers, District Deputies and Presidents of State Associations. Following an organ prelude by the organist of Chicago Lodge, and selections played by the Elks Band of that Lodge, Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart delivered the invocation, a ceremony without which no Elk meeting can proceed. Then, led by the band, the audience sang the "Star Spangled Banner." After this, the meeting was called to order by Grand Esquire William J. Sinek, who was also General Chairman of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, who expressed the desire of the Committee that the visiting Elks avail themselves freely of the entertainment provided for their enjoyment. Exalted Ruler Alexander Wolf, of the same Lodge, next made an address of welcome on behalf of the membership. There were musical numbers by the Glee Club of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46 and an organ solo by the Chicago Lodge organist. In the absence of Mayor William E. Dever, City Comptroller Martin J. O'Brien, the Acting Mayor, welcomed the visitors on behalf of the City of Chicago. Both the Mayor and the Acting Mayor, by the way, are members of Chicago Lodge, as are most of the other city officials. Following his speech of welcome, the Milwaukee Lodge Glee Club rendered two more numbers, after which Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell delivered the following response:

"Expressions, gestures and words have been used with varying degrees of volubility through-

out the years to express either feigned or real joy to the arriving guest. The welcome visitor need not be a judge of human nature, nor a sophisticated member of society, to understand that busy men and women do not spend money and time and breath and music and oratory and wit and poetry, in expressing a welcome unless they mean it.

May I ask this splendidly representative multitude a question?

Why is it that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in its great annual reunion, is so warmly welcomed wherever it goes?

The entertainment of hundreds of thousands of visitors is no small task. To fittingly perform that feat an army of men and women labor many months. They program and arrange. They figure and discuss, to the minutest detail, every contrivance and suggestion for the comfort, delight and pleasure of the guests. Great sums of money are collected and expended. Sleep is lost. Digestions are impaired. Nervous force is exhausted. The peace and dignity, even, of both civilian and official are disturbed, if not offended.

It is not an answer to the question to say that good breeding in the humblest society bids preparation for those who are to visit. Nor may a complete answer be found by asserting that the gallantry of the receiving State and city are at test.

Trite as it may be, I will be suffered to say that the three compelling loves of a man's life—loves that have marked the rise and fall of every government—are religious fervor, love of country, and regard for one's neighbor. This trinity is the basic rock of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks!

All of its devotees openly acknowledge a belief in God. All of its devotees claim the Bible. All of its devotees love the Stars and Stripes—they may not live beneath the folds of any other flag—and all of its devotees profess to find their chiefest pleasure in the relief of the unfortunate!

Within the Bible is found the source—the fountain, the great ocean—of all the religions of the western hemisphere. The Bible is the Bible of the Jew, and his *only* Bible. The Bible is the Bible of the Catholic, and his *only* Bible. The Bible is the Bible of the Protestant, and his *only* Bible. The Bible is the Bible of the man who belongs to none of these churches, but who finds God in his own way on the street, or in industry's busy marts, or on the plantation, or out in the forest, or on the great spreading ranch—in day-time, or night-time, and his *only* Bible. The Bible is the great ocean of it all and the Order bids all come to it and take from it what appears to *them* to be the log of the right road. Having exercised that privilege there can be no criticism of any other person who makes use of the same privilege and finds in the same Bible the authority for *his* belief!

Likewise, it is the Order of Old Glory! Into the red of the flag has gone the blood of all sections of the country, of all political schools, of all religious beliefs! Without any question as to political affiliation the Flag as representative of our Government as constituted is honored.

After having removed the differences that arise over politics and religion—after having gathered about the flag and the Bible—the members of the Order are then in a condition to work together for the relief of the troubled. While gathered there, while at such work, there comes the great Elk spirit that has filled cities with songs, and hearts with the finest friendships that have ever jeweled man's life.

Have I answered my own question?

It is not a political order. It is not a religious order. It is not a selfish order. It takes no thought of ambitions, nor successes, nor riches.

It knows the fire of love instead of the ashes of the letter. It lives for the future not the past. It is a kingdom of songs, not a territory of sighs. Its choices bring no regrets. It is engaged in dis-

interested benevolence. It knows the luxury of doing good. It does not swindle the truth, nor sell the word. It is the society of the sincere and seeks deliverance from the deceitful; the society of service seeking deliverance from selfishness; the society of the sane, and, seeing distress, walks toward it rather than around it.

It has no cargo of useless forebodings. It is quiet in turmoil, hopeful in uncertainty, and self-controlled in the hour of provocation. In the largest sense it writes above its temples, "Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

Its philosophy is for men. It believes that if the sun sets it shall rise again, that night is temporary but necessary. That shades and shadows are blessings. That spring follows winter. That the rough makes the even blessed. It is grateful for life, for opportunity, for nation, and for every adversity that makes men stronger.

It is because of these loves, beliefs and attributes that Chicago is generous in both preparation and welcome.

But the affection, the regard, is not one-sided. If Chicago loves the Elks, the Elks love Chicago. Here, years ago, was fixed the permanent headquarters of the organization. Here has been erected the marble memorial to our fighting, dying and dead, yet immortal brothers. Here, in this typically American city—big, brave, fearless and energetic—there is a congenial atmosphere.

The Order of Elks is God-fearing, yet not idolatrous. All men may enter, not as sectarians, but as believers. It is sympathetic, yet reasonable. It is friendly, yet discriminating. Loving all of the land between the oceans and the gulf and lakes, it welcomes all and proscribes none. Welcoming all, it commands each to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," without any commingling of the two. Welcoming all, it commands each to seek perfection through individual strength, rather than through governmental edict. Welcoming all it would save all from those who would destroy all.

Through its spectrum there filters a triple color which automatically breaks into Stars and Stripes, the sign of man's equality before the law, of the citizen's superiority to official servant, and of man's final triumph in the effort to govern himself.

* * * *

"I have heard sweet chimes a- ringing
Down the lanes of memory;
Heard them calling, heard them singing,
In the days that used to be.

"But the sweetest, purest, clearest,
Bringing old friends' faces nearest,
Making life divinest, dearest,
Are old Elksdom's chimes to me."

The session was closed by the playing of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," by the Elks Band of Chicago Lodge.

The First Business Session

AT EVERY Grand Lodge Reunion the activities are of two kinds: business and social. For the lay members of the Order and their families, as well as for the officers and members of the Grand Lodge, entertainment features of many varieties are always provided. This article will deal primarily with the business proceedings of the Reunion, the work done by the Grand Lodge. The social side of Convention Week will be treated in separate articles, in our September number, which will announce the prize winners in the Trapshooting, Band and Drill Contests and in the Parade.

The first business session of the 1926 Grand Lodge Convention was called to order at ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, July 13, by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, in the Auditorium Theatre. Following the formal opening of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler

called to the platform and introduced individually Past Grand Exalted Rulers Astley Apperly, Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, August Herrmann, John P. Sullivan, Thomas B. Mills, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, William Wallace Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, James G. McFarland, and John G. Price. According to the final figures of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, as submitted in its report by Chairman Joseph M. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, there were in attendance at this annual Reunion 19 Past Grand Exalted Rulers, 17 Grand Lodge Officers, 30 Grand Lodge Committeemen, 114 District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, 941 Representatives of Subordinate Lodges, 141 Alternate Representatives and 618 Grand Lodge Members, making a total attendance of 1,880. The two Past Grand Exalted Rulers not already mentioned as introduced by Judge Atwell were J. U. Sammis, and Charles E. Pickett, who were not present at the time the introductions were made.

Before proceeding with the business of the meeting, it was explained by the Grand Exalted Ruler that the gavel in use had been made from wood which came from the Mount of Olives by children living under the care of the Near East Relief, by whom it had been presented to the Order in recognition of aid received from the Elks by that organization.

The first order of business was the adoption of the minutes of the Grand Lodge meeting in Portland, in 1925, after which the reports of the Grand Lodge Officers, Committees and Commissions were filed. Most of these reports are published, in whole or in part, elsewhere in this number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

At this point the regular order of business was temporarily suspended so that Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the "Save Old Ironsides" Campaign, might acquaint the Grand Lodge of the status of that activity. Mr. Nicholson introduced Admiral Phillip Andrews, of the U. S. Navy, who spoke as the representative of Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur. Admiral Andrews extended the warm thanks of Secretary Wilbur to the Order for the sterling work done by Subordinate Lodges of the Elks in raising money for the restoration of the grand old frigate U. S. S. *Constitution*. He said that of the amount needed, which, as you remember, was \$500,000, about \$250,000 had been raised and that of this sum approximately \$150,000 had been secured through the efforts of the Elks. He pointed out that the delay in obtaining the required total was caused by the necessity, in most of the large cities, of overcoming the rules of schoolboards against soliciting funds from the children; and he stated that although the breaking down of these obstacles has slowed up in the work in certain localities, the campaign is still being actively pressed, and he urged those Elks Lodges which had not already functioned to do their best to help make up their quotas. Admiral Andrews spoke very warmly in commendation of those Lodges which had already sent in their collections and declared that the National Committee is confident of the ultimate success of the campaign.

As you doubtless know, there was conducted, in connection with the Subordinate Lodge "Old Ironsides" campaigns, a nation-wide essay contest on the subject of the restoration of the old battleship. Accompanying Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson into the business session, was the winner of the National prize for the best essay, a girl of thirteen, Julia Kochevar, of Grand Junction, Colorado. Young Miss Kochevar was the winner of the medal for the best essay written in her State and also of the medal awarded to the writer of the best essay throughout the nation. Grand Junction Lodge, No. 575, sent her to the Grand Lodge and there she read her prize-winning composition, being introduced to her audience by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The essay will be published in the next issue of this Magazine.

Grand Lodge recognition was sought for and extended to James Lanigan, 13, of Gallup, N. M., who won second prize in the national elementary school contest. Following this brief diversion, the regular business of the Grand Lodge was resumed, by the submission of the preliminary budget by the Board of Grand Trustees, through

its Vice-Chairman, Clyde Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321.

Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, in accordance with the law of the Order giving the outgoing Grand Exalted Ruler the privilege of appointing the new member of the Grand Forum, appointed Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier, Past Exalted Ruler of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. The motion by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland that this appointment be approved and confirmed, was unanimously carried.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then announced the appointment of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution, composed of Past Exalted Ruler Ralph Hagan, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, Chairman; Past Exalted Ruler D. Curtis Gano, of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, and Past Exalted Ruler Jack R. Burke, of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216. All annual reports were referred to this Committee for proper distribution.

The election of new officers being the next order of business, permission was asked of the Grand Lodge by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener to extend to a member of the Order, not a member of the Grand Lodge, the privilege of the floor. The member in question was Hon. W. Freeland Kendrick, Mayor of Philadelphia, who had come to Chicago for the purpose of putting in nomination a fellow member of Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler for the year 1926-'27. Mayor Kendrick's nominating speech follows herewith:

"BROTHER Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Lodge Officers and my Brother Elks:

"Being extended the privilege of the floor of this Grand Lodge, I am very grateful, and thank you on behalf of the members of Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, of which I have the honor to belong, and for the citizens of Philadelphia, of which I am the Chief Executive.

"Personally, I am careful, and approach my subject with caution, lest my heart, which is overflowing with respect and affection for the life-long friend whom I have enjoyed through many years, might lead me into channels from which it would be hard to retreat in addressing you.

"In 1907 a young, ambitious, progressive, successful business man of the City of Philadelphia was initiated into Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2. He, with many others in Philadelphia, had been impressed with the Order of Elks from a recent Convention that honored our city. With his addition to Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, it was destined that additional golden, brilliant pages in the history of our great Order would be written and in 1920 he was elected Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia Lodge, and has continued as its Exalted Ruler ever since. Those of you who have visited the City of Philadelphia recently probably inspected the magnificent Elks Home built on our main thoroughfare—Broad Street. Just another accomplishment of the splendid brother whose name I will soon mention. He was appointed on the Membership Committee of the Grand Lodge in 1922. He was State President of the Elks Association in Pennsylvania in 1923. He was appointed Grand Esquire in the years of 1923, 1924 and 1925. He has every qualification for presiding, with dignity, with patriotism and with ability over the destinies of this foremost American organization. He is well-known in the City of Philadelphia and throughout the State of Pennsylvania, as one of the coming young men of the future, in a public way, of our city and State. He has been an enthusiastic and loyal Elk for many years. Offers in other fraternal organizations have failed to attract him, but the Order of Elks has been the only one which has occupied the entire space in his big heart and his thoughts in the fraternal world.

"His life has been one of great usefulness. His charities are known to but few. His sympathies for the afflicted, and particularly for the child, are well-known because he has builded so high that it has become public property. His friendship is sought in all circles, and his influence for good is felt in every society that he honors with his presence.

"Over in Palestine there are two seas—the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee; they are both fed from the same source, the River Jordan.

The Dead Sea is a stagnant, useless body of water; it receives, but it retains. The Sea of Galilee receives from the same source, but it empties into a fertile valley, and it is a joy to the surrounding community; it receives and it gives; it is useful. So has been the life of my friend and brother whom I desire to place in nomination here to-day—a life of usefulness.

"Just one more qualification, which seems in my judgment to cover the necessary prerequisites—he is an American gentleman with a host of friends.

"I have the honor, my brethren, to submit for your consideration the name of Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America."

When the applause had subsided, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener made a brief, but enthusiastic seconding speech, in which he said that in endorsing the candidacy of Mr. Grakelow for the office, he spoke for every one of the 80,000 members of the Order in the State of Pennsylvania. The election of Charles H. Grakelow as Grand Exalted Ruler was unanimous. That it was exceedingly popular was evidenced by the prolonged applause and cheering which greeted his appearance as he entered the convention hall escorted by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Tener and Masters, both citizens of his State. The speech of acceptance of the new Grand Exalted Ruler is published on page 5, of this issue.

Other Grand Lodge officers elected, all unanimously, were:

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Hubert S. Riley, of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Judge Harvey M. Blue, of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Hugh D. MacCosham, of Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1416.

Grand Secretary, Fred C. Robinson, of Dubuque, Iowa, Lodge, No. 297 (re-elected for the twenty-third time).

Grand Treasurer, Fred A. Morris, of Mexico, Mo., Lodge, No. 919.

Grand Trustee, Richard P. Rooney, of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21.

Grand Tiler, Michael H. McCarron, of Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908.

Grand Inner Guard, Louie Forman, of Bloomington, Ill., Lodge, No. 281.

Following the election of officers came the choice of the 1927 Grand Lodge Convention City. An invitation was extended by Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, through Past Exalted Ruler D. J. Heffernan, and by Past Exalted Rulers B. C. Broyles and John S. McClelland, of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78. Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, also tendered an invitation through Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, seconded by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan.

After a recess for luncheon, the first business session was continued on Tuesday afternoon. Past Exalted Ruler Ralph Hagan, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, Chairman of the Committee on Distribution, submitted the report of that body, which was approved. The Chairman of the Committee on Elections, Charles M. Bedell, Syracuse Lodge, No. 31, then reported that by ballot of the Grand Lodge Cincinnati had been favored as the next Convention city over Miami.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, of New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, was next recognized and dealt with the report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, of which he was Chairman. Calling the attention of the Grand Lodge to the voluminous and comprehensive printed report of his Committee—of which a necessarily brief digest is published in this issue of the Magazine—Chairman Sullivan spoke of the great importance of Social and Community Welfare work and of the increasing interest in it displayed by the Subordinate Lodges. He pointed out that this year's report contained detailed data from more Lodges than had ever previously supplied such information, and exhibited evidence of the pains taken by the Committee to make an accurate and full record of all work carried on by the subordinate Lodges. In connection with the recommendations of the Social and Community

Welfare Committee, Chairman Sullivan introduced a number of resolutions, as follows:

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

"Be it resolved that representatives of Subordinate Lodges in attendance at this convention make it their duty to report to their Lodges the activities of this Committee and to call specially to the attention of the Subordinate Lodge Committees on Social and Community Welfare the printed report of this Committee, and to file a copy of same with each Subordinate Lodge; and particularly to call attention to that section of the report which contains a digest of the work done by the Subordinate Lodges of the Order, reporting their activities to this Committee; and

"Be it further resolved that it is hereby made the duty of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, on the occasion of their official visits to the Lodges within their districts to inquire whether the representative of the Subordinate Lodge to this Grand Lodge Convention has made a full and complete report to his Lodge of the activities and operations of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee; that it is also made the duty of the District Deputies to report their findings in this regard to the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee; that the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers shall further inquire and see that the Exalted Ruler of each Subordinate Lodge in their districts has appointed Social and Community Welfare Committees for all the Lodges and that these Committees in truth and fact are functioning."

"Be it resolved that the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee have a membership of five (5), one of whom shall be the Chairman, which Chairman shall be appointed by the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler before the adjournment of this Grand Lodge, so that the work of the Committee may be carried on uninterruptedly, pending the appointment of the full Committee, and the said Chairman so appointed is hereby authorized to that end, and

"Be it further resolved that the said Social and Community Welfare Committee is hereby clothed with full power and authority as conferred upon it at the Atlanta, Boston, and Portland conventions of 1923, 1924, and 1925."

"Be it resolved that from the Grand Lodge funds there be appropriated for the work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee for the year July 15, 1926, to July 15, 1927, the sum of Twenty Thousand (\$20,000.00) dollars; and

"Be it further resolved that the Grand Treasurer be and he is hereby authorized to issue a check to the Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee to be appointed by the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler, as provided for in the resolution heretofore adopted by this Grand Lodge, for the sum of Five Thousand Dollars (\$5,000.00) for contingent expenses, so that the Committee can continue to function without loss of time.

"And be it further resolved that the Board of Grand Trustees be, and they are hereby instructed, to write the said appropriation and include the same in their budget."

"On the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, namely: 'September 17th is the date of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and some sort of exercise should be held by every subordinate Lodge during that week':

"Your Committee reports favorably thereon and recommends the adoption of a resolution as follows:

"Be it resolved that September 17th, being the date of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the Committee on Social and Community Welfare prepare a suggested program to be sent to the various Lodges for the observance of the said date by each subordinate Lodge during the week of September 17th.

"Be it further resolved that the observance of this occasion shall remain discretionary with the subordinate Lodges."

"On the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler that a display in the Lodge room and upon the notice board under the head: 'Birthdays' of the name of each brother during that week, would offer added interest and incentive for attendance at Lodge meetings,

"Your Committee recommends that the following resolution be adopted:

"Be it resolved that the Grand Lodge endorses and recommends this practice to all subordinate Lodges of the Order as a beautiful sentiment, but does not make the observance of it mandatory."

"On the recommendation of the Grand Exalted

Ruler setting out that there are about six thousand children in the Philippines not only under-privileged but suffering for want of care and clothing and food; that these children are largely the children of American soldiers who have either returned to America or who have died leaving their progeny to the mercilessness and sinfulness and ignorance of that country, and that a report from the Manila Lodge to the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler should be requested to furnish the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler with sufficient information to place at the disposal of that Lodge such an appropriation as this Grand Lodge may vote for assisting in the saving of these children:

"Your Committee begs leave to recommend that the following resolution be adopted:

"Be it resolved that the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler referring to the six thousand children in the Philippines be referred to the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler."

"Be it resolved that there is hereby created and appropriated for the ensuing Grand Lodge Year a special 'Subordinate Lodge Assistance Fund' in the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars to be administered and disbursed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, after a thorough investigation, in such manner as he shall deem best for the co-operation and partial relief of subordinate Lodges, upon which exceptional demands are made for the assistance of members of other Lodges."

[NOTE: The above resolution is identical with the one adopted at Portland in 1925, save in this: that the amount appropriated is cut from \$15,000.00 to \$10,000.00, and this for the reason that there was only about \$3,000.00 of the appropriation so disbursed during the past Grand Lodge Year.]

The foregoing resolutions were all adopted. Reporting as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Ritual, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan introduced the following resolutions:

"Your Committee on Ritual is in receipt of a communication from Minneapolis Lodge No. 44, recommending that an appropriate robe or gown be worn at funeral services or other services where a robe or gown would be proper; your Committee is also in receipt of a communication from Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194, asking to be advised if regalia during initiatory exercises are prohibited by the Grand Lodge.

"Whereas, the subject of regalia, robes, etc., is one of great importance, and one that is constantly being brought up by one or another of the Subordinate Lodges; and

"Whereas, a question of this sort is not one to be decided off-hand, but one which should be given earnest consideration,

"Be it resolved that the Grand Lodge hereby authorizes the Committee on Ritual to make a thorough investigation of all phases of the regalia question, with instructions to report back its findings to this Grand Lodge at the Cincinnati Convention of 1927; and

"Be it also resolved that this Committee is hereby further authorized to request the manufacturers of uniforms, robes, lodge regalia, etc., to present specially designed examples of their wares for proposed Elk use at the 1927 Grand Lodge convention, provided your Committee on Ritual deems it advisable to do so."

"Your Committee on Ritual is in receipt of a communication from Willard, Ohio, Lodge No. 1370, requesting that the practice of decorating with a wreath or other floral emblem the grave of every Elk in each Lodge jurisdiction on each Elks' Memorial Sunday be made universal throughout the Order.

"Your Committee finds the thought and sentiment represented by this action beautiful, but hesitates to add it as a mandatory feature to the rituals of the Order. Therefore your Committee presents the following resolution:

"Whereas, Willard Lodge No. 1370 proposes that the practice of decorating the graves of all Elks on Memorial Sunday within each Lodge jurisdiction be made universal throughout the Order, and

"Whereas, the thought and sentiment expressed in such action are undeniably tender and beautiful, now therefore

"Be it resolved that this Grand Lodge endorses and recommends this practice to all subordinate Lodges of the Order, but does not make the observance of it mandatory."

All the foregoing resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The report of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations was read by the Chairman, William H. Reinhart, of Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge, No. 285, and was approved. It is published in this issue of the Magazine. The recommendation of the Committee that a larger appropriation be made for its use was subsequently met by an increase in the amount appropriated from \$500 to \$2,000 for the coming year. The acceptance of this report marked the end of the first business session.

The Second Business Session

On Wednesday morning July 14, the second business session was opened with the reading, by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, of a telegram from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, expressing his regret at being unable to attend the Reunion and sending his best wishes for the success of the occasion. The Grand Secretary was directed to telegraph an acknowledgment of this message. Mr. Rightor also read a telegram of felicitations on the dedication of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building from the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the Dominion of Canada, and a congratulatory letter from the Past Commanders Club, Southern California Sons of Veterans of the U. S. A., on the observance of Flag Day by Subordinate Lodges of the Order. It was moved that messages of thanks be sent by the Grand Secretary in acknowledgment of both these communications.

The first order of regular business was the submission of the report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary by its Chairman, John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61. In connection with the work of the Committee on Judiciary, Chairman Malley emphasized that the policy of the Committee is to avoid the recommendation of new legislation wherever possible, in order that the Grand Lodge Statutes may not be overloaded with a cumbersome mass of laws. "When the matters that have come before us," he said, "have seemed to us unnecessary in that the suggested changes in our laws were to correct local rather than general conditions, the Committee has deemed it advisable to report against all such changes."

Chairman Malley reported the following recommendations of the Committee for changes in the Grand Lodge Statutes:

That Section 208, paragraph 3, following the word "effective," which ends the first sentence, be amended to read as follows:

"... A Subordinate Lodge before acquiring property for or constructing a home, or making substantial additions to or alterations of its home, shall obtain a permit from the Board of Grand Trustees with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Application for such permit must be made in writing upon forms furnished by said Board and shall set forth the proposed plans for and methods of financing the project, and such other information as the said Board may require. Said application shall be filed in triplicate with the said Board, which shall forward one copy to the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, with request for his comment and recommendation, and one copy to the President of the State Association in the State in which the Lodge submitting the proposition is located, if there be a State Association in such State, with the request that the governing body of such Association make a thorough examination of the proposed plans and methods and report with recommendations. After the Board has received said reports, if it approves the project, it shall forward the application, with reports relating thereto, to the Grand Exalted Ruler for his approval, and, if the Grand Exalted Ruler approves, the Board shall issue the permit."

That Section 80 be amended by the substitution, in the second sentence, of the months of June and December for the months of April and October.

That Section 48, paragraph 4, be amended to read as follows:

"It shall be the duty of the District Deputy to familiarize himself with all ritualistic work, and visit each subordinate Lodge in his district when in session at least once between October 1 and April 1 of the year for which he was appointed, and see that the work of the Order is performed uniformly in all said Lodges. He shall examine all books and records of each Lodge, including the books and records of any club established and maintained under the provisions of Chapter 14 to see that they are kept properly and to ascertain the assets and liabilities of the Lodge and club, the amount of insurance carried, and the other methods by which the property thereof is safeguarded. He shall make on forms furnished by the Grand Secretary for such purpose, an official report of each visit made by him, and shall file the same with the Grand Exalted Ruler immediately after such visits. He shall investigate every complaint filed against an officer of a Lodge in his district under the provisions of Chapter 4 and shall file a certificate with the Secretary of the Lodge

of the accused officer whenever he is of the opinion that there was reasonable cause for the filing of said complaint."

From this point on, the Section is unchanged.

That Section 180, second sentence, be amended to read as follows:

"If a year has intervened between such striking from the roll and the date of application for reinstatement, the applicant shall pay his indebtedness for dues as it existed at the time his name was stricken from the roll, which payment shall in no case exceed the amount of one year's dues. . . ."

The balance of the sentence and the Section are unchanged.

That Section 94 be amended to read as follows:

"Section 94. The filing of a complaint against an officer of the Lodge shall cause his suspension from office until the final determination of the case, if and when the District Deputy of the District in which the Lodge is located files with the Secretary of said Lodge a certificate that in his opinion there is reasonable cause for said complaint; provided, however, that if the Subordinate Forum shall dismiss the complaint on demurrer and the accuser shall appeal, the Grand Forum or a Justice thereof may enter a stay of such suspension until the final determination of the case.

"During the period of the suspension of an Exalted Ruler the duties of his office shall devolve upon the other chair officers of the Lodge in the order of their rank. The Exalted Ruler shall appoint some member of the Lodge to perform the duties of any other officer during the period of suspension of such officer. If the officer under suspension is one having books, records, property or funds of the Lodge in his custody, he shall immediately surrender the same to the temporary officer herein provided for.

"When an accused officer is finally convicted, his office becomes permanently vacant and shall be filled as provided by law in the case of other vacancies in office. If an accused officer is finally acquitted, he shall be at once restored to all rights and privileges theretofore enjoyed or possessed by him in the Order and shall be entitled to resume his office in the Lodge, unless, in the meantime, his term of office has expired by operation of law."

That Section 214 be amended to read as follows:

"Section 214. No Lodge, State Association, or member of this Order shall institute, establish, begin or maintain the publication of any magazine, newspaper or other periodical devoted to the interests of the Order, or purporting to be an Elk publication, in whole or in part, without first securing the sanction of the Grand Lodge. Any Lodge or member desiring to establish such publication, as herein described, must apply to the Grand Lodge for a permit before publishing the initial number. The said application must contain full information as to the title, size, periodicity of issue, editors, and publishers and price of the same. The Grand Lodge reserves the right to revoke such permits. Any member violating this section shall be punished by expulsion upon due trial and conviction as provided by statute. The Grand Exalted Ruler may, with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees, suspend the charter of any Lodge violating this section.

"Upon the suspension of the charter of any Lodge or upon the final conviction of any member publishing any such magazine, newspaper or periodical for any offense by a Subordinate Forum, the Grand Exalted Ruler may, pending the meeting of the Grand Lodge, suspend the right of such Lodge or member to publish any such magazine, newspaper or other periodical.

"Provided, that any Lodge or State Association desiring to publish a bulletin for the purpose of disseminating information and news, concerning the Lodge or Association publishing such bulletin, shall apply to the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary for an approval of such publication, stating the size, scope and general intent of such bulletin and upon the approval by such Chairman may proceed with such publication, but such bulletin shall contain no advertising matter, and shall not be issued for profit or offered for subscription."

That Section 82a, be amended to read as follows:

"Section 82a. Whenever the complaint charges an offense alleged to have been committed by the Exalted Ruler, or in a case in which the Exalted Ruler is a material witness, the officer next in rank in the Lodge, who is not a material witness in the case, shall exercise all powers and perform all duties imposed by statute upon the Exalted Ruler relative to the appointing of the Subordinate Forum or the receiving, filing or prosecuting of said complaint.

"Whenever the complaint charges an offense alleged to have been committed by any officer, other than the Exalted Ruler, having powers and duties to perform as such officer, relative to the appointing of the Subordinate Forum or the receiving, filing, or prosecuting of said complaint, the Exalted Ruler shall immediately appoint some impartial member to exercise such powers and perform such duties in the particular case in place of the accused officer, and the member so appointed shall be vested with the powers of the accused officer for such purpose.

"Whenever the Secretary or any member of the Board of Trustees is the accuser, except in cases provided in Section 84, the Exalted Ruler shall appoint some member of the Lodge temporarily to perform the duties of such officer in connection with the filing of papers, appointment of Subordinate Forum and trial in that particular case."

In addition to recommending the amendments quoted above, all of which were duly enacted into law by vote of the Grand Lodge, the Committee on Judiciary recommended the enactment of two new Sections of the Grand Lodge Statutes, as follows:

"Section 218: Any candidate for office in a Subordinate Lodge who shall solicit support for his nomination or his election by advertisement in the public press, or by poster or flyer publicly exhibited or distributed, or by postal card, or by letter or circular sent through the mail in an unsealed envelope, or by radio broadcast, or by any public method of appeal, or in whose behalf and by whose permission any such solicitation of support is made by another or others, and any member who shall make any such solicitation of support in behalf of any candidate for office in a subordinate Lodge, shall be guilty of an offense, and upon trial and conviction shall be punished by suspension for not less than six months, or by expulsion, in the discretion of the Subordinate Forum."

"Section 140. The Executive Order of the Grand Exalted Ruler issued by and with the consent of a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees to revoke, take away, or forfeit, or to suspend a charter or dispensation of a Subordinate Lodge shall become effective ten days after service thereof upon the Secretary of said Lodge; provided, however, that if, within said ten days, written demand for a hearing before the Grand Exalted Ruler and Board of Grand Trustees, signed by the officers of said Lodge, or a majority thereof, shall be filed with the Grand Exalted Ruler, the said Executive Order shall be stayed until ten days after notice of a decision of the Grand Exalted Ruler, concurred in by a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees, confirming said Executive Order shall have been served upon the Secretary of said Lodge. If the Subordinate Lodge shall file a demand for a hearing under the provisions of this section, the Grand Exalted Ruler shall call a meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees for the purpose and shall give notice to said Lodge of the time and place of said hearing at least seven days before the date thereof. The Subordinate Lodge may attend said hearing by representation of its own selection. For the purposes of this section, service of any order, notice or demand shall be sufficient if made in accordance with the provisions of Section 87a."

Both of the foregoing proposed new Statutes were enacted into law.

In connection with Section 214 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, the Committee on Judiciary, through its Chairman, introduced the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Whereas, by virtue of Section 214 of the Grand Lodge Statutes it is provided that no Lodge or member of this Order shall institute, establish, begin or maintain the publication of any magazine, newspaper, or other periodical devoted to the interests of the Order, or purporting to be an Elk publication, in whole or in part, without first securing the sanction of the Grand Lodge by applying to the Grand Lodge for a permit therefor, before publishing the initial number, and

"Whereas, at the time of the enactment of section 214 of the Grand Lodge Statutes aforesaid, there was no official magazine published under the immediate direction and control of the Grand Lodge, for which the Grand Lodge was directly responsible, as the official organ of the Order, and

"Whereas, in the past, certain permits have been issued by the Grand Lodge in accordance with the provisions of Section 214 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, to Lodges and individuals, authorizing the publication of periodicals and other printed matter, in various forms, devoted to the interests of the Order, in whole or in part, and

"Whereas, many of the permits heretofore granted are now being used occasionally while other of such permits are alleged in some instances to have been used improperly, and

"Whereas, it is the sense of this Grand Lodge that a careful investigation and study should be made of the entire subject matter of Section 214

aforesaid, with a view to the revision thereof, and the revocation of such permits as are found to have been used improperly or which are not now being used, or which are being used only occasionally,

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that the subject matter of Section 214 of the Grand Lodge Statutes be referred to the Committee on the Good of the Order, together with this resolution, and that said Committee on the Good of the Order be and is hereby requested and directed to make a careful investigation and study of the entire matter aforesaid and report its recommendations thereon to this Grand Lodge at its next Annual Session."

Chairman Malley reported further that the Committee on Judiciary recommended that the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler relative to the appointing of a committee for the working out of a design for jewels that may be voted to Past Exalted Rulers and to members, and also the resolution of Alameda Calif., Lodge, No. 1075 on the same subject, be referred to the Committee on Good of the Order with instructions to study the matter and report thereon at the next annual session of the Grand Lodge. The Committee on Judiciary reported favorably on the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, relative to the jurisdiction of Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, or Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, over applicants residing at Clarion, Pa., by consigning Clarion to the jurisdiction of Franklin Lodge, No. 110. Another recommendation of the Committee was as follows:

"Your Committee on Judiciary, to which was referred the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler relative to Elks' scholarships, does report that the Committee has carefully considered the proposition and finds that the establishment of Elks scholarships by subordinate Lodges was recommended in his annual report to the Grand Lodge Session in July, 1923, by the then Grand Exalted Ruler, William W. Mountain; that the Chairman of this Committee in an article in the February, 1923, number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE outlined a comprehensive plan of furthering this Elk activity; and that at the Grand Lodge session of 1923 the report of the Committee on Good of the Order in respect to Elk scholarship foundation said:

"We think that there is no more meritorious work than assisting the youth of America to obtain education. This great Elk work already has been launched. Funds have been established in many Lodges, boys under Elk patronage are now in our colleges fitting themselves scholastically for the battle of life. . . . The methods which have been adopted by different Lodges should be set forth in a booklet . . . which we recommend the Social and Community Welfare Committee prepare for distribution to the subordinate Lodges. We give to the Elk Scholarship Foundation plan our strong endorsement and urge it for the consideration of all subordinate Lodges."

"With this history in mind, this Committee recommends that the subject matter be referred to the Social and Community Welfare Committee with instructions to investigate the progress which has been made by the subordinate Lodges in establishing Elks Scholarships, and the plans and methods which have been used, and the degree of success which has been attained, and to make a special report incorporating therein, if it is deemed advisable, a model plan of Elk Scholarship Foundation by subordinate Lodges, at the next annual session of the Grand Lodge."

These last three recommendations of the Committee were also adopted.

The Grand Lodge next heard the report of the the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission which was read by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, its Chairman. This report, dealing with the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building and THE ELKS MAGAZINE was received with enthusiasm and was unanimously approved and adopted. It will be found in this number of the Magazine on page 45.

In order that the Commission be legally empowered to pay for the temporary maintenance, taxes, etc., of the Elks National Memorial Building, as recommended in its report, in so far as possible, out of the \$480,000.00 appropriated by the Grand Lodge at Portland to defray the cost of embellishment, furniture and the like, Chairman Tener introduced a resolution authorizing the Commission to do so. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The Annual Memorial Service

At this time Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell relinquished the gavel to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price who, together with Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Thomas B. Mills, had been named as a member

of the Memorial Service Committee, and who presided over the Services. The Lodge of Sorrow was opened with the playing of the Chopin Funeral March by Henry Wehrmann, organist of New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, following which Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart offered a prayer to the memory of those members of the Order who had passed on during the Grand Lodge year. The double quartet of Detroit Lodge, No. 34, sang "Abide With Me" and upon its conclusion, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning delivered this eulogy of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English, of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13:

Brother Grand Exalted Ruler and My Brothers:

"I am to speak in memory of a man who was very dear to me. To many of you present in this Grand Lodge he was, perhaps, little more than a name. At the time of his passing, in the spring of this year, William E. English, of Indianapolis, was the ranking Past Grand Exalted Ruler of our Order. He was not the oldest, in point of years, but he held the precedence in date of service. He was Grand Exalted Ruler forty years ago, when the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was still a small and struggling enterprise.

To me, the names of Will English and the Order of Elks are inseparably coupled. For we were ourselves inseparable in our early days and we became Elks together. We were both charter members of Indianapolis Lodge No. 13, which was instituted March 20, 1881. But long before we assumed our fraternal ties, we had been as brothers; and though, as time went on, our paths diverged, our friendship held steadfast until Will English set forth finally on the journey to eternal peace. He was a great friend. His was that friendship which, giving all, asks nothing in return. His was not a bargaining friendship. It did not barter favors. It was the sort that says: "All that I have is yours—give me affection and loyalty, nothing more."

William E. English was representative of our finest type of citizenship. Sprung from a distinguished family in Indiana, born with means sufficient to enable him to be idle had he wished, he gave himself whole-heartedly to the service of his country and his State and his fraternity. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, he was among the first to volunteer. Given a safe post at home, he requested a transfer to active duty and served with the rank of Captain as an aide to General Wheeler in the Santiago campaign. A graduate of Northwestern Christian University, he began his career by practicing law. At the end of five years, he retired from active practice and, after some years spent in foreign travel, entered public life. In his time, Captain English, as he was popularly known, served in both branches of the Indiana Legislature and also as a member of Congress in Washington. He was a State Senator at the time of his death.

I have known few men in whom so much of personal charm has been matched with equal ability. Will English was a natural leader. Men liked him and trusted him. He had an instinct for doing the right thing and for doing things well. When Indianapolis Lodge was instituted, he was its first-initiated member and was elected its first Exalted Ruler. Later, he became its first honorary life member. Grand Lodge honors came to him at once. In his first year as a Grand Lodge Member, 1882, he was elected Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight. In 1883 and '84 he served two terms as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight. The following year he was District Deputy for Indiana. And in 1886-'87 he held the office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

Those were troublous times in our history, those pioneer years. We had but a handful of Lodges, with a membership of less than 7,500. We could not call upon half a century of past experience to aid us in the solution of the pressing problems which faced us. We had neither power, nor prestige. We had little money. But one reason why we have all those things to-day is that men of the character of Brother English took the helm and held us to our course in spite of the shoals and reefs that lurked around us.

We are here not to lament the passing of our dead, but to do honor to their works while they lived. Will English was a good man, just and kind. No one knows, but they who benefited by it, how broad was his Charity, or how ready

his helping hand. Not even I, for years his closest friend, knew the extent of his beneficence. But when his spirit had risen from its earthly home and the word had spread that he had passed on, thousands came to pay their last tribute at his side and the flags of his city and his State drooped at half-mast.

That other beloved Indianan, James Whitcomb Riley, left us a poem which expresses, better than words of mine ever could, my feeling at the passing of Will English—

Away

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

He is not dead—he is just away."

In closing the Memorial Service, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price paid tribute to the officers and members of the Order who have gone to their rest, reminding those present that the achievements of the fraternity have been made possible through the efforts of those who have gone before. The Service ended with the rendition of an appropriate vocal selection by the Scranton Elks Choral Club. Immediately following the ceremonies, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills introduced a resolution authorizing the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler to appoint a Committee whose function should be to plan a memorial to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler English and to report its recommendations to the next session of the Grand Lodge. (It is of interest to note here that Mrs. English was in attendance at the Reunion in Chicago during Convention Week.)

Resuming the regular order of business, Past Exalted Ruler E. J. McCrossin, of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, reported for the Allen Memorial Committee, that there had been some delay in deciding upon a memorial to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil M. Allen, of Birmingham, but that the Committee is now seeking a suitable memorial and will have definite action to report at the next Grand Lodge session. This report was approved.

Chairman William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1, reporting for the Leach Memorial Committee, informed the Grand Lodge of the dedication of the memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach—which was described in the June, 1926, issue of this Magazine—and extended the thanks of Mrs. Leach to the Grand Lodge for having erected it. The report of this Committee was approved and, its work done, the Committee was discharged with the thanks of the Grand Lodge.

On behalf of the Brown Memorial Committee, Past Exalted Ruler Fred O. Nuetzel, of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, submitted a tentative report, stating that the family burial plot of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown, at Russellville, Ky., is being re-planned and restored and that a large granite stone is being prepared to mark the grave. The Committee recommended that the Grand Lodge appropriate \$6,000 for this work. The report was approved and the appropriation subsequently made.

Following the submission of these reports, the Grand Lodge took a recess for luncheon, reconvening in the same session, the second business session, at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, where, at four o'clock, the dedication exercises took place. A description of the dedication appears separately in this issue and it will, therefore, not be touched upon here.

The Third Business Session

The third business session was held on Thursday morning, July 15, at the Auditorium Theater, and began with the announcement, by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, that he was instructing his District Deputies to visit each of the Lodges whose charters he had suspended during the year, with orders to expunge from the minutes of those Lodges the record of their suspension. This generous act was very warmly received.

Chairman Robert A. Gordon of the Board of Grand Trustees then presented the final budget, with a resolution that it be adopted. This was done. He then submitted the recommendation

of the Board, that Charters be granted to the following Lodges:

South Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1509.
Newton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1512.
Watertown, Mass., Lodge, No. 1513.
Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514.
Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515.
Marianna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1516.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517.
Sarasota, Fla., Lodge, No. 1519.
Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520.
Millinocket, Maine, Lodge, No. 1521.
Ponca City, Okla., Lodge, No. 1522.
Royal Oak, Mich., Lodge, No. 1523.
Arcadia Fla., Lodge, No. 1524.
Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526.
Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527.

This recommendation was approved and the charters granted.

Improvements and Additions to the Elks National Home

Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott next submitted the following very important supplemental report of the Board, dealing with the improvements deemed necessary at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.:

"To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge, B. P. O. Elks:

"In the annual Report of the Board of Grand Trustees, submitted to the Grand Lodge last year, at Portland, attention was called to the fact that the growing demands for admissions to the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Virginia, would very soon necessitate the construction of additional dormitories and service buildings; and it was suggested that the provision for these needed additions could not properly be delayed longer than this year.

"The conditions which now exist, and the anticipation of those sure to arise in the near future, confirm the Board in its judgment that provision should now be made for the enlargement of the Home, to meet present demands upon it and those sure to be made within the next few years.

"The present buildings, with one exception, have been in use for ten years; but they have been carefully maintained and are in perfect condition and splendidly adapted to the uses to which they are put. But they are overcrowded, even now, by the numbers of our brothers who are there cared for and there is a constantly growing waiting list of applicants who cannot be provided for because of lack of space.

"There are now 209 residents at the Home. These completely fill the dormitory space available. The Board has arranged to use the sun parlor in the Hospital for temporary dormitory purposes. This will take care of ten more, but will still leave a present waiting list of fifteen, no one of whom can be admitted until space is made available by deaths or withdrawals or by construction of additional buildings.

"At a meeting of the Board held in May, a special Committee was appointed, composed of Brothers Cotter, Jennings and Scott, to make a specific survey and study of the conditions with a view to a definite report to this Grand Lodge containing recommendations looking to the future as well as providing for the exigencies of the present. This Committee has investigated all phases of the situation, their conferences with architects and engineers and builders have continued up to the very days of the meeting of this Grand Lodge. It is for this reason that the matter is dealt with in this supplemental report instead of the Annual Printed Report, which of course had to be completed for printing some weeks ago.

"After a careful study of tentative plans submitted and estimates of costs secured, the Special Committee has recommended to the Board the immediate construction of a new central heating plant, of sufficient capacity to serve the existing buildings and the contemplated additions for some years to come, and of additional dormitory accommodations capable of housing one hundred additional residents, at an estimated total cost of \$350,000.00. The Board is unanimous in its approval of the recommendation of the Committee and does now recommend to this Grand Lodge that authority be given it to proceed immediately with the construction of the additional buildings required at the Home, as herein suggested.

"The Board is aware of the fact that, to provide the fund needed for this purpose, a special tax upon all members of the Order must be levied, unless, as has been suggested in the Report of the Grand Exalted Ruler, some plan can be worked out by which anticipated earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE might be made available. But, in any event, the Board is of the opinion that the conditions require the immediate consideration of this matter and that the additional buildings suggested should be authorized, even though the per capita tax must be increased to provide the necessary funds."

Upon the acceptance and approval of the above report, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, on behalf of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, of which he is a member, read a supplemental report submitted by that body, as follows:

"To the Grand Exalted Ruler and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

"The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, to which was referred by the Grand Lodge the matter of determining whether or not funds for the construction of suggested needed improvements at the Elks National Home would be available from the surplus of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, begs leave to submit the following report:

"Your commission reported at the Boston Grand Lodge in 1924 that from the operations of THE ELKS MAGAZINE there remained a surplus of \$200,000.00, after retaining sufficient working capital for the Magazine, which was subject to the orders of the Grand Lodge. By resolution passed at Boston the sum of \$200,000.00 was turned over to the Grand Treasurer for Grand Lodge expenses, and as a result thereof the per capita for the ensuing year was decreased from 35c per member to 15c per member.

"At the Portland Convention in 1925 your Commission reported to the Grand Lodge that an additional sum of \$150,000.00 was then available from the surplus account, and that amount was turned over to the Grand Lodge. It was then further reported that the situation was such that there would be a surplus resulting from the operations of the Magazine in ensuing years. It recommended that the \$150,000.00 surplus turned over in 1925, as well as additional amounts as the same might become available from the net earnings of the Magazine until the aggregate amount of \$480,000.00 was reached, should be turned over to the Commission for the purpose of the artistic embellishment and adornment of the National Memorial Headquarters Building and grounds and the complete furnishing and equipment thereof. The Grand Lodge thereupon adopted a resolution, which will be found on page 257 of the Grand Lodge Proceedings for 1925, appropriating from the National Headquarters Fund the sum of \$480,000.00 for the purpose aforesaid, and authorizing the Commission to immediately transfer from the accumulated surplus of the National Publication Fund to the National Headquarters Fund the sum of \$150,000.00, and from time to time thereafter, as such sums might become available, to transfer such additional sums from the said accumulated surplus of said National Publication Fund to the said National Headquarters Fund as might be necessary to provide the amount appropriated, not to exceed in the aggregate \$480,000.00. In accordance with the Portland resolution, \$150,000.00 of the \$480,000.00 appropriated was turned over to the National Headquarters Fund from the National Publication Fund. The report of your Commission this year discloses that an additional \$200,000.00 is available for the purpose of meeting the Portland appropriation, and has been duly transferred, the same having become available out of the surplus for the last year. With this amount turned over to the National Headquarters Fund, \$350,000.00 out of the \$480,000.00 appropriated will have been provided for, leaving but \$130,000.00 yet to be turned over to the National Headquarters Fund from surplus from the Magazine.

"Your Commission believes that it is safe in saying that there will be enough surplus in the National Publication Fund during the next four years, and possibly within the next three years, to provide the remaining \$130,000.00 appropri-

ated by the resolution adopted in Portland, and also to provide the \$350,000.00 which the Grand Trustees estimate will be needed for the making of needed improvements to the Home.

"Your Commission is unanimously of the opinion that it is neither necessary nor desirable at this time, in view of the above facts, to make further assessments against the Lodges or the members of the Order for any purpose.

"Your Commission therefore recommends that no assessments be made by this Grand Lodge to provide the \$350,000.00 necessary for the needed improvements to the Elks National Home but that in lieu thereof the sum of \$350,000.00 be appropriated by this Grand Lodge for the purpose of making such needed improvements and additions, and that the funds to meet such appropriation be provided out of the surplus from the National Publication Fund, and when the same shall be available, after the payment of all amounts heretofore appropriated by the Grand Lodge from said surplus.

"Your Commission further recommends, in lieu of making assessments against the Lodges or the members of the Order for the purposes aforesaid, that the Board of Grand Trustees be authorized, from time to time, to borrow in the name of the Order the sum of \$350,000.00, or so much thereof as may from time to time be necessary for the purposes aforesaid, and that from time to time as money may be available from the surplus of the National Publication Fund, the same be used for the purpose of retiring any loans made hereunder; and that the Board of Grand Trustees be given full power and authority to do each and every thing that may be necessary or convenient or expedient in order properly and fully to carry out the letter and spirit of such resolution as may be adopted by the Grand Lodge."

IMMEDIATELY after the acceptance and adoption of the foregoing, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"RESOLVED:

- "1. That the National Headquarters Commission be and is hereby authorized and directed to transfer from the accumulated surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, from time to time if, as and when the same shall be available, to the Grand Treasurer, the aggregate sum of \$350,000.00.
- "2. That the said sum be and is hereby appropriated for the purpose of providing the additional buildings at the Elks National Home as recommended by the Grand Trustees in their Supplemental Report at this session.
- "3. That the Board of Grand Trustees be and are hereby authorized and directed to proceed with the construction of the said additional buildings forthwith.
- "4. That, in anticipation of the availability of the funds hereby appropriated for the said purpose, the Board of Grand Trustees, be and are hereby authorized, from time to time, to borrow in the name of the Order, such sum or sums of money as may be needed to proceed promptly with the said construction work and to complete the same, not to exceed in the aggregate the sum of \$350,000.00."

It will be noted that by its action in connection with these reports and the resolution relating to the financing of the improvements and additions for the Elks National Home, the Grand Lodge once more paid recognition to the fruitage of the prediction made five years ago that THE ELKS MAGAZINE would, in time, earn a surplus that would provide funds for Grand Lodge purposes and so lighten the burden on the Subordinate Lodges and the individual members.

Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter introduced the following resolution; which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, that in accordance with Section 15, Article III, of the Constitution, and Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, there are hereby fixed and assessed upon each member of the Order as of April 1st, 1927, annual dues

in the amount of \$1.35; that of the amount so fixed and assessed, one dollar for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st, shall be paid by each Subordinate Lodge on or before May 1st, 1927, for the expense of publishing and distributing the National Journal known as THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose; and of the amount so fixed and assessed, 35 cents for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st, shall be paid by each Subordinate Lodge on or before May 1st, 1927, to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of The Elks National Home, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose."

Grand Trustee Clyde Jennings introduced a resolution of the Board expressing the appreciation of the Grand Lodge for the devotion to the Order of the retiring member of the Board, Chairman Robert A. Gordon, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, and providing that a testimonial be presented to him as evidence of this appreciation.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann then extended the hearty thanks of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, and of the city of Cincinnati, to the Grand Lodge for having voted to accept their invitation to make that city the meeting place in 1927. "We have entertained you in the past," he said, "and we want to entertain you again." Mr. Herrmann's brief, but cordial remarks were roundly applauded.

At this time Joseph M. Sullivan, Chairman of the Committee on Credentials, submitted the final report of the Committee, giving the attendance figures which were quoted earlier in this article.

Past Exalted Ruler B. C. Broyles, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, introduced a resolution of thanks and appreciation, on behalf of the Grand Lodge, to the officers and members of Chicago Lodge; to Grand Esquire William J. Sinek, Chairman of the local Grand Lodge Convention Committee and his associates on that Committee; to Alexander Wolf, Exalted Ruler of No. 4; to the officials and citizens, the press and police, of the city of Chicago, for their hospitality and their co-operation in helping to make the 1926 Grand Lodge Reunion a success. This resolution was adopted.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price introduced a resolution that, upon the conclusion of this meeting, the Grand Lodge adjourn to reconvene in Cincinnati on Monday, July 11, 1927. This resolution, was, of course, also unanimously adopted.

Chairman Malley, of the Committee on Judiciary, next introduced the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, that the Committee on Judiciary be, and hereby is, directed to consider the advisability of publishing in separate volumes, properly indexed, the decisions handed down each year by the Grand Forum, and to make report, with its recommendations, at the next session of the Grand Lodge."

The one remaining report not yet considered, that of the Committee on Good of the Order, was submitted by the Chairman, Past Exalted Ruler I. K. Lewis, of Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133. This report, which was unanimously accepted and approved, will be found in the September issue of this Magazine. Chairman Lewis introduced a resolution, which was adopted, wherein the Grand Lodge commended the work of the junior Order of Antlers, sponsored by Past Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols, of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3.

In answer to a query from one of the members of the Grand Lodge, Chairman Tener, of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, made it clear that the Memorial Headquarters Building, just dedicated, belongs to the entire membership and that any and every Elk is at liberty to visit it at any time and to take with him as many friends as he desires. The Building is not the property of the Commission, but of the Order at large and no one member has any more or less interest in it, or degree of ownership of it, than any other.

By special permission of the Grand Lodge, Mayor W. Freeland Kendrick, of Philadelphia, who had nominated the Grand Exalted Ruler elect, was again given the privilege of the floor

in order that he might, on behalf of his city, invite all those present to attend the Sesqui-centennial Exposition now taking place there. Mr. Kendrick said that although the exposition would not be fully completed until September, there is enough of interest there already to keep a visitor busy for three full days.

Reverting again to Elk matters, the Grand Lodge received, from Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy, Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, the thanks of that Lodge and of the people of Rhode Island generally for the contribution of \$1000 sent by the Grand Exalted Ruler for the relief of the victims of the explosion of the S.S. Mackinac, in August, 1925. The Order of Elks, said Mr. Duffy, was the only national fraternal organization to contribute to the fund raised throughout the state for the benefit of the victims and their families; and the size of the contribution and the promptness with which it was sent did much to endear the fraternity to the people of Rhode Island.

The installation of the new Grand Lodge Officers was conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, after which Grand

Chaplain Dysart introduced a resolution expressing the appreciation of the Grand Lodge for the work of Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, during his term of office, and providing that a suitable testimonial be secured and presented to him. This resolution was adopted by a rising vote of the Grand Lodge.

The outgoing Grand Exalted Ruler said a few words in which he thanked the members of the Grand Lodge, his retiring fellow Officers, and members of the Order generally for their co-operation during his term and said he would always cherish their friendship.

The new Grand Exalted Ruler, Charles H. Grakelow, pledged himself to a continuance of the established policies of the Order and bespoke the aid of his associate officers and of past leaders in helping him to meet wisely the problems that may arise. He said again what he had said in his speech of acceptance, namely, that he would like every Subordinate Lodge to conduct an initiation on the occasion of his official visits, as tangible evidence of their effort to secure new members. He particularly stressed, however, the importance of seeking a

high quality of membership, rather than mere quantity. And he emphasized, too, the desirability of re-awakening interest among former members who had allowed their membership to lapse. "Thirty years in business have taught me one valuable principle," said he, "and that is that it is more important to keep an old customer than to make a new one." He urged that every Lodge have a really active Lapsation Committee and that a concentrated effort be made by these Committees to bring back lapsed members into good standing in their Lodges.

Mr. Grakelow was presented with a beautiful copper gavel by Past Exalted Ruler R. G. Lucas, of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, on behalf of the members of that Lodge. The new Grand Exalted Ruler's first official action was the re-appointment of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, so that the work of that Committee might be carried on without interruption or delay.

The Grand Lodge then adjourned, to meet again in Cincinnati, Ohio, the week of July 10, 1927.

Report of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

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

It is not only with great pleasure but also with considerable pride that your Commission this year submits its reports on the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building and THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

As every Elk knows, the great Memorial Headquarters Building is now ready for occupancy. On Wednesday afternoon, July 14, it will be formally dedicated to the uses of the Order.

In this report, your Commission will not attempt to narrate the history of the Building, nor to describe its various features. For one reason, both the history and the description are fully set forth in the July issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. And in the second place, every member of this Grand Lodge has seen, or will see, the Building with his own eyes. And the Building itself speaks far more effectively and eloquently in its own behalf than anything that could be said for it.

In its report to the Grand Lodge at Portland, Oregon, last year, your Commission stated that, while it had been possible to carry forward the construction of the Building to the point of completion contemplated by the original resolution authorizing it, within the appropriation provided for that purpose, there were features necessarily incident to a building of this character that could not be provided for in its inception. These features consisted of sculpture, decoration and allied items, essential to the adequate embellishment and beautification of the structure, which could be intelligently determined upon only as the completed edifice revealed the full possibilities and requirements.

Your Commission recommended, and the Grand Lodge approved the recommendation, that the funds for such decorative features be provided not by assessment against the membership, but out of the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The Grand Lodge authorized the Commission to expend for these decorative features the sum of \$480,000, to be supplied, as needed, out of the surplus of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Virtually all the contracts have been let, as follows:

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Sculpture for Exterior and Interior | ..\$117,500.00 |
| Art Glass Windows | 24,300.00 |
| Mural Paintings | 133,000.00 |
| Decorative Painting | 23,285.00 |
| Furniture, Fixtures, Rugs and Draperies | 62,328.07 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| Landscaping | 10,862.04 |
| Which makes a total amount of | \$371,276.11 |

In addition to the items enumerated above, there will be other expenditures necessary to complete the decorative features of the Building.

To meet this expenditure, there was paid in to the National Headquarters Fund, from the National Publication Fund, last July, out of the surplus of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the sum of \$150,000.00. And this year, in accordance with the resolution of the Grand Lodge, at Portland, the Commission has paid in, to the National Headquarters Fund, from THE ELKS MAGAZINE current earnings, the additional sum of \$200,000. This means that the Magazine has already furnished \$350,000 of the amount authorized for the decorative and ornamental features of the Building.

Your Commission recommends that in addition to the expenditures for the decorative features of the Building, it be given authority also to pay the taxes and the expenses of the temporary maintenance of the Building, as far as possible, out of the \$480,000 of the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, authorized by the Grand Lodge at Portland last year.

The sculptures and mural paintings are being made by some of America's foremost artists. The sculptors, Adolph A. Weinman, James Earle Fraser, Laura Gardin Fraser, Gerome Brush; and the painters, Edwin Howland Blashfield, Eugene F. Savage, stand at the very top in the field of American art. As their productions are finished they will be set in their appointed spaces in and about the Building. It should be understood, however, that works of art of this nature are created slowly and that it will require several years for the decorative features to be all completed.

The Commission wishes to acknowledge and commend very highly the excellence of the work of Egerton Swartwout, the Architect of the Building, Col. J. Hollis Wells, Advisory Architect, Hegeman-Harris Co., Inc., General Contractors and George C. Smith, Superintendent of Construction representing the Commission and the Architects. The performance of the various sub-contractors has also been very satisfactory.

The Elks Magazine

In reporting on our National Journal, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission can find little to say that is not obvious

to every member of the Grand Lodge and every member of the Order.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE is a very substantial success from every point of view: literary, fraternal and financial.

The net cash gain of the Magazine for the year 1925 to 1926 was \$270,627.25 an increase over the previous year of \$130,098.57. The increase in advertising receipts for the year was \$123,092.18—or 29 per cent. In spite of the fact that the issues of the Magazine have, on the average, been larger, the total expense of publication was less than the preceding year.

It is gratifying to state that, due to the intensive effort—begun in 1925 and carried on this year—to eliminate errors in names and addresses, THE ELKS MAGAZINE now has a mailing list as nearly correct as any such list of comparable size can possibly be. We wish here to thank the Subordinate Lodge Secretaries for their effective cooperation in helping to correct our mailing list and to bespeak their continued cooperation. The Magazine should receive notification in every case from the Lodge Secretary when a member of that Lodge changes his address. If a member is dropped from the roll of a Lodge, the Secretary should at once notify the Magazine. If a member demits, the Secretary should at once notify the Magazine. When a new member is initiated the Secretary should immediately send in his name, so that the Magazine may be mailed promptly to him. It is the duty of the Secretary to attend to these matters in every case; and it is essential to our maintenance of an accurate mailing list.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has entered upon its fifth year with every indication of continued vitality and prosperity.

Submitted with these reports on The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building and THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and as a part thereof, there is filed a financial statement to June 1, 1926, of the receipts and disbursements of the Commission on account of the Headquarters Fund and the Publication Fund, under the official certified audit of West, Flint & Company, New York, N. Y.

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

Fraternally submitted,
ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL HEADQUARTERS COMMISSION,
 JOSEPH T. FANNING JOHN K. TENER,
Secretary-Treasurer. *Chairman.*



© KAUFMAN & FABRY

Dedication of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

A BEAUTIFUL spectacle, impressive in every detail, was the dedication of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago on the afternoon of July 14. It was the high event of the Grand Lodge Convention and one of the most significant occasions in the history of the Order. Elks from every corner of the country, dignitaries of City, State and Federal Governments, citizens of Chicago, and many present and past officers of the Order, gathered around the great building at Lakeview Avenue and Diversy Boulevard to witness its formal dedication by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell. It was a sight that will stay long in the memory of the many thousands who were present.

In accordance with a special ritual, that had been composed for the dedication, the ceremony was opened by raising American flags on the two flagstaves before the building, while the band of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, played "The Star Spangled Banner." As the last strains of music died away, and as the flags broke out above the bared heads of the crowd, the Hon. John K. Tener, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, which had charge of the planning and the erection of the building, formally delivered it to the Grand Exalted Ruler for dedication. Speaking on behalf of his fellow-members of the Commission, Governor Tener traced the history of the building from its inception to its completion.

Address of Hon. John K. Tener

I HAVE the honor and the very agreeable duty to speak in the name of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission and to present this Building that it may be dedicated to the objects and purposes for which it was erected.

Speaking on behalf of my associate members of the Commission, as well as myself, I do not consider it an overstatement to say that there is not another building in all the world just like this, for, while it is classic in its style of architecture, it is nevertheless modern and American in design.

Just six years ago in this very city, with the Grand Lodge in session, the then Grand Exalted Ruler, Frank L. Rain, recommended that a location in some central city be secured for a

permanent National Headquarters of the Order, as well as for the office of the Grand Secretary, and that preferably the Order erect a special building for the purpose.

Grand Exalted Ruler Rain's recommendation met with favorable action and a Committee was appointed to make an investigation and report with its recommendation at the next meeting of the Grand Lodge.

The Committee so appointed selected the city of Chicago as the most desirable place for the location of our National Headquarters and coupled with its report the recommendation that, as more than 70,000 members of the Order of Elks were in the service of our Country during the late war, and as more than 1,000 of them had given their lives to their Country, it would indeed be fitting, in fact your Commission felt it a duty, that a suitable memorial be erected in honor of those Elks who had thus brought so much glory to our Order.

The Commission immediately entered upon its duties, selected a design for the building, engaged an architect, an advisory architect and engineer, and let the contract for its construction. On August 13, 1923, excavation was begun, and on December 1, 1925, just two years, three months and eighteen days thereafter, the Building itself, under the general contract, was completed as its stands to-day, and at a cost well within the fixed amount of the appropriation.

It will interest you to know that of the amount of \$2,500,000 appropriated by assessment, the total cost to each member has been but \$3.10.

Manifestly, in a building of this character, it was not possible to conceive at the outset what would be necessary for its proper setting, adornment and embellishment, and, at the request of the Commission, the Grand Lodge made a further appropriation of \$480,000, or as much thereof as might be necessary to provide the necessary works of art in mural paintings and in sculpture, as well as for landscaping and special furnishings. For all of these, contracts have already been let, and the money is being furnished out of the earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

I need hardly remind you that, of course, in all building operations of every character whatsoever, money, labor and materials are essential,

yet so far as possible, your Commission made these items secondary in its conception of just what should be incorporated into an Elks National Memorial.

Your Commission, however, does not find its greatest pride in the acquiring of this vast and valuable area upon which the Building is located, nor in the width, nor the breadth, nor the height, nor the depth of the Building itself, nor in the tangible materials which compose it, for, feeling as we all do, that real wealth is something of the-soul and everlasting, and not of material possession, which is temporal, we believe that here we have built a shrine, and not a sepulcher, that here in fancy is an abiding place of spirit and life, where all Elks may come and kneel before the light ever burning upon the altar of memory.

Address of Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell

GRAND EXALTED RULER ATWELL, accepting the building for formal dedication, replied to Governor Tener in words that expressed most adequately the feelings of every member of the Order:

My Dear Governor Tener:

In accepting from you, as the Chairman of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission, this property, I, as Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, cannot do less than publicly express the gratitude and appreciation of the entire membership of the Order for the fidelity, ability and energy with which you and your associates have carried out the trust which the Order imposed upon and in you. The expenditure of millions of dollars that belong to someone else is no mean task. To harvest from such an expenditure a marble poem requires the minutest attention to detail and a prodigious amount of labor.

Thank you, Governor Tener.

This shrine is the music of material. It is a harmony for those who died that we might continue to live unordered by any other nation.

There is no immutability, no immortality in material. This granite will melt. This bronze will decay. But the unsolved riddle of the truth is that the heroism that they represent lasts.



An historic incident in the Order's history. Vast crowds gathered before the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building to witness its dedication by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, July 14, 1926

This is that the little wooden crosses that dot the eight cemeteries in England and Belgium and France, where are buried thirty-two thousand American soldiers, may not be our last tribute to them. Six of those cemeteries are in France, and one each graces and sanctifies the soil of little Belgium and marvelous old England.

Here, on the steps and around the base of this monument to the silent army in which there were so many of our brethren, and in the presence of the hovering hosts that fill the heavens, we dedicate ourselves anew to Nation, to Bible, to friendship's beauty, and to all those within reach of our arms who need us so much.

These men whom we knew within our temples; these men, seventy thousand of them, who left us and went to concentration camps, and then across the great waters to fight in mud and heat and cold for the flag that draped the altars about which they had so often kneeled, these men who left a thousand of their number with the world's dead in Europe, were our brothers. Dead or living, they are never forgotten!

All the blood that has been spilled that Old Glory may wave unchallenged cannot make its red redder. All the fidelity that has ever been exemplified in the multiplied temples of Elkdom cannot make its blue bluer; all of the virtue that has been displayed by the American mother, and the American wife, and by friend toward friend, cannot make its white stars and white stripes whiter. But, we, who continue to live, can keep it unsullied from any dishonorable act of our own!

In honor of its beauty, in honor of the fineness of the courage that has made it so, in honor of all those who have lived, and in honor of all of those who have died, I pledge the lasting devotion of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, to the God of the Nation, to the Flag of the Nation, and to those things that honor both!

The Dedication Ritual

AT the conclusion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's address, made in acceptance of the building for formal dedication, Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain, invoked the Divine blessing. This was followed by the playing of the National Anthem by the band, the great gathering lifting their voices to the strains of its inspiring music.

Then came the preparation of the altar, an especially beautiful ceremony, accompanied by music, in which four young women, clad in white and bearing the ribbons of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, took part. First, Miss Mildred Masters, daughter of Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, placed a silk American flag on the altar. Next, Miss Maxine Rain, daughter of Past Grand Exalted Ruler

Frank L. Rain, laid the Bible on the Flag. Following her came Miss Kathleen Price, daughter of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, who placed the Antlers over the Book. Lastly, Mrs. Marion Gardner, daughter of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, carried the shining Star of Fidelity, affixed to a base, and placed it beside the Antlers so that it hung over the altar.

As each of the symbols was placed upon the altar, the Grand Lodge officer representing the corresponding station, pledged for the Memorial the cardinal principles of the Order: Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

Following this impressive portion of the ritual, Miss Margery Maxwell, of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, sang the beautiful Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria." It was a most artistic rendition of a melody that is among the most poignant and moving of all music. Miss Maxwell was accompanied by Miss Amy Neill on the violin and by Miss Margaret Carlisle on the piano.

Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell then introduced the orator of the day, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, who delivered the dedicatory address. His words conveyed to the audience the large significance and the high purpose of the Memorial and brought home afresh to the thousands of listeners the devotion, loyalty, and the unselfish patriotism which has always characterized the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Because it carried a message not only to those who had the privilege of hearing it on its delivery, but to every member throughout the Order as well, Mr. Holland's dedicatory oration is printed in full at the end of this article.

At the conclusion of Mr. Holland's address, Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell spoke the words that declared the Memorial dedicated:

"By virtue," he said, "of the authority in me vested as Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, I do now declare this building dedicated to the uses and purposes of our Order; as a perpetual Memorial of the loyalty and devotion of our brothers in the hour of our Country's need; and as a continuing pledge of the unfaltering patriotism of every faithful Elk, no less devoted in times of peace than valiant in time of war."

The dedication was one of the most brilliant affairs of its kind that Chicago has ever seen. Because the ceremony was broadcast by radio, millions throughout the country were able to follow it, though hundreds of miles away. It was also specially noteworthy for the large number of Grand Lodge officers, members of the Grand Lodge and past officials of the Order,

present. All the members of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, which had charge of the erection of the Memorial, were in attendance. This Commission is composed of the following: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director; John K. Tener, Chairman; James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, William M. Abbott, Rush L. Holland, Frank L. Rain, William W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters and William Hawley Atwell, Grand Exalted Ruler (ex-officio).

In addition to the members of the Commission, there were present many other Past Grand Exalted Rulers, members of the Board of Grand Trustees, the Grand Forum, and the various Grand Lodge Committees.

The following Grand Lodge officers took part in the dedication service: Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Carroll Smith; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Grand Treasurer John K. Burch; Grand Tiler E. W. Kelly; Grand Inner Guard John McW. Ford; Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart; and Grand Esquire William J. Sinek.

At the end of the ceremony three keys of virgin gold to the portals of the building were presented to three members of the Commission by John G. Hegeman, President of the Hegeman-Harris Company, which built the Memorial. Mr. John K. Tener, Mr. Joseph T. Fanning, and Judge Atwell were the recipients. The keys are identical in shape with those in regular use and could be used in their place if necessary.

Dedicatory Address of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks had its inception sixty years ago. It must in candor be admitted that it was of humble, almost obscure, origin. Many a place of humble birth has become a shrine where teeming millions have bent the knee and bowed the head in thanksgiving to God for His gift to mankind of men and women of such vision as to become leaders in movements which have made for a better world. By this same token we give thanks, and are justified in the past, the present, and the promise of our Order.

The first years were formative and marked by little progress. The Order had but one Lodge, if, indeed, the mere handful of members could be said to constitute a Lodge, much less an Order. It had no written constitution, no laws, no ritual,

but it did have an indefinable something which appealed, fascinated and held, until to-day its lodges number over one thousand five hundred and its membership is well-nigh a million.

It could not thus have attracted men of character and standing in all walks of life had it been without merit and had it lacked genuine appeal to the higher, better and nobler promptings of sterling manhood and womanhood. I say womanhood, for, while it is a man's organization, it would not long have endured had it failed of woman's approval and support. To have thus grown and waxed strong, it must not only have been founded on sound and enduring principles, but it also must have been an aggressive organization, not content with mere preaching but distinguished by actual accomplishment. It is not unbecoming in the individual modestly to take inventory of his life. It often serves a useful purpose, inspiring to greater activity, to higher aims and more noble purposes. Therefore, may we not to-day, in this inspiring presence and standing at the portal of this, our most recent accomplishment, modestly take inventory and gain inspiration to greater achievement in the years to come.

The Order of Elks has no enemies. Sixty years of history, sixty years of activity, and no enemies! Thus have we measurably, at least, demonstrated our right to use the words "Benevolent" and "Protective." "Benevolent" is derived from two Latin words meaning "we wish well." Benevolence is good-will, kindness, charitableness, liberality, love of mankind, and the promotion of prosperity and happiness. "Protective" also is derived from two Latin words meaning to shield from danger, to guard against injury, to defend, to preserve in safety. With us its application extends to home and fireside, to country and to all mankind. Because we are Benevolent and because we are Protective in thought, word and deed—we have no enemies. We can have none so long as we live up to our name and practice the principles upon which our Order is founded.

THE Order had its inception in good-fellowship, in comradeship. The development of these natural and impelling influences in life resulted in adopting as the supporting pillars of the fraternal edifice in the hearts of our members four basic or cardinal virtues—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity.

Charity: Not a mere giving of alms; a broad charity of thought; inspiring a charity of word and of deed. It is a charity that "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, and doth not behave itself unseemly." It is a spark struck by the hand of Deity, kindling a flame of sympathy, forbearance, tolerance and helpfulness in the hearts of men. It is the kind of charity Paul had in mind when he said, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." True charity is distinguished from material assistance to the needy. We boast not of the giving of alms but welcome the opportunity thus to serve. We hold such giving secret, for otherwise it loses its sweetness to the giver and brings humiliation to the receiver. Elk charity is typified by a winged figure in flowing robes of white, scattering along Life's stony pathway the flowers of hope, courage and good cheer.

Justice: Ours is not the stern Justice of retribution, exacting the extreme penalty for each erring step, but a justice which seeks to judge men by that which is within their hearts. Punishment must come to all who violate the laws of God and man. The most severe punishment, however, is that inflicted by an outraged conscience. If conscience be gone, then is reason dethroned, and man is descended to a mere brute, to whom justice is without meaning. Disraeli once said, "Justice is truth in action." Such is the justice which we acclaim—a justice reckoning with the frailties of human nature, with proneness to err notwithstanding the better promptings of the heart, and with the universal desire of normal man to do right and live right, sometimes measured by different yet always by honest standards. Elk justice is typified not by a blind goddess with stern visage standing stiffly erect, with scales exactly poised and with the sword of execution sharpened to keen edge; but rather by a benign goddess with kindly visage, with clear vision to see the very truth of

things, holding in one hand the mirror of introspection and in the other the Book of Divine Law, that those who come before her may search their own hearts and seek their own salvation in God's appointed way as they are given to see that way.

Brotherly Love: That which we acclaim is not effeminate, weak, feeble, fawning or spiritless. It is masculine, strong, virile, sturdy, helpful and vigorous—a manly love of man for man and for things manly. It is bold and daring, valorous and courageous, undaunted, hardy, dignified but responsive. It seeks out character and glorifies it. It recognizes ability and lauds it. It nurtures, sustains and protects. It extends the hand in greeting, in sympathy, in helpfulness, and in the spirit of true friendship. It is an affirmative answer to Cain's inquiry, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Fidelity: This, indeed, embraces all. What a wealth of meaning in the word fidelity!—adherence to right; steadfastness in the discharge of duty; faithfulness to all obligations; honesty; integrity; faith; fealty; loyalty. Indeed, what a wealth of meaning!

President Harding, himself a member of the Order, in a letter written from the White House shortly before his untimely death, among other things said, "The Order of Elks has grown and will continue to grow because it teaches tolerant idealism." We inveigh against all intolerance. We recognize no religion, or, to speak more accurately, we recognize all religions founded on belief in a Supreme Being. Protestant, Catholic and Jew alike find asylum within our Lodge rooms, with no obligation suggested, with no act performed, with no word spoken conflicting in any way with their religious beliefs. Our teachings constitute an every day religion as broad as the scheme of the soul's salvation embraced within all such creeds.

So christened and so grounded, it is not to be wondered that we have builded a great fraternal and patriotic organization which has exerted and is exerting a tremendous influence for good throughout the United States and its possessions. It is an American organization. It holds its charter under Federal law. Its government is patterned as near as may be on our Federal form of government. We have our legislative, judicial and executive departments, functioning along the same lines as these departments of our National government. Our doors are open to none but citizens of the United States. No Lodge of our Order can be instituted nor can a Lodge session be held except where the Stars and Stripes bear witness to the undisputed sovereignty of the United States. A Lodge session cannot be opened unless the flag of our country be first on the altar, nor closed until it be returned to an official charged with its safe-keeping. Before an Elk can be obligated, he must take an oath of allegiance—an oath to support and defend the Constitution, laws and institutions of our beloved country, and he must receive and hold next to his heart the starry emblem of freedom and liberty.

It therefore is but natural that we observe Flag Day, and that we were first to call upon all patriotic citizens to join with us on June 14th in paying tribute to our National Emblem. It was in response to our request that President Wilson issued his proclamation for the observance of Flag Day in 1916. Since then it has almost come to be recognized as a national holiday.

The home is the foundation of orderly government, the cradle of patriotism and the hope of the future. Our Order protects the sanctity of the fireside. No nation can be better or stronger than the standards established in the home and there inculcated in the minds, hearts and souls of succeeding generations. Agencies of our Order are constantly at work to establish better conditions and higher ideals in home life, to assist in the education of children, and to provide them with playgrounds looking to their health and happiness, thus making for a higher standard of citizenship.

While we are active in child-welfare work, we have not forgotten the aged and infirm. The sunset of life is as colorful, as beautiful and appealing as is its dawn. There is not a city throughout the land where the benefactions of our Order have not reached in helpfulness to the aged, the infirm, and the unfortunate. There is scarcely a city in which the local Lodge does not

maintain wards or rooms in hospitals, open without charge to those who cannot pay. At Bedford, Virginia, we have established and there maintain the Elks National Home for those of our brothers whose faltering steps are turned by age and infirmity toward the West. Out of all the activities and benefactions of our Order, this one alone is confined to our membership. We stand ready to join in all worthy movements, no matter by whom or by what agency they may be sponsored. Charitable organizations, homes for dependent children, homes for the aged and infirm, hospitals, welfare organizations, and patriotic organizations throughout the length and breadth of the land bear witness to our cordial cooperation and practical support. It was due to our established reputation that the Secretary of the Navy, the Honorable Curtis Dwight Wilbur, in June, 1925, requested our Order to assist in the campaign for funds to preserve the historic frigate "Old Ironsides" from sinking in decay beneath the waters of Boston Harbor. In his letter of invitation, Secretary Wilbur, among other things, said:

"The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has a great record for the welfare of the youth of our country. I hope that your society will decide to give the movement its active support by bringing this before the school children of the country."

THE invitation was promptly accepted as another opportunity to serve; the campaign was organized throughout the country, and was vigorously and successfully prosecuted.

Because it brings us to this day and to this occasion, I have reserved until now mention of the activities of our Order during the World War. As I recall them my heart swells with pride, but I will refer to them briefly and with a pride shared by all who served in that memorable conflict. It was merely another opportunity to serve. We might have done more and still fallen short of that which we should have done. We could not have done less and rightly laid claim to being a patriotic organization.

Aside from all that was done by the fifteen hundred Lodges, the Grand Lodge at Boston in 1917 unanimously voted the sum of one million dollars for war work. Had the war continued, other and, if necessary, larger contributions would have been made. In fact, another million dollars was voted by the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City in 1918, but its use proved to be unnecessary. The fires of patriotism kindled at our altars were ablaze, and gave manifestation in a thousand ways other than the mere giving of money—that was the least of our contributions. Our members became absorbed in all war activities and over seventy thousand went to the colors, of whom more than one thousand made the supreme sacrifice. Thirteen thousand of our members were officers, among the number being an officer universally admired and loved, who would be here to-day if he were in the United States—the Commander of our Expeditionary Forces, General John J. Pershing.

The members of our War Relief Commission during the trying days when the peace of the world had been overthrown and when the future hung trembling between hope and despair, were frequently in conference with the War President and his advisers, counselling as to how our Order could best serve. On these occasions, President Wilson never failed to express his appreciation of our loyal, patriotic and helpful support. In advance of undertaking our various activities, they had his endorsement and approval. Not only were our war activities varied, but they were wide in scope. We sought to serve where the need was greatest, giving no thought whether the service was to be rendered through the agency of our Order or through that of some other organization. Our lodges and members everywhere were active in all drives and in lending assistance to all societies, organizations and movements, giving support to the Government and aid and encouragement to the khaki-clad boys, whether in the trenches or in training camps ready for the call to join their comrades under the colors in foreign lands. In addition to these activities may be mentioned the equipment of Base Hospitals for overseas service, the erection of a Reconstruction Hospital at Boston, the construction of a Community Building at Chillicothe, Ohio; contribu-

tions to the European Relief Fund; and to the Salvation Army, enabling it more effectively to carry on the great work in which it was engaged and for which thousands of doughboys still sing its praises.

I confess some embarrassment in referring to these things. May I quote briefly what others have said of our war work. In the initial number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE will be found the facsimile of a letter from President Harding, in which, speaking of the Order, he said:

"Imposing no obligations upon members, save those of loyalty, helpfulness, love of country, the Order has quietly accomplished very big things. Its service during the great crisis of the War is yet fresh in our minds, and the memory of it must always be a satisfaction to all Elks. Some of its benefactions the Order has endeavored and always will endeavor to conceal."

Beneath the cornerstone of this Memorial Building is a letter from President Coolidge, from which I quote:

"Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, are virtues which are eternal, and you have built upon them an organization which in its accomplishments shows that they have been a reality, and not merely a sounding phrase. If any demonstration were needed, it is found in that quiet but effective work which was carried on by the Elks during the War. Having undertaken a work of service, it was conducted without public appeal and without ostentation, but with a broadness of spirit and genuine sympathy which is known to all who came within its scope. I feel it an honor to add my tribute to those officers and men in whose memory this building is erected, and whose sacrifice is an enduring pledge of that loyalty and devotion which the Elks have shown to their Government and to the ideals upon which it is founded."

On his return from France after the War, General Pershing, at a reception tendered him in New York by our Order, said in part:

"We who were fortunate enough to be sent to the battlefield of Europe to represent our people felt that we had a united nation behind us, and I know of no organization or body of men whose patriotism, whose loyalty and whose benevolence have contributed in a greater degree to making that a possibility. We have not only felt the spirit of our patriotism but we have felt the material benefit of your efforts to carry forward the principles for which America has stood in the war.
"I am proud to be able to say this to you so soon after my return to the homeland, and I wish to congratulate you, and Elks everywhere, for what you have done."

On November 3rd, 1919, Col. Casey A. Wood, in a letter written at the direction of the Surgeon-General of the Army, and speaking of our war work, said:

"You are to be congratulated upon the unusually fine showing of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. From what I know of the subject I think you stand first in that respect."

Time precludes reference to many similar testimonials from public officials and others having intimate knowledge of what our Order did through those trying days. I cannot refrain, however, from one further testimonial, prized, to say the least, equally with those already quoted. Acknowledging a contribution from our Grand Lodge War Fund, and referring to our assistance in raising other funds, that sweet angel of mercy, respected by all and loved by every doughboy, Evangeline C. Booth, Commander of the Salvation Army, in a letter to our War Relief Commission, said in part:

"We are not unmindful in this happy hour of that fact that early in the year just closing, when the exigencies of war relief work put The Salvation Army to desperate extremes of effort to try and maintain its work with our Army and Navy, it was your Order of Elks that stepped forward, and because we were undenominational and embraced all races and creeds alike in our work—and because you had confidence in our cause and our aims, you gallantly and with telling effect, did combat for us and helped us through to success. In that great undertaking you took the task completely out of our hands in some instances, and rolled up subscription sums that frequently exceeded the target and went far beyond.

"The members of your great American organization, headed by your War Commission, toiled at our side in the highways and byways throughout this land, and unselfishly contended for the cause of suffering humanity. Now, before we can find

opportunity to more than thank you for that gallant service, you come to us with this magnificent gift—which we accept with a degree of appreciation it is difficult to describe, and at the same time especially thank you for the honor you do us in so impressively demonstrating your confidence that the gift will be faithfully applied, even as you desire."

And again, in 1919, when granted the privilege of appearing before the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City, she made an address which will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it, in which she said:

"Perhaps you cannot understand how happy I am in this privilege conferred on me, because you can not all realize how fully the Salvation Army recognizes and appreciates the efforts of that high-minded, noble band of men whose influence has always been in behalf of those agencies which have had for their object the benefit and uplift of their fellowmen. This is how it came that in the early days of the Salvation Army, when our friends in this country were very few, and our opponents were many and strong, the Order of Elks were among the first to perceive the sincerity and the worthiness of our then little-known organization. They were among the first to recognize the purity and earnestness of our spirit, the greatness of our object, and to become convinced that the only and all-absorbing purpose of the Salvation Army—so small and insignificant in those days—was to carry hope, help and happiness to those who were in the greatest need; light and cheer to those who sat in places of darkness and despair. It was this Order of Elks, that in the most practical form, and by the most practical measures, emphasized and made clearly known, to us and to others, their confidence in our organization and their desire to help us by befriending us at a time when we were receiving but opposition from many who should have been the first to give aid. In those early years the Order of Elks championed our cause, voiced our claims, and were not only themselves our friends, but made for us friends even outside their own Order.

"I, therefore, deeply appreciate the opportunity that is given me here this morning to attempt to express our lasting gratitude to this Order, and I say without hesitancy that our organization could not have achieved its exceptional success in the war but for the splendid, practical, tangible aid that was rendered to us by the Elks."

When the Armistice was declared and the world began to make appraisal of what toll had been taken in blood and in anguish, our Order sought still to serve, and found a most appealing field of endeavor. Our boys were coming back home—not all of them, thousands were never to return.

*On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread.*

THEY might well have been envied by some of those who did return—broken in health; suffering from shell-shock and from wounds; maimed for life, and broken in all but that indomitable will and American spirit which had carried them over the top and into that hell of fire where the carnage was greatest.

Aside from the splendid work carried on in reconstruction hospitals, the first and most notable of which was the one we had erected in Boston and turned over to the Government, there were other things to be done—other pressing needs to be met. Many of the boys were without funds to get back home from their place of enlistment after landing in New York. The red tape of Army regulations could not be cut to meet the emergency. This is not said in criticism. Things had been at such a high tension and events had followed so quickly that a willing Government had not made provision for any such contingency. Here was our opportunity, and we embraced it. We established a loan fund and thus assisted 36,791 service men by making available to them, as and when needed, a sum considerably in excess of one-half million dollars. Out of our War Relief fund over sixty thousand dollars was expended in providing vocational training for one hundred and six American boys who were in the war service of other countries and, therefore, not cared for by our Government. We made an appeal to Congress in behalf of ex-service men, explaining how our loan fund had been handled, and were, indirectly at least, responsible for some features of relief legislation.

In a speech delivered in the House of Representatives in 1919, Honorable John F. Miller, a

Member of Congress from the State of Washington, said:

"The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has placed at the disposal of the Federal Board a quarter of a million dollars to be used in this humane and practical work, enabling the Federal Board to carry on much of its work without being subjected to the delay of technical rules and regulations which, in many cases, would defeat the object of the vocational education law.

"The Elks Fund thus provided is the first instance of the kind in the history of the country where a great patriotic fraternal organization has come to the aid of the Government in so timely, helpful and substantial a manner."

In 1920 Senator Fess, then a Congressman, and Chairman of the House Committee on Education, said:

"The Government certainly appreciates the work that the Elks organization has done. Your example of a revolving fund is a very good one for the Government to follow. However, that has never before been presented to us; for that reason the committee owes more than the usual gratitude to you for coming to us and giving us this clear statement of the work of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in cooperation with the Government."

Honorable Daniel A. Reed, a Congressman from the State of New York, speaking in the House of Representatives in 1920 of volunteer agencies which cooperated with the Government during the war, said:

"But I would say that foremost among such volunteer agencies, acting both as a whole and individually, came the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

"This great Order seemed to sense with prophetic vision the frightful consequences of war and proceeded to set in motion and bring to successful fruition or achievement through its Elks War Relief Commission a service most essential and timely which had not been anticipated or performed by any other agency."

After enumerating the activities of the Elks in connection with the war problems, Congressman Reed continued:

"In all these matters undertaken and so successfully carried out by the Elks there have been no public drives or no street canvassing for funds, and no money has been solicited or received by them from any sources outside the individual Elk or the subordinate Elks Lodges.

"And greater than all this giving of money, greater than the erection of the magnificent reconstruction hospital at Boston, or the equipping of two large base hospitals in France, or the donations and assistance to the Salvation Army, has been the spirit of sympathy and helpfulness reflecting the fraternal fellowship in which the membership of the splendid Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has by personal contact encouraged so many thousands of our wounded and disabled heroes to successfully carry on in re-fitting or re-educating themselves for the future."

At a meeting of the National Executive Committee of the American Legion held in the city of Washington, D. C., on March 22, 23, and 24, 1920, a resolution was adopted, the preamble reciting the assistance given by the Order of Elks in connection with vocational training and education, and the resolution concluding as follows:

"RESOLVED, That the thanks of The American Legion be and the same are hereby tendered to the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America for this timely and valuable assistance to our disabled American heroes."

Our files contain many letters from officers and directors of the Federal Board for Vocational Education speaking of our activities in behalf of ex-service men in terms of highest praise. I will quote from only one. Honorable James P. Munroe, Vice-Chairman of the Board, in 1921, wrote:

"The idea of such a loan fund was so new to the members of Congress that it took a long time to educate them as to the responsibility of the Federal Government in this matter of temporary relief and had it not been for the prompt and generous action of the Elks, not only would great numbers of men disabled by the war have been in serious straits, but the country would have been deservedly accused of disgraceful neglect.

"I venture to say that none of the many benevolent acts of the Order of Elks has done greater service than this fund which was made available for the use of this Board."

We had long professed a real patriotism of devotion and of sacrifice if necessary. The war gave us our first opportunity to demonstrate that we were sincere in this profession. We had carried on during the war; we had carried on after the war; but we had not finished the faith. We had followed our boys to railroad stations and with shouts of good cheer, all but smothered in sobs, had seen them off for training camps; we had sent them messages and small remembrances from home; we had with pride watched them develop almost by magic from clerks, laborers, bankers, business men, lawyers, doctors, and farmers into the best and bravest soldiers the world has ever seen; we had bid them bon voyage and safe return when they sailed across the seas to fight an inhuman monster which had laid bloody hands at the throat of civilization and arrested the peace of the world; we had followed them on the long marches through rain and mud; we had gone into the trenches with them and over the top at Chateau

Thierry, in the Argonne, in Flanders, on the Marne and on scores of other fields of battle; we had wept with them when their comrades were laid to rest in a foreign land; we had helped care for the sick and wounded; we had taken messages from the lips of the dying for loved ones back in the homeland; we had camped with them on the field of victory; we had joined in their hosannas when peace came to a grief-stricken and anxious-waiting world; we had joined in the patriotic demonstrations when they were welcomed back home as real conquering heroes with Old Glory smiling down on them and bands playing the National Anthem and "My Country 'tis of Thee"; we had helped in rehabilitation work; we had extended the hand of assistance to thousands of our boys who found it difficult to recover from the excitement of war and again take up the pursuits of peace; in the doing of all this we had shared, but we had not finished the faith.

Something yet remained for us to do, some-

thing which throughout succeeding generations would stand as a testimonial of our unflinching loyalty to Country and of our ever-increasing gratitude to those who served and suffered, as well as to those who gave life itself that liberty and freedom might not be banished from the world. This sentiment finds physical expression in this memorial which to-day is dedicated in patriotism to patriotism. It will stand until its solid rock, marble and bronze are buried in the dust of ages, e'en then silently proclaiming our love of liberty and our devotion to those who gave us the heritage and those who have made whatever sacrifice was necessary that it might not perish.

On this spot now made sacred to all that we hold dear, where the blue of the great inland seas blends with the azure of Western sky, stands this imposing dome, rigid and immovable by day, but in the stilly night, when the stars sing together, it bows as it is faced toward the grave at Arlington and the poppy fields of France.

Excerpts from the Annual Report to the Grand Lodge Of the Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell

DALLAS, TEXAS,
July 13, 1926.

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

In accordance with Section twenty-four of Chapter three of the Grand Lodge Statutes, I beg to report the following business and transactions of my office during the year just past; also such suggestions and recommendations as I think may be of interest to the Order.

Beginning at Portland immediately after the Sixty-first Grand Lodge Session, and ending with the latter days in June, I have visited forty-six States and the District of Columbia. In some of these States many visits have been made, and in some of them only one visit was made. The year has been an extremely busy one, and in some respects an extremely trying one, and in other ways an extremely happy one.

It was busy because of the multiplicity of matters that are handled in the Grand Exalted Ruler's office. It was trying because the United States was readjusting itself to a new system of sumptuary legislation. It was happy because of the constant help of the brethren, and because of their uniform courtesy and kindness.

Dispensations For New Lodges

Fifteen Lodges have been instituted. Five charters have been taken up. The Lodges instituted are,

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1515—Lynbrook, N. Y. | 1525—Clearwater, Fla. |
| 1516—Marianna, Fla. | 1526—Des Plaines, Ill. |
| 1517—Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. | 1527—Taft, Cal. |
| 1519—Sarasota, Fla. | 1528—Goodland, Kans. |
| 1520—Fort Pierce, Fla. | 1529—Sebring, Fla. |
| 1521—Millinocket, Me. | 435—Lake Charles, La. |
| 1522—Ponca City, Okla. | (Instituted this year, |
| 1523—Royal Oak, Mich. | but given its original |
| 1524—Arcadia, Fla. | number) |

The Lodges that have lost their charters are,

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 268—McComb, Miss. | 1211—Blytheville, Ark. |
| 941—Bonham, Texas. | 1230—Claremore, Okla. |
| 1128—Longview, Texas | 601—Clarksville, Tenn. |

Plans For New Homes Approved

During the year the Grand Exalted Ruler and Board of Grand Trustees have approved building plans aggregating \$5,610,881.15, submitted by some of the Lodges.

Emergency Charity

From the Emergency Charity Fund one thousand dollars were forwarded for the relief of the sufferers of the Mackinac disaster on August 13th, 1925. Five hundred dollars were sent for

the relief of the sufferers of the mine disaster at Wilburton, Oklahoma.

Subordinate Lodge Assistance Fund

Of the fifteen thousand dollars voted at Portland for an Assistance Fund for Subordinate Lodges, three thousand dollars were sent for the relief of Rochester, Minnesota, to be distributed by the Exalted Ruler of that Lodge and the



Hon. Thomas J. Lennon, Justice of the Supreme Court of California, whose term as member of the Grand Forum expired at the Chicago Grand Lodge Convention. Justice Lennon was appointed in 1921 by Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott.

President of the State Association; and five hundred dollars were sent to Tucson, Arizona, to be disbursed with the approval of the President of the Association, the Exalted Ruler, and the Esteemed Loyal Knight of that Lodge.

Elks National Home

I have made two visits to Bedford, Virginia, during the year, and cannot speak too strongly of the management. There are now two hundred and eight brothers there, and the entire property—every room and hall and apartment—is as clean as a pin. There are now fifteen applicants awaiting quarters. At the May meeting of the

Board of Grand Trustees two outstanding architects were present and gave definite views with reference to further additions. You will find a complete detail of this matter in the report of that body. If possible, the funds for such betterments should come from the revenue of the Magazine, and not from assessments.

(See page 43 this magazine)

Social and Community Welfare Work

I feel that this report would be incomplete, whatever else may be in it, without a congratulatory mention of the great work that is being done by the Brothers of New Jersey in the Crippled Kiddies Movement. Brother J. G. Buch is Chairman of that Committee, and he has the finest, strongest, most energetic lot of brothers with him that I have ever seen in any single movement. It is an evidence of what a State may find for itself to do without waiting for the Grand Lodge to discover a field in which it can work.

Much that has been said with reference to this glorious work in New Jersey may be repeated of the good brothers of the State of Washington.

Appointments

In addition to appointments that have already been announced through official circulars, District Deputy Walter L. Barnum for the Southwest Texas District, has been quite ill and will be unable to do any more work the present year, and it has been necessary for me to appoint a successor. I have named Julian LaCrosse of Del Rio, Texas.

The same condition made it necessary to appoint Brother Frank Wortman, McMinnville, Oregon, District Deputy for the Northern District of Oregon, vice Gordon Baker.

A happening already mentioned made it necessary to appoint A. J. Davis, Salt Lake City, District Deputy for Utah, vice E. H. Miller.

Necrology

We have had a large number of deaths during the year, notable among them being that of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English of the State of Indiana. I have appointed Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Thomas B. Mills and John G. Price to have charge of the Memorial Service at the Chicago Reunion. That service to be in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler English, as well as all other brothers who have left us during the year.

Memorial Building

For several years all eyes have been turned toward the shores of Lake Michigan, where was being erected the National Memorial. That

building is now substantially completed. It is to be dedicated at this session of the Grand Lodge. It is now a reality. Its mention here is more in the nature of the recording of a fact by the officer charged with that duty. Its largeness in the world of art; its complete harmony in the world of patriotism; its congenial setting in the territory of gratefulness make any further reference here unnecessary.

The Commission has been composed of:

Hon. John K. Tener, Chairman,
Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director and
Secretary-Treasurer,

James R. Nicholson,
Edward Rightor,
Fred Harper,
Bruce A. Campbell,
William M. Abbott,
Rush L. Holland,
Frank L. Rain,

William W. Mountain,
J. E. Masters,
all Past Grand Exalter Rulers, together with
the Grand Exalted Ruler for each year, who has
been an ex-officio member.

To them, and each of them, I say, simply,
"Well done, thou good and faithful servants."

Finally

I have said nothing about expenditures for charity. I think any statement with reference to that would be out of place. Confidentially—and that is the only way we can say anything about this subject, the expenditures, I think, have been the largest in the history of the Order.

There are a thousand happenings that are indelibly photographed on my mind and that could form a place in this report as exhibiting something—not everything—of the greatness

of the Order. At this moment, however, they all give place to one big fact. That fact is that my work as Grand Exalted Ruler is finished. With these words I am saying good-by to a loyal, hard working and efficient official family. With these words I am saying good-by to hundreds of thousands of men from whom, in reality, I am never away, and who really shall never again leave me; for that intangible something that every man who touches another man leaves with the other man, is always to be present with me.

For your loyalty, your devotion and your courtesy I am deeply grateful, and I end the year by saying what I did in the beginning, I am always
Your earnest friend,

Wm. H. Atwell
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Facts from Annual Reports

Submitted to the Grand Lodge

From the Report of the Board of Grand Trustees

THE year which has just closed has marked a most successful and progressive year at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia.

This institution, unique in architecture, lying at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, stands alone in the field of institutions of its kind.

There are gathered two hundred and five of the members of our Order, almost all of whom have passed the useful period of their lives and have now anchored in this "Haven of Rest." During the past year a greater measure of happiness and contentment has been in evidence among them than ever before in the history of the Home. More pride has been taken by the residents in the Home and more effort made by the older residents to instill into the new arrivals the proper spirit of brotherly love which should prevail in a Home. During the year all possible consideration has been given the residents by the Board of Grand Trustees. It has heard the grievances of any resident and after careful investigation has adjusted the difference with impartial exactness.

The Board, through Home Member Robert A. Scott, has called to the attention of subordinate Lodges the needs of the residents that can not be supplied by the Home, and has impressed upon the Lodge of which each resident is a member, that this member should be kept on the mailing list, his Lodge card sent him regularly and a small amount of cash sent him each month, so that he may be able to purchase, wherever he may be, the few little necessities which the Home does not supply.

The Board wishes to call the attention of subordinate Lodges to the necessity of using caution in sending members to the Home who are clearly not within the law which states that the Home is for aged and indigent Elks and is not a hospital or an infirmary. The Home has been burdened in the last year with a number of cases that should not have been sent there, they being clearly hospital cases requiring more care and attention than the Home can give them with its limited hospital facilities. In several cases the Board has been obliged to return men to their Lodges because of this condition, thereby causing great embarrassment to the Board and to the members who were returned.

The Board also wishes to call the attention of subordinate Lodges to the danger of taking men into the Lodge who are over sixty-five years of age as these men can not compete long in the field of activity and will very shortly become a charge upon the Lodge and eventually become residents of the National Home, thereby imposing a burden upon the subordinate Lodge as well as upon the Grand Lodge.

The two hundred and five residents now at the Home completely fill the rooms available, but the Board has decided to arrange ten beds in the Sun Parlor of the Hospital to take care of additional residents until such time as new buildings can be completed. It is the intention

of the Board to ask the Grand Lodge at the meeting in July, 1926 for an appropriation sufficient to build one or more additional cottages.

Entertainments at the Home during the year were numerous, but two days stand out as occasions long to be remembered. The first of these was the visit of the State Elks Association of Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia on August 30th, and the presentation by it to the Home of a bust of Warren G. Harding, ex-President of the United States and a member of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32. The representatives of the Association were accompanied by a band and drill corps from Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45, a glee club from Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, and a number of members from other Virginia Lodges. The presentation was made by P. J. Callan, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Association, and the bust was received on behalf of the Board of Grand Trustees in an eloquent address by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell. The closing address was made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, of Lynchburg, Virginia.

On November 7th a delegation from Syracuse, N. Y. Lodge, No. 31, headed by Miles Hencle, came to the Elks National Home and presented to the Home, on behalf of their Lodge, a life-size bronze elk to be used in the Elks Rest at Oakwood Cemetery. This was made the occasion of a gathering of Elks of prominence from all over the country. The presentation speech was made by Miles Hencle, Secretary of Syracuse Lodge, and the gift was accepted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge.

Another entertainment that is looked forward to by the residents each year is the annual Christmas tree given by Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197 to the Home.

In addition to these two outstanding events, many other entertainments were given the residents by other Lodges, and many gifts such as books, phonograph records and films were sent to the Home from Lodges all over the country.

The present buildings, with one exception, have now been in use ten years and the fact that these buildings are to-day in as good repair as the day on which they were dedicated proves that the men who formed the Commission which built the buildings "built wisely and well." It has been the policy of the Board of Grand Trustees to follow in the footsteps of these men and during this year the entire buildings have been gone over. Much painting has been done and many small repairs that were necessary have been given attention, until to-day the entire institution is in perfect condition. This applies also to fences, and farm lands as well as to the herd of Holstein dairy cows which are kept by the Home.

This herd, now numbering twenty cows and milking on an average of seventeen, have produced 15,943½ gallons of milk this year, an average of about 44 gallons per day. This is an

excellent showing and will rank with any dairy in the country. All of this milk is used by the Home.

The dairy barn has lately undergone some repairs which leaves it in perfect condition. This, together with good, healthy cows, assures a supply of milk for the residents that is entirely free from impurities.

The Elks National Home is an institution of which every member of our Order should feel proud and it is one of the show places of the country to-day. Every visitor to the Home must realize that the Order is doing a great work in continuing an institution such as this, which does so much to make the declining years of our less fortunate members happy, tranquil and contented.

At the last Grand Lodge session held in Portland, Ore., an appropriation of \$10,000.00 was made, to be known as the National Home Improvement Fund. All but a balance of a few hundred dollars of this appropriation was used for the making of improvements and the purchasing of such equipment as was needed to improve the Home.

From the Report of the Grand Secretary

THE Grand Secretary, Fred C. Robinson, in his report, pointed out how great had been the growth of the Order since the Grand Lodge meeting in Chicago six years ago.

In 1920 the Annual Report showed a total membership of approximately 650,000 in comparison with more than 800,000 for April, 1926. The gross receipts for the present year were also far in excess of those of 1920. The total amount received by subordinate Lodges from all sources this year was \$30,846,736.82; amount expended \$30,554,696.30, with cash on hand, at beginning of year, leaving a net cash balance on hand of \$5,999,688.84. The Order's expenditure for charity in 1920 was \$1,566,234.63; while, for the past year, the amount was \$2,407,008.10.

During the present year, Lodges received in membership by initiation and affiliation 76,839; suspended or expelled, 190; stricken from the rolls for non-payment of dues, 58,620; limited, 15,706; deceased, 9,492.

Eighteen new Lodges have been added, giving us, as the last numbered, Lodge 1528.

This year's report shows that there are, altogether, 167 Lodges with a total membership of over one thousand. The largest Lodge in the Order is Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, with a membership of 17,872.

There are eight Lodges with memberships of from five to ten thousand, namely: Detroit, Mich., No. 34; Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2; Boston, Mass., No. 10; New York, N. Y., No. 1; Newark, N. J., No. 21; Portland, Ore., No. 142; Jersey City, N. J., No. 211; Seattle, Wash., No. 92.

Four Lodges have memberships between four and five thousand as follows: Chicago, Ill., No. 4; Queens Borough, N. Y., No. 878; Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99; Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5.

Nine Lodges have memberships between

three and four thousand as follows: Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46; Union Hill, N. J., No. 1357; Omaha, Neb., No. 39; Buffalo, N. Y., No. 23; Rochester, N. Y., No. 24; Oakland, Cal., No. 171; Spokane, Wash., No. 228; Tacoma, Wash., No. 174; Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85.

Twenty-four Lodges have memberships between two and three thousand as follows: Albany, N. Y., No. 49; Louisville, Ky., No. 8; San Francisco, Cal., No. 3; New Orleans, La., No. 30; Bronx, N. Y., No. 871; Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13; Scranton, Pa., No. 123; Providence,

R. I., No. 14; Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44; Erie, Pa., No. 67; Cambridge, Mass., No. 839; Jackson, Mich., No. 113; Syracuse, N. Y., No. 31; Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48; Atlanta, Ga., No. 78; Washington, D. C., No. 15; Denver, Colo., No. 17; Sacramento, Cal., No. 6; Long Beach, Cal., No. 888; Freeport, N. Y., No. 1253; Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852; Columbus, Ohio, No. 37; Paterson, N. J., No. 60; Elizabeth, N. J., No. 289.

The total income for year, ended May 31, 1926, amounts to \$414,381.37; expenses amount

to \$372,602.44; showing a net gain for the year of \$41,778.93.

Current assets, \$541,110.49; amount invested in bonds, \$73,685.96; with deferred and un-available assets of \$680,340.62; making the total assets of the Grand Lodge \$1,295,137.07. The assets of subordinate Lodges amount to \$89,409,142.

Last year 81 Lodges gave \$5,000 or over to charity. There were many others that gave more in proportion to their size, but the list would be too long to publish here.

Report by the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations

YOUR Committee on State Associations herewith submits its report for the year ending July, 1926.

Appreciating the great value of State Associations to the Grand Lodge and the upbuilding of our great Order, and being firmly convinced that, through the efforts of State Associations, subordinate Lodges will grow stronger, your Committee on State Associations has labored faithfully.

Two official circulars were issued during the year outlining the importance of selecting officers who are untiring in their efforts and devotion to the cause of Elksdom and making many suggestions for up-lift work. These circulars were mailed to the President and Secretary of each State Association, to many subordinate Lodges in states where the State Associations were not receiving the full support of all the subordinate Lodges and to subordinate Lodges in states where no State Association has been organized. Nearly five hundred letters were written in behalf of State Associations.

Reports from various State Associations show the wonders they have accomplished and are accomplishing in their states in civic and up-lift work. We could mention many states which are actually accomplishing what was believed to be impossible, but will not do so for fear of overlooking the commendable work of other States.

The importance of State Associations cannot be denied. Forty State Associations are now functioning, two having been organized during the current year. The balance of the states have not sufficient subordinate Lodges, except possibly Connecticut and Louisiana, to warrant them in organizing a State Association. Successful State Associations indicate prosperous Lodges and are a pillar of strength to the Grand Lodge.

Our Order has accomplished two outstanding features, THE ELKS MAGAZINE and The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. These having been completed, it is now most essential that we have a healthy membership and we believe this can best be accomplished through State Associations, which we believe to be the connecting link between the subordinate Lodges and the Grand Lodge. Your Committee members being widely separated, the appropriation allowed was not sufficient to pay their expenses for holding any meetings to interchange views for the betterment and progress of State Associations.

In order that this committee may function properly it is essential that the Secretary of each State Association notify the Chairman of the Committee on State Associations of the date and place of the State Association meeting and, as soon as the meeting has been

held mail, him a complete list of officers elected.

Considering the importance of State Associations and of this committee, we recommend a sufficient appropriation to allow the committee to have at least one general meeting to discuss and outline the work for the year. That the territory be divided into three parts, Eastern, Central and Western, and that each member of the committee attend as many State Association meetings in his district as the appropriation will permit, making a special effort to attend meetings where the State Association is not as active as it could be.

The Chairman of this committee did not deem it proper for him to call on a few State Associations, spending the small appropriation allowed, while the balance of the committee was obliged to be inactive on account of insufficient funds. We, therefore, recommend that earnest consideration be given to a larger appropriation for the committee on State Associations.

Respectfully submitted,

W. H. REINHART, Chairman, Sandusky, O., Lodge, No. 285,
 PHILIP CLANCY, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346,
 GEO. C. STEINMILLER, Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597.

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

By John P. Sullivan
 Chairman

It is with a very real sense of humility that your Committee on Social and Community Welfare once more approaches the task of giving you an accounting of those duties which you in your wisdom have assigned to us. No man or set of men could compile the figures which show the splendid, generous work the great subordinate Lodges of our Order have carried on during the past twelve months, without feeling this sense of humility, for nothing could more vividly set forth the tremendous power for good which the Order of Elks is in this nation to-day; nothing could bring out more clearly how great is the Order and how small by comparison is the individual.

From Key West in the tropics to Anchorage in Alaska, from prim New England villages with quiet, elm-shaded streets to Honolulu and the Philippines, from the roaring ore-docks of Duluth to the peaceful, bayou-threaded plantations of Louisiana, in the arid desert wastes, in the city's crowded slums, in the far-flung wheatlands, in the smoke-grimed factory towns, on the limitless prairie reaches, in the humming seaports—wherever men and women pledge allegiance to the flag that is first in our hearts as it is first on our altars, there have the Elks of the nation gone about once again quietly doing whatever duty lay nearest them.

It is unfortunate that this glowing record must be reduced, for purposes of expression, to figures, for these, as previous reports have had to confess, can not tell the story. For instance:

During the Lodge Year 1925-1926, the subordinate Lodges of the Order spent for

activities looking to the welfare of their respective communities a recorded total of \$2,370,199.44. The fact that this is apparently only \$6.06 more than these same Lodges spent during the previous Lodge Year must not be taken as significant, for this reason:

One of the largest single welfare activities carried on by the Elks during the past year was the drive to raise funds for saving and preserving to the future generations of the United States that glorious old battleship *Constitution*. But since the drive was splendidly conducted by a special committee of the Grand Lodge, your Social and Community Welfare Committee did not list the "Old Ironsides" contributions among its records, leaving this to the "Old Ironsides" Special Committee.

This is brought out at this point to show that the great subordinate Lodges of the Order of Elks did not merely break the record-breaking mark for welfare expenditures set last year, but exceeded this remarkable record by whatever was contributed through the Elks for the saving of "Old Ironsides." And even without counting the "Old Ironsides" contribution toward national welfare, the per capita expenditure for welfare work was \$2.85 for every member of the Order last year, as compared with \$2.76 for the year before! Small wonder that we Elks are wont to speak with pride of the fact that our beloved Order is a Social and Com-

munity Welfare organization with a fraternal background.

The total of \$2,370,199.44 is made up of the following items:

| | |
|---|---------------|
| For summer community entertainments—outings, picnics and the like..... | \$ 102,163.92 |
| Maintenance of, or contributions toward the maintenance of summer camps, at which all told, 16,595 persons were kept last year..... | 45,701.78 |
| Contributions and donations toward public playgrounds..... | 20,841.00 |
| Encouragement of junior and juvenile athletics..... | 13,355.52 |
| Rent payments for 1021 needy families..... | 31,458.09 |
| Fuel furnished to 3735 needy families..... | 39,377.06 |
| Food furnished (other than at holidays) to 8010 needy families..... | 94,078.24 |
| Clothing furnished (other than at holidays) to 13,992 needy individuals..... | 74,482.54 |
| Thanksgiving baskets furnished to 12,355 families..... | 48,700.48 |
| Christmas baskets and Christmas tree parties for 95,897 families and 413,238 children..... | 804,960.05 |
| Contributions to Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts..... | 36,378.16 |
| Aid extended to 4703 cases through Big Brother work..... | 27,147.87 |
| Donations to hospitals, hospital rooms maintained, wards equipped, public health donations etc..... | 123,476.35 |
| Medical aid extended to 4640 cases (including Crippled Children's work)..... | 127,556.99 |
| Cost of giving 181 hospital entertainments..... | 15,230.11 |
| Prizes awarded in patriotic essay contests..... | 7,790.22 |

(Continued on page 76)

Sundstrand

*Multiplies
and
Subtracts
as
Easily
as it
Adds.*



Over 50,000 concerns have purchased SUNDSTRAND machines since the new models with direct subtraction were introduced.

THERE is no longer any reason for being satisfied with a machine which only adds. The NEW SUNDSTRAND subtracts and multiplies as speedily and easily as it adds. Moreover, Sundstrand is *Simple*—only ten keys to operate; *Fast*—no human hand can tax its speed; *Portable*—even a girl can easily carry it; *Economical*—8 column capacity (adds up to \$1,000,000.00) only \$125. Model 8024, with full credit balance feature in addition to direct subtraction, \$150.

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
ROCKFORD, ILL., U. S. A.

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO.,
Rockford, Illinois, U. S. A.

Without obligation, please send me:
 Further Information
 Machine for FREE TRIAL

Name _____
Firm _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

BOOKKEEPING, ADDING, CALCULATING MACHINES

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 31)

carried me away from her, dragging slowly. And as I went, I heard Laurie's clear young tones—

"I don't know what you're crying about, Susan." She had definitely dropped the "aunt." Unless it's because he isn't dead."

"He is!" said a voice, purged suddenly of the heaviness of weeping. "He is dead! I married him twenty-one years ago—I remember it was May—and there was sun on the hedges, and the flowers smelt. I married the man I loved, and he's dead. There's somebody alive, but it isn't he."

"I don't understand all that," said Laurie, "but if you mean that Herod's possessed by the devil, I agree with you. Lie down and smell your salts, Susan. You'll feel better by and by. I'm going out to find Paul."

"You know," she said, suddenly, putting her head into the room again after she had left it, "it's all poppycock to make a fuss about Herod. You like Bert about a hundred times as much. Why, there he is. Listeners hear good of themselves sometimes, Bert," she said, a trifle mockingly. "Oh!"—with a stretch and a shudder—"I'm tired—tired—I'm so damned tired, Daddy Bertie, of being good! If I thought I had to be as good as she—" motioning with her hand towards Susan's room—"for another fifty years perhaps—I'd jump right over the jetty among the sharks and end it."

"There won't be any necessity for that, so far as I can see," I answered dryly. "You are in no particular danger of being as good as Susan. I remember some funny things about you. I remember your pretty little sorceries for one."

"You mean Conchita's charm to kill Herod by inches," she answered coolly. "That's real. That works. Conchita knows things. . . . What are you looking like that for?"

"How long has Conchita been here?" I asked her, breathing rather quickly. An idea had struck me. . . .

"Oh, about as long as I have. Why?"

"I'll tell you that by and by."

"How long are we going to stay here?"

"I'll tell you that, too—by and by." And I walked off and left her.

I HAD a mind to look up Conchita, pursuing that new idea of mine—but young Bowen met and claimed me first. He was rolling up the path from the jetty, his white-covered yachting-cap almost over one eye, his strong young chin and mouth shoved forward—shipmaster in every line of his body, every movement of his fluent, tough muscles. "This fellow could bully a crew," came into my mind, as I met him. And again—"Jack ashore—the land's just his holiday. . . . How will it ever work out?"

"Here, Polson," he met me. "It's time you and I had a word. Without frightening the women, I don't think this is over and above a healthy place for any of us. Let them get their fallals and come on. We ought to be in Thursday Island before sun-up to-morrow."

"We can't be," I answered him.

"Can't we, indeed? And why not?"

I hesitated. There was ample reason why we could not; reason that affected himself almost more than anyone else in the world. But I did not see my way to tell him. Apart from the uncertainties that clouded the whole matter like smoke obscuring a landscape, there was the question of how far his fate, and Laurie's, would be affected by what I might have to tell. "I may be wrong," I told myself, "but I can't help thinking that if I want to see them married P. D. Q.—and I do—it's safest to hold my tongue a bit longer."

"Well?" asked Bowen again; and now there was a note of command in his voice. He did not propose—I could see—to take his sailing orders from a mere landsman like myself.

I decided hastily. I would tell him just enough to satisfy him.

"It's about the house," I said. "Mrs. Pascoe will have to find some money—hunt about to see where he kept it, you know, and get enough to go down to Thursday Island and stay there. And there are his papers. We want some of those. There are things to prove against him."

Bowen stood considering, his legs set well

apart, as if the island were afloat and rolling in a stormy seaway.

"How long'll you take?" he brought out at last, shifting the pipe he was smoking into one corner of his mouth.

"It will need the rest of to-day and maybe a bit of to-morrow. If we let Herod get back while we're away, there won't be a dog's chance of finding anything."

"If you let him get back while you're here, he'll give the lot of you hell. You'd better let me run you all down to the Island as quick as I can, and then run back and meet him, and belt seven bells out of him myself."

"Look here, Bowen," I said desperately, "have I acted like a born fool on this trip, or have I not?"

"You've acted like a good plucked one, and I won't forget it as long as I sail blue water."

"Well then, give me a little rope now. I can't explain everything. I want Laurie and Mrs. Pascoe just for a few hours. There are questions—things to investigate—Oh, go and look after your ship, like a good chap, and leave me to look after my business."

"It's a go," he said, consideringly. "I'll see she's ready to start at a moment's notice. Do you put a look-out on the top of the island, and just explain to him, will you, that he'll get rope's ended into the middle of next week, if he lets anything come within hail and doesn't report it right off."

"I'll attend to it," I said. And I did. And then I found Conchita, and brought her with me up to the house. Secrecy from Susan and Laurie was no part of my plan—now.

The old Filipino woman trotted at my heels, silent and light as a dog. She was doglike in many ways, this Conchita; doglike in her brown faithful eyes, in her lack of personality, save as concerned her mistress, and her mistress's needs. Old, wrinkled, almost useless, she would have been thrown out to the "beach" of Thursday and abandoned, had not Herod fancied a watchdog for Laurie, and set Conchita on the job. The dog had learned to love its mistress, as dogs do. This I guessed; but it was only of late that I had begun to guess more.

I found Susan lying in a long hammock on the veranda, fanning herself gently as she swayed. She looked, with her small pearl-pale face and her softly-pink, heart-shaped mouth, like some sweet English flower, grown under misty suns. Laurie, pacing the veranda, her vivid creams and crimsons set off by a robe of sunflower-colored muslin, seemed what she was, a blossom of the tropics, a daughter of the line.

It was at Laurie that I looked longest—for reasons that had nothing to do with her exotic beauty. About her clung the interest that attend all things possessed of great and unknown powers. Laurie, this slip of a creature in a yellow frock, this piece of joy with the kissing lips, was, almost certainly, a power compared with whom Princes, Prime Ministers, Presidents, ranked small. The thought staggered me. I wondered if, after all, I could have been mistaken; so much was assumed, so little proved, as yet. . . .

Then, unwittingly, Conchita gave me the clue; struck the spark. If she had not? . . . I don't know. Paul's unbelief was near affecting me; his hurry to get away dragged at my mind. I think I might almost have given the business up, and started for Thursday Island and immediate safety, had not Conchita, with utter unconsciousness of anything unusual in her speech, turned to Laurie and said—

"It is your lover who is on the jetty, Missa. Laurie? But take care, get him and you away before the Master come back. Ah, Missa Laurie, Dolores of my soul, take care!"

"What do you mean by calling her that name?" I asked. "Why do you call Miss Laurie—"

"Dolores? I do not know, sir. I think I have heard it. All the time I am calling her Missa Laurie. I do not know why I am calling her Dolores, sometime. Maybe it because there are plenty, O plenty pretty girl in my country they call them Dolores."

"I think," I said, "it's because you have heard her call herself Dolores, when she was hardly able to speak."

"I never called myself anything," broke in

Laurie, making play with a huge fan of pelican feathers.

"You did," I corrected her. "You called yourself—'Laurie,' or something like it. A child's attempt at Dolores. We got into the way of assuming that you were Laura, and calling you Laurie."

"Well, what's it matter, Bert? Dolores is a prettier name than Laura, and that's all. I shall make Paul call me Dolores. What are we waiting for? Paul doesn't want to stay here."

"I will tell you what we are waiting for." ("As much as I think good for you") I added secretly. "I believe Herod has something or other hidden away in this house—papers, portraits, I don't know what—that would identify you."

She looked at me keenly. Then she said a strange thing. "I wonder," she breathed, "do I want to know?"

"Well of all the—Why, a week or two ago you were as keen as mustard on it. What's happened since?"

"Listen," she suddenly flamed out. "You can do what you like, and find out what you like, but you're to say nothing about it—nothing, nothing!—to anyone—until I give you leave."

"And when will that be, you bundle of contradictions?"

"WHEN I have his ring on my hand, Daddy Bertie; not a moment before. I don't know what you think you can find out, whether it'll be good or bad or neither—but it'll change things somehow—and I dare you, I defy you to change anything for me—I—I could kill you or anyone—if you risk my—" She paused a moment, collected herself, and brought out, full throat, the grand organ music of the word that is so often written, so seldom said—"my love!"

"I'll not risk your love, Laurie," I told her. "Go down to Paul and talk to him; you and he are safe." She went.

Conchita stood in the strong sunlight, watching the other run, lightly as a child, across the coral terrace and down to the sea. Dark hands folded across lean waist, deep fiery eyes that turned from Laurie to look at me expectantly, the Filipino woman waited. In her I sensed secrecy, opposition, the slave cunning, the slave suppleness. Conchita, I could swear, knew something. Equally I could swear she would not tell it.

For the moment, I did not need her. I think she was astonished, but not deceived, when I told her to go back to the village. I did not care what she thought. I would deal with her when the time came.

Susan had gone into the house and was packing her clothes. Her eyes were dark-circled, and her delicate nose was a little pink, but she had done weeping; Susan was always self-controlled. As ever during these many years, I watched her while she moved; as ever, I told myself that her walk was music made visible. I think there never can have been so graceful a creature.

"Do you know," I said to her, "That all your character and soul are in the way you set your heel on the ground?"

"I hope not," she answered, folding a dress. "It sounds as if one had not much of either." But I knew she understood me. The doors of our hearts were open wide to one another.

"You have the most beautiful heel of any woman who ever walked," I went on, some freakish spirit taking possession of me, and forcing me of a sudden to say the things that had been lying on my lips, unsaid, for years. "People talk as if beauty were eyes and mouth. Any little jade can have that A.B.C. sort of beauty. Yours goes through to Z; and it speaks."

"What does it say?" she asked in a carefully commonplace voice, smoothing a silken dress again and again, as if she had forgotten what she held.

"It speaks," I said, "of—

*"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow."*

And more. A great deal more."

She answered, not my words, but my thought.

"It's impossible. . . ."

"Put down that dress," I said, feeling myself suddenly turn steel. Now was the fight.

(Continued on page 56)

Like a magic tube:-



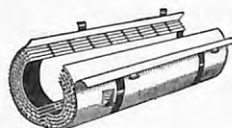
It seems to bring coal out of thin air!

THE minute your heating pipes are covered with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel, every ton of coal you buy will last a good bit longer. It's like getting a few extra tons of coal each year for nothing.

Here are the facts:



This much coal costs seven cents.



This three-foot section of Asbestocel should save ten shovelfuls in one winter.

Think what this means on your whole heating system—a saving of one or two tons at least and many dollars of your money.

Similar savings are effected on oil burners.

Now, when your furnace is shut down, is the time to insulate. Next winter you will reap the benefits in comfort and economy.

JOHNS-MANVILLE INC., 292 MADISON AVE., AT 41st STREET, NEW YORK CITY • • BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., TORONTO

Improved

JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestocel

SAVES FUEL

Look for the **Red Band.** So that you may tell Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel a red band appears on the inside end of each length. Look for it.





This LATHER soaks the beard soft

ONCE you have worked up the quick, bulky mass of Williams lather on your face you are through with razor "pull." Because the razor can't pull if the beard is properly softened and Williams Shaving Cream certainly softens the beard.

First: Williams lifts the water-resisting oil film from the bristles. That lets the beard absorb moisture.

Next: the thick, creamy lather—saturated with moisture—soaks the beard soft so that the razor seems to glide through.

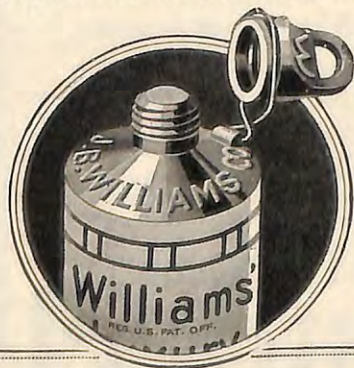
Tomorrow: treat your face to shaving comfort with Williams Cream.

Send the coupon—or a postcard—today for a week's trial tube—free. The large size tube is 35c. The double size tube costs 50c and holds twice as much.

* * *

AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle FREE. Write Dept. 128.

The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 128, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial size has no hinge-cap.)

ELKS, N.-C.

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 54)

She put it down. She stood in front of me, with the slant rays from the veranda falling on her—tall and slim and white, her lovely, speaking hands crossed before her. She waited.

"Susan" I said, "Is it possible you won't consider divorce—now?"

"I don't believe in divorce" she said. Then, with a shot that hit the gold—"Neither do you."

I would not heed her arrow. I was counsel for myself now; all arguments that told for the other side I rejected.

"You're leaving him?" I said.

"Yes," she answered. No explanation, no discussion. The facts spoke.

"And you'll live—without love—alone?"

"Does it matter much how I live? I'm sorry about—you." The words were commonplace; the meaning they carried precious as pearls.

I could not speak. She looked at me with mother-eyes. She was the calmer of the two. Women can suffer so well.

"See, dear," she said. "Nothing's so bad as one thinks. One thinks the big love's everything, and when it goes, it's as if your purse was empty, and you had nothing left to buy anything with, any more. But it isn't so—quite. The little bits of love, that friends and people give you, and that you give them. Well, they mount up; you aren't a beggar after all."

I looked at her. I thought of the two loves that had flowered in this far island—the scarlet passion flower of Laurie's love—love that would have stormed the gates of hell to win to Paul—the white rose of Susan's love, exquisite and apart; love of a woman who would walk beside me right through the flames of desire denied, and smile and make me smile with her. And I knew which was the greater of the two. But because I was only man, I wished that she, and therefore I, had been less.

What I said was—"Is that your last word?"

"It's my last word," she answered. "I—hope—you'll marry."

"You do not. You daren't."

She answered nothing to that.

"Give me that little old ring of yours," I said. "The one you told me your mother gave you."

She took it off her hand—a worn small circlet of turquoise. I have thin fingers; it fitted the third.

"There," I said, slipping it on. "That's my dis-engagement ring. That will go into my coffin."

"Oh, you shouldn't," she said, but with small conviction.

"Dis-engagement rings," I told her, "are probably commoner than you or I suppose."

"You can't have any sorrow to yourself," she answered. There was a moment's silence; I think we crossed a bridge.

"Now," I said to her, "we are going to look for the proofs of Laurie's birth."

She seemed to come back from some place a long way off.

"Do you suppose they're here?" she asked.

"SUPPOSE!" I said. "I know it. Do you think he would have done all he did, if he hadn't been sure of the result? If I burn this house down, or tear it to pieces, I'm going to know. The mystery has lasted too long—about fifteen years too long. It's not going to last as many more hours, now."

But, in that, I spoke without knowing.

"I think, then," Susan said, "you had better begin looking, if you want to. Paul Bowen was rather emphatic about not wasting time."

"He doesn't need to be," I answered. "We must get clear of Farewell as soon as we reasonably can. We don't want him to come down and catch us."

"Him," in these days, meant Herod, to all of us.

I left her then, and began my search. What I wanted to do was to go down to the beach, and lie there, beating my head against the coral rocks, and with crisped fingers, tearing up the hot white sand. What I did was something very different. I took a bunch of keys, and went systematically through some of the many sets of Herod's desks and drawers. A schoolmaster who cannot control his feelings, put his

personal sorrows aside, is not much good in his profession; and no one has ever said I was not a satisfactory pedagogue, whatever else they may have said about me.

It was late in the morning before I came upon the first clue of the many that I sought—a small packet of newspaper cuttings, enclosed in a sealed envelope. There was no docket of any kind outside.

The cuttings dated mostly from fifteen years ago: some were a little later. Each of them bore reference to one subject, one disaster, that had stamped its mark upon the minds of all men in the Torres latitudes, and many far beyond. I suppose there are dozens of sets of cuttings almost the same as those I found among Herod's papers. But there can have been none that bore the same significance.

"THE Wreck of the Red Wing," headed most of them. "Terrible Disaster at Sea. Liner split in two by an unknown reef. Sinks in three minutes. Two hundred drowned." There were brief cables, detailed accounts of the disaster, lists of passengers, names of the saved—pitifully few, these last—vivid special-correspondent descriptions of scenes at which no special correspondent could have been present; interviews with survivors. In all this, there was little of what I had expected. I scanned the lists of the lost with care. One item was significant—"Mr. and Mrs. Luis Hilario and child"—but I had expected more than the mere mention; some comment at least.

"Wait," I thought. "The child was so young—and apparently an only one, Hilario and his wife were probably a very young couple. His father might well have been living at the time. Isn't there—?"

"What have you found?" asked Susan's voice, over my shoulder.

"Not as much as I expected, so far. Have you got anything?"

"An envelope tied with red tape. Nothing outside." She put it in my hand, and I ripped it open without scruple.

It contained another cutting, of more recent date. This had been taken from a Sydney weekly paper of the "snippet" variety, some six years before. "Lost Diamonds" was the intriguing title. The paragraph mentioned briefly under different headings, the names and histories of celebrated diamonds that had been lost and never recovered. "Rosita do Sul," was the name of the diamond last described. It, the author said, was a rose-cut diamond of great size and value, which had gone down with the liner *Red Wing*, in the year 18—, off Thursday Island. Many other pieces of property were brought up by the divers who had worked on the wreck—but the "Rosita do Sul" (declared the paragraphist) "famous as the most valuable diamond ever found in Brazil, and consequently named 'Little Rose of the South'—was not found, and in the opinion of the present writer, will never be seen again. Short was its life, from its discovery in 1863, to its drowning scarce a quarter of a century after. The owners of the gem, Mr. and Mrs. Hilario, were traveling to Amsterdam, by an all round the world route, to have the jewel re-cut. It, and they, rest in the depths of the Torres Straits together and forever."

"Do they?" was my comment, as I laid down the cutting.

"Why do you say that?" asked Susan. "Do you suppose that he—Herod—" (her voice faltered over the name) "knew anything about it?"

"It is not impossible—in my belief."

"Had Laurie anything to do with it?"

"That's possible too."

She knitted her fine brows. "What's the connection? I can't feel as if he would have done all—all—those terrible things—for just a diamond."

"I think you're right. Even though the diamond was rather bigger than the 'Koh-i-noor.' (Our world, in those days, knew not of the Cullinan. And, in any case, I don't think he ever saw it.)"

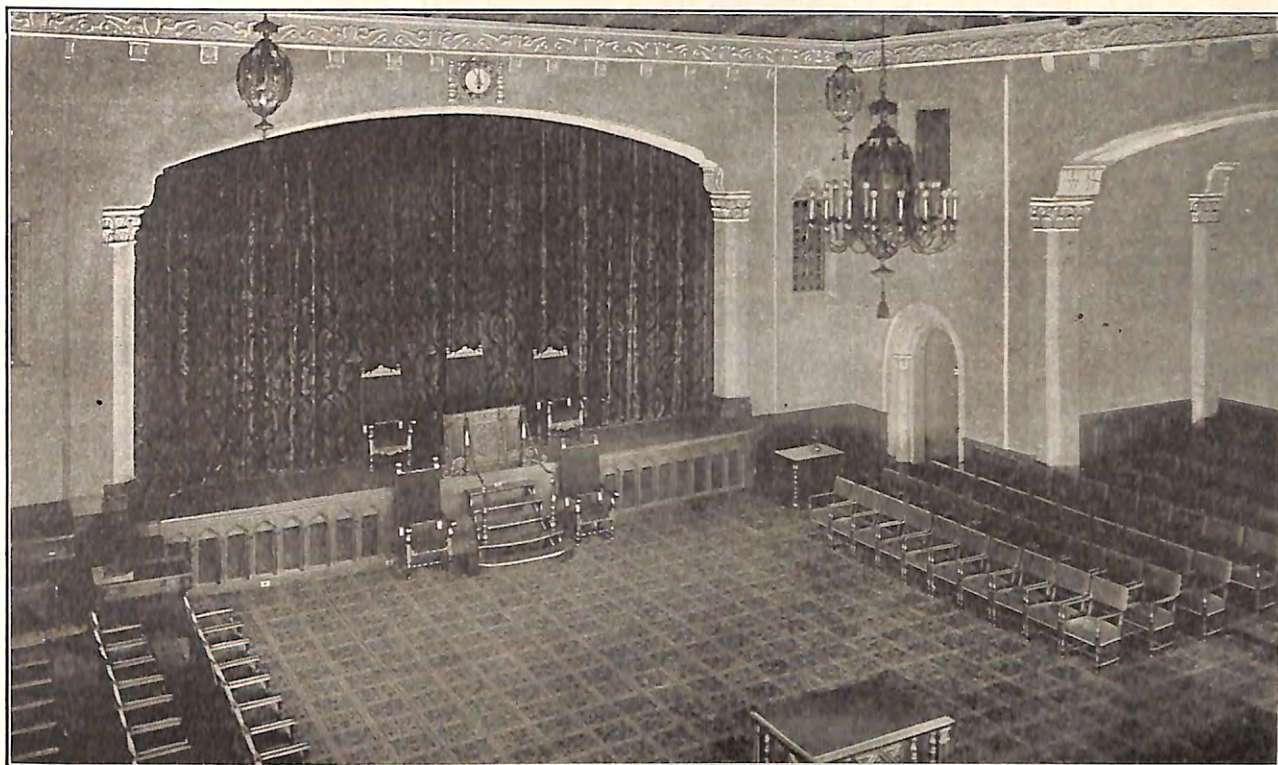
"Well then—do you not want to tell me?"

"My dear," I said, "I want to tell you

(Continued on page 58)



BEAUTY *that* ENDURES



This Beautiful Lodge Room of the San Francisco B. P. O. E. Lodge No. 3 is carpeted with a Hartford-Saxony. Woven by Bigelow-Hartford.

THE same reason that Bigelow-Hartford rugs are chosen for the majority of the magnificent Elks' Homes throughout the country prompts the woman of taste and discrimination in the purchase of rugs for her home.

Hidden in the luxurious beauty of each Bigelow-Hartford product is a durability that resists the incessant tread of feet, a quality that ignores the passing years.

This wonderful wear and beauty form a rare combination that has been a tradition with Bigelow-Hartford these hundred years.

Whether you live in a simple cottage or a mansion—whether your rooms are small or spacious—there is a Bigelow-Hartford rug that will lend gracious charm to every room in your house.

And in the varied Bigelow-Hartford line your preference for design or colors will find fulfillment. No taste has been overlooked. There are prices within the range of every purse.

At any store where better rugs are sold you will find a splendid assortment of designs and weaves in Bigelow-Hartford rugs. Look for the name woven in the back as a guarantee of quality. Servians, "Hartford-Saxony," Wiltons, Axminster—your choice.

If you want wear and beauty that only mellows with the years, see that your rugs come from the famous Bigelow-Hartford looms.

We Want to Help You

Little deft touches and the careful choice of colors can make a home more charming, more livable. Our Home Decorating Department is at your service. Write for information.

Send for this interesting booklet, "The Heart of the Room is the Rug," which includes many illustrations of beautiful interiors, in color. Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Company, 385 Madison Ave., New York.

Bigelow-Hartford

RUGS &



CARPETS

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 56)

everything—as soon as I know it myself. I only know at present that Laurie is probably an enormous prize in the matrimonial market; but whether it can be proved or not is another question. Of course you and I guess that Herod picked her up somewhere about Shell Island, a day or so after the wreck, and that she came from the *Red Wing*. Evidently he knew for certain who she was. But I can't say how. I wish I could. So far the proofs we've got wouldn't convince a cat. We have got to hunt about a bit more."

"There's no safe," she said, her hand placed along one cheek, considering it—how well I remembered that little trick of hers!—"There is no safe—but I remember he had a small steel box; I don't know where he kept it."

"In the office?"

"Probably."

"We'll have a look." She went with me out of the Big House, across the terrace, a little way down the long walk that led to the shore. Herod's office was here, a small, sturdy fireproof building of cement.

"This is more like it," I said. "Have you the key?"

"I brought it with me."

WE ENTERED the hot, dank-smelling room, threw back steel shutters and opened a window. The roll-topped desk was locked. I went for an axe outside, the air was cool and refreshing; a small breeze crept up from the beach. When I had found the axe, not far away on one of the house woodpiles, I lingered a minute or two, to feel the pleasant wind upon my face. It had been hot in the house and the office.

"What on earth is that noise?" I thought, as I stood facing the breeze. A faint, low crying came on the wind, up from the native village. I could not remember to have heard anything like it before.

Instinctively, I glanced up at the sentry I had set on the rock. He was there, standing high and small against the pale blue sky, steadily looking out to sea. But I was not satisfied. I ran down to the beach, cast a hasty glance about, and satisfied myself, before I returned to Herod's office, that the ocean all around was clear.

"What a long time you have been!" was Susan's greeting.

"I had a look 'round for safety," I told her.

She did not answer me. I thought she looked a trifle pale, but she stood aside, without comment, while I brought down the axe on the roll-top desk, and smashed it open at a blow.

Within, I found accounts of the business, and a few packets of letters. We leafed them through; there was nothing of interest. But stowed away in the very back, under a ledge that must have been a secret drawer before I broke up the desk, was a small steel box, of the kind used for cash. I shook it; it did not rattle. I tried the keys on the bunch that Susan had found. One of them fitted; the lock clicked and the lid swung back—to show a series of layers of cottonwool, enclosing pearls.

"Pearls!" we both said, as one might have exclaimed "Pebbles!" They were rather nice gems, a small row and a larger row and a bigish row, each kind sorted out and laid under its own blanket of cottonwool. But I wanted none of them, nor did Susan. I think she may be forgiven, if her curiosity about the motive for Herod's crimes ran hot and high. She would not have looked twice at the "Southern Cross" itself, had that famous constellation of gems been among the stones stored away. Pearls had nothing to do with the mystery. . . .

"I suppose" she said rather wearily, "these are the last catch of the fleet. I can't see anything here that might help. I wonder have we been mistaken?"

"Not on your life," I answered.

Clearing the little cash-box of its cottonwool and its pearls, I turned it about and about in my hands. Susan watched, silent.

"Do you think," I said presently, "that you could find me such a thing as a tin-opener?"

"I can get it in a minute," she said. She had one foot over the threshold, when the noise that had disturbed us some little while earlier, began again, and stopped her as if she had been shot.

It was a strange noise, certainly; women wailing in a queer high tone that had something almost exalted about it; something of mingled triumph and dismay. . . .

"That's from the village," she said, poised to listen, "but I never—I never—heard them wail like that before."

"They cry at deaths," I reminded her.

"Not like that." We both listened for an interminable half minute, and then the sound died away. Susan collected herself, and hurried off kitchen-wards.

She was quickly back, a tin-opener in her hand. I took it, and carefully drove the point into the inner corner of the cashbox. It sank a certain distance, but did not pierce through.

"I thought so!" was my exclamation. Susan watched me eagerly while with utmost care, I worked the point in and sideways, and began to cut.

There was a false bottom to the box, but I don't think anyone could have found it out by accident. Only a searcher who was already prepared, would have noted the small, very small difference between the inner and outer depth of the box.

Down one side I cut it, and began to edge my tool round a corner. This done, it was possible to get a glimpse of what lay underneath and my heart jumped exultingly, when I caught the dull slaty gleam of a photograph—just the edge and part of the end, but that was enough. "I believe we've got it," I was saying—I don't know, yet, whether I really said it or not. For just as I had lifted up the end of the bottom to slip out what lay within, the whole air about us suddenly filled with wailing as a pool fills with sea and beating through the thin women's cries, came heavily and fiercely the yammer of angry men.

"What's that?" said Susan. Her hand slid unconsciously to my sleeve, and held it.

I listened. The sound was an ugly one; and uglier was the fact that it came, as I listened, nearer and nearer.

"I think," I said, "it's mischief." While I spoke, I was slipping the little box into my trousers pocket. Something warned me that this was not the time to explore it. I opened the drawer of the desk. Yes—as I thought, Herod had made provision against surprise, remembering, no doubt, that he was hated by most of the women, and all the men, on Farewell. There were two big navy revolvers, loaded, and a box of cartridges. I possessed myself of the weapons. We listened again. Undoubtedly the voices were nearer; and with that formless yammering, now came something that I could understand. I thanked Heaven that Susan was no expert in island dialects, when I heard, twice repeated—"Kill his brood, kill his brood!" Then the yammer swelled and sharpened, and all words were lost, but through it still pierced keenly the tremulous wail that I recognized as the death-cry of the island women.

A death-cry—yes—but who had ever heard them cry like this, so loud and so determinedly? There was little sorrow in the howling they kept up; it was simply noise, delivered according to a set formula, and, for a death-wail, oddly triumphant—as I had already noticed.

Susan noticed it too. Susan, her lips parted, and her eyes rimmed with white, crept closer to me.

"I—I think they think—he's—"

She paused before the dark word "dead."

"Nonsense," was my hasty reply. "Where could they have got the news, even if he were? We saw all 'round when we came down to the office, and there wasn't a sail or a canoe in sight. No one's been to the island since we got here." "They have—ways," she said, still in a low voice.

I knew they had. I had spent quite a good deal of time investigating the so-called "bush-telegraph" that has puzzled so many; I am free to confess it still puzzles me. But this was not the time to mention my interest in it.

"That's rubbish," I told her. "Herod is in all probability as alive as ever he was in his day, and I hope we don't have proof of it. All the same, we might as well be getting back to the house."

"Where's Laurie?" she asked sharply.

"Bowen will look after her. Come on, Susan; get hold of my elbow, and we'll shake it up a bit." We were out on the pathway now, and I could see, in the not-so-far distance, a mob advancing towards the Big House. Luckily, we were between the house and them; I thought we could manage. . . .

The death-wail, high and trembling, reached our ears again; not even the roaring of the deep men's voices underneath could drown it. Clearly the women were giving the Great Chief ample measure. As for the men—

That was where I began to feel unpleasant sensations creeping up my spine. The men were, mostly, as bad a lot as you could wish to see; the sweepings of the Broome and Thursday Island fleets. Good divers would not stay with Herod; he rather preferred the worse sort, whom he could terrorize and bully. Certainly he did terrorize them; they were all mortally in fear of him, present or absent. We had never had cause to be uneasy for our goods or our women, during his infrequent journeys.

But now—if they thought he was dead? Then we might have worse to anticipate than any danger that came from Herod himself. They knew there were valuables to loot, white women to seize.

Susan was panting already like a broken-winded horse, but I dragged her faster and faster. "Hold on," I said. "Do your best. We must get to the house." For there, I knew Herod had made provision against the bare possibility of just that thing that was now about to happen. Whatever he was, he was long-headed. . . .

I stumbled almost as much as she did, crossing the coral terrace at a half run, but the painful throbbing of my heart was nothing to me, when I saw, advancing from the opposite side, three more figures—Laurie and Bowen, running easily as a couple of young collies; old Conchita, making a good show behind. We were in time—so far as getting to the house went.

Nobody stopped to question or discuss. We flung ourselves inside the nearest opening, slammed tight the steel shutters that had been fixed to the windows, barred the steel-lined doors, and in an atmosphere of choking heat and gloom, waited.

"Bowen," I reminded him, "we ought to be making some arrangement about the defense of this place; it's possible the men are going to rush it."

"I wish to God," he said, "that I could be out there fighting the blessed lot. Skulking like a rat in a hole. . . ."

"You can't fight the island," I reminded him. "Defense is the thing."

"Couldn't we take a revolver apiece and shoot our way to the ship?" demanded Laurie, her eyes through the dusk, shining like balls of crystal. "I can shoot, and so can Susan; he made us learn—and I'm not a scrap afraid."

IT WAS clear that, to Laurie, the taste of the adventure outranked everything else. She felt her beauty, her daring, as an athlete feels his muscles; she saw herself a heroine. . . .

But Paul, for all his outbursts, knew better, and Laurie's romantics made him realize it.

"That's nonsense," he said curtly. "A ship's not got to sea in twenty seconds, with a whole island scrambling aboard of her while you're heaving anchor. As to firearms, I reckon the beasts have some of their own."

"He always made a rule—" she began.

"The sort of rule that's never kept. You can't depend on their not having arms. Polson," he was taking command, as a captain should, and I made ready reluctantly to swallow the necessity of obeying a lad almost young enough to be my son—"you can collect whatever arms he has stored away here, with Mrs. Pascoe to help you, while I get at the flag."

"You can't hoist it without going outside," I objected.

"Well, I bet anything you like they're rotten shots. I'll climb through the skylight and hoist the Jack half mast and upside down. We must make a signal of some kind."

He was piling furniture for a ladder as he spoke; he had already found the flag-locker, and taken what he wanted from it. Fascinated, we watched him scramble easily up the unsteady structure of chairs and tables. The

(Continued on page 60)



Copyright, 1926, The Fisk Tire Company, Inc.

*A reproduction of this design No. F-18 in full color will be sent free on request. Please be sure to specify design number when writing.
The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.*

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 58)



A typical Harvey Salesman with sample case.

District Salesmen WANTED

We have openings for district salesmen and will be pleased to receive applications from capable men, preferably with clothing or tailoring experience. Harvey Bros. clothes sell the nation over at \$23.50, pants \$6.00. They sell easily and they repeat fast.

Values Without Equal

Harvey Bros. suits and overcoats, in our opinion, are without equal in value. They are tailored from pure woolsens of superior quality. We use only standard quality fabrics of full weight; no seconds, sub-standards, job lots or manipulated fabrics ever see the inside of Harvey Bros. tailor shops. They are *guaranteed* to keep their shape and color.

Every Harvey Bros. Suit and Overcoat Made in Our Own Union Shops

Unlike so many low priced brands, Harvey Bros. garments are tailored by union craftsmen who have served their apprenticeship and know their stuff. We pay

the highest tailoring wages in the U.S. and receive in return a standard of workmanship and service that is seldom equaled and never excelled.

Harvey Bros. Clothes Unexcelled

No price buys better fit or better style. Our designer is known and recognized in the wholesale trade as one of the foremost in America. The inside and construction of our suits are the same as found in \$50 suits. You can soak any one of Harvey's suits in water and press it up like new.



The Chicago factory of Harvey Bros. where all clothes are made in light, airy shops, operated under the most modern conditions. A tailoring staff with thirty years experience, and four million dollars backing turn out garments that are guaranteed to the utmost.

Harvey Clothes Are Easy to Sell

Harvey Bros. originated a style of outfit and method of showing samples that is unique, a method that makes it easy to sell, easy to show samples. It produces sales in minimum time and with least possible effort.

9 x 13 Samples

Each fabric sample measures 9 x 13 inches, shows pattern clearly, enables customers to get a good "feel" of the goods. Harvey Bros. fabrics are full weight materials with a rich silky "feel" and include such fabrics as Met-calf's worsteds, Hockanum cassimeres, Wanskuck serge, Waucautucks and Empires. Among the wonderful overcoatings are such fabrics as Meltons, Kerseys, through and through weaves, all guaranteed for wear.

Superb Fabric Assortment

Harvey Bros. fabrics are without peer in beauty of coloring and patterns. They include the new shades of brown and blue and gray—in stripes, checks and plain weaves and every fabric is pure virgin wool, or wool with silk decoration at the one flat price of \$23.50 for suit or overcoat; pants, \$6.

Topcoats and overcoats lined with satin; suits with granite alpaca guaranteed to outwear the "shell."

A GOOD LIVING to START —and a bright future

A typical Harvey Bros. store pictured at left, is only one of a chain. Harvey Bros. offer you a good living to start and a bright future.



Lionel E. Donnelly, now in charge of a Harvey store, made \$72 the very first week in a new territory and without making use of a single friend or acquaintance. Fred E. Reed, new in the business, made \$50 the first six days, \$238 the first month. Arthur Brassier, an experienced man, made a record of \$43 the first day and \$636 the second month.

These experiences can be multiplied by the hundreds—over 300 men in this business make \$5,000 a year or more.

If you have pep and ambition, if you're not afraid to go out and make calls you, too, can be successful selling Harvey Clothes, and if you haven't been averaging better than \$3,000 a year you can make more money with us than you ever made before in your life. And you don't have to give up your regular job, either. Start with us by working in your spare time. This is your opportunity that may lead you to the bigger and better things of life.

WRITE FOR DETAILS

R. T. Harvey, Mgr., Box 00, Chicago

MAIL this COUPON —or letter if preferred

R. T. HARVEY, Manager
Box 00, Chicago, Ill.

If my territory is open, please send application blank, free sample of your fabrics and full details of your Suits and Overcoats which retail at \$23.50.

My age is..... Experienced—Yes or No.....
PLEASE PRINT

Your Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....State.....

Territory Wanted.....

grating was secured from within; he had it open in a minute, and was through.

Even while we were listening to the rattle of his heels on the iron roof, a shot cracked from outside. Laurie turned as white as the floating clouds that we could see through the opened skylight, and pressed her lips together. Susan and I had been sorting and collecting the various firearms stored about Herod's room. We had to stop now; it was impossible to go on with the knowledge that Bowen's life was hanging by a thread, up there under the blue.

The flagstaff, I knew, was set between the two slopes of roof, strongly stayed. It was not very high, but could be seen well out to sea. You could run the flag up from outside, or, in case of emergency, from the roof itself. Doubtless Paul would get hold of the lanyards that ran down the wall, and sling them out of harm's way; then he would hoist the Jack, half mast and upside down. There was a brisk wind blowing that day, enough to keep the flag fluttering hard, and make it a difficult shot for the crude marksmen of the colored fleet. Paul would be an easier mark; he could not get cover at all points, and, clearly, somebody had found an open spot. . . .

I think we all held our breath, until a bark from Paul's revolver, answering the rifle crack, told us that, so far, he was able to account for himself.

SOMETHING, I don't know what, made me look at Conchita. She had crawled up from her knees, and was standing erect, holding out a small, dark object at the full length of her arms. It seemed to me like a piece of coal. I heard her vowing promises to all her saints, apparently in connection with the dirty thing she held. "Save us," she was saying, in an odd bastard Spanish, comprehensible to no one but myself. "Let him put up the flag. It is my sin. I swear if we are all saved—all, all—I will repent. I will restore. I will vow—Oh, Madre de Dios, he is killed."

Bowen's legs had suddenly appeared above, staggering over the skylight; his body, in another moment, crashed through on to the pile of furniture, and fell, not on the floor but into Laurie's waiting arms. She reeled with the shock; I caught her, and for a moment we staggered to and fro, all together. Then I managed to extricate myself, and draw Bowen out of the mess. He was insensible; a heavy bruise on one temple proclaimed the cause.

"He is dead," cried Conchita, still in her native tongue. "We are lost." And instantly, quick as a conjuring trick, the small black object went back among her draperies. "I will restore nothing," she muttered. "The saints of heaven will not hear me." No doubt she thought her vows were audible to herself and heaven alone; if I read Spanish, I did not speak it, and she had never heard me use a word of the language.

I was busy bringing Paul round again, with the aid of a little water from the bathroom; I could not pay attention to her at the moment. But I registered a vow on my own account, and that was, to investigate the matter of the mysterious bit of coal, as soon as circumstances permitted.

"Keep his head down; he'll recover in a minute," I told Laurie. "It takes a lot to kill a sailor."

"What was it?" asked Susan, looking at the bruise. Upon which Paul opened his eyes, and answered confusedly—"Damned brute tried to hit me with his rifle, missed, and ran in close and pegged stones. One of them hit. Got him just as he was shying, and he's as dead as mutton. The flag's up, reversed, so if there's a white man's ship anywhere within five miles, we'll be out of this pretty soon. Don't baby me, I'm all right."

For all that, he had to sit on one of the lockers for a minute or two, before he was able to stand up. Conchita watched him, her dark face a theatre of emotions. I could not resist moving nearer to her, and remarking, with my eyes fixed on the ceiling—

"To break a solemn vow is death."

She made a sudden click with her tongue.

"Ah! Sir Polson, you understand the Spanish?"

"To break a solemn vow is death," I repeated, in Spanish that was comprehensible, if not Castilian. Then I left her to stew in her own remorse, and turned my attention to matters more insistent.

The death-wailing had died slowly down and ceased. Was Herod dead? The thought beat continually about my mind. Was it indeed the Lord of the Island, whom the women had honored with that strange wild crying—or was it some one, something else.

Long ago, at the time of the wreck of the *Red Wing*, that fated ship upon which so much of our own fates seemed to hang—much death-crying was heard for weeks among the islands of the Torres Sea. But surely there had been no wreck, no wrecking weather, even in the Straits of late.

No telling. . . . One point was clear, that something had happened to loose the men of the pearling fleet from their allegiance; set them, where they had crawled at the feet of the white masters, yowling at our throats. Bowen reported that the main body of the divers was gathered together a good distance off, holding some sort of conference—a very noisy one, if we were to judge by the yammerings and screechings that penetrated to us now and then.

"I heard the beggars egging each other on to wipe us out," he confided to me, snicking a loaded magazine into an automatic. "It was some of the Malays who were yapping about that; I know a bit of Malay. I hated like hell to run from them, but with Laurie—"

"I heard them too," I told him. "What do you suppose—"

"Oh, Lord knows. If the old boy were dead—"

"Just so." We talked abruptly, in snatches. There was a good deal to do. Herod had clearly foreseen the dawning of some such day as this, for he had laid in a good stock of firearms and ammunition, and stored up plenty of tinned provisions in the inner room where we were gathered. Even the water question had been thought of; the bathroom was supplied by an underground cement tank and a little pump.

"We can hold out for a fortnight here," went on Bowen.

"Yes," I said, "provided they don't try—"

"I'd thought of that," he interrupted hastily.

"But I daresay it won't enter their heads."

"No, probably not," I agreed. "I believe, by the way, that Conchita knows something. She was the first to clear for the house, wasn't she?"

"Yes, the old girl seemed to know what the yowling meant. I've a good mind to—"

THE sentence was never finished; drowned, ere well begun, in an outburst from the islanders that left all their previous efforts far in the shade. I wondered whether I turned as green as I felt. Paul certainly whitened, but the glance he threw at Laurie told me what was in his mind. "They're coming," he said. "But we won't let them get you."

"Will you swear that?" said Laurie, suddenly, coming over to him with a grand sweep of movement, and laying her arms round his neck, so that she could hold his eyes with hers.

"What do you—" His voice broke off; when he spoke again, a moment after, its tone had changed and deepened. "What do you mean by that?"

"You know. You mean what I mean."

I don't think he had wished her to understand him, but now that he saw she did, he gave her no sophistries.

"Why yes, my lass," he said, simply. "I'll give you a quick and easy passage, if the time comes."

With a murmur of unspeakable tenderness, she laid her head on his breast. For a moment they stood so, locked, and then she raised her face, and I heard her say, passionately,

"Oh, I could love that death!"

"Nobody's going to die if any one can help it," broke in Susan, coolly. "Bert will blow out my brains if I want, I suppose, but I shan't want him to as long as there's a chance of getting out of this all right."

I had my arm about her waist, and I drew her a little closer as she spoke. "Right," I said. "We'll hope for the best." But before my eyes, as she spoke, flitted the vision of the thing that

(Continued on page 62)



How these tiny bubbles

soften your beard at the base

—and make shaving easy



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

IF you think all shaving lathers are alike, just look at these two photographs taken through the powerful lens of a microscope.

Notice the fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's lather. Notice how compact it is—how close these tiny bubbles nestle to the hair.

And 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 hair.

And remember, *water*, not air, is the real softener of your beard.

Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form—super water-absorbent—different in action and result from anything you have ever known before.

In this lather the bubbles are smaller, as the microscopeshows; they hold more water and much less air; they give more

points of moisture contact with 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.

Quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

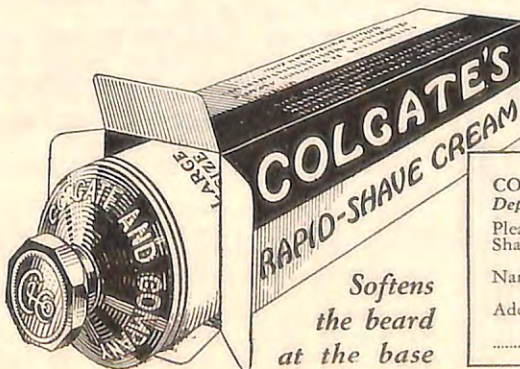
Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down to the base, where the razor does its work.

In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where the cutting takes place. "Razor-pull" is entirely banished.

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 clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Here is a shaving experience such as you have never enjoyed before.

If you want a quick, smooth shave every morning, clip the coupon below and let us mail you a generous trial-size tube.



Softens the beard at the base

Colgate Co.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK

© 1926, C. & Co.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 144-H, 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.....

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 61)

BETWEEN the smokes Chew Beech-Nut Gum. Comfortable. Satisfying. Leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. New, fresh flavors—Wintergreen, Spearmint, Licorice and Fruit. A package costs 5c. Convenient to carry in the pocket.



Beech-Nut Gum

HARD little sugar candies—very refreshing—Orange, Lime and Lemon. The flavors are *natural* flavors. Beech-Nut Fruit Drops are entirely pure, genuinely good. Couldn't taste better, couldn't be better—so far as quality is concerned. The price is 5c.



Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

Paul and I had wordlessly discussed—of a little, separate iron building on the beach; of the weapons that it held. . . .

There came another yell; nearer this time. It was not pleasant, I give you my word, to stand there like so many rats in a cage, waiting for the trapper to strike; hearing his footsteps approach. The women jumped a moment later, when something struck the steel door with a heavy crash, leaving a slight inward dent on one of its panels.

"That was a tree," observed Paul. He had lit his usual pipe; it dropped from one corner of his mouth as he spoke, slightly impeding his utterance, in a homely, characteristic way. "I reckoned they were getting it, that time I saw them in the bush. Lucky Pascoe used boiler iron."

"Come out," said a voice, in the silence that followed the blow. It was a queer, disembodied sort of a voice, sounding there in the gloom, quite close to us. "Come out."

"Who's speaking?" I said. There was no reply to that, but the voice, after a moment, went on.

"Gibbit all de money, an' we let you go to Tuesday Islan'. Come out."

"Is there money?" I asked in a low voice of Susan.

"I daresay," she said.

"Makes no difference," added Paul.

"No, by Jove," I agreed.

"Gibbit de money, and de girl."

"Damn your eyes," was Paul's answer, with a few purely professional additions.

The voice went on, calm and unperturbed—"Gibbit one girl and keep de oder one; we let you all go."

"What's the idea?" whispered Paul.

"Either they are just playing to get the door opened, or they really mean it. No following the minds of such a mixed crowd." I told him.

I may have spoken louder than I thought; for the voice—which I now recognized as belonging to one of the Binghi divers, a big brute with the courage of a buffalo and the mind of a fly—went on—

"Gibbit de Marster's girl, she pay for him, you Laurie and de white man go."

"By God, they think he's dead," cried Paul.

"They want to get hold of Mrs. Pascoe to kill her in revenge for Herod's rough-handling them. Well,—that puts the lid on it!"

"It does," I agreed. "What about trying that ventilation hole to pick off a few?"

PAUL nodded; he had—as I had—observed a grating at the top of the wall in the next room, that might prove useful. We went together, leaving the women in the sitting-room.

At the top of the cut-stone, plastered wall, there was a small ornamental iron grating. It seemed at first a mere ventilating device, but closely looked at, it was far other. The iron foliations, of an unusual pattern, were arranged so that the grating could be used as loopholes; the angle of the openings being set just right for firing on the door. Under the grating, a strong empty bookcase of several shelves—set not accidentally, I am sure—acted as a ladder.

"Beggars seems to have thought of everything," grunted Paul, swinging himself up. "One thing he didn't think of was that we were going to use all his damned devices after he'd croaked himself."

"I wouldn't swear to that last," I said. We looked through the holes of the ironwork. "Twenty-two men," I counted.

"The big body of the fleet has gone with Pascoe," said Paul. "Not so damned bad. Not so—I'll take first shot. That lumping chap with the hair."

"No, you don't," I told him. "He's mine. It was he who spoke through the door."

"In that case—" said Paul, moving, politely, a little aside. . . .

Slowly I sighted, steadied; drew back the little bar that kept close the gates of eternity. Swiftly, they swung wide, and black Binghi, crumpling like a leaf, passed in.

"Good-o!" commented Bowen, through the howl that arose outside. "Me, now, please." He brought down a couple of flying figures, missed a third and gave place to myself again.

By this time, the murderous crew were out of range. They shot, wildly, uselessly, as they fled; most of them knew nothing about handling guns, and none of them had anything better than a trade rifle to fight with.

To all appearance, the game was won. The men outside, however, had another card to play yet. We joined the women, told them of our luck, and said nothing at all about that other matter. I think they read us easily, but they made no comment, fetched us water from the bathroom—we were consumed with thirst—and waited for what might come next.

"The beggars will be back," said Paul. "Where's—oh, here, and a dashed good one it is." He had found Herod's binocular, a special and splendid Zeiss, worth its weight in gold. Almost while he spoke, he was climbing up to the skylight again. "There'll be time to look out to sea before they come back again," he said. I didn't ask him how he was so certain about the time, because I knew myself. It would take about five minutes to go down to that isolated small iron hut upon the shore, three or four minutes to get what lay inside it, five minutes to come back again. . . .

Five or six at least of those precious minutes had gone, when Paul came sliding down again. He seemed excited, eager.

"What do you think?" he said. "I shinned up the flagpole—"

"You didn't!" cried Laurie. "How awfully risky!"

"Devil a bit—they were too busy away off there to notice. I saw well out to sea, and God's Rod! Polson, if it isn't Herod's lugger coming in, I'll eat her!"

"Herod's?—But isn't he—" I stammered; I felt as if something had struck me on the head. . . . And yet, you know, none of us were going to live; what could it matter whether the way were cleared for Susan and me, or not?

"I don't know whether he is, or isn't; these devils think he is, and that's enough for the present. She's a good way off. She's cracking on sail, and the engine's going; you should see the little b— walk—somebody on board has seen the signal, sure enough. Question is, how soon they'll get here."

A question, as it happened, that was not to wait long for answer. Paul had scarce done speaking, when we heard a stealthy step upon the coral. Bless that coral! Herod's device was effective; a man might as well have tried to walk quietly over a mass of newspapers as over the crackling, tinkling shards of the terrace.

"I reckon they'll throw it on the roof," said Paul.

"It's boiler iron, not roofing."

"Daresay, but boiler iron isn't good enough. See if you can get anyone through the grating, while I go aloft again."

The pipe was still hanging from one corner of his mouth; a puff of smoke rose from it now and then. Steady sea-color stood on his hard young cheeks; about his eyes crinkled faintly the ghost of his habitual grin. You might have thought he was on the deck of the *Susan*, seeing to stores, giving orders to the crew. . . .

Nevertheless, he was quicker "going aloft" up the chairs than he could ever have been at sea. His heels had vanished through the skylight before I was back in the next room. Cautious footsteps, above, told us he was stalking his game.

Through the ironwork loopholes, I could see that there was no one, now, near the door. Then—there was a movement among the bushes some way off, just a slight stir like the ruffle made by rising wind, no more—and, quicker than I could tell it, the half-naked figure of one of the serpent-supple, dark Malays, had sprung out twenty feet from cover, and tossed a mass of smoking plugs at the house.

At the same moment a rifle cracked sharply from among the trees. I heard Paul's rifle answer it; saw the Malay stagger, recover, and fall—then everything was blotted out in the tremendous bump of a gelignite explosion that went off—it seemed—right in my ears.

When I picked myself up from the floor I did not know whether I had been lying there a second, or an hour; whether I was alive or dead, even.

My wits must have been dazed a bit, for I remember rising to my feet, scramblingly, much as a fallen horse gets up again; and going unsteadily towards the door, the while I muttered—"Even if I've been killed, I must look after her. . . ."

The sitting-room, where the women were, was a mass of crumbled wall-plaster; somebody, staggering, had upset a chair or two of the few that remained right side up; a water jug was down and swilling the floor. In the midst of the disorder, Laurie was snatching furniture together and piling it. "I must get up," I heard her tell Susan. "I must—he's killed—I—"

"You won't," I told her. "I'm going. Keep her back, you two." By the wild cat sounds that reached me, as I went up, I inferred they were doing my bidding. I don't know what I expected to find—Paul's corpse, probably—but I was at that point now where nothing could surprise me; so, when I saw him squatting low in the space between the roofs, hastily bandaging one hand with his handkerchief, I only said—"Where did it go off?"

"I got the chap a second late," he explained. "The other fellow—they seem to have brought out their best men last—the other fellow hit me on the knuckle, and spoiled my aim. A near thing. The gelignite hit the ground alongside the house. Crouch down, you blanky ass, or someone will take a better aim at you. That's it. They'll be coming along again in a minute; I know those Malays; they've got guts. I just had a squint at the lugger; she's so near up I wonder they don't—Ah!"

"They have," I said; but no one heard me—my voice was drowned in a shout that started from the bush, swept round to the quarters and swelled and died away down the beach—"Sail-O!"

PAUL had just finished tying up his hand; he twisted the knot with his teeth, and scrambled, reckless now of possible shots, up on to one of the two ridges that made the roof of the Big House. Astride there, he trained his glass once more on the approaching lugger, which was so near that I could see, with the naked eye, a colossally tall, white figure leaning up against the foremast. My throat and mouth turned dry; I swallowed, sharply, and found myself muttering something, I don't know what, about having known it—known it all along. . . .

Meantime the young sailor was taking a long, keen look at the ship. He lowered the glasses after a minute or two, slipped them into their case, and slung the case over his shoulder.

"Up anchor, boys!" he cried, in a strangely joyous voice. "We've got to be out of this in ten minutes. I'll cut and run for the jetty, and you get the women out and after me as fast as ever one of you can lay legs to the ground. There'll be no more bother from the fleet."

He was unfastening a flag lanyard as he spoke, and knotting it round the pole. I saw him fling the loose end over the side of the house. "Quick—est way down," he said. "Mind, Polson, for your life's sake, come on as quick as you can. . . . So long."

"Yes," I thought, "but is Herod going to let us sail out of the place right under his eyes? He can't help seeing us; we must go through the reef passage."

I didn't understand, but I knew there was only one thing to do—follow Bowen's directions. Clearly, he knew, or guessed at, something that had escaped me. I got down as quickly as I could, and found the women waiting.

"Paul's not hurt," I said—for I knew I should have to explain, if I wanted to get them away under a fortnight. "He's gone down to get the schooner under way, and you're to follow as quick as you can. Pascoe's lugger is coming in."

"Is he—" demanded Laurie and Susan together.

I interrupted. "He is," I fairly shouted. "He is; I saw him myself." I could not help shouting; I felt half mad.

Conchita stood up, gathered her draperies about her head, and looked malevolently out from under them, like a pictured witch. "Your eye wrong," she said, in her halting English. "Great Master, he die two day, two night. Conchita know."

"Rubbish. Come on, all of you." I hustled them like sheep. I was scarce conscious of anything we saw on the way to the boat; scarcely

(Continued on page 64)



with

BURD GILMAN SHOCK ABSORBERS

Play Safe With "Burd's"

Trifles are the seat of many car troubles. Trifles, such as bumps, jolts, vibration, sap the stamina of the finest automobiles. Trifles have ruined thousands of cars—will ruin many more this year.

And it's so unnecessary! Such trifles can be eliminated. To "Keep Your Seat" is more than a matter of comfort; it's a factor vital to safety and car protection.

Burd-Gilman Shock Absorbers will give you that protection—with comfort and safety added.

An unbreakable steel cable instead of a strap—no stretching; mud, water, grease can't harm it; and the housing is weather-sealed. Readjustments and "servicing" unnecessary. Burd-Gilman's can be easily installed, at small expense. Ask your dealer.

Burd High Compression Ring Company,
Rockford, Illinois.



WHY BETTER

1. Steel Cable will not break, stretch, kink, rust, or stick.
2. Weather-sealed, no water, ice, mud, dust nor grease can get into working parts.
3. Screw driver adjusts tension for either balloon or high pressure tires.
4. Tension will not work loose, requiring frequent adjustments.
5. Recoils from depressions instantly checked. No set spots where shock absorber will function and others where it will not. Spring control is constant.
6. No oiling or greasing, ever.
7. Simple, trouble-proof construction. Few moving parts.
8. Maximum riding comfort.
9. Easy to install.
10. No servicing required.
11. Reduces vibration, insuring against car depreciation and costly repairs.
12. Guaranteed.

THE ORIGINAL SNUBBING DEVICE WITH THE STEEL CABLE

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 63)

SUPREME

No matter how fine or well made the motor car you drive, its satisfactory performance is absolutely dependent on its spark plugs. That is why engineers who design the finest cars made, both in this country and Europe, have selected Champions as standard equipment and why two out of three motorists the world over buy Champions regularly.

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs render better service for a longer time. But even Champions should be replaced after 10,000 miles service. Power, speed and acceleration will be restored and their cost saved many times over in less gas and oil used.



CHAMPION X-16—exclusively for Fords—packed in the Red Box

60¢
Each

CHAMPION—
for cars other
than Fords—
packed in the
Blue Box

75¢
Each

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

saw, even, the dusky, half-clad figures that, scattered away into the bush as we passed. Paul, it seemed, had known that the mere sight of that tall, stiff figure on the lugger would be enough to paralyze the rising revolution. So far he was right—but what about us?

Not a soul was on the jetty; it looked strangely, unnaturally still and empty, after all the noise and terror that had lately been. There wasn't the sign of a crew on the *Susan*. Her captain, however, had not been idle. The steady champing of the engine told us that the boat was ready for an instant get-away. Paul had thrown out a gang-plank; he took the hand of Laurie, and helped her up; Susan followed after, and then Conchita, one arm folded over her breast, as if clasping close some treasure. As soon as I was on deck, Paul sent me into the engine-room. "Stop there, and keep her going," he ordered. I heard the twang of a cut cable.

"Let her have it," shouted Paul from above, and I threw over the lever. The *Susan* came to life, leaned slightly, as if turning to open sea, and we were away again.

Over the noise of the engine—and she made plenty, the brute—I could now and then catch a shout of command from Paul. With the aid of the women, he seemed to be getting sail on. . . .

The chatter of running ripples increased; the ship leaned to leeward till I could hardly keep myself free of the champing jaws beside me. A faint cool breeze drifted down into my place of torment, like a drop of water sent to a soul in Hades. I snuffed it greedily. Gad! we must be out, beyond the reef; that was the strong "trade" of the open sea. . . . Wouldn't they ever call me up?

Another ten minutes, and I began to shout. Paul's face appeared in the hatch, wind-red and laughing.

"I reckon I forgot you, Polson. Let her run and come on out of that," he said.

I sprang on deck. Farewell lay miles behind us; the schooner, under power and sail, was running fast to the south. Susan, seated in her old place upon the hatch, looked strangely as if she wanted to smile, and wanted to cry, and did not know which to do. Laurie was laughing. Paul, at the wheel, had a smile upon his face that lit it up as the sun, now setting, lit the fair, free open sea.

"For God's sake," I besought, "will somebody tell me something?"

"We got off in time," explained Paul, round the corner of the inevitable pipe.

"In time for what?"

Paul shifted a couple of spokes.

"In time," he said, "to be clear of the island before that crew of —'s—sorry, Laurie!—realized that Pascoe wasn't there!"

"Pascoe wasn't—what are you saying? I saw him myself."

"You thought you did. When a man's been at sea a few years, he learns not to think he sees anything; he has to know. I put the Zeiss on the boat, and saw it was a make-up figure; I reckon a suit of Pascoe's stuffed out with a helmet on top. Good enough till you saw it close."

"What on earth would they do such a thing for?"

"Some native trick. You know, they always thought he brought luck to the fleet. If they happened to lose him on the voyage, up near New Guinea, where it's the deuce to get a ship through, they'd have been half scared to do the trip back without him. If I know natives—and I reckon I ought to—they rigged that thing to scare away the devils. And, God's Rod! it did. . . .!"

THURSDAY ISLAND, a pale-blue, merry sea beneath a milky-blue sky, south east blowing, chipping the water with white; palms by the long red roads, bowing their dusty-feathered heads.

All as I had known it, so many years before when I landed there, a young man with wrecked health and broken fortune, and little hope of any happiness in life.

Yet not as I had known it, for in those days, there was no magic light lying on the green, tall hills of Thursday, painting into unimagined splendor the rugged shapes of Prince of Wales and Horn.

There wasn't no exquisite, nameless joy filling the quaint streets, running like a golden river through the air, touching my lips, and, I think the lips of one other, with a sweet intoxication that made all things young and new. Beside me, to-day, walked the woman I loved and had longed for, hopeless, through the years; and she was mine. . . .

Mine in every sense of the word. When we had reached Thursday, a day or two earlier, we found there before us the news of Pascoe's death. A mission launch had heard and brought it. There was no doubt. He had run short of provisions, near the New Guinea coast, left his ship and gone ashore on Bramble Cay to see what supply of turtle might be available, and then. . . . No one knew, or at least no one would tell how it was that he had been left behind on the fatal Cay, with dark coming on; what had happened in the watches of that awful night, that had found him a huge, strong, evil man; left him, with morning's sun, a skeleton glaring at the sky. . . .

But I knew, and Paul and Laurie knew, they who had seen beneath the moon, the very shadow of Death creep across the Cay. And I wondered if Laurie remembered the spell that she and Conchita had set—the figure of Pascoe, put in an ants' nest to be eaten bit by bit away to nothing? One doesn't believe in such things, of course. I never reminded her of that piece of nonsense.

Once more, the "bush telegraph" was vindicated; Farewell had known of the death, earlier than Thursday Island; had acted on it, after its own wild fashion. The men who deserted Pascoe, for God knows what crime, upon the Cay, who had found themselves unable to navigate without him, and native fashion, invoked his spirit to see them safe home—those men, by a mere accident, had saved us. They saw the signal of disaster, and rushed the lugger to make inquiry; I think—though I never really knew—that they expected to find a number of their mates and friends killed in one of those diving disasters that were all too frequent in Herod's reckless fleet. However that might be, they came in (as we got out) in the very nick of time. Five minutes later arrival of the lugger had found the house blown up. Ten minutes delay on our part had burst the bubble of Herod's supposed return, and set the whole fleet upon us, instead of half—for I could not doubt that the newcomers would have joined their mates in paying off the long, deep scores that stood against "The Master."

As things were, we had arrived in safety, and Paul, with a posse of white soldiers from the little fort on the hill, was away again to Farewell, to see order restored, and the revolutionaries captured. Laurie had not gone with him; she was waiting in the hotel, sewing away busily on silk clothes for the wonderful, near day of her wedding. And, as yet, not a thing did she or Paul know of what Susan and I knew.

We were out on the red road that runs round most of Thursday, away where the laurel-green mangroves stand ankle-deep in sea, and no one comes, and the winds blow sweet in the grass. We were talking, not at all of Laurie and of Paul but for that moment, only of ourselves. Two days earlier, at the white church that speaks of wreck and sorrow, we had found our long-delayed dear happiness; we were married. . . .

It was late in the afternoon, and the sea was changing to the strange cold blue that marks decline of day, in the hot lands, when Susan and I turned back from our long walk, and set our faces again toward the town, and with it, the world. For the time, we had done with personal talk; and now our minds came back to Laurie and the uncertain factors that might yet wreck the happiness coming to her.

"There can be no doubt of it," I said to Susan, "Herod would never have done all he did, or half of it, if he had not had the most complete and direct proof of her identity, ready to produce the moment it was wanted. We have only found part of the evidence."

"Sit down here and let's go over it again," she said, pointing to a fallen tree. We sat, and I pulled out the packet of photographs I had found in the false bottom of the cash-box, and she and I leafed over again the newspaper cuttings, that told in detail of the long-ago

wreck of the liner *Red Wing* and the loss, among her passengers, of Mr. and Mrs. Luis Hilario ("Should have been Señor and Señora" I put in) and their baby daughter Dolores—all three being heirs of the greatest diamond field then known to the world, the Santa Catalina of Matto Grosso, in Brazil—owned by one man, Ramon Hilario, the "Diamond Emperor."

Later cuttings told of the death of Ramon from heart shock at the news of the disaster that had left him childless—mentioned the inheriting of the colossal revenues of the field by a nephew. A further touch of interest lay in the loss of the famous "Rosita Do Sul" diamond, which had been among the goods of the luckless pair.

"I don't understand," I said, "how a rose-cut diamond, even of a hundred and thirty carats, could be so inestimable—rose cutting is only used for shallow, inferior gems. But let that pass. The plain fact is that we need more evidence."

"What! with those photographs!" She held them out to me—a little pack of five. Ramon Hilario—an old, dark-faced, stooping man; Luis Hilario, young, handsome, extraordinarily like our Laurie; Ana Hilario, a rather sulky looking, gypsy-like young woman, somewhat too richly dressed; like, yet unlike her daughter; a group of mother, father, and baby Laurie; one of Laurie alone. . . .

Names written on the backs of each, in a flowing, old-fashioned hand. Likenesses unmistakable—but, as I had said—

"See, dearest," I told her. "This convinces us—but the evidence isn't weighty enough to throw an heir, and probably a lot of young heirs—apparent, out of an immense fortune they've held for fifteen years. We want more. I suppose Herod got those photos, somehow, from Brazil, but they can't have been all."

"CONCHITA," she said musingly. "What about her? She told us that she was on Shell Island, and it was she who found the child floating on a hencoop, and saved her."

"Who's to say it was Dolores? There were other children in the wreck—scores of them, poor little beggars."

"I am certain that Conchita knows more. Herod, of course, had her terrorized."

"By Jove," I exclaimed, "I remember—"

"What?"

I told her of the incident at the Big House, when Conchita, in her native Spanish, had vowed restitution of something unspecified, if only the young mistress and her lover, and the rest, were saved.

"That sounds important," was Susan's verdict. "We had better get at her as soon as we can."

"I suppose so," I answered half-heartedly.

"Suppose?"

"Yes, sweetheart. I can't help wondering—if we establish the claim, or put Paul and Laurie in the way of establishing it—"

"Well?"

"Will they be happier? A stormy petrel like the lad—sailor and wanderer, every inch, English, or Australian—much the same—in every drop of blood—think of him as a Spanish-American millionaire, pensioner of his wife! Love, Laurie's wiser than she seems. She made me swear to tell him nothing until they were married."

"She doesn't know much herself, only that she may be a great heiress, but she fears. . . ."

"I understand," said Susan, looking out across the sunset sea, where the cold blue was darkening to violet, and the red sky paling.

"If I had been in her place, I think I'd have feared too. You needn't trouble to say all the nice things that are on the tip of your tongue. They're understood—but it remains a terrible risk, for any woman."

"Well, I shall be able to tell him to-morrow, or the day after, as I suppose he will be back by that time," I said. "And then he can go to Farewell with her, and hunt the place for more evidence. I would stake my soul on its existing somewhere. You mark me, love, they'll find it."

"What will be, will be," she said. And we walked home, to the hotel, that was all built of gold and had doors like the gems in the gateways of the Heavenly City. But if you look for it in Thursday Island, you will not find it now—unless perhaps you look in company. . . .

(Continued on page 66)



LOST: \$35,000

THE OTHER DAY a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute walked into a business man's office in answer to a telephone call.

"I have sent for you because I am in serious trouble," said the man. "I am on the verge of bankruptcy."

"Fifteen years ago I had an opportunity to enrol with the Institute," he went on. "But I was just out of college, making a good salary, and I expected to get my experience out of my work. I did pretty well. I accumulated a small fortune."

He hesitated. "It's gone now," he said. "In the last two months I have lost \$35,000 in my business, and all because there are certain fundamental principles of business I thought I knew *and didn't*."

"But it's not too late," he concluded. "I can get back that \$35,000, and this time I won't lose it. I want to enrol for your reading course before another sun sets."

Procrastination is the thief of cold hard cash

It is the business of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to prevent just such tragedies as this. How? By providing a means whereby a man may become familiar with *all* the underlying principles of business.

The young man of twenty with no responsibilities to anyone but himself can perhaps afford to take a chance.

But these are serious days, these days after thirty! The earning of money, once taken more or less lightly, has become vital. You want your wife to have every comfort this world offers. You want your children to have as good a chance as you had—a better chance.

It is to mature men—men who not only *want* to succeed but *must* suc-

ceed—that the Institute appeals most strongly.

For more than seventeen years it has been the privilege of the Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power, to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business. More than 250,000 men have profited by its training.

Its Advisory Council consists of these prominent men:

General T. Coleman du Pont, the well-known business executive; Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell University; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Frederick H. Hurdman, Certified Public Accountant and Business Advisor; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

The typical Institute man is—You

You are probably over 30. The average age of Institute subscribers is 34.

You have a wife; perhaps children. A majority of Institute subscribers are married.

In other words, this training is especially designed for *you*. Will you let us tell you about it?

Send for this valuable book

Out of our experience we have prepared a book called "Forging Ahead in Business." We should like to send you this book—free by mail, and without obligation.

It is a cheerful, helpful book. It proves conclusively that a man's responsibilities and income can be increased by a definite addition to his business knowledge; and it points the way. The coupon brings it to you.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men



IN CANADA, Address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

IN AUSTRALIA, the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 110 Castlereagh St., Sydney

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
604 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature
Please write plainly

Business Address

Business Position



\$2000 Reward

Give This Man a Fitting Name
and Win a Big Cash Prize

Go to any Twinplex Dealer and get an entry blank. It will explain the simple conditions of this contest. Here's a lot of easy money for somebody. Why not you?

| | |
|---------------------|--------|
| 1st Prize | \$1000 |
| 2nd Prize | \$500 |
| 3rd Prize | \$250 |
| 4th Prize | \$150 |
| 5th Prize | \$100 |

Morning after morning millions of shavers give their Twinplex Stropers a few turns and then get velvety smooth shaves. Ask one of these millions of happy Twinplex owners and he'll tell you how foolish it is to go on spending time and money buying new blades—and then kicking about them. A Twinplex Stroping improves a new blade 100% and keeps it keener than new for weeks.

Only a Few More Days

Take one of your new unused blades to a dealer and have him strop it free on Twinplex. Get your contest entry blank and then go after the cash. Don't delay. The contest closes August 31st.

If your dealer cannot strop a new blade for you, send us his name and one of your new blades, properly protected. We will strop and return it with entry blank, free.

If you prefer to save yourself this bother, we will send you a New blade stropped on Twinplex, an entry blank and a ten shave sample of the wonderful new Twinplex Shaving Cream, all for 10c. Name your razor when writing.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1618 Locust Street, Saint Louis

New York
London

Montreal
Chicago



Twinplex

Stroppers

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 65)

Next day, the boat came back again. And there was another wedding in the white, sad church; a young, beautiful wedding this one, with wedding marches played, and loads of flowers and a merry breakfast afterwards, to which half the island came. But I think it was no fairer—it could not have been happier—than the quiet, almost unwitnessed wedding that had taken place a few days before.

Paul and Laurie were to go over to Tuesday Island for their honeymoon, tents and stores having been sent ahead. There was no time for talk in the midst of all the rejoicings and rice-throwings that succeeded the breakfast; but Laurie, with the odd streak of practicality that ran underneath her softness—a streak, I thought, likely enough to be found in the granddaughter of Ramon Hilario—had arranged with me beforehand that I was to board the *Susan* with herself and Paul, and give my information to the two together, before the schooner sailed on her little, long voyage to Tuesday.

I gave it, standing on the deck that had carried us through so many adventures. I gave it as briefly as I could, not stressing the chances of proving Laurie's identity with the "Diamond Empress," but rather making as little of them as I could.

"It will be a big fight to prove things," I told her, "even when you get hold of the other memoranda—evidence—whatever it may be—that Herod undoubtedly has stored away somewhere on the island. You and Paul can—"

"Why, bless your soul and body," put in Paul. "The beggars out at Farewell burned down the house and the store and everything in them, the night we got away!"

"Good God!" was all I could say. "Then, Laurie, I wouldn't give sixpence for your chances."

"I wouldn't have given thrippence for them anyhow, good or bad," declared the young sailor, who looked, I thought, more disquieted by the news than a half-hour's bridegroom had any right to be. "I never would have fancied the job of footman to any woman, even my wife. . . . But it rubs it in, somehow, that I haven't got a bean to keep her with—that is, about one bean and a half—till I get another ship. I'd like to have forgotten that, to-day. We're as poor as Job's turkey; do you mind, honey-girl?"

"Mind!" said Laurie, with her arms round his neck.

"You're both so high-minded and unpractical," I said, "that I hardly like to remind you you have one piece of property."

"Aye? and what's that?" asked Paul, uninterestedly.

I drew it from the packet in which Susan had carefully shrouded it. I held it up in the sun—cleansed from the concealing black paint that had hidden its identity for fifteen years; set in a hand-beaten thread of gold, and hung on a spider-line of gold chain—blazing incomparably, the marvelous rose-colored diamond known as the Rosita Do Sul. No poor "rose-cut" gem, this, as the blundering reporter had made it; a brilliant of the finest, fit to hang upon the neck of a queen. Round the neck of the little Dolores it had no doubt been secured, in the moments of awful panic that succeeded the crash of the doomed ship; with her it had been saved—and by Conchita who drew the child out of the waves, taken away. Conchita did not know what it was; no gem like it had ever "sailed into her ken"—but she knew it to be something valuable, and had kept it—her one crime!—in the faint hope of, some day, winning home to lost, loved Mindanao through its means. Susan, with gentle womanly tact, had drawn forth the story, and this was the result. . . .

"Would that prove Laurie to be the old chap's granddaughter?" asked Paul.

"It would not," I told him. "There are other pink diamonds. But this is worth a fortune in itself."

"Price of a ship?" asked the sailor.

"Rather. Price of a good big steamer, and cargo to fill her if that's your fancy."

"Put it on," he said. And round the neck of the rose-flushed, smiling bride went the Rosita Do Sul.

"Good-by," I said, and saw them sail away, into the golden noon of Torres Straits, and of Time.

Old Conchita has gone back to Mindanao and want will never find her, there, or elsewhere in the world.

Susan and I have sold Farewell, and are seeking the cities of the South. The tale is told.

FINIS

Want Something to Read?

(Continued from page 20)

Nize Baby

By Mill Gross. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

IT SEEMS pretty late to be urging you to read "Nize Baby"—that screaming record of life and manners in a Jewish apartment house. Already its homely wisdom, its arrowheaded criticism of the times (all couched in the Bronx dialect) have become part of our dinner-table talk. Indeed, it is almost old fashioned to speak English-English now. One must refer to a sweet young thing as a "dollink baby," and what serious critic of the arts could do better with *Cholleh Cheplin* than the lady on the Second Floor, with—

" . . . wot one minute he maks you could rur from leffing and gredually in the naxt minute it becomes so sed, wot it makes you you should cry—is werry appilling to the emulsions."

If you are clever with dialects, read some of these chapters aloud and make a name for yourself as a great but undiscovered actor.

Confessions of an Actor

By John Barrymore. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.)

THE Barrymores, as the royal family of the American theatre, are sure of a loving and kindly audience whether they appear behind the footlights or between book covers.

This volume, by the youngest and perhaps most famous of the clan, does not, we regret to say, contain quite as many "confessions" as

we had hoped would meet the eye. But it does give us, with a taking air of irresponsible diablerie, the most vivid moments of a brilliant and yet young career.

The Love Nest

By Ring W. Lardner. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A "ROUND UP" of modern-life stories done by one of our best humorists. Each tale is absorbing and human, with a steel edge to it cutting deeply beneath the surface.

The Bat

A Novel from the Play, by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

TWENTY degrees cooler inside—that's what you'll be as you read this thriller. We defy any human backbone not to turn to a column of ice as its owner follows the hunt for Mrs. Rinehart's arch bad man.

"Get him—get him—get him—get him!" From a thousand sources now the clamor arose—press, police and public alike crying out for the capture of the master-criminal of a century—lost voices hounding a specter down the alleyways of the wind."

All they had to guide them was the shadow of a bat. In the yarn you see this shadow, hear the whir of black wings, feel something horrid in the air. The Shadow deals death

(Continued on page 68)

Off to the SPANISH MAIN



Join The Elks Magazine
22-Day Cruise to the West
Indies, Panama and Carib-
bean, South America. It's
the trip of a lifetime.

THE ELKS are going—yes going for the greatest holiday of their lives. Elks will sail the seas where pirates sailed and walk the paths where they hid their gold. The lure of the Caribbean has called us—and we are going on December 28th. One of the newest and finest ships in the trans-Atlantic service has been chartered. The Elks and their wives and families and friends will fill the entire ship. In every stateroom will be a friend. Special trains and motors for sightseeing have been reserved. James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., has been engaged to remove every difficulty in connection with foreign travel. James W. Boring personally will conduct the tour. We will have nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves for 22 days.

On December 28, 1926, the *S.S. Doric* of the White Star Line—our ship—will sail from New York. Three days later we will be basking in the glorious sunshine of Havana; and on New Year's Eve we will take over one of the famous cafés in this "Paris of the Western World" for a genuine Elks celebration. For 22 days we will sail over seas as blue as indigo, pass coral reefs as white as alabaster, and wander through the streets once trod by Ponce de Leon, Sir Henry Morgan and Captain Kidd. For here, in the archipelago of the West Indies, the romance of days of knighthood still lives. Here the civilization of all ancient Europe has left its mark and stands to-day as it stood when knights sailed toward the setting sun and dreamed of empire.

It will be springtime when the Elks reach the West Indies. The warm Southern sun will invigorate you. Days on shipboard will provide complete relaxation. Only 22 days away from New York and you will return on January 18th, richer in health, in knowledge and in companionship.

Come—we want you with us. We want you on board when the *S. S. Doric* sails on December 28th. Your companions will be Elks from all over the country. They will welcome you enthusiastically and give you the trip of a lifetime. By chartering an entire ship the prices have been reduced to the lowest possible figure. Come—send the coupon below today for full particulars. You will be under no obligation.

Where The Elks Are Going

New York.
Havana, Cuba (including banquet and New Year's Eve party on shore).
Colon, Canal Zone (including trip across the Isthmus to Pacific Ocean).
Willemstad, Curacao, Dutch West Indies.
La Guayra, Venezuela (including trip by mountain railway to Caracas, Capital of Venezuela).
Port of Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies.
Fort de France, Martinique, French West Indies.
St. Pierre, Martinique, French West Indies.
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.
San Juan, Porto Rico (U. S.).
Hamilton, Bermuda.
New York.

Send the Coupon

Fill out the coupon now and send it in. We will send you a beautifully illustrated booklet that tells of the places we will see and the comforts and luxuries of our ship. We will also send you cabin diagrams and a full schedule of prices. You will be under no obligations. Send the coupon NOW.

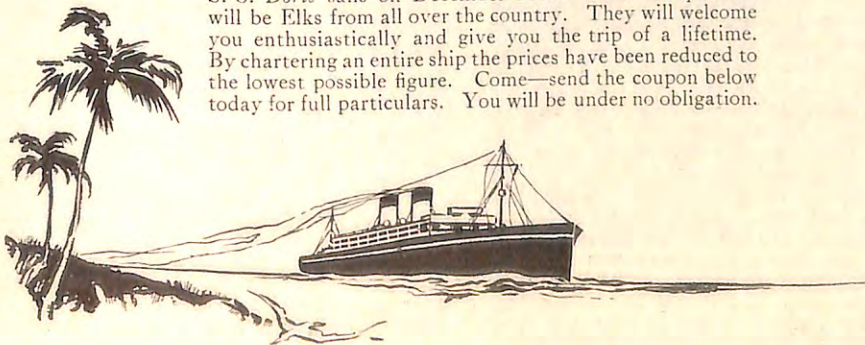
Elks Magazine,
50 East 42nd St.,
Dept. E-1,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

Please have Mr. Boring send me a booklet, cabin diagram, prices and full particulars of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Cruise to the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America.

Name

Address



Buy ELK EMBLEMS

Direct by Mail from
JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass.
and Save One-Third

For over 50 years we have sold direct by mail to customers all over the world. As manufacturing wholesale and retail jewelers, diamond importers and America's leading emblem makers we guarantee to save you 20 to 40%. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied. Write for new Elk Catalog and large Catalog of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, etc.



34600B \$5.00
 34617B \$12.50
 34606B \$15.00
 34608B \$15.00
 36981B \$1.65
 Finely Designed Solid Gold Lapel Button

SOLID GOLD and PLATINUM

The very latest styles and finest quality Buttons
 34600B Solid Gold, one full cut blue white diamond - \$5.00
 34617B Platinum, one full cut blue white diamond - \$12.50
 34606B Solid Gold, one full cut blue white diamond - \$15.00
 34608B Solid Gold, three full cut blue white diamonds - \$15.00
 See Catalog for these Buttons in Platinum

Diamond Mounted Elk Ring



A remarkable value in solid white gold, hand engraved with raised platinum emblem enameled in the proper colors. A full cut blue-white diamond set in the emblem (as illustrated). Our price direct to you \$12.50



34692B
 This heavy solid gold Ring with platinum front. Elk head raised on blue enamel clock, mounted with full cut blue white diamond . . . \$37.50

This ring can also be furnished with Masonic, Shrine, Knights of Columbus or Knights of Pythias emblems.

Same style ring No. 34685B without diamond \$18.00.

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
 America's leading diamond importers
and Save 20 to 40%



This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and full cut. Mounted in newest style 14K solid gold setting. Order this diamond; if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 send it back and your money will be returned at once. Our price direct to you \$145.00

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring, richly carved and exquisitely pierced. Money refunded if this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our price, only \$200.00

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1/4 carat - - \$31.00 | 1 1/2 carats - \$217.00 |
| 3/8 carat - - 50.00 | 2 carats - 290.00 |
| 1/2 carat - - 73.00 | 3 carats - 435.00 |

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

Diamonds sent for inspection to your Bank or Express Co.—before payment, if desired.

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS CATALOG FREE ON

"HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an authority.



Write for your copy today FREE

Also write for Elk Emblem and Jewelry and Watch Catalogs.

---CLIP COUPON---FILL IN AND MAIL NOW---

JASON WEILER & SONS

Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers Since 1870
 376-B Washington Street (Elks Dept.)
 Boston, Mass.

Please send FREE Catalogs checked below:
 Jewelry, Watch Silver and ELKS EMBLEM CATALOGS Diamond Catalog

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

Want Something to Read?

(Continued from page 66)

wholesale. You get so you don't really mind one more fellow being murdered at all—which is outrageous. But the thing is great reading, and oh, yes, they catch the Bat—but we won't tell you how!

Fix Bayonets

By John W. Thomason, Jr. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

WAR stuff—hot and profane. Told in 100 per cent. American and illustrated with fire-eating sketches made by the author when he was a Captain in the U. S. Marine Corps in France.

Now that the great conflict recedes a little, we can read such a book as Thomason's without too much heartbreak, seeing, behind the mud and the horror, all the breathless drama met by our Expeditionary Force.

Toward the Flame

By Hervey Allen. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

ALONG with "Fix Bayonets!" stands this book by Hervey Allen, giving in a different way a personal and startling account of war experiences.

Doodle

By M. Francis Reid. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

IF WE should adopt a freckled boy into our household (which at the present writing we praise heaven we are not forced to do), we would choose "Doodle." We could trust this small Californian to tell the truth, at least, although if we took him during his early years we would

look about for a good policeman to install as nurse. Later, we'd change to an Indian Chief as companion and tutor for the lad. All we'd do would be to see to his diet.

If you have a small boy of your own, would like a small boy, or are one yourself, read this story of a youngster of the West who surely has the "makin's" in him.

All Around Robin Hood's Barn

By Walter A. Dyer. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

IF YOU like dogs, here's the book for you. Meet the little Pekingese who saved the Boston terrier; the Borzoi, Nicholas, who was stolen and streaked it for home, proving that iron bars do not a kennel make. Then there's Terry, the Irish protagonist, who had a bad name as a "gaen-about dog"; and Hattie-the-man-eater, gentle as a kitten but with a face—or should we say "mug"—like a nightmare. Surely, amongst them all, you or your boy can find a dog to love.

Spanish Bayonet

By Stephen Vincent Benet. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

FLORIDA in the eighteenth century. The Revolution breaking out in the North and young and innocent Andrew Beard, of New York, caught in an amazing network of intrigue on a plantation near St. Augustine.

The recipe for a regular historical novel? Yes. But it's something more than that. Mr. Benet's glamorous phrases lift it clean out of the shelves of adventure stories and place it neatly among real literature. Exciting—dazzling.

The Champion Takes Off His Sweater

(Continued from page 16)

Count's. For the Count will do it in a way to get a laugh from the crowd, and worry Johnny.

"If Johnny were old enough to stick to tennis and nothing but tennis, no matter what monkey shines the champion of the Riviera indulges in—well, that would be a different story."

Muriel paused and looked at Johnny to see how he was taking it.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"That's all," Muriel said.

"Well," Johnny said, "maybe you and Charlie Partridge are right. Maybe I'd better let it lay."

But it gave him to think. And what he thought was, if he could put it over the Count, he would have her.

III

JOHNNY was astonished at how cool he felt when at last he was out there, knocking balls about with the Count. He was consciously avoiding the half-volley he meant to rely on the moment they began. He knew that the Count knew he could half-volley. But he didn't want to remind him of it, and he didn't forget himself once. He just sent back low, easy, flat drives. He noticed that the Count was doing the same thing—not a suggestion of the spin he always used in actual play.

After ten minutes the umpire called the game. Johnny jogged over to the stand where the umpire sat and pulled off his sweater. The Count stopped by and wiped his hands on a towel and took another racquet. Johnny noticed that his hair was thin along the part. After all, Johnny thought, he's an old man—he's thirty-four or five—he's long past his best. Let him keep his sweater on.

They both played easily for the first few games, feeling each other out like two boxers who know they are pretty evenly matched and in for a long fight. When the games in the first set stood at 3—all Johnny thought it was time to let loose. The Count was serving—that easy, fast twist of his. It never had the same spin twice. But Johnny had been watching it now, and he thought he could tell about

how much the Count was giving it by keeping his eye on the racquet-head as it struck the ball. He stood well in and half-volleyed the Count's first ball. Johnny's knee almost touched the turf as he got down for it, but he swung just as full and free as if he were making a forehand drive and taking the ball at the top of the bound. The ball seemed to hit the ground and the racquet-head simultaneously. But of course it hit the ground first. The ball cleared the net by six inches and struck just inside the Count's backhand corner, a stroke so fast that the Count didn't get his racquet on it. He acknowledged its perfection by putting his hands on his hips and staring at it. Johnny smiled to himself as he trotted back to take the next service. The Count served. This time, Johnny tried the one trick shot in his repertory. He laid his racquet down, almost touching the turf, and loosened his grip ever so slightly as the ball struck it coming up. The ball popped over the net at a sharp angle, dropped so close that the Count had no chance to get in from his baseline.

"There," Johnny thought, "that's love-thirty and enough trick stuff. I'll slam the next one."

They had three long rallies but Johnny took the game with another of those half-volleys that shot like a bullet for the far corner. He had broken through the Count's service. He had the lead. He took the set rather easily at 6-4.

Johnny knew that he was fit to go the limit. It was ninety in the shade but he was hardly warm yet. And the ball was doing everything he asked of it. He took chances, hitting harder and freer than he had ever hit before. He took the second set at 7-5.

Whereupon it occurred to Johnny that he might go straight through, might take the third set and win. But the Count knew that as well as he. The Count uncorked his cannon-ball service and aced Johnny with it five times that set. The Count began to return balls that Johnny thought he had safely put away. The Count played such a game as no man can keep up for long and took the set at 6-3.

Johnny studied him when they came out after

the ten-minute rest. The Count's manner was just as insouciant as ever. But Johnny knew he wasn't the same. Johnny felt he had been going a bit himself. How much more must the Count, who was old, almost thirty-five, feel? Johnny ran off three games. Then the Count braced amazingly. He teased Johnny in with soft shots; he lobbed Johnny back to his baseline; he volleyed to desperate angles. He had Johnny guessing what he was going to do next. He took the set at 8-6. They were tied at two sets all.

Johnny felt winded as he took his place to receive service for the first game of the final set. The sweat got in his eyes; the sweat was running in little streams down his arms, down his legs. If he had gone that hard, the Count must be ready to crack. He knew, hearing the umpire drone the score, what the Count would do. He would take his own service. But he would let Johnny take his service. Thus he would recuperate for a final break through to win.

"Two can play that game," Johnny thought. They played that way for eight games, until the set stood at 4-all. Johnny broke through in the ninth game. He had to break through. The score was 5-4 now, and he was serving. Johnny took two long breaths as he watched the Count skip into position behind the baseline. "Let him skip," Johnny thought. "He's all in, just the same."

Johnny took his time, getting poised for that first serve. Johnny had forgotten that six thousand people were looking down on them. Johnny dropped his racquet down behind his shoulder, his eye measuring the distance, and just as he was in the act of tossing the ball the Count held up his hand. Johnny paused. The Count grinned at Johnny. Johnny waited, wondering. A murmur ran through the stand, like a little wind in dry leaves. Johnny looked up at the crowd. Everybody was looking at the Count inquiringly. The Count waited for the fraction of a second, gathering that attention like an actor, and laid his racquet on the ground. The Count walked deliberately over to the umpire's chair. The Count took off his sweater. It was as if he had said, "This kid has gone far enough. He's gone so far that I'm taking off my sweater. Now watch me."

Somebody in the stand laughed, a high, hysterical giggle. The Count gravely bowed his acknowledgment. Whereupon the six thousand laughed.

Johnny felt himself getting mad. Johnny kept telling himself that it was just a gallery play, but he couldn't keep his anger down. Johnny saw himself as he had seen Reginald Cholmondeley, fretting to serve while the Count made him wait and not being able to do anything about it but stand there while the Count stalled.

The Count took the pitcher of ice-water that stood on the shelf under the umpire's high chair and poured it over his head, poured it lingeringly to the last drop. Again the six thousand laughed. The Count ran a towel over his head.

Johnny watched his slow deliberation. Damn him, Johnny thought, damn him.

The Count stood there and rolled his right shirt sleeve well above his elbow, rolled it with slow and careful neatness. With an effort, Johnny forced himself to stand still, to relax his body. He tried to wait calmly and coolly. But it gave him to think—waiting. It gave him to think furiously.

The Count got his sleeve rolled to his satisfaction and skipped back to his place—skipped like a girl skipping rope. He picked up his racquet, turned it in his hand for a firmer grip, and bent low to receive Johnny's service.

Johnny looked at him. He was all set, poised like a cat. Johnny's whole body trembled with rage at the sight. And then his anger died and he began to grin. He held up his hand. The Count looked at him in astonishment. Johnny's grin broadened. Johnny waited for the fraction of a second and laid his racquet on the ground. Johnny walked deliberately over to the umpire's chair in an excellent imitation of the Count's manner. Johnny gravely put on his sweater.

As his head came through the garment somebody on the stand whooped. Johnny gravely bowed his acknowledgment. Whereupon the six thousand roared with laughter. Johnny turned and skipped back to his place, skipped

(Continued on page 70)

Palate

ORDER it in your club—it's truly the sensation of the season—The White Rock of Ginger Ales. Made only of White Rock Water it is a delightful mixture of summer sunshine and sparkling bubbles—satisfying, refreshing and exhilarating.

Serve it in your home, too. It is a compliment to friends, a treat for the family.

Bottled only at The White Rock Spring
Waukesha, Wisconsin

White Rock Ginger Ale

new!

You'll Need This Book— Its Helps on Heating

YOU can depend on it for real information—34 pages of it—on ALL the heating systems. You can depend on it because the letters were written by home owners. They are based on facts; they give practical help; disadvantages, as well as advantages, of the various heating systems are given.

Send me your FREE Booklet on heating, called "Letters To and Fro." Kindly print name and address

Name.....
Address.....

Burnham Boiler Corporation E. M.
IRVINGTON, NEW YORK
Representatives in all Principal Cities
Canadian Office: Harbor Commission Bldg., Toronto

You'll know the economy way to heating your home after reading "Letters To and Fro." FREE—if you send the coupon.

Lower Cost Per Ton Mile

There is no longer any considerable area in the United States where the roads are all bad. Nor is there any great space in which the roads are all good.

These are important considerations for the truck buyer. The most economical truck he can buy is the one that gives unflinching performance in the heaviest going, and speed truck pace on the paved highway. It is not enough that the truck shall have one qualification or the other, *it must have both.*

The Ford truck, equipped with the Super-Warford three speed transmission meets these requirements squarely. It provides an *underdrive* which gears down the normal Ford speeds, providing an abundance of power for mud, sand and short steep grades that are so often encountered a mile or two beyond the pavement.

It provides an *overdrive* which gears up the normal Ford speeds, providing high speed on the paved road without increasing engine revolutions.

Warford is particularly adapted to the Ford truck because of its *three-point suspension*, the basic principle of Ford design. The transmission is suspended between *two* universal joints and supported by a sturdy cross member which also reinforces the Ford frame.

The net result of the Warford equipped Ford truck is lower cost per ton mile for every conceivable hauling job from two to four tons. Thousands of these trucks have replaced equipment costing many times as much.

Warford PRODUCTS

The Warford Corporation, 44 Whitehall St., New York City

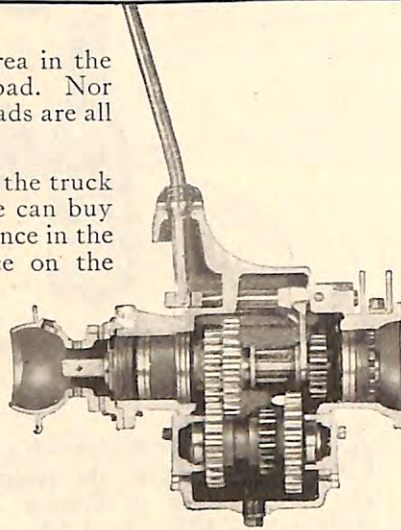
Neither the Warford Corporation nor its manufacturers has any connection whatsoever with any company manufacturing motor cars

Selling Securities by Mail

EVERY investment banker, in those moments when he tries to visualize the possibilities of his business, has directed his mind toward that vast, almost untouched field which he and his salesmen will never cultivate by personal contact—the so-called “mail-order field.” Does that field, and do mail order methods, offer him a reasonable prospect for the sale of investment securities? Even if securities can be sold in this way, can they be sold at a cost which makes the business profitable?

A good many bankers have tried. Many of them will tell you that it can not be done. And yet it is being done, day after day—not in picayune amounts, but in impressive volume. We shall be glad to send a copy of this booklet to any Bank or Investment House on request. Address:

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ELKS MAGAZINE.



Ask the Ford Dealer or the Distributor nearest you about Warford equipment

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| Albany, N. Y. | Foster-Warford Co. |
| Atlanta, Ga. | Atlanta-Houdaille Co. |
| Auburn, N. Y. | Foster-Warford Co. |
| Buffalo, N. Y. | Foster-Warford Co. |
| Canton, Ohio | Dines-Wheeler Co. |
| Charlotte, N. C. | Hall-Warford Co. |
| Chicago, Ill. | Sieg-Warford Co. |
| Columbia, S. C. | Warford-Sales Co. of S. C. |
| Dallas, Texas | Houdaille-Polk Co. |
| Davenport, Iowa | The Sieg Company |
| Denver, Colo. | Motor Specialties Co. |
| Detroit, Mich. | Transmission Sales Co. |
| Haverhill, Mass. | Massachusetts Warford Co. |
| Idaho Falls, Idaho | Auto Parts Company |
| Indianapolis, Ind. | Kenney Equipment Co. |
| Kansas City, Mo. | Warford-Western Co. |
| Lewiston, Me. | Maine-Warford Co. |
| Los Angeles, Cal. | Hammel-Gerke Co. |
| Mansfield, La. | W. C. Nabors |
| Memphis, Tenn. | Wayne Spinks Co. |
| Morrisville, Vt. | McMahon Bros. |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | Warford-Eastern Co. |
| Pittsburgh, Pa. | Warford-Pittsburgh Co. |
| Portland, Ore. | Woodward Sales Co. |
| Richmond, Va. | Baker Equipment Eng. Co. |
| Rockford, Ill. | Schacht Tuck Co. |
| San Francisco, Cal. | Warford-Pacific Co. |
| Seattle, Wash. | Warford-Equipment Co. |
| Spokane, Wash. | George H. Dietrich Co. |
| St. Paul, Minn. | McGee-White Corp. |
| Stockbridge, Mich. | Transmission Sales Co. |
| Tampa, Fla. | Wholesale Auto Supply House |
| Washington, D. C. | S. J. Meske's Son |
| Wichita, Kan. | Warford Distributing Co. |
| Windsor Ont. | Warford Corp. of Can. Ltd. |
| (Home Office) | |
| Toronto, Ont. | Warford Corp. of Can. Ltd. |
| Montreal, Quebec | A. C. Lewis |
| Calgary, Alta. | Maclim Motors Ltd. |
| Edmonton, Alta. | Universal Motor Co. Ltd. |
| St. John, N. B. | Dominion Motors Ltd. |
| Vancouver, B. C. | J. H. Irving |
| Winnipeg, Man. | E. W. Jay |
| Regina, Sask. | Dominion Motors Ltd. |
| Moosejaw, Sas. | Canadian Motors Ltd. |
| | Moosejaw Motors Ltd. |

The Champion Takes Off His Sweater

(Continued from page 69)

like a girl skipping rope. Johnny picked up his racquet and balls, poised himself at his baseline, waited for the delighted laughter of the stands to cease.

The Count waved an impatient racquet at them. The laugh began all over again. The Count shifted his feet back and forth, his face grim and unsmiling. Johnny waited until a hush fell on the stand, a breathless, expectant hush. Then he served a hard slice down the center. The Count leaped at it; the Count swung madly on it. The ball went aloft like a rocket, went high over Johnny's head into the stand behind him. Johnny knew he had got under the Count's skin. In another minute and a half he had taken the game, the set, and the match.

IV

IT WAS hours later that Johnny found Muriel dancing in the club-house. Johnny cut in. Johnny danced with her out through the doorway, out on the veranda. They stood side by side at the railing.

“Do you know why I brought you out here?” Johnny asked.

“Of course,” she said. “You want to say, ‘I told you so.’”

“No,” Johnny said.

“It's the truth. I was wrong and you were right. You did the perfect thing.”

“Muriel,” Johnny said solemnly, “I beat the Count to-day and so—”

“I know you did,” Muriel interrupted.

“And so,” Johnny continued, “I can tell you I'm crazy about you. I mean, I love you.”

“What?” Muriel cried.

“I've loved you all summer,” Johnny said.

“And you've waited till you beat the Count to tell me?”

“Of course,” Johnny answered.

“Then you are cuckoo,” Muriel said, gently.

It gave Johnny to think. It gave Johnny to think furiously. He stood there looking down at her adored face and thinking—until at last it occurred to him that this was no time to think. So he kissed her.

The Spanking of Sammy

(Continued from page 27)

but the one purpose—escape from the thralldom of the freight yard into the glorious freedom of the open road.

There was no grouchy old man at the throttle now to check him in that maddening way every time he got started, and make him back up and bump his rear against a box car and go ahead again in that idiotic purposeless way, dragging cars about, making checker-board moves; never letting him get more than a dozen car lengths down the main line. No sir, it was his one supreme moment! Again he was the brilliant, snorting, flashing king of the rails, hauling a train of Pullmans laden with magnates and their wives and daughters—all decked out in ribbons and white ducks—hauling them with splendid disregard of speed regulations! No, siree, he'd fling his bones down alongside of “17”—his old pal who was waiting for him—share his splendid sepulchre in the canyon with foaming waters rushing through his frame and speckled beauties making asylum in his old steel belly.

Back in the depot two tragic old figures still bent over the telegraph key. Again the dispatcher was wiring Morgandale: “‘39’ passed Tayberg! Can't reach her!”

That was Heinke's last hope—the halting of “39.” “Christ!” he murmured. “Oh, Christ! Save her! My little Minnie! Oh, Christ!” he was whispering now. “Oh, Christ! Oh, Christ!” He listened. The dispatcher had Mullins again: “Let Smith of the local capture ‘52,’ if possible.”

Stokes clapped his friend on the back: “Don't give up! Those men down at Morgandale will save her!”

“Smith ain't got time,” Heinke wailed, “Smith ain't got time. Oh, Christ! Oh, Christ! Christ! Save her! Save my Minnie! Save my

little Minnie!" He wrung his hands. "Christ! Please save her! Please save her!

"He's got time if Christ'll only get into his heart!"

And Christ did get into Smith's heart, just as he gets into the hearts of all good railroad men in times of great emergency.

Yes! In times of great emergency! Now, I'm no saint—in fact I'm a sophisticated man of the world. But I've figured the whole thing out. And if it isn't Christ that gets into the hearts of men and makes them do acts of heroism for others, then I'd like to have you tell me what it is.

There's nothing so terrible to railroad men as an engine running wild—so potential of appalling tragedy, and at the same time so difficult to handle. And each new case has its own aspects. Therefore, each new case taxes the quick adaptability, ever-ready resourcefulness, of the men who must handle it.

An engine running wild over a long level stretch, would, as railroad men say, "die of its own accord"—"starve to death"—even if it were not captured. Or, a wild engine running West on the westbound track of a double-track road might overtake a moving local or freight, too, without much damage to either.

But here was a case of an engine bowling West lickity-split down grade on a single track road, and a great train coming East on the same track—also down grade—and not so far away!

These men could have ditched Wheezer at the end of the spur into the rock chasm called Dead Man's Gorge. And they had barely time to do that even. But here was the awful dilemma that confronted them: "39" coming East, making up time down a long grade to the gorge, and a runaway engine with two little children on board going West!

The ditching of a wild engine, while spectacular, was nothing to men accustomed to handling titanic machines—nothing more than a magnificent spectacle. But a dramatic, a tragic, element had catapulted itself into the spectacle—there were two human beings in the runaway—not a madman or a fleeing gunman—but two helpless little children!

Railroad men have small compunction about cutting short the careers of yeggmen—their constant enemies. And, to their practical minds, the sudden death of a poor lunatic would be a blessing all around. In neither case would they weigh the lives of such persons against the lives of "39's" trainload of passengers—men, women, and little children. For, above all things, railroad men are practical.

But, here were two children, two helpless children. Smith didn't stop to calculate whether it were worth while saving their lives. It was his business to save those children and to save "39"—his simple business. That was all! He didn't see the heroic in it—the dramatic.

IT IS characteristic of great tragedy—peacetime tragedy—that it is carried on quietly under the surface, without noise or show but with deadly effectiveness.

Mullins read the dispatcher's order aloud as it came over the wire: "Have engineer Smith of local capture '52' if possible." He turned to the engineer. "You've only got minutes."

Smith didn't hesitate. It was an appalling job, but he didn't hesitate. For back in the station at Stanwich old Jake Heinke was standing with his knotted hands in the air, looking up as if realizing a vision, muttering "Christ, help Jack Smith! Christ, help Jack Smith! Oh, Christ! Oh, Christ, help Jack Smith!"

Smith darted for the door. "I've only seconds!" he cried. He was followed by his fireman and the conductor and brakeman of the local, and trailed by a bunch of loafers.

Said loafer No. 1: "You going to follow him?"

Smith said: "Chase a wild engine with only one empty freight car to hold him to the rails?"

"You ain't going to meet him, Jack?"

And, Smith, with superb contemptuous irony, said: "Of course, I can bump him off the rails with the tender."

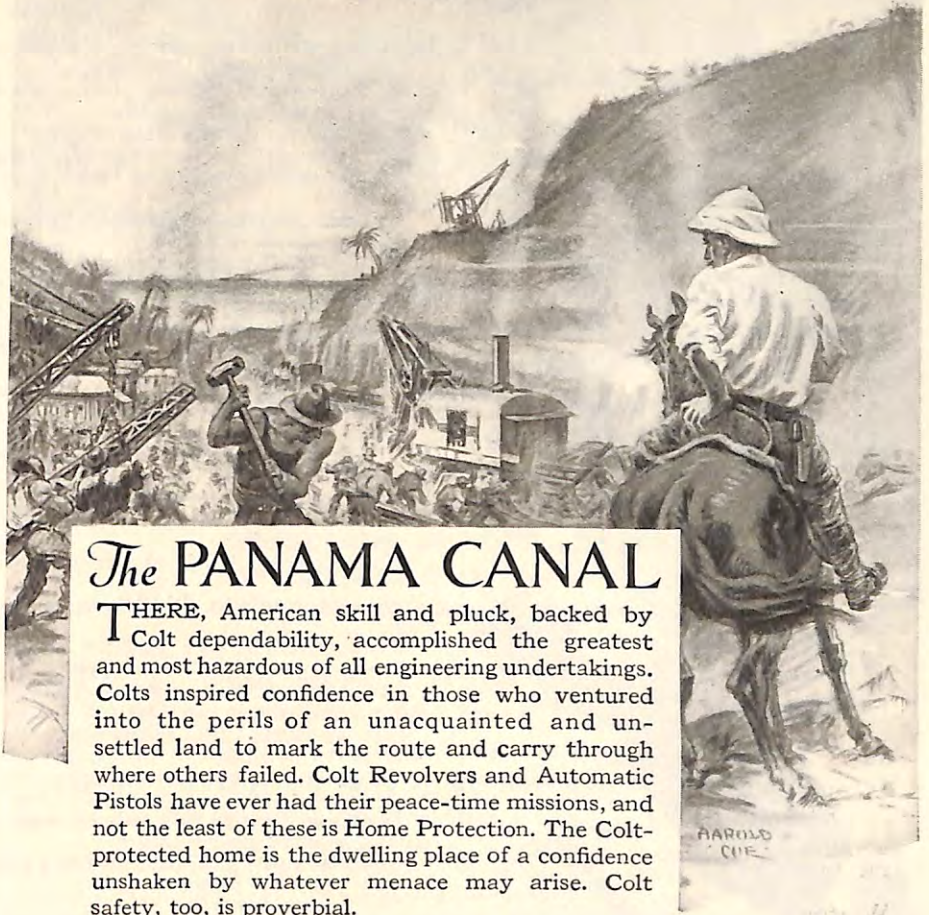
When Smith passed the station, backing up at full speed to meet the thundering Wheezer, the loafer gasped: "My God! He's crazy! Why didn't you stop him?"

But Mullins—the understanding railroad man—said nothing.

"Bump that old fellow off the track? Why,

(Continued on page 72)

The Colt-protected Progress of America - No. 5



The PANAMA CANAL

HERE, American skill and pluck, backed by Colt dependability, accomplished the greatest and most hazardous of all engineering undertakings. Colts inspired confidence in those who ventured into the perils of an unacquainted and unsettled land to mark the route and carry through where others failed. Colt Revolvers and Automatic Pistols have ever had their peace-time missions, and not the least of these is Home Protection. The Colt-protected home is the dwelling place of a confidence unshaken by whatever menace may arise. Colt safety, too, is proverbial.

Are your home, your loved ones and your valuables thus guarded? Not unless you own a Colt.

The Colt Positive Lock is explained in the new Colt Catalog or by any Colt Dealer

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.

Phil. B. Bekeart Company
Pacific Coast Representative
717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

COLT'S



The Arm of Law and Order

PLAYGROUNDS



Send for FREE copy of

MEDART CATALOGUE

It is a recognized text book on planning and equipping playgrounds—illustrates a large variety of swings, seesaws, slides, giant strides, merry-go-rounds, etc. for school and community playgrounds.

Let the Children Play

Medart Playground Apparatus is safe, durable and attractive—used and endorsed by civic and municipal authorities. Start with a few pieces now—add more as needed.

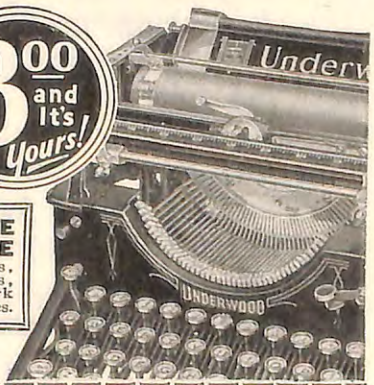
In Your Back Yard

a swing, see-saw and horizontal bar will give your own children a private playgrounds at small cost.

Fred Medart Mfg. Co. 3517 De Kalb St., St. Louis, Mo.
Pioneers in the Playground Movement. Est. 1873
Also Manufacturers of Steel Lockers. Send for Catalog

\$3.00 and It's Yours!

TYPE WRITE
Letters, lessons, homework and stories.



GLIP THIS NOW!

It's your own fault if you go without a typewriter now. There is a bargain price on this Underwood! Totally rebuilt; new type; new platen; new finish; and a five-year guarantee. Easiest terms ever—\$3 and it's yours.

FREE BOOK! Typist Manual and complete catalog explains whole plan. To first fifty who answer, instructions free in touch typewriting. Mail now to the Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., C-103 Shipman Bldg., Chicago.

Name _____
Address _____

The Spanking of Sammy

(Continued from page 71)

that runaway'll go through him like a shot through a piece of cheese."

"Anything to save '39'!" said Mullins, with a calmness that astounded them all.

"How about the children in the runaway?"

Mullins shrugged his shoulders: "It's their lives against the lives of all those folks in '39's' Pullmans."

"My God! You're crazy!" cried the loafer, — beside himself with excitement.

As soon as Smith passed and gained the main line he stopped and began to back at full speed. He noticed that his fireman, Scotty, who was a greenhorn in the railroad game, was white, his mouth open, his teeth clipping the end of his tongue.

"It's a matter of seconds! I've got to meet that runaway as far down the line as I can."

SCOTTY'S teeth chattered: "You ain't goin' to b-b-b-bump him off the track, are ya, Jack? I thought ya' was just a-guying those bums."

Smith pitied the man enough to explain: "You wait and see me do it."

"I g-g-g-get ya'," said the fireman, not getting him at all.

"You must have a lot of faith in me to come along."

"Y-you b-b-bet I-I have, Jack."

"I take off my hat to your nerve, boy."

"Even if ya' do know your business, Jack—this ain't no s-summer picnic for me."

Smith chuckled: "It's an experience that comes once in a lifetime."

"But it ain't no g-grand and g-g-glorious f-feeling for me, Jack," said Scotty.

"Don't worry, Scotty, he'll come up to me as soft as a woman'd kiss her baby."

"That's all right, Jack, but I wouldn't want anybody to k-k-kiss me that way."

"Don't worry, Scotty!"

"But why are you speedin' like this, Jack?"

"It's a matter of seconds—it's a matter of seconds!" Smith gave her more steam.

"It'll pulverize us! Pulverize us!" was Scotty's impulsive comment.

There appeared over the brow of the distant elevation, just a speck—just the top of Wheezer's smoke-stack. "Here he comes!" said Smith, tense. But Smith didn't slacken a bit. He stood with his left hand on the throttle, watching the oncoming monster. He noticed with apprehension that Wheezer was rocking violently.

"You see, Scotty, why I wouldn't want to be behind him if he should stub his toe and jump the track—we'd all be piled up in a heap!"

But Scotty stood there, mute with terror. Suddenly he yelled: "God Almighty! Ain't ya goin' to stop, Jack? Ain't ya goin' to stop? I'll jump if ya don't!"

With a quick hard push of his left hand, Smith shut off the local's wind, and at the same time, with his right hand, flung the reverse lever forward. Then he pulled the throttle open just a little, the local grunted and dug its toes into the rails and stopped with a jerk. Then it began to move ahead slowly. Scotty took a long breath. "Whew! Whew!" he said.

Smith with hand on throttle, eyes on the oncoming monster, gauging his speed of approach, opened the throttle just a little more, just a little more, until Wheezer was within a hundred yards. Then he gave the local full speed ahead. Too fast. He checked her a little, a little more. Now he was running at Wheezer's own speed. He checked her a little more. Wheezer was gaining on him, almost imperceptibly. He checked her a little more. Wheezer was overhauling him faster now. He turned to Scotty: "Get to the end of the tender and just as soon as he touches me, climb aboard him, get to the throttle, and follow me to the siding."

"I get ya!" said the brawny fireman, calm now.

Within a few moments the Limited—"39"—roared through Morgandale, her trainmen and passengers utterly oblivious of what they had escaped, her engineer bestowing only a casual glance of curiosity on the two locomotives standing near the east end of the siding.

As Wheezer began to move back towards Stanwich in charge of another engineer, he muttered: "I've had my fling. I'm content. I'm satisfied to die in that old manure heap of a freight yard. Teapot! Teapot! They won't call me 'Teapot' any more I guess! I guess not! And that Smarty! He won't thumb his nose at me any more—the little son-of-a-gun! Choo! Choo!" he cooed. For he was going back quietly under his own steam.

As "39" roared through Stanwich a few minutes later, Stokes said to Jake Heinke: "Surely Christ was at the throttle of that local, Jake!"

"He was in the hearts of those railroad men, all right!" Heinke confirmed reverently.

Bear in mind that the whole tragedy, which has taken me days to describe in my inadequate way, took less than an hour. But it is characteristic that there's no waste of time when tragedy's in the saddle!

(To be continued)

The Question Puller

(Continued from page 9)

were nights when he bit at his nails till they bled. The slow winter dragged on, an eternity of cold. Outside, the cold still lay: and sometimes it gave way to wind and storm; and the snow lashed and whispered against the cabin and piled drifts upon the door, so that they were shut in for days. At such times Daw would sit all day long within his closet there, and Hacker could hear the scrape and scrape of his persistent file. Then at last Hacker would break out into the storm and slip his feet into the thongs of his snowshoes and go floundering through the forest till he ached with long weariness and burned with cold. And when he came back to the cabin, the whispering file greeted him at the door, its sly song jeering covertly.

One night, when passion flooded him, he rummaged in his bunk and got the heavy pistol there, and loaded it and sat for a while with the weapon in his hand; but in the end he put the thing away again.

He was by this time half sick with his own torments; he had wasted in flesh and nervous force. Yet he mustered at last some trace of dignity to put the matter to a final test. They had supped, Hacker eyeing the other across the rough table; and when they were done, Daw rose and smiled.

"Well," he said. "You do the dishes, son. I've got to get to work."

Hacker hesitated, then asked slowly: "Jim, when will you be done?"

"Well, now," said Daw. "That's hard to say. Looks like sometimes I'd finish it in a few days more; and then it looks like it would keep me busy till spring. I be darned if I know."

"Jim," Hacker begged. "What do you want to do this to me for?"

"Why, son," Daw insisted. "I'm taking all these pains for you. You don't think I like it, do you? Sitting in there and working every day till my thumbs are raw. No, sir. But a man can't look for gratitude."

"I can help you if you want," Hacker told him. "I can do what you tell me to, can't I? I've done the way you said, right along."

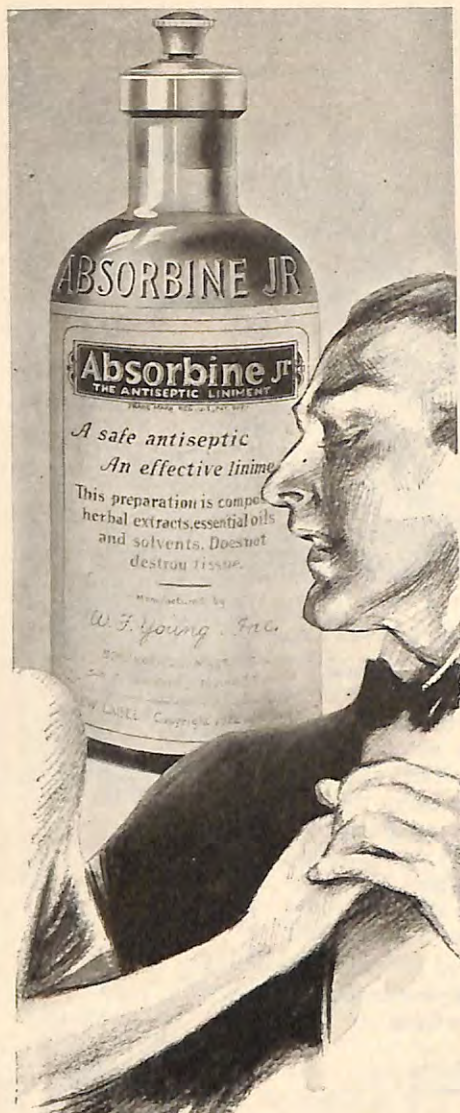
Daw shook his head. "No, sir, this is a one-man job. If two men try to make a question puller, they'll spoil it every time."

Hacker said, soberly: "Jim, I think when you started in you were really going to make something. Then you saw it bothered me, so you're just keeping it up to bother me. I wish you wouldn't do it, Jim."

"Well, you see," Daw explained. "I noticed that you needed a good question puller as bad as any man I ever saw. But I never had time to make you one before."

Hacker shook his head, his face contorted; but he held a steady tone. "There's no such thing as a question puller, Jim."

"Didn't you ever hear of one?" Daw exclaimed. "Well, now, that explains it. I wondered why you never got you one. Yes, sir,



Aching Feet

SIMPLY rub in a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. A soothing, cooling, and comforting feeling follows the relaxed tension of the muscles and nerves.

After a warm foot bath, Absorbine, Jr. is delightfully invigorating—or if preferred, shake a few drops in the bath.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.

Springfield, Mass.

they're a great thing, and you need one the worst way."

"I didn't know you minded my asking questions. I'd have stopped if you'd said so, Jim."

"No, sir," Daw told him. "No, when a man's got as many questions in him as you have, he's got to get rid of them or bust. You can yank them right out with a question puller, and then they won't bother you any more. But without a question puller like I'm making you, there's no way of getting rid of them that I ever heard of. No, don't you try to stop asking questions, son. They'd mortify on you, if you did. They'd salivate you. Yes, sir, they'd sure turn sour on your stomach. But you'll be all right after I get this question puller made."

Hacker, taunted thus beyond endurance, sprung to his feet and stood there, trembling and shaken and scarce fit to stand.

"You've got to stop it, Jim," he said, chokingly. "I'm going crazy, I guess. I can't stand it. You've got to tell me what you're doing. Oh, I know you're just doing it to bother me, but you've got to stop, that's all."

DAW chuckled. "You see, you ain't been asking as many questions lately, and they've soured your stomach. I'll hurry up and get it done. So you can use it, anyway."

He grinned at the little man, and he turned across the cabin toward the closet door; and Hacker said, hoarsely:

"Jim!"
So Daw looked back and saw that Hacker had the pistol in his hand. And at the sight he grinned again, and asked:

"What are you doing with that, son?"
"Get out of the way, Jim," Hacker bade him. "Get over in the corner, out of the way. Sit down. You ain't going in there to-night. I've stood all I aim to stand."

Daw gravely lighted his candle, touching the wick to the flame of the one upon the table. And he wagged his head at Hacker.

"You're upset, son," he said, soothingly. "Don't know what you're a-saying. Put that cannon away. I've got my work to do."

"Don't you . . ." Hacker muttered, his teeth chattering.

But Daw crossed deliberately toward the closet door, and he lifted the latch there, and he said in his tone of ironic reassurance: "I'll hurry it all I can, son. You sure need it, the worst way."

The pistol pointed at his breast; behind it Hacker cried again:

"Don't you, Jim!"
Daw looked at him, eyes a little narrowing. He was no psychologist, this Daw. To him Hacker had appeared at first to be a wistful and appealing little figure of a man; he became an irritation and a nuisance; then at the last a butt to be tormented with impunity. This jest had whiled away long hours beguilingly; Daw felt for Hacker now only a vast and a contemptuous scorn.

He had never learned that a jest may be played too far; that in desperate weakness a destructive strength may lie. So now, even though there was for a moment a question in his mind, he put the doubt aside. Hacker, for all his futile frenzy, was no more than a helpless little fool. Daw lifted his hand in superior admonishment.

"Now, son," he urged. "You better go to bed. And get some rest. Another month will finish it, sure. . . ."

And he went in, into the little closet; and he closed the door. He grinned to himself as he sat down upon his little stool.

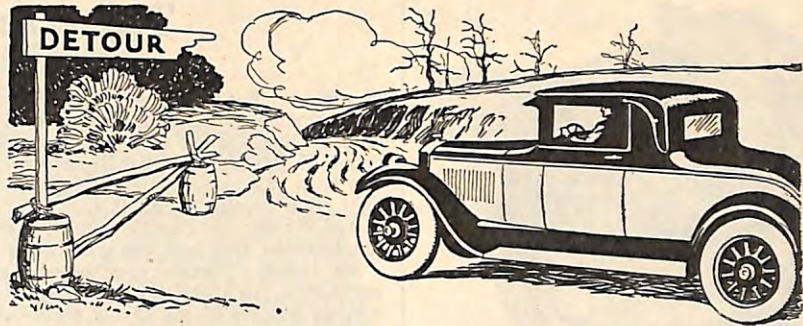
And there by the table, Hacker leaned, a taut little man and trembling. . . . He leaned there, vibrating like a reed that is bowed in a rushing torrent of wind. . . . And then a convulsion shook him; his hands contracted upon the pistol. . . . And in the closed door small holes appeared, splintering, light gleaming through.

* * * * *

The body lay huddled on the floor, slumped sidewise where it had tumbled from the little stool. But Hacker, when he opened the door, at dawn, gave it at first no glance at all. His eyes swept past, searching in the gray light the rude table Daw had constructed there.

Hacker saw the files. There were three of them. And the hammer. And a gray heap of

(Continued on page 74)



Are YOU a Detour Dodger?

Detours mean horrible discomfort unless you ride on HOO-DYE Liquid Cushions. You and your car both suffer at every pot-hole and bump. That's the time to question whether your shock-absorbers are really absorbing shocks. Springs work both ways but other devices simply check the rebound sharply—while HOO-DYE works easily and smoothly—both up and down—and you ride in unbelievable comfort, no matter what the road. There is a type for every car—the cost is low—they last a lifetime.

Any one of our dealers will install a set for 30 days—and refund your money if you are not satisfied.

The Houde Engineering Corporation
181 Winchester Avenue - Buffalo, N. Y.

Also Manufacturers of the Famous
SCULLY QUALITY SPRING PROTECTORS

The
World
Famous

HOUDAILLE

[HOO-DYE]



Your Will

THE Trust Company of New Jersey has had many years of experience in the successful administration of estates and, as a corporation, it has every advantage over an individual executor. It will never die. It has greater financial responsibility. Estates are managed by an organization instead of by one person, with very obvious advantages in experience and judgment.

Moreover, it costs no more to secure the services of The Trust Company of New Jersey as your executor and trustee, for the fees, which are fixed by law, are no greater for a corporation than for an individual.

We cordially invite you to discuss with us the all important matter of your will.

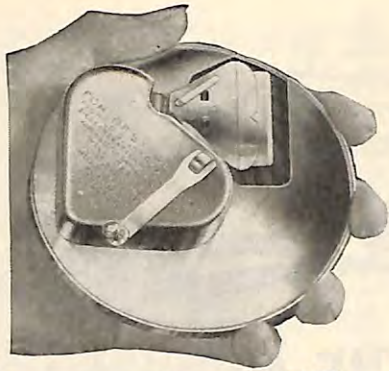
THE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY

JERSEY CITY
N. J.

Assets
Over
\$60,000,000

A Bank with
More Than
70,000
Depositors

Main Office: The Trust Company of New Jersey Building, Journal Square, Jersey City, N. J.
At Journal Square Station, 8 minutes from Cortlandt St., 20 minutes from 34th St., New York, 12 minutes from Newark via Hudson Tubes



Amazing New Way to Shave Astonishes Experts

Keen, velvety shaves forever and no more blades to buy! That's what the amazing invention of a St. Louis man offers you today!

KRISS-KROSS—the super-stripper prolongs the life of any make blade for months and even years! Strips on diagonal. Employs barber's secret principle. Gives keenest edge that steel can take in only 12 seconds. Automatic timer signals when blade is done. You'll say this magic device is almost human!

Right now the Inventor is offering a new kind of mystery razor **FREE**—to introduce **KRISS-KROSS** stropper. Really 3 razors in one. Instantly adjustable. Absolutely unique and astonishing!

Write for FREE Offer

Amazing **KRISS-KROSS** inventions are never sold in stores. Write for details and **FREE** mystery razor offer. **AGENTS** wanted. Generous commissions and big profits. H. King made \$66 a day. J. C. Kellogg made \$200 in 7 days. Even spare time workers make \$6-\$12 a day extra. Nine out of 10 men want to buy on sight. Really astonishing. Get details at once. Mail coupon today.

RHODES MFG. COMPANY

Dept. K-360, 1418 Pendleton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. K-360
1418 Pendleton Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri

Without obligation, please send me details of your amazing **KRISS-KROSS** stropper and **FREE** 3-way razor. Also proposition showing generous agent commissions.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

6 Big Money Making

features enable more than 800 men, many without previous experience, to earn \$40 to \$60 weekly the year around, with the six low-price quality W.D.T. tailoring line. Write for free illustrated story of our prosperous representatives who tell how you may, without risking a penny, earn a real income right in your home town. Write us about yourself, giving two business references.

WHOLESALE DIRECT TAILORS
26 Years of Service
Dept. 2201, 83-89 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Suppose You Were Offered Diamonds at 60% of Market Price

Suppose a reason you rarely think of makes possible here radically **LOW PRICES, EVEN FOR FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS.** Thousands of representative people, bankers, lawyers, merchants, others—continually reap this real advantage. Everything sent for **Free Examination.** This 3/4 century, oldest, world, rated over \$1,000,000.00. **CONVERTS INTO CASH the DIAMONDS ON WHICH MONEY WAS LOANED and NOT REPAID.** Loan values, a fraction of market values, the price basis. Diamonds too from big cash deals direct with European cutters. Must sell **NOW.**

WHY PAY FULL PRICES
Send for **Unpaid Loan Listings**
Costs Nothing to See this 3/4 less 1/16 carat, mappy, accurately cut solitaire for \$69.50. Try to match at \$115.00. Sent on approval. No red tape. Latest list explains **Free Examination** offers. Accurately describes every diamond, watch, etc. **ICY Loan Guarantee, Like Insurance Policy Privileges.** Write now—edition limited. No obligation to buy. List is free. Post Card will do.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS 7307 De Roy Bldg.
Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

\$69.50
3/4-1/16 Ct.
Try to Match at \$115.00

AGENTS Our new household cleaning device washes and dries windows, sweeps, cleans walls, scrubs, mops. Costs less than brooms. Over half profit. Write

HARPER BRUSH WORKS
282 3rd Street
Fairfield, Iowa

The Question Puller

(Continued from page 73)

iron filings. But there was nothing else except a bit of the broken crowbar, two or three inches long; all that was left of it. This was then the cream of Jim Daw's jest; this nubbin of iron, this heap of gray filings where vagrant rays of light were reflected, gleamingly.

And Hacker looked down, and it seemed to him that the dead man was grinning still. . . .

He began, astonishingly, to sob; and he backed out into the cabin and stood there, shaking and dissolving in his tears. And he

went stumblingly across to the outer door, and pushed it open. A little whicker of wind came in from the vast northern solitude; came in like a grinning imp; a whirl of snow danced across the floor. The glare of the morning sun struck blindingly across his eyes.

He turned his back to it, turned into the cabin again. A dull gleam on the table drew his glance to the pistol lying there.

That might answer all his questions. Little Hacker went that way.

Adventuring on Shanks's Mare

(Continued from page 13)

Now as to the pack: Every effort should be made to keep that burden as light as possible. Unless this is done hiking loses its flavor and becomes nothing but a low form of drudgery.

The old style army knapsack is about as good as anything obtainable, but it should be equipped with leather straps. Webbing tends to curl when it gets wet—and it will get wet. It should contain a poncho or ground cloth; one army blanket folded to the size of the pack; one extra suit of woolen underwear; one suit of flannel pajamas; two extra pairs of woolen socks; three handkerchiefs; one towel; toilet articles (not everything in the bathroom cabinet); share of food; share of kitchen utensils; extra matches in waterproof case.

Besides, somewhere in the party there should be a small sewing kit; a compact first aid kit; a medicine kit; extra films and photographic equipment; and a flashlight.

Every hiker ought to be equipped with a pocket-knife or a sheath knife; a compass; strong twine; a hand axe, but the total for each man should under no circumstances exceed thirty pounds. True, the soldiers carried more than twice as much, but no soldier in the world ever enjoyed his pack—while he toted it.

FOR cooking a party of two would require two pails, preferably nested ones; a folding canvas water bucket; small coffee pot to nest within pails; frying pan with folding handle; can opener; and, for each person, tin cup, tin pie plate, fork, knife and spoon.

There isn't a soul in the world who cannot muster enough imagination to think of ten times as many things, but experience will show that this list covers all essentials, unless it might be a folding lantern—but we had better stop now if that pack is to keep within the thirty pound limit.

Probably the best service an organization can render its members is caring for the trails its members use habitually. There are sixty-five clubs and societies banded together as the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America with headquarters in New York. One of these, The Isaak Walton League of Chicago, is certainly not a mountain climbing outfit, although its members are necessarily hikers, but its interest in the conservation of wild life and the creation, development and protection of National Parks is just as keen as any other of the clubs in the larger organization, whether it be the Smoky Mountains Hiking Club of Knoxville, Tenn., or the Trails Club of Portland, Ore. As a group they exert political force, too.

Some time ago two members of the Colorado Mountain Club of Denver while striding along a trail in the Rockies in a region which an earlier generation knew as one of the world's richest gold fields, were advised heartily to try a certain brand of cigarettes. The advice angered them in spite of the fact that both were cigarette smokers. They were angered because the advice was flaunted from a gaudy signboard put up where their trail was bisected by the highway.

They stopped walking right there and began to curse. They cursed as bitterly as would an artist discovering that one of the great art treasures of the world had been mutilated. The same idea occurred to them simultaneously and without any spoken expression of the thought. They began to gather dead wood and pile it against the sign.

"Wait a minute," counseled one, "if we do this we shall accomplish little. What this situa-

tion calls for is more than the burning of one sign. The blasted company would soon have another in its place. Let's go home."

They did, and within a day after their return they had initiated a movement that resulted in an agreement by bill-board companies to spare the Rockies. It was not an easy victory. The surrender of the bill-board companies was made because the opposition of the hikers of Colorado threatened to become menacing. Restrictive legislation, boycotts and other weapons were the means used to club the despoilers of the mountain landscapes into a reasonable frame of mind.

In New York the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America, every member a hiker, discovered that trailing arbutus—the Mayflower—was in danger of extinction. Automobile loads of it were being torn up by the roots to die before the plants were much more than out of range of the area they had perfumed. A bill was introduced in the legislature, and passed, thanks to the pressure of influential hikers, which tends to protect this charming plant just as wild birds are protected.

Out in California the Save the Redwoods League has raised a fund of about \$1,000,000 with which it will save the Dyerville Flats grove of redwoods and such portion of the Bull Creek grove as is possible.

In Washington there was a successful campaign to save the dogwood.

Those sorts of campaigns are a clinching argument in favor of hiking organizations. The kind of conservation these organizations have fought for is essential if there is to be preserved in America places sufficiently beautiful to make hiking worth while for the eyes.

Even if all the scenery were destroyed, hiking would still be worth while for the eyes as a beauty measure. For proof of that assertion consult any women hikers who may be among your acquaintance; or, better, don't consult them but just look at their eyes. Hiking does for women what the manufacturers of cosmetics promise to do.

Recently I enjoyed a moment of triumph when I encountered in a Long Island train the wife of a novelist. They had just returned from a long stay in Europe and she had been to town for an inventory of her physical condition.

"They told me I needed to take some long walks," she said plaintively, "but there's nowhere to walk around New York."

"No?" I said, and hauled from a pocket a volume on which was lettered in gold, "New York Walk Book," which is the handbook of those who hike in the metropolitan area. It lists nearly seventy organizations in New York that are either devoted to hiking or else foster it as one of a number of outdoor recreations. Better still it includes scores of suggestions for excursions afoot within a radius of fifty to one hundred miles of the city, and it never would have been published if its authors had not been conscious of a demand for such a work—and much of that demand was from women hikers.

THERE was a telephone company employe in Paterson, N. J., a few years ago whose days at the office were beginning to tell on her. Her name was Angelique Rivollier. Until she had gone to work she had always been an out-of-doors girl and she determined to remain one. She began to take long walks into the hills about Paterson whenever she could escape from her desk. Sometimes she rode a horse. One of

(Continued on page 76)



Never Lonely Now!

Since I Found This Quick Easy Way to Play The Piano—Without a Teacher!

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. No one seemed to take to me. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life. Suddenly I found myself with hosts of friends—the center of attraction—the life of every party. I was popular everywhere!

Here's how it happened! Somehow I've never had the knack of making friends. I was never noticed at a party. Always I found myself sitting alone. I guess it was my own fault, though. I had nothing to offer! No musical ability—no gift of wit—nothing to entertain others. So I was left to myself more and more—left to dreaded solitude.

One night my spirits were at their lowest ebb and the four blank walls of my bedroom seemed to crush me like a prison. I could stand it no longer. Anything was better than that lonely room. I wandered out into the deserted streets—unconscious of the drizzling rain.

Suddenly the sound of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear. For an instant my spirits rose, and then fell as I realized that the fun was not for me. Through the open window I could see couples dancing—others talking—all having a good time.

Everything seemed to center around the young man playing the piano—Tom Buchanan. How I envied him! He had friends—popularity—happiness—all the things I longed for—but *didn't have!* I was just an outsider. I turned away with a lump in my throat.

All the way home I kept thinking of that scene through the window. It depressed me. The next evening I dropped in to see Tom. He greeted me cordially:

"Hello, Dick, glad to see you."
"Feeling pretty blue, Tom, so I thought I'd call. Lucky to find you in, though. It doesn't happen very often," I answered.

"Well, you came to the right place. Music will soon make you forget your troubles."

Tom sat down at his piano and began to play. Never have I been so moved by music. The happy hours sped past as rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz hits, sonatas poured from his expert fingers. When he had finished, I sighed—sighed enviously:

"Thanks, Tom, it was wonderful. What I wouldn't give to play like that! But it's too late now! I should have had a teacher when I was a kid—like you!"

Tom smiled and said: "Dick, I never had a teacher in my life! In fact not so long ago, I couldn't play a note."

"Impossible," I exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

The New Way to Learn Music

Then he told me about a wonderful new short-cut method of learning music that had been perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales and tiresome hours of practice. You played real music from the start. When I left Tom, it was with new hope. If he could learn to play this way, so could I! That very night I wrote for the Free Demonstration Book and Lesson.

Three days later they arrived. I was amazed! I never dreamed that playing the piano could be so simple—even easier than Tom had pictured it. Then and there I knew I could master it!

The course was as much fun as a game. No more dreary nights for me. And as the lessons continued, they got easier. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorites—almost before I knew it. Nothing stopped me. I soon could play jazz, ballads, classical numbers, all with equal ease!

Then came the night that proved the turning point of my whole life. Once more I was going to a party, and this time I had something to offer. But I never dreamed that things would happen as they did.

What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed:

"Isn't it a shame that Tom Buchanan can't be here. What will we do without some one to play the piano?"

Amazed with my confidence, I spoke up: "I'll try to fill Tom's place—if you're not too critical."

Everyone seemed surprised. "Why I didn't know he played!" someone behind whispered.

Quietly I sat down and ran my fingers over the keys. As I struck the first rippling chords of Nevin's lovely "Narcissus," a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but—I was holding the party spellbound!

Then as I played, I forgot the people and lost myself in my own music. The room became a field—a field dotted with nodding white flowers and filled with rich, fragrant perfume.

When I finished, you should have heard them applaud! Everyone insisted I play more. Only too glad, I played piece after piece. My heart was filled with joy—for I—who had been an outsider—was now the life of the party.

Before the evening was over, I had been invited to three more parties. Now I never have a lonesome moment. At last I am popular. And to think it was all so easy!

* * * * *

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. And there's nothing marvelous about it. It's just a common sense practical method—so simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. You find your progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated free book and our free demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how any one can learn to play his favorite instrument in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

If you really want to learn to play—if new friends, good times, social popularity and increased income appeal to you—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Now! Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3628 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3628 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course

.....
Have you above instrument?.....
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Pick Your Instrument

| | |
|---|---|
| Piano Organ Ukulele Cornet Trombone Piccolo Guitar Hawaiian Steel Guitar Sight Singing Piano Accordion Voice and Speech Culture Harmony and Composition Drums and Taps Automatic Finger Control Banjo (Tenor, Plectrum or 5 String) | Violin Clarinet Flute Saxophone Harp Mandolin Cello |
|---|---|

Get Rid of Your "Spare!"



Without "Little Corporal"

THAT unsightly, uncomfortable bulge of fatty tissue over the abdomen is an unnecessary burden. Here's the way to get rid of it without fasting, hot baths, or back-breaking exercises. The wonderful "Little Corporal" belt will

Reduce Your Waist 4 to 6 inches Quickly!

This remarkable belt not only reduces your girth at once, but keeps your waistline down. It fits as perfectly as a dress glove. No laces! No clasps! No buckles! No straps! No stiff supports! It's built for comfort.

Young Man!

If your waistline is beginning to bulge, now is the time to stop its growth and to retain your youthful figure. Don't wait until you have a regular "bay window."

Guarantee Offer!

Send coupon today for free descriptive literature. If you prefer, give us your waist measure (snug over underwear, enclose \$6.50 and get the belt, or pay postman on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded. Price outside U. S. is \$7.50. Mail coupon NOW!



With "Little Corporal"

THE LITTLE CORPORAL CO.

Dept. 8-A, 1215 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free descriptive literature and Guarantee Offer.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

If you prefer to order a belt, fill in below:

Waist..... Height..... Weight.....



Earn \$60 a week Selling Better Underwear

Put smiles on men's faces, and dollars in your pockets—\$35.00—\$60.00—\$100.00 a week, being made by Imperial Underwear Salesmen: Nationally advertised for many years. Now sold direct through agents at less than store prices. Most men know of Imperial. You collect big daily commissions and build up permanent business. You need no experience or money to start. We teach you, and supply complete selling equipment absolutely free. Send for your free sales equipment now.

IMPERIAL UNDERWEAR CO.

Dept. 140-HH, Piqua, Ohio.

SANFORD'S INK ERASER



Takes Out Blots and Stains

The Kind that will Remove OLD Writing and Blots

SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

ALWAYS HAVE DRY MATCHES

Marble's Water-Proof Match Box keeps matches dry, holds enough for several days, absolutely waterproof. Made of seamless brass, size of 10 gauge shell.

60c at your dealers or sent by mail, postpaid. Write for catalog of Marble's Sixty Specialties for Sportsmen. 324

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO. 522 Delta Avenue Gladstone, Michigan

HARRIS TWEED CREAM OF SCOTCH HOMESPUNS and aristocrat of all sports wear direct from the actual makers. Suit lengths by post. \$2.00 per yd. Samples free, on stating shades desired. NEWALL, 275 Stornoway, SCOTLAND

Adventuring on Shanks's Mare

(Continued from page 74)

her friends told her about a club of business women in New York who made of outdoors life something of a fetish. It was called the Inkowa Club and had a big camp on Greenwood Lake near the New York-New Jersey boundary in the Ramapos. So Miss Revollier became an Inkowa girl. On the hikes she was usually in the lead with the result that she was made the leader of most of the hikes arranged for the club members. Now she is the director of the club and the telephone subscribers of Paterson trouble her no longer.

"Hiking has changed the manner of living for a lot of our members," I was told by Miss Grace Parker, the founder of Inkowa Club. "About ten years ago the girls used to appear for our hikes in tight skirts, with low-quartered shoes furbished with white spats. Fetching costumes, I grant you, but thoroughly inappropriate. Now they come in knickers and broad-toed shoes and woolen stockings. They have learned that women can't have any fun out-of-doors unless they dress properly."

One of the Inkowa hikers who would have been horrified a decade ago if any one had suggested that she appear publicly in breeches is a Brooklyn school teacher. She had never traveled except between her house, which was precisely like every other house in the block, and the school, which she had attended first as a scholar and later as a teacher.

Then she joined the Inkowa Club and began to follow Miss Revollier on long hikes. She went with a group of other women in knickers for a sixty-five-mile tramp on the Long Trail in the Green Mountains, sleeping on occasion in a hay-loft and feeling like a Bolshevik. Then she discovered she was enjoying herself thoroughly.

This last summer when school was closed she went third-class to Europe and landing in France, donned her knickers and began to hike. She went down the coast of Brittany and then into the chateau country of the Touraine and saw things and talked to people and had a perfectly glorious time.

She has planned to take her next summer's hike in our own Sierras, packing her camp equipment on a pack burro.

"Where will you sleep?" one of her friends asked her when she outlined this plan.

"On the ground, of course," she replied. "On one of our club hikes in New York we slept out under a moon and I discovered there was nothing terrifying or hurtful about it. If there are hotels around I'll patronize them—but I'll never be a slave to them."

There is a constant exchange of members between the Western and the Eastern hiking organizations, but the number of persons coming from the West to live in New York who promptly seek affiliation with some group of walkers indicates that the proportion of hikers is greatest in the Western population. The South somewhat less than other sections of the country is alive to this means of satisfying the lust for an out-of-doors hobby.

What a wide variety of those hobbies there are! I know a man who has tramped every range of mountains in New England, New York and Pennsylvania and on every trip he has been hunting just one thing—rattlesnakes.

As much as any single person, he contrives to keep supplied the cages of rattlesnakes in the reptile house at the Bronx Zoo where Dr. Raymond Ditmars, himself a hiker, is the curator. A bean sack, a forked stick, a length of rubber tubing with which to make a tourniquet should one be necessary, a couple of sandwiches and a companion—he asks no more. Spotted on geological survey maps he has identified at least

a hundred rattlesnake dens in the Northeastern quarter of the United States. He guards those maps jealously. He knows that when the mountain laurel bursts out with its peppermint striped blooms, those deadly creatures of saffron and purple leave their dens high upon the rocky faces of hilltops and descend into the valley for a summer of hunting. He knows just when they return in the fall and frequently is waiting for them with his forked stick and his bean sack, which he very often carries home bound with a squirming, buzzing mass of live rattlesnakes, the folds of the cloth trap fairly dripping with their expelled venom.

Well, every man to his taste. There was another group of hikers, geologists at Columbia University. They knew that the snake-hunter felt as strongly about preserving rattlesnake life as those folks who pass laws to protect the trailing arbutus or robin redbreasts. The geologists felt quite differently. They thought they would like to kill as many rattlesnakes as they could find. Their chance came one day when a newspaper published a reproduction of a photograph of the snake-hunter posed against the rocky side of a hill where he had been catching snakes. The place was not identified in the caption, but they were geologists. They recognized the fault in the earth's surface of which that rocky outcropping was a part.

The photograph betrayed several other things to them and within half a day of search one autumn they had found the den as Sherlock Holmes might have found the answer to a murder mystery. Then they went to work with dynamite sticks, tossing them with sputtering fuses into the depths of the rocky crevices into which the rattlers had retired for a long winter of sleep.

The geologists were hikers and rattlesnakes never yet have performed any favors that I am aware of for hikers; but it is also true that fewer persons than you might believe are fanged by them. Strangely enough persons who hike in the hills within sight of New York are cautioned to wear leggings or high boots to protect themselves against rattlers and copperheads who hunt and sting with all the ferocity and venom that marked their behavior when the nation was much younger. The wild life of the country has not retreated nearly as far as most people believe, and not only reptiles but bear and deer are to be seen on the wooded hillsides just beyond the rim of the cloud of haze and smoke that sometimes obscures New York. But hikers are about the only ones who ever see them.

There is so much game still sheltered in the woods and farm lands about the cities that some hikers make a hobby of hunting for signs of them, snow tracks in the winter, teeth marks on trees, dens, burrows and other betraying evidences of their existence. Some of these are not content to hunt for signs, but insist on having photographs of these wild creatures.

One of these amateur photographers hikes with a friend whose hobby is cartography and whose moments away from his law office are devoted to an effort to re-locate that military road which in revolutionary times led from the forges at Pompton to West Point, and was known to the army of George Washington as the Cannonball Trail. That roadway, built for the freighting of munitions, was an important factor in the winning of the Revolution and now this hiker, and a number of others, are always hunting for some vestige of it with the idea of remarking it as a footpath for others like themselves who like to get away from the towns and cities from time to time and transform themselves into week-end pioneers.

Report of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare

(Continued from page 52)

Amount raised by Elks through benefit or subscription entertainments for other and existing social agencies.... 42,601.25
Miscellaneous activities, too varied to classify (this figure including also totals from those Lodges which did not submit itemized reports)..... \$663,561.00
Total..... \$2,370,199.44

During the year, also, employment was found for more than 5,647 persons, and 1,585 aliens were assisted in becoming naturalized citizens of the United States.

There it is, in cold type, and a pretty pallid picture it is when so presented. What a difference there is when the individual lodge

records are examined, and what a pity that all of them can not be given as an inspiration to those who are only too prone to regard a lodge of Elks simply as a fraternity of good fellows, intent upon their own amusement!

Examples can be selected here and there, of course, but that task is made difficult, not because it is hard to make a selection, but because it is almost impossible not to make one. There is scarcely one of the fifteen hundred lodges which has not during the year given to its community some outstanding welfare achievement, from Newark Lodge No. 21, which engaged in every known form of social and community betterment activity and spent more than \$120,000 doing it, down to one of the baby lodges, Lynbrook, N. Y., No. 1515, which, at the time of making its report, was less than six months old, and yet had found time enough to engage in more than fifteen different forms of social welfare work with \$1225.68 marked up as its total.

WHAT higher service, for instance, could any Lodge render than is embodied in this brief report from Robinson, Ill., Lodge No. 1188. No sounding of cymbals, but just the laconic statement: "We have a lady here that takes care of all charities and if she has shoes, clothes, food, school books or anything she wants to buy, she has it charged to the Elks and the bills are paid by the Lodge and no record is kept except on minutes when read before the Lodge." To be sure, in a general way, the figures cited in our tabulation are impressive by their very magnitude. But they are impressive, rather than expressive. Here are one or two excerpts which will illustrate the statement; as it applies to what Elks have done during the past year to gladden little children:

From an address of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Gladstone S. Leithead to officers and members of Hilo Lodge No. 759 last April 12, at Hilo, Hawaii: "On February 27th, 1000 orphan children were the guests of Honolulu Lodge at its annual carnival. They saw the trained lions, they rode on the Ferris wheel, the baby seaplanes and the big dipper. Honolulu Elks and their ladies carried the crippled shut-ins of the Shriners' Ward in the Children's hospital to seats in the circus. One lad was so crippled that he could not be carried with any degree of comfort. Did he miss the circus? Leave it to the Elks! He was propped up in the back seat of a touring car, the canvas sides of the tent were raised, and the unfortunate youngster was driven right into the tent in front of the space where the lions and ponies performed. He didn't miss a single item on the program!"

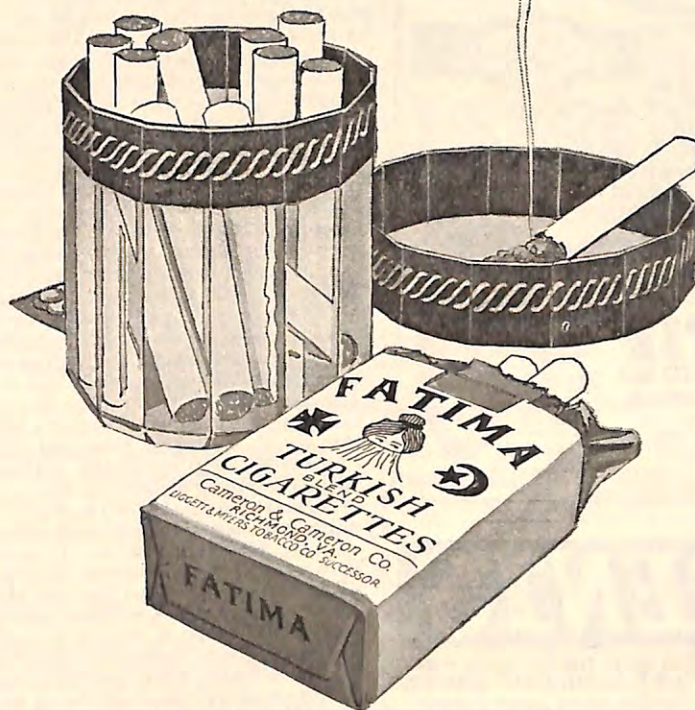
How much, for that matter, can figures express of what the 180-acre farm in Bound Brook, N. J., means to the undernourished children of the poor who are sent there every July and August by the Elks of Elizabeth Lodge No. 289, who maintain the farm, with a play-director and athletic equipment, fresh air, and wholesome food. That farm has been thrown open to other New Jersey Lodges for such children, too, and Camden, Hoboken, and Jersey City paid to send needy youngsters there last year—879 children in all.

Try to translate the following into or from bare statistics. It is from Lawrence, Kansas, Lodge No. 595: "For several years we have sponsored what is known as the Elks' Knot Hole Gang. This gang has a membership of about 475 boys ranging from eight to fourteen years old. The boys are self-governing, and to become a member a boy must make good grades in school, be of good character and be a gentleman at all times. He must first be recommended for membership by his teacher, and then if the other boys want him in the Gang of the school which he attends, they vote him in. We have eight grade schools in our city, and a Knot Hole Gang in each school. We furnish them with card cases and membership cards, entertain them twice a year with athletic contests and a little feed, always send them to the Kansas Relay Games, arrange for them to go to the Kansas University football games by showing their Knot Hole Cards and paying ten cents. The dues of the Gang are ten cents per year, which each school keeps in its own treasury. On Thanksgiving we picked out the needy families of the members of the Gang, and sent

(Continued on page 78)

Who wouldn't?

FOR THAT perfect "balance" of fine Turkish and American tobaccos, that extra delicacy of taste and aroma which are Fatima's and Fatima's alone—who wouldn't pay a few cents more?



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



The Finest Sport in the World-

YES—the greatest sport of all! And so easy, so inexpensive to enjoy! With a rowboat and the Super Elto you have an open sesame to the world of bright sunshine and sparkling waters—of fishing, cruising, racing and every form of water recreation. That's the splendid new sport of *outboard motor boating*.

More power! New features! Same low price! The Super Elto is a history-making value. Do you want speed? Here is surpassing speed! **Power?** Here is 1/3 more power and no increased weight! **Easy Starting?** Here is the only quarter turn starter. Instant starting! And dependability! And compact portability!

Send for Catalog! A real guide to motor value. Beautifully illustrated, intensely interesting. Write today.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR COMPANY
Ole Evinrude, President
Dept. 56 Mfr's Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Super Elto
Starts on a quarter turn



For Outdoor Time an Ingersoll



New Model Wrist Radiolite
Lies flat on the wrist—no strap beneath. Stands the bumps of outdoor use better than higher priced, delicate watches. Tells time in the dark. **\$4.50**

The New Yankee
Dependable always; many new features of grace and beauty. By far the most popular watch in the world. **\$1.75**

Why Risk Your Expensive Watch?

FINEST QUALITY GENUINE DIAMONDS

CASH OR CREDIT
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Our values are unexcelled—prove it for yourself by investigation and comparison. Blue-white Diamonds of dazzling brilliance and colorful fire, in latest style ring mountings. Priced especially low for quick selling—order now!
Every ring sent in handsome gift box.

Write now for our big Diamond Book—absolutely free! Fully illustrates Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Toilet Sets, Gift Novelties. All goods delivered on payment of one-tenth purchase price. Balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly as convenient.

WEDDING RINGS

No. 824—The "Elite" 18-K white gold, \$7.50. Set with 8 Diamonds, \$22.50; 5 Diamonds, \$32.50; 7 Diamonds, \$42.50; 9 Diamonds, \$52.50; 12 Diamonds, \$67.50. All Platinum, \$25.00. With 3 Diamonds, \$50; 5 Diamonds, \$70; 7 Diamonds, \$80; 9 Diamonds, \$100; surrounded by Diamonds, \$200.

WRIST WATCH No. 839—14-K white gold hand engraved case. Fancy wine ends. Silver dial. High grade 16-Jewel movement. \$25. \$2.50 down and \$1.00 a wk.

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection

HAMILTON No. 992. 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Positions. Gold filled 25-Yr. Case. \$55

ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND. 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments. Runs 40 hours on winding. Gold filled 20-Year Case. \$55

ILLINOIS "BUNN SPECIAL" 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 Positions. Gold filled 25-Yr. Case. \$50

HOWARD RAILROAD WATCH. 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments, 25-Yr. Gold filled Case. \$80

Railroad Watches sold on our regular credit terms.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST. 1858

THE NATIONAL JEWELERS
DEPT. C-505
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

Loftis Brothers & Co.'s products were selected for several of the Trophies at the Elks National Trap Shoot, Chicago, July 1926.

AGENTS

NEW! GRAB THIS FREE OUTFIT QUICK!

STAY-PREST Trousers Presser—wonderful new invention—looks efficient, and it is. That's why 250,000 have been sold already.

My First Week I Made **\$93**

"Since then I have earned over \$100 every week," says S. L. Patterson, of Iowa. Many others making big money. No wonder! Millions of interested prospects. A quality product. Pays lasting crease in trousers. Takes out bagginess—smooths the entire surface—demonstrates in 40 seconds. Sells quick to every man.

FREE Selling Outfit

Your profits paid in advance. Simply write orders. We deliver and collect. Test it without cost, full time or side line. Send postcard for offer of free demonstrator. Join the big money-makers. Free today.

THE GETGEY-JUNG COMPANY
G & J Bldg., Dept. K-87 Cincinnati, Ohio

BIG MONEY SELLING SHIRTS

Fashion Wear shirts, the greatest selling sensation of the year will bring you \$15 a day easy. Every man a prospect. And our special offer of three wonderful shirts for \$4.95 makes it easy for you to go into offices, factories, garages, etc., and make \$20 in an hour's time.

Send no money—just send name for beautiful free sample lines and for free territory offer. Day nothing now or any other time. Address FASHION WEAR SHIRT CO., Dept. K-221, Cincinnati, Ohio

ARTIST'S OUTFIT FREE

Write quickly for our remarkable offer. Learn NOW at home in spare time, by our easy instruction method. Commercial Art, Cartooning, Illustrating, Designing. Delightful, fascinating work in big demand. \$50.00 paid for one drawing. Handsome book free explains everything. SEND FOR IT TODAY

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 368-D, 1115-15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

CALLUSES

Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.
At drug and shoe stores everywhere

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Report of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare

(Continued from page 77)

them baskets, addressed to the member with this card: 'From your Big Brother Elks.'

That brings up the subject of Holidays and holiday activities. Particularly Christmas, at which time, as noted, the Elks spent more than \$804,000.00 in bringing happiness to something like half a million children. But what does that mean in the way of scope? Again it is impressive, rather than expressive. The figure is big, but it does not hold the idea that while the Elks of "Farthest North" Anchorage Lodge No. 1351 in Alaska were renting a theater for a Christmas tree for the children of the community, those of El Paso on the Mexican border brought the children of the Salvation Army home to the Elks Club and "had a Christmas tree for them, each child being remembered individually. They have their present with their name on it, are clothed from head to foot, fed, and sent back to the home happy." Nor does it hold the idea that while the Elks of Detroit were distributing 75,750 pounds of food to the needy at Christmas, and thousands upon thousands of articles of clothing, those of Santa Monica, California "held showers for canned goods, jellies, preserves, etc., in Lodge Room and received better than \$1,500.00 worth in donations of these articles for the poor at Christmas time, together with \$500 worth of clothing and toys, which was distributed in addition to goods purchased by the lodge for this purpose at a cost of \$2,103.97

The mere figure can not express this report from Okmulgee, Oklahoma: "Erected a large Christmas tree in the Lodge Room and played Santa Claus to all the poor children of Okmulgee and vicinity. Santa himself mingled among the children at the close of a two hours' entertainment, distributing to each a valuable toy and a stocking filled with goodies. It was about the biggest thing in this line of work ever pulled off in Okmulgee." And lest the idea be here conveyed that all Christmas activities were centered on children, here is a notation from Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge No. 1416: "The oldest people to receive Christmas gifts from us were a white man 107 years old, living alone on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation; one man 90 years old; two men 80 years old, and a man and wife, each eighty years old; the largest family numbered twelve, the parents and ten children."

But it is not only in gifts that the Elks of the nation serve their communities, either, and such as the following, selected at random from a mass of similar reports, do not even show up in figures:

Meridian, Miss., No. 515: "We devote most of our energies in trying to make the Elks' lodge the most popular place in our city. Our building is therefore used nearly every day, and sometimes three times a day by social, civic, patriotic and fraternal organizations. We make no charge for this, and furnish lights, gas for cooking, dishes, silver, linens, cards, etc., without charge to any one."

In the line of community entertainment, we find:

La Grange, Ill., 1423: On July 4 the Elks gave a community celebration, financing the entire proposition themselves, such as prizes for games, race, pie-eating contest, etc. In the afternoon there was the U. S. Army muster of the national defense on Elks' field and at night a display of fireworks pronounced the best ever witnessed in our village."

Wherever disaster has fallen with a heavy hand, there have the Elks been ready with aid and comfort, as always. We need only mention Santa Barbara, where \$8,000 was spent in rebuilding homes for poor people; Barracksville, W. Va., where the Elks of Logan did their share toward relief of mine sufferers; or Wenatchee, Washington, when a flood spread disaster two miles from the city at the Great Northern railroad terminal, and when the Elks organized the relief workers, the search for bodies, made thousands of sandwiches, and hundreds of gallons of coffee for the relief workers, and then collected a fund for the survivors.

Here is Norwood, Mass., Lodge: "We own a large athletic field in connection with our Club

House, which is kept in condition and always at the disposal of the children during the daytime. In the evening it is utilized by young people who are confined to shops, during the day."

Try to express in figures what the needy school pupils of Walsenburg, Colorado, received from the Elks' Milk Squad, when the school nurse recommended milk for them and their parents were unable to supply it. Try to give the picture of San Juan, Porto Rico, schools through tabulations rather than the terse report "Remarkable work performed by P.E.R. Dr. Babcock on cases of eye, ear and throat trouble among the school children. We are now beginning crippled Children's work in Porto Rico, and are selling a million 'Elks' Stamps' to raise a fund for this work." Go from Porto Rico to Freeport, N. Y., where at a cost of \$1719.85 the Elks maintain the only clinic in the community, an institution which last year examined 1,273 patients.

Another swift trip brings you to Aspen, Colo., where the Elks have installed a brand-new Post Office in their building, with all steel equipment, as something that could be done for a community where there are no calls for direct charity. Speed from Colorado to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where the Elks maintain a giant sprinkler on a motor truck as a portable shower bath and play-spot for children all up and down the valley during the summer months.

Travel east to Maine, where the Elks of Sanford took care of the payments on "sewing machines, washing machines, and stove for three families whose payments were so long overdue that they were threatened with the removal of these necessities." A short trip out to the Middle West where the Elks of Wooster, Ohio, donated enough wild rabbits to the Children's Home to furnish a real treat in the way of a Thanksgiving dinner.

And so it goes. The only way to do real justice to the great Lodges of this order would be to mention not figures, but individual reports of what each and every one has achieved, for when we start to make selections there is no way to stop. For instance, no mention has been made of the ten aged Chinamen who were given a Christmas treat by the Elks of Oroville Lodge No. 1484, out in California. Detailed reports, therefore, of what each Lodge has done will be found in a special section of the printed report issued and distributed by the Committee.

We come now, to other duties which the Grand Lodge has assigned to this committee.

Subordinate Lodge Assistance Fund

Because certain Lodges, either by location or through accident, are compelled to undertake large expenditures for the benefit, principally, of members of other Lodges, the Subordinate Lodge Assistance Fund was created upon motion of this committee last year. Details of the workings of this plan during the first year of the existence of the fund are given in the report of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Rituals

At the direction of the Grand Lodge, this committee on Ritual had printed and published the new rituals for public services of the Order of Elks.

Two volumes were printed, both of which are now in the hands of the Subordinate Lodges. One is for open services, and one holds the rituals which the Grand Lodge, in its session at Portland last year, took out of the classification of open rituals and placed in the category of secret rituals.

The Grand Lodge, in its Portland session, directed your Committee on Ritual to make diligent inquiry into the proper music for accompaniments to be played with the entry of the various flags which portray the evolution of our national banner. This was done. The committee, during the course of its researches through the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library's collection of early American music, also interviewed a number of the foremost authorities on such music, and presents the results of its studies in a special report.

Can You Pass This Simple Test of Culture?

If Not—
Get This
Interesting Book
FREE



People judge us in one way only—by what we do and say. Are you doing justice to yourself? Are you expressing your innate culture? Do you attract the right sort of people to you, in business and social life? Make this simple 3-minute test!

WHAT does this Culture Test tell you about yourself? Have you—really—the requirements you need to mingle comfortably with cultivated people? Have you the cultural background that makes you feel at home in every company—in any company?

Do you always do the right thing instinctively—or are you never quite sure of yourself? Unless you can answer every question in the Test correctly, your actions and your conversation are bound to give others—perhaps the very persons whose good opinion you value most—the impression that you *lack culture*.

And lack of culture is the greatest possible handicap in business, in social life. Wherever you go, wherever you come in contact with people, a silent verdict is being passed upon you. And it is so easy to make little slips, little “give-aways” that cause others to judge you unfavorably.

Are You Always SURE of Yourself?

Every day countless situations arise which disclose to others whether or not you are truly cultured. Do you ever feel ill at ease in the company of cultured people? Do you know how to make the impressions that count? Do you always tactfully put your guests at ease, giving them that subtle “at home” feeling?

Do you always choose properly your topics of conversation—your words? Can you handle a difficult situation with the quiet dignity that culture gives? Are your gestures graceful? Your carriage dignified? Can you talk intelligently on music—art—literature—the drama—the opera—history—politics?

The Real Test of Culture

Your success and happiness in life depend largely upon the opinion others have of you.

Try This Test:

What are the most famous poems of Keats, Shelley, Burns, Poe, Browning?

How do you pronounce “envelope” “valet” “egoist” “leisure” “lingerie”?

Who composed “Madame Butterfly”?

How do you write a “bread and butter” letter?

What is the tactful way to reject an unwelcome invitation?

Who wrote “The Scarlet Letter”?

What is the infallible method by which you can put yourself on an equal plane with your business superiors?

What are the four great groups of painting?

Do you know how to discourage undue familiarity?

When is it permissible to use tinted stationery?

People of culture are well-liked everywhere. They make friends—the right kind of friends—easily. Good manners are natural to them. They instinctively do and say the right thing, always. They develop a pleasant personality. They inspire confidence. They inspire respect.

How about YOU? Are you employing your culture to the best advantage? Or do you do the little things that show lack of refinement? Have you acquired little habits, little mannerisms, that unconsciously lower you in other people’s eyes? Do you ever feel that you are being slighted? That you are not receiving the attention and respect that you deserve?

Don’t let lack of culture handicap you! It is so easy to learn how to develop social charm—how to apply culture to your business relations—how to overcome timidity—

how to strengthen your personality—how to attract valuable friends—how to show culture in speech—how to overcome self-consciousness—how to gain the success and happiness that are rightfully yours.

Get This FREE Booklet

We have just published a new booklet—“The Development of Culture.” We will gladly send you a copy upon request. The booklet is beautifully printed and filled with interesting illustrations.

If you had to quit work for a month in order to read this booklet, it would probably be one of the most profitable months you ever spent. But you don’t have to do that. It takes but an instant to sign the coupon. You get the booklet for nothing.

It tells about the most practical, common-sense method of developing culture that was ever devised. It offers you the secrets of poise, refinement and self-improvement, both moral and physical as well as mental.

It shows you how to recognize true culture instantly—how faulty culture leads to failure—how true culture insures success.

It opens the gates of education, refinement, enlightenment and gives you a sure and satisfactory guarantee of social and business success. Send for “The Development of Culture” now. Do not delay. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. C-1228, Garden City, Long Island.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.,
Dept. C-1228, Garden City, Long Island

Without obligating me in the least, please send me at once your beautifully illustrated booklet which describes the “Science of Culture” and tells me how I can obtain this on seven days’ free trial.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

YOUR PRESENT IS YOUR FUTURE

WHAT you do with today determines what tomorrow will do for you, as surely as sunrise tells of sunset to come. Hopes, plans, expectations — all are worthless if tagged with "tomorrow"; today is the only day that counts in building for the future.

For forty-four years men and women have been building their futures through the first mortgage real estate securities sold by this House. Some have accumulated competences; others have built fortunes, but whether their funds have been large or small, the money due them on their securities, both principal and interest, has been paid in full, in cash, exactly when due.

What these fortunate ones have done, you too, can do. Today, write for our booklet—44 Years Without Loss to Any Investor—and learn how sound first mortgage bonds, secured by income producing properties throughout the United States and in Canada can be purchased to yield, on the average, 6%, with good marketability if such need arises. Ask for

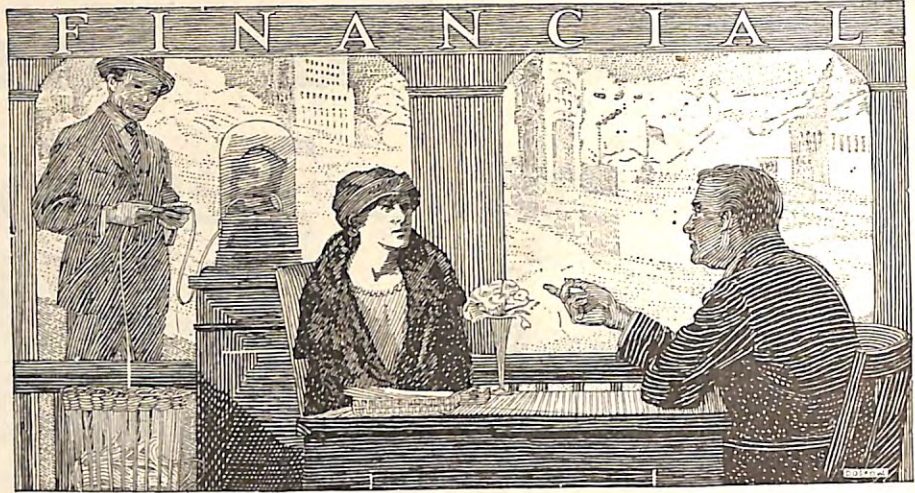
BOOKLET H-1620

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882. Incorporated
INVESTMENT BONDS

STRAUS BUILDING 565 Fifth Avenue at 46th St. NEW YORK
STRAUS BUILDING Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO
STRAUS BUILDING 79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

44 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS
TO ANY INVESTOR



Public Utility Investments

By Paul Tomlinson

TEN billion dollars, in round figures, are invested in the combined gas and electric light and power industry in this country; annual gross earnings amount to about \$1,400,000,000, which sum represents an increase of over five hundred million dollars in five years, and a billion dollars in ten years. Forty years ago the business of supplying electric light and power was a brand new thing; as an industry it was scarcely existent. Once started, however, it has grown by leaps and bounds and during the past twenty-five years it has practically doubled in size every five years.

Results of a survey of the industry recently made indicate that during the next ten years the electric energy generated will triple, that gross revenues will more than double, and that something like six billion dollars of new money will be needed for improvements and extensions. Which means that in spite of the astonishing growth and development of this great business, the demand for utility service continues and promises to continue for an indefinite period of time.

It has been estimated that twenty million potential customers are within reach of the now existing power and light corporations; only twelve million of these possible consumers are now using electricity. Our population, meanwhile, is constantly increasing, and as our industries are constantly expanding it seems no more than reasonable to suppose that the present amount of power supplied can, within the not-too-distant future, be doubled. For example, less than 60% of the present industrial power load is electrically generated. Only about 1% of our railroad mileage is electrified, and every one knows that electrically driven locomotives are practical. Of our population less than 45% live in dwellings lighted by electricity. There are six million farms in the United States and 88% of them are without electricity. The use of electrical devices—vacuum cleaners, cooking and heating appliances, to mention only a few—increases every year, and will probably continue to increase.

In speaking of the future of the electrical industry, therefore, it is possible to assume an air of confidence. In the first place electric service shows constant improvement, and service is what customers demand. Secondly, along with all the great development of electric power its average cost has steadily decreased; it is lower now, as a matter of fact, than it was before the war in spite of the fact that the average cost of all other commodities has risen about 65%.

The prosperity of a community often depends upon its being able to secure sufficient electric power. Capital is needed to supply the facilities to secure this power, and the investors of this country are the source of the millions of dollars which the industry demands, and will continue to demand as time goes on. The country, moreover, realizes that these investors are entitled to a fair return upon their capital, and in consequence of this consideration the securities of power and light corporations are

generally put upon a most substantial foundation. Over a period of thirty years prior to the World War it has been figured that the risk of receivership per \$100 of securities outstanding was \$0.37 for public utilities; for railroads the figure was \$1.84, and for industrials \$2.07. It was estimated, about a year ago, that of the railroad securities outstanding 1.1% were in default compared with only .14% of power and light securities. Certainly this is a good showing.

Public utility companies are obliged to pay out an unusually small percentage of their gross earnings for labor. The average of all of them is under 20%, and in hydro-electric companies it is even lower; the labor charge for a railroad, on the other hand, averages between 40% and 50%. As to the cost of electricity to the American public, the average now being lower than it was before the War, while the average cost of all other commodities has risen about 65% is evidence of truly remarkable achievement. What better proof could there be that the power and light industry has the benefit of brains, and is efficiently conducted? Contrary to a more or less prevalent opinion, however, the hydro-electric plants have no particular advantage over those employing steam; as a matter of fact it costs two to four times as much to build a big hydro-electric plant as it does a modern steam plant, and interest charges and taxes are correspondingly larger; these two items alone amount, in some cases, to more than the entire annual coal bill of the steam plant. Probably the best field for hydro-electric plants is in combination with steam stations, for it is rare when hydro-electric plants can be built cheaply, and at the same time be able to count on having a sufficient water supply the year 'round.

SUPERPOWER is a word that is heard rather frequently in connection with the power and light industry nowadays. Superpower does not necessarily mean anything gigantic. Such a system is merely the application of modern business methods—central generation and interconnection of distribution systems for the benefit of customers, security owners, and the participating companies themselves. One does not always appreciate the fact that electricity must be available at the instant the customer desires it; nor does one always recognize that in many communities the demand may be at its height during the evening while in others the peak load may be during factory working hours, in the daytime. In many localities the peak load lasts only one or two hours, but obviously the local plant must be equipped to carry it, and then during the remaining twenty-one or two hours of the day it will run at only a small fraction of its full capacity. Obviously such an arrangement is inefficient and wasteful. If a number of plants in a district are interconnected, power can be transmitted from one to the other as needed, and not only can there be better service for the customers, but tremendous economies in operation can be effected. One of the most obvious is the reduction of the investment

Fidelity Safety

Four years ago Fidelity First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds were issued on the Gatesworth Apartment, St. Louis, for \$850,000—just 58% of our appraised value. Last month these bonds were recalled at 103 and the property refinanced by another house for \$1,050,000! Despite 4 years depreciation, loan value of this property increased 25%. Less cautious, less conservative, Fidelity could have greatly increased loan on the Gatesworth four years ago; but our reputation and the safety of your investment are prime considerations. Can you be satisfied with securities less safe? The Fidelity Bond and Mortgage Co. unconditionally guarantees the payment of principal and interest of every Fidelity Bond.

Write for booklet, "Your Money—Its Safe Investment."

Denominations \$100, \$500, \$1000

FIDELITY
BOND AND MORTGAGE CO.
J. U. MENTZER, President INCORPORATED 1913
656 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis
1176 New York Life Bldg., Chicago
371 Colorado National Bank Bldg., Denver
Fidelity Guarantees Every Bond
JR 795

The Arnold Plan Assures Steady Income

6 1/2%
When you invest your savings or surplus funds in Arnold 6 1/2% Guaranteed First Mortgage Certificates you can feel assured that the principal will be safe and the income steady. These Certificates are secured by a number of first mortgages on fee simple real estate, comprising homes and small business properties, placed in the hands of the Trustee, the Merchants Bank & Trust Company of Washington, D. C. And are unconditionally guaranteed as to principal and interest by Arnold and Company with capital and surplus of \$1,250,000.

Denominations \$100, \$500 and \$1,000; maturities 2 to 10 years.
5 1/2% First Mortgage Gold Bonds

In addition to Arnold Guaranteed Certificates we now offer investors highly desirable First Mortgage Collateral 5 1/2% Gold Bonds as issued by the Federal Home Mortgage Co., and guaranteed as to principal and interest by the National Surety Company, the world's largest Surety Company. Coupon form. Denominations \$500 and \$1,000; maturities five, ten and fifteen years. Price \$100 to yield 6 1/2%.

Write for Booklet No. 22
ARNOLD AND COMPANY
1010 Vermont Ave. Washington, D. C.

Free Book for Mortgage Bond Buyers

Whether you have \$100, \$500, \$1000, a careful reading of "Investors Guide" will prove of great benefit to you. This book just off the press gives valuable facts for investors. It points the way to protection of principal and most liberal interest return. Write today.

Merely ask for Booklet 148
Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
La Salle & Madison Chicago
Oldest Real Estate Bond House
Founded in 1855

required for spare equipment. If, for example, there were six stations within reach of one another—say two hundred miles—we may suppose that the largest single generating unit in each station is of 20,000 kilowatts capacity. If there were no interconnection each of the six stations would need a spare generator equal to its largest unit, so that if they operated independently this would mean six extra 20,000 kilowatt generators, representing 120,000 kilowatts of idle capacity and a total plant investment just for emergency purposes of over \$15,000,000. With these same stations interconnected the whole system could be protected against breakdowns with one emergency generator, a saving of over \$12,000,000 in plant investment and three-quarters of a million dollars a year in interest. In addition there is a saving in depreciation.

Another economy brought about by so-called superpower systems is the saving in operating costs. The total kilowatt hour output of an interconnected system is the same as that of individual plants operating independently, and yet the aggregate peak load of the interconnected system is considerably less. The average load in the interconnected system is a higher percentage of the maximum load than would be the case in independently operated plants, and this higher average use of facilities means a great saving in generating cost. In interconnected systems there are other factors to be taken advantage of too, such as some plants being more modern than others, some better situated as to coal and water supplies, and the long hour loads can be carried on these plants and make operating costs still lower.

Who can say that superpower, sometimes misnamed "giant" power, can be anything but a benefit to the whole country and nation? What can people be thinking of who want the government to step in and "save" us from this menace? The fact of the matter is that this recent electric development is largely responsible for our tremendous industrial expansion, and the one is dependent upon the other. How many people realize that the American workman has an average of four horse-power at his elbow, far in excess of any other worker in the world, and that the high standard of living in this country for all classes of the population is largely the result of this fact?

ELECTRICITY is essential to the world today. Nothing quite takes the place of it, and while a business depression may seriously cripple some industries, electricity is indispensable, and the demand for it continues in spite of everything. Power and light corporations, moreover, are remarkably free from competition, for who from the standpoint of practicability would consider duplicating their extensive and expensive distribution systems? They are natural monopolies under governmental supervision, and the earnings of regulated corporations are free from the danger of price-cutting. Their business, moreover, is to all intents and purposes a cash one, for, if the customer does not pay his bill, his service is discontinued and he cannot afford to have this happen; credit losses, therefore, a big item in many enterprises, are scarcely to be considered in this industry; capital is not tied up for long periods in inventories or lost on accounts receivable. So far as electricity itself is concerned there is really no inventory problem at all, for it is only generated as required, and foresight in planning for future additions to plant and extensions to transmission lines has always been a characteristic of the men at the head of this new but lusty business, growing lustier all the while as electricity is used for a constantly increasing number of purposes.

The fear of municipal ownership has made many people hesitate about purchasing power and light securities. This danger, however, would seem to be decreasing, because experience has shown that it does not work and is too expensive. Figures show, for instance, that in cities of thirty thousand population where there are municipal plants doing a commercial business, the tax rates are nearly 25% higher than in the non-municipal plant cities nearest to them in size. Again, the average rates charged by municipal plants are more than double those fixed by the privately owned and operated corporations. Moreover, with the tremendous spread of customer ownership the danger of

(Continued on page 82)

THE SECURITY BACK OF MILLER BOND ISSUES

575 Park Avenue

(The Beekman)
New York City

\$1,425,000

First Mortgage 6 1/2%
Leasehold Gold Bonds



PARK AVENUE is one of New York's finest residential streets. The demand for high-class apartment hotel accommodations in this section is evidenced by the fact that, before excavations were completed, several apartments in The Beekman were leased at rentals approximately 48 per cent greater than the rental figures used as a basis for the financing. Bonds of this issue will be secured by a closed first mortgage on the leasehold and 15-story apartment hotel of approximately 349 rooms, appraised at \$2,400,000; and a first claim in effect on the net annual earnings appraised at \$300,950. On the basis of these figures the bond issue is less than 60 per cent of the value of the property, and the net annual income will be over three times the largest annual interest charges. This issue is typical of the security behind Miller Bonds. Write for complete information on current 6 1/2% and 7% Miller Bond issues.


G. L. MILLER & CO., Incorporated
30 East 42nd Street, New York City 222-MG
Please send me information on current Miller Bond issues paying 6 1/2% and 7%.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

G. L. MILLER & CO. INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York City
Offices and representatives in principal cities
NO INVESTOR EVER LOST A DOLLAR IN MILLER BONDS

PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer
644 G Street Washington, D. C.

NO LOSS
TO ANY INVESTOR
IN 53 YEARS



6 3/4%
and
7%

Safe Bonds

---for men and women who want
their money to earn full pay

WHEN you have funds to invest, two considerations are uppermost in your mind. 1. To secure your money against loss. 2. To obtain a profitable income.

The combination of proven safety and liberal yield has led thousands of investors, in 48 states and in 33 countries and territories abroad, to select Smith Bonds as the ideal investment for their funds.

Our current offerings of First Mortgage Bonds will pay you 6 3/4% or 7%, and give you the protection of safeguards that have resulted in our record of *no loss to any investor in 53 years.*

Send your name and address on the form below for our booklets, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety" and "How to Build an Independent Income," explaining the safeguards that have created worldwide confidence in Smith Bonds, and describing our Investment Savings Plan.

THE F. H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

Smith Building, Washington, D.C.
582 Fifth Avenue, New York


Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Buffalo
Albany Minneapolis

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 53 YEARS

42-Q

Name

Address



QUICKLY BUILDS INCOMES

An enviable income can be quickly built by the occasional purchase of \$100 to \$1000 First Mortgage Bonds, secured by *income-paying* city business property, independently, conservatively appraised at practically 100% more than amount of mortgage loan. Underwritten and protected by Filer-Cleveland safeguards. References: all local banks. Send coupon or write for "8% AND SAFETY" booklet.

Established 1915. Incorporated 1920



New York Chicago Buffalo Rochester Miami

THE FILER-CLEVELAND COMPANY

2108 Bedford Bldg., Miami, Fla.

Name

Address

Public Utility Investments

(Continued from page 81)

municipal ownership more or less eliminates itself, because it is itself public ownership of the very best kind, and when people have a personal financial stake in an undertaking they are very jealous of its best interests. Two years ago \$254,000,000 of public utility securities were sold to customers and employees, and from the standpoint of the corporations this method of financing their requirements is advantageous, for one reason, because it is more economical than any other. And anything that helps the corporation helps the stock and bondholders. In addition, the market value of the securities is stabilized by this sort of distribution; the corporation's credit position is strengthened; thrift is encouraged and a community interest promoted. Political attacks on corporations owned by the people whose votes put the politicians in office are liable to be few, and this is an advantage of real importance.

Life insurance companies and banks in this country own over four and a half billion dollars' worth of public utility investments, and it is well known that these institutions are not given to putting their funds into securities of doubtful value. Many States have laws making the underlying bonds of public utility corporations legal for trust funds and savings banks. Since 1920 national banks have increased their public utility investments by about 45%. One life insurance company has an investment of \$35,000,000 in public utility securities, and with the constantly improving standing of this class of investments individuals as well as institutions are offered another field for the diversification of their security holdings.

All of this sounds like high praise. It is. Public utility securities, from the investor's point of view, however, are just like all the others, and it is no more possible to say that they are all good than to say that all railroad, municipal, and industrial securities also are good. They are not good or bad because they are of a certain class, but worth is determined by the circumstances of each individual case. Practically every investor needs expert advice to aid him in determining these circumstances, and the best place yet discovered to obtain such information is the office of an investment banker.

Investment Literature

"Forty-four Years without Loss to Any Investor." S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail." The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

"Arnold's Certificates," Arnold & Co., Washington, D. C.

"Invest by the Income Map," the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida.

"8% and Safety," The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2105 Bedford Building, Miami, Florida.

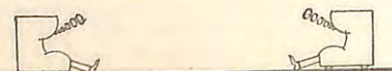
"Adair Protected First Mortgage Bonds," Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Georgia.

"Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety"; "How to Build an Independent Income," "The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investment Guide," Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison, Chicago, Illinois.

"Miller First Mortgage 6 1/2% Gold Bond Certificates." G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East 42nd St., N. Y. City.

In writing for information please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



Adair Guaranteed 6 1/2% Bonds

yield

| | | |
|-----|------------------|-------|
| 62% | more than 4% | bonds |
| 44% | more than 4 1/2% | bonds |
| 30% | more than 5% | bonds |
| 18% | more than 5 1/2% | bonds |
| 8% | more than 6% | bonds |

EVERY Adair First Mortgage Bond is unconditionally guaranteed by the entire resources of the Adair Realty & Trust Co. We voluntarily place every dollar of our capital, surplus and profits (over \$2,500,000) behind each Adair Bond, because we know these bonds are safe beyond question—safe because of our 60 years experience in creating first mortgage investments without a single loss—safe because of our knowledge of real estate values and conditions—safe because every loan must measure up to our rigid standard of requirement.

Adair Guaranteed Bonds may also be insured against loss by one of the strongest surety companies in America for a small annual premium.

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO. *Founded 1865*

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$2,500,000
ATLANTA PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK: Adair Realty & Mortgage Co., Inc.
270 Madison Avenue (Ownership identical)
Dept. H-28

Name

Address

Please send full information about Adair Guaranteed Bonds.

How

I Gained \$7,208

I HAD \$25,000 invested at 6% which paid me \$1,500 income each year. I put this \$25,000 into 8% bonds which raised my income to \$2,000. Instead of spending all of this I reinvested my gain of \$500. In ten short years my \$25,000 had become \$32,208 and my former bond income of \$1,500 had become \$2,570. . . A detailed account of this and other examples of

How You Can Have More Money

is contained in a new booklet, "2% to 4% Extra" which you may have, without obligation, simply by mailing the coupon.

First Mortgage Bonds at 8%
\$100, \$500 and \$1,000 Bonds
Partial Payments Arranged

Write to
TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA
Paid-in Capital and Surplus \$500,000
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Name

Street

City State 808

ACCOUNTANCY

Training at Home
WITH PERSONAL COACHING

Prepares you for the C.P.A. Certificate, or for the position as Chief Accountant, Cost Accountant, Auditor or Comptroller.

Write for our free interesting booklet which explains how you can secure this training in your spare time, and receive personal coaching by a professional accountant in your own community. Our guarantee protects you in case of inaptitude, sickness or straightened circumstances.

AMERICAN EXTENSION INSTITUTE
Dept. E M 2095 Broadway, N. Y.

The Builder's Debt to Antiquity

(Continued from page 18)

other companies in New York and New England, in the South, in the States bordering on the Mississippi, in Texas, in Utah and in the Pacific Northwest. Buff, gray and variegated stone is sent from the quarries to the mills, where machines known as planers finish it in any manner desired, giving the blocks the roughest tooled surface or one of satin-like smoothness. A cathedral, complete from the delicately moulded friezes and elaborate sculpturing of the interior to its walls and spires, arches, and supporting buttresses, may be erected of this enduring and beautiful

stone; builders of office structures, of fine houses and great railway terminals, find in it a material which meets their almost every need.

And so the story of human ingenuity and effort goes on—a story whose beginning is still shrouded in mystery and whose future is a matter of conjecture. But the next time you stop to watch a thirty-story building going up, give a thought to those old contractors and architects of Egypt and Rome and Greece whose materials, and many of whose methods, are being duplicated before your eyes.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 38)

the business sessions, a banquet at which more than 500 visitors and delegates were present, boxing bouts, dancing and a parade through specially decorated streets in which various organizations entered floats and bands. The day of the meeting was also the fourth anniversary of Madison Lodge, No. 1442, which acted as host to the convention, and the event was celebrated with the initiation of a special class. It was one of the most successful and enthusiastic gatherings the South Dakota Association has ever held.

Tulare, Calif., Lodge Building New Home

Work is under way on the new Home of Tulare, Calif., Lodge, No. 1424, and the members are expecting to move in early in November. The building, of which the Lodge will occupy the entire second floor and most of the basement, will be 75 x 90 feet, and is being erected on the lot, owned by the Lodge, which adjoins the First National Bank. The Lodge quarters will be finished with hardwood floors throughout and furnishings will be of the best, equalling any Lodge Home in that part of the State.

Des Moines, Ia., Lodge Holds Annual Kiddies Party

Under the auspices of the Entertainment Committee, Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, held its annual Kiddies Party to which all members' children under fifteen years of age were invited. Music, dancing, story-telling and games made up a full and exciting afternoon for the youngsters, and a number of prizes were awarded to the winners of the various contests.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Gives Outing for the Blind

One of the most successful affairs of its kind ever sponsored by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, was the recent outing given for the inmates of the Home for the Blind. Thirty-five cars loaned by members transported the guests of the day to Grand View Park at Singac, N. J., where they were entertained in a fashion which won their enthusiastic thanks.

Ventura, Calif., Lodge Presents Flags to Schools in its District

Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430, has adopted the practice of keeping the schools in its district supplied with suitable flags. New flags have already been presented to a number of schools, and it is the intention of the Lodge to replace these as it becomes necessary.

Wilmington, Del., Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

A week of festivities marked the dedication of the new \$300,000 Home of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, located at 1105 Market Street. There was the initiation of a large class of candidates, a banquet, a parade, and a night was set aside for the ladies which included a supper, dance, and a special program of entertainment. Many prominent members of the Order took part in the exercises, and visitors

from many neighboring Lodges were present to congratulate the members on their achievement. It was a red-letter week in the history of the Lodge.

The new Home is a beautiful three-story structure on one of the most desirable spots in the city. One of its features is the spacious Lodge room which has been furnished with great taste. Soft rugs, beautiful lighting fixtures, an organ, handsome draperies—all combine to make this one of the finest meeting rooms in that section of the country. Equally striking is the auditorium in the basement which has a seating capacity of 300. This room is equipped with a stage and provided with several dressing rooms.

Dates Changed for Meeting of Indiana State Elks Association

The annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association, which was previously scheduled to meet in Elkhart in August, will meet there September 1, 2 and 3. The change in the dates was made so that a more elaborate program of entertainment might be perfected. Indications point to one of the most interesting and profitable meetings in the history of the Association.

Baltimore, Md., Lodge Stages Unique Celebration

A Flag Day celebration which was quite out of the ordinary was that staged by Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7. The event took place in Druid Hill Park and more than 5,000 witnessed the impressive ceremony. A battalion of U. S. Infantry and their band assisted the Lodge, and the speaker of the day was the Honorable Albert S. J. Owens. The nine flags of our history were escorted by the troops from the background up to the speaker's stand—a beautiful pageant that won the applause of the large gathering. After the closing of the ritualistic exercises the troops executed a drill known as "Escort to the Colors"; and the niece of the Exalted Ruler presented the colors to the Color Guard of the troops. Following this, the battalion gave a dress parade.

West Virginia State Elks Association To Meet in Martinsburg

Martinsburg, West Va., Lodge, No. 778, has made extensive preparations for the entertainment of the West Virginia State Elks Association which meets in its city August 16-18. Keen interest in the convention has been manifested by all Lodges throughout the State, and an excellent and well-attended meeting seems assured.

New Lodge at Des Plaines, Ill., Is Instituted

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank C. Sullivan recently instituted Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526. The Exalted Ruler is J. P. Eaton; Secretary, W. H. Tallant.

Brawley, Calif., Lodge Begins Work on New Home

Brawley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1420, has started work on a handsome new Home which is ex-

(Continued on page 84)

\$ 10 For a whole year's protection against

SICKNESS
OR
ACCIDENTS

No Medical Examination
Millions Paid in Claims

\$100,000 Deposited with State,
for Protection of Policyholders

\$5,000 Principal Sum
\$3,500 for loss of limbs or eyesight
\$25 weekly for stated accidents or sickness
\$50 weekly travel accidents
Doctors' bills, hospital benefit and other attractive features to help you in time of need, all as shown in policy.

ANY ONE 16 TO 70 ACCEPTED

Avoid the risk of expense and debt through accidental injury or sickness as specified in policy. Act now, before it's too late.

Agents wanted for local territory still open

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Accident and Sickness Underwriters.

625 Bonnell Bldg., Newark, N. J.

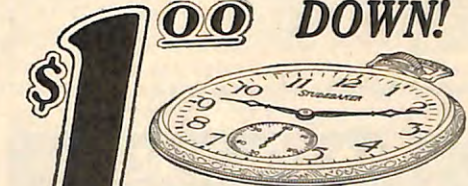
Gentlemen—Please send detailed information about the special \$10 ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS POLICY. No obligation to me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Sent for **1.00** DOWN!



STUDEBAKER 21 Jewels
The Insured Watch

The balance in easy monthly payments. The famous Studebaker 21 Jewel Watch—insured for a lifetime; 8 adjustments, including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions—choice of 60 new Art Beauty Cases. Direct from the factory at lowest prices. You save at least 50%.
Chain FREE! For a limited time we are offering a beautiful Chain FREE!
Write today while offer lasts
STUDEBAKER WATCH CO., Dept. T 77 South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

SOLID KUMFORT FOLDING CHAIRS

Beautiful
Durable
Comfortable
Priced Right

WRITE TODAY FOR SAMPLE

RASTETTER & SONS

1300 Wall St.
FORT WAYNE, IND.



GOOD-BY, HOT SUSPENDERS

Men, here's a new patent device for holding the flaps of a shirt together in front; besides holding your shirt and trousers correctly in place. It is just the thing for summer when coats are off and a clean, cool and neatly fitting shirt-waist effect is most desirable. Holds with a bull-dog grip which can't harm the sheersat silk. For DANCERS, GOLFERS AND NEAT DRESSERS.
Start right—Order today. Gold pl. 4 on card \$1.00
THE STA-ON CO. Dept. No. 3 ST. LOUIS, MO



New Self-Massaging Belt REDUCES WAIST

-Easily!

Substitutes good, solid tissue for bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently you hardly know it is there.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

At last a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Well Scientific Reducing Belt by means of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber is so constructed that as you wear it every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you every second, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. You look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Well Method of reduction is used by athletes and jockeys because it reduces quickly and preserves their strength. Highly endorsed by physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write today for full description and Special 10-Day Trial Offer. The Well Company, 138 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

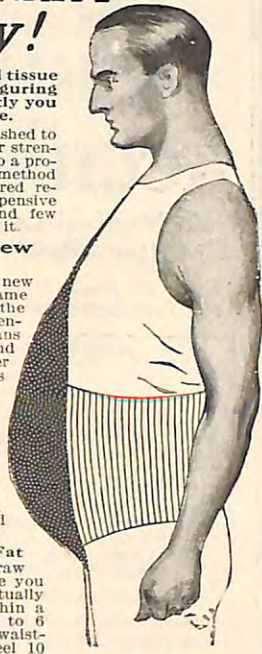
THE WELL COMPANY
138 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Well Scientific Reducing Belt and your special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name

Address

City



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff - Stops Hair Falling

Has been used with success for more than 40 years.

Restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair.

60¢ & 1.25 at Druggists

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
PATCHOGUE, N.Y.

When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

NEW WAY TO GET CHEAP GASOLINE

Now you can cut your gasoline costs as low as 9c a gallon. An amazing new invention makes practically any car give twice its regular mileage. One car did 56 miles on a gallon. The inventor wants distributors and is willing to send a sample at his own risk. Write to J. A. Stransky, K-200 Stransky Bldg., Pukwana, S. Dak.

\$10 A DAY EASY

McDonald made \$58 in one week! Hampton made \$7.65 in 4 hours—just wearing this beautiful Hand-Tailored Taylor Cap.

FREE CAP FOR YOU! I want to give you a FREE cap. Your friends will be delighted with its class, style and fit and you will make a generous profit taking their orders. Finest materials and workmanship. Choice of 5 styles and 25 fine waterproof fabrics. Send your name right away for details. Write at once. J. W. Taylor, Pres.

Taylor Cap Manufacturers, Dept. K-118, Cincinnati, O.

BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST

A new profession not medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address: Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 83)

pected to be finished early in October. The building will stand on one of the most attractive sites in the city, at the corner of G and Plaza Streets, facing the park. The plans provide for a concrete building of Moorish type which will contain all the facilities necessary to a modern club house.

Warning Issued to All Elk Lodges

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been notified by J. Willis Peterson, Secretary of Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 804, that James P. Egan, a member holding a card in that Lodge (1107, paid to October 1, 1926) has been using the card to cash checks for which there have been no funds. Mr. Peterson wishes to warn all Lodges to be on the lookout for this man and to take up his card on presentation, notifying Galesburg Lodge.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

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

Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914. Purchase of a three-story brick building at a cost of \$40,000, the second floor to be used for club purposes and the third for the Lodge-room. The first floor will be rented for stores. The remodeling will cost \$5,000 and the furnishings from \$3,000 to \$5,000.

Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246. Remodeling and building an addition to its present Home. The addition will consist of one story with full basement 50 x 140 feet. The basement will contain a dance hall and a banquet room, the first floor Lodge and club rooms, estimated cost of improvements \$30,000, furnishings \$5,000.

Moscow, Ida., Lodge, No. 249. Building of a two-story brick addition with full basement to cost \$35,000, with furnishings at \$3,000.

Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge, No. 380. Purchase of a building site and the erection of a Home to cost \$39,800, with furnishings of \$8,200. The building will be a two-story one, first floor to be store rooms, the second floor Lodge rooms.

Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, No. 767. Erection of two-story and basement addition to its present Home. Estimated cost \$46,000, with furnishings at \$5,000.

Lewistown, Pa., Lodge, No. 663. Erection of a five-story Home to cost \$112,000, with furnishings at \$25,000.

Richmond, Ind., Lodge, No. 649. Purchase of a country club. The price of the real estate \$24,500, and personal property \$5,500. This property is located at the edge of Richmond, and has an excellent club house and golf course.

Westfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1481. Purchase of a Home at a cost of \$20,000, with alterations to cost \$2,500 and furnishings, \$500. The property consists of one acre and two houses, the larger to be converted into the Home.

Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393. Purchase of a Home at a cost of \$25,000. This is a three-story building of twenty rooms, situated on the main street of the city. \$5,000 will be spent on furnishings.

Eugene Scene of Oregon State Elks Convention

The ninth annual convention of the Oregon State Elks Association was entertained by Eugene Lodge, No. 357, assisted by the municipal officers and the citizens generally, who availed themselves hospitably of the opportunity to welcome visitors from all over the State. Mayor E. W. Lee extended the greetings of the city, and Exalted Ruler C. V. Simon welcomed the delegates and visitors on behalf of his Lodge. State Association President E. Max Page thanked the Mayor and Mr. Simon for their hospitality.

Among the important resolutions adopted was one calling for an annual voluntary contribution of one dollar, on his birthday, by every Elk in the State, to a fund which will be used to equip and maintain an Elks floor in the Doernbecher Hospital in Portland. With a present State membership of nearly 20,000, the sums raised

will be large enough to allow for splendid, wide-spread work among ill and crippled children.

The convention parade was a great success, with numerous bands, drum corps, and floats in line, and the entertainments, which included boxing bouts, card parties, dancing, and a midnight frolic, were thoroughly enjoyed by the hundreds of participants.

Baker was selected as the place of the 1927 convention, and the following officers were elected: President, Joseph F. Riesch, of Portland Lodge, No. 142; First Vice-President, Connie J. Grabb, of Baker Lodge, No. 338; Second Vice-President, Floyd H. Hart, of Medford Lodge, No. 1168; Third Vice-President, Perry O. DeLap, of Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247; Secretary (not appointed at meeting); Treasurer, Herbert Busterud, of Marshfield Lodge, No. 1160; Chaplain, Rev. Frederick G. Jennings, of Eugene Lodge; Sergeant-at-arms, Joseph F. Singer, of Portland Lodge; Trustees, W. A. Ekwall, of Portland Lodge; Robert J. Hunter, of Corvallis Lodge, No. 1413; and Edward J. Catlow, of Bend Lodge, No. 1371.

Cambridge, Ohio, Lodge Forms Past Exalted Rulers Association

The Past Exalted Rulers of Cambridge, Ohio, Lodge, No. 448, have organized an association of which Samuel G. Austin was elected President and C. B. Clements, Secretary. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Sherry, who aided materially in promoting the organization of the Association, was present at the election of the officers and gave an interesting talk on the benefits to be had from such a body. After the election, the members of the Association discussed the affairs of the Lodge and plans were formulated to increase the membership.

Berkeley, Calif., Lodge Erects Home For Children

The Frank M. Schoonover Memorial Home for Children, erected by Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, in memory of Past Exalted Ruler Schoonover, was recently completed and formally opened. The Home which was built at a cost of \$15,000 is situated on Sixth Street near University Avenue. The object of the Home is to provide care for children who are temporarily homeless, perhaps through loss or separation of their parents. An organized recreation program is carried out—indoors in an elaborately equipped playroom on stormy or cold days, outside in suitable weather. A capable woman and assistants are in charge of the youngsters at all times.

The structure has twelve rooms, and was made possible through the Christmas donations of the members of Berkeley Lodge. Frank M. Schoonover, for whom the Home is named, was an active philanthropic worker, and during his life was deeply interested in the city's Welfare Society, which operates the Home, and sat on its executive board. The new building replaces the antiquated temporary quarters formerly maintained by the Welfare Society.

West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge Improving Fine Home

The recent expenditure of \$100,000 on improvements to the splendid Home of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, gives this energetic young Lodge one of the finest buildings in the South. With the additions completed the members may count among its features a number of private dining rooms, a ballroom, billiard and game rooms, bowling alleys and a fine roof garden. To have attained such fine quarters within eight years of its institution is a remarkable achievement of which West Palm Beach Lodge may well be proud.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Enjoys Country Club

The Antlers' Country Club of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, whose membership is confined strictly to Elks, is one of the leading social organizations in the region. During the past two years over \$10,000 has been spent in

improvements on the buildings and grounds, and to-day it is one of the most beautiful spots in Lycoming County. In addition to the Club House, a large dancing pavilion has been erected where dances and card parties are held every month for the enjoyment of the members and their ladies.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Holds Annual Convention

Among the resolutions adopted by the Massachusetts Association at its recent convention at Lawrence, was one endorsing the plan of Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, calling for the establishment of a scholarship foundation to be administered under the supervision of State Association officers. The funds of the foundation will be used in furthering the education of deserving boy and girl graduates of high schools.

The convention as a whole was a great success, with forty-eight Lodges represented and a host of visitors attending. Lawrence Lodge, No. 65, provided hospitality and entertainment on a grand scale; a monster banquet, a field day, fireworks and sight-seeing trips being among the features of the occasion. Among the speakers at the banquet was Frederick W. Cook, Secretary of State of Massachusetts, who extended greetings to the delegates on behalf of Governor Fuller and the Commonwealth.

Adams Lodge No. 1335 won the first prize for charity expenditures, with a per capita figure of \$6.30. North Adams Lodge, No. 487, won second place with \$6.20 and was followed in the order named by Natick Lodge, No. 1425, with \$5.28; Newton Lodge, No. 1327, with \$5.25; Northampton and Springfield Lodge, Nos. 997 and 61, in a tie for fifth place, at \$5.16; and Lawrence Lodge, No. 65, which was sixth, with \$5.05. Haverhill was selected as the 1927 convention city.

Patrick J. Garvey of Holyoke Lodge, No. 902, was elected President, and Jeremiah J. Hourin of Framingham Lodge, No. 1264, was reelected Secretary. A complete list of the new officers was published in the July issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Nevada State Elks Association To Meet in Ely in September

The annual convention of the Nevada State Elks Association will be held at Ely on September 10, 11 and 12, and not at Reno as was formerly announced. The change was made in order that the 1927 convention may be held in conjunction with the Nevada Highways Exposition which will take place in Reno next year, and it was thought best to let another Lodge entertain the coming meeting.

"Old Ironsides" Essay Wins New York State Medal

The District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of New York held a meeting at the recent convention of the New York State Elks Association at Syracuse and awarded the medal for the best essay written on "Old Ironsides." This competition, open to all high school students in New York State, was won by Miss Evelyn Mundorff, Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y., to whom the medal was forwarded.

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Opens Home to Exposition Visitors

The House Committee of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, has offered the hospitality of the restaurant and living rooms of the Lodge's splendid Home to visitors in the city during the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. This generous move was prompted by the real opportunity for service occasioned by the influx to Philadelphia of hundreds of thousands of out-of-towners, drawn by the Exposition, who tax to the utmost the city's provision for entertainment.

Champaign, Ill., Lodge Initiates Civil War Veterans

Champaign, Ill., Lodge, No. 308, with an elaborate patriotic initiation, inducted the Colonel Nodine Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, twenty-five strong, into full membership.

(Continued on page 87)



Design No. 403. Bungalow of eight rooms and bath, with both open and covered porches. Faced with a veneer of Indiana Limestone having rough rock finish.

DISTINCTION characterizes Indiana Limestone bungalows. No more charming houses are built today. From the standpoint of economy, Indiana Limestone has no equal, for it is the lowest in price of all building stones, and has practically life everlasting. A home faced with rough-sawed Indiana Limestone will cost only 5% or 6% more than one faced with brick. Its use assures a home distinguished for its beauty and as solid and substantial as the hills from which the stone is quarried.

A folder containing descriptions and floor plans of five Indiana Limestone bungalows including the one illustrated above, will be sent free upon request. It will also give you more detailed information concerning this economical form of stone construction.

INDIANA LIMESTONE QUARRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION
Box 759, Bedford, Indiana



New! The Halvorfold
Your name, address, etc., in 23-K Gold, Filled

Loose-leaf Pass-case, Bill-fold, Card-case
Note exclusive features. Read Special Offer below

Bill-fold
Card pocket
Card-pocket
S-P.O.
GEO. A. CLARKE
711 JARVIS AVE
CHICAGO

8-pass capacity
Celluloid face protects from dirt and wear
Patented loose-leaf device
14-K Gold snap and corners

"Made to Order" for Elks

Newly patented Halvorfold—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card-case—just what every Elk needs. No fumbling for your passes, just snap open your Halvorfold and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting from dirt and wear. New ingenious loose-leaf device enables you to show 4, 8, 12 or 16 passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size bill-fold.

Made of high grade, black Genuine Calfskin, specially tanned for the Halvorfold. Tough, durable and has that

Free Examination!
Send No Money—No C. O. D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this—just send the coupon and your Halvorfold comes by return mail. No C. O. D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the Halvorfold carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$7.50 to \$10.00. (My price to you is only \$5.00). No obligation to buy. I trust Elks as square-shooters, and I am so sure the Halvorfold is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance. **Send coupon today!**

beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 14 K. gold corners and snap fastener. Size lining: 3 1/2 x 6 inches closed, just right for hip pocket. Backbone of loose-leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your Halvorfold!

Free In 23-K Gold, your name, address, emblem and lodge. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. Gives offer open only to Elks. For protection give here your Member's No. _____ and Lodge _____

HALVORSEN, Mgr., U. S. Leather Goods Co.
Dept. C346, 564 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me the Halvorfold for free examination, with my name, address, etc., as per instructions below, in 23 K. Gold. If I decide not to keep it, I will return it at your expense within 3 days and call the debt closed. If I keep it, I will send you special price of \$5.00. (This offer open only to Elks.)

Name _____
Address _____

I want to make extra money. Send special Agent's Offer. Halvorfold comes regularly for 3 passes. Extra 4-pass insert—50¢



See How Easy it is to Quickly Become a Powerful Speaker

Powerful Speech has shown thousands an amazingly easy way to win advancement in salary and position, a remarkably quick way to gain popularity, standing and success. You, too, can quickly conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity and bashfulness, and become a powerful and convincing speaker who can bend others to your will and dominate one man or an audience of thousands.

THERE is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing public speaker. Those who believe that the ability to speak forcefully belongs only to a few lecturers are making a serious mistake. I will prove that you, too, can quickly become a powerful speaker and can use that gift to win promotion, salary increases, popularity, power. By an amazing five minute test I will show you how to discover whether you are one of the 7 men out of every 9 who have this "hidden knack" and do not know it. Men in almost every profession and line of business have made this test and then taken their first step toward success in a large way.

- What 15 Minutes a Day Will Show You**
- How to talk before your club or lodge
 - How to address board meetings
 - How to propose and respond to toasts
 - How to make a political speech
 - How to tell entertaining stories
 - How to make after-dinner speeches
 - How to converse interestingly
 - How to write better letters
 - How to sell more goods
 - How to train your memory
 - How to enlarge your vocabulary
 - How to develop self-confidence
 - How to acquire a winning personality
 - How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
 - How to become a clear, accurate thinker
 - How to develop your power of concentration
 - How to be the master of any situation

Why Powerful Speakers Are Always Leaders

It is the man who can put his ideas into convincing speech—the man who can sway others at his will and dominate one man or a thousand—who is sought out and asked to fill big, important, high-salaried positions. He is a leader; he stands head and shoulders above the mass. I am going to prove that you can be such a man

by simply bringing out your "hidden personality" which is fighting for recognition but which you keep hemmed in by self-consciousness, lack of confidence in yourself, timidity and bashfulness.

It Is Amazingly Easy to Quickly Become a Powerful Speaker

You do not need a college education nor any previous voice training to become a powerful speaker. I will show you the secret that causes one man to rise from an obscure position to the head of a great corporation; another from the rank and file of political workers to national prominence; an ordinary trades union member to the national leadership of great labor unions; a timid and retiring man to change

after-dinner and banquet speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things due to this simple, easy yet effective training.

You Become a Good Speaker—Or I Don't Want a Penny

I do not care what line of business you are in; how bashful, timid and self-conscious you now

are; I will guarantee to make you a powerful, convincing and easy speaker within a few weeks if you will give me 15 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home. I know what I have done for thousands of others and what remarkable results have been secured often in a month's time. Therefore, if I can not make you a powerful speaker I guarantee to return every penny you have paid me and you owe nothing.

Amazing Book Free Mail Coupon

If you will fill in and mail the coupon at once, you will receive a remarkable new book called "How to Work Wonders with Words." This book gives you an amazing test by which you can determine for yourself in five minutes whether you are one of the seven men out of

NOW SENT FREE



every nine who possess the "hidden knack" of powerful speech, but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow 15 minutes a day to stand between you and success. Thousands have found this to be the biggest step forward in their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not be yours? Then mail the coupon at once.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 282C, Chicago, Ill.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 282C,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your famous book, "How to Work Wonders with Words."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 85)

ship. These grand old veterans, not one of them under seventy-five years of age, were as full of enthusiasm as the youngest person present. The ceremony was one of the most inspiring events that has transpired in the history of the Lodge and has done much to quicken the feeling of fellowship among the members.

La Salle Lodge Ready for Convention Of Illinois State Elks Association

La Salle, Ill., Lodge, No. 584, has prepared an interesting program for the entertainment of visitors to the Illinois State Elks Association Convention to be held in its city August 10, 11 and 12. A trap-shoot, a golf tournament, a huge picnic, dances, card parties, automobile trips, and a street parade, are some of the features planned for the occasion.

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Entertains City's Children

The Big Brother Committee of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, under the direction of Exalted Ruler J. Turner Fitten, recently gave a most wonderful outing and basket picnic to the children of the city at Lakewood Park. All children under fifteen years of age of Atlanta and vicinity were invited to be the guests of the Elks on this occasion. An American flag and a large souvenir button emblematic of the principles of the Order were given to each child, to say nothing of the free rides on the several dozen different devices which are operated at the Park.

Ashland, Pa., Lodge to Purchase New Home

Ashland, Pa., Lodge, No. 384, is contemplating the purchase of a new Home. A committee was appointed recently to investigate buildings offered for sale in the borough and definite action will be taken by the Lodge in the near future.

Hazleton, Pa., Lodge Endows Hospital Beds

Hazleton, Pa., Lodge, No. 200, at a recent meeting, adopted a resolution authorizing the endowment of two beds in the Hazleton State Hospital. These beds will be for members and also for visiting Elks who may be taken sick while in the city.

Easton, Pa., Lodge Plans Addition to Home

Easton, Pa., Lodge, No. 121, recently awarded the contract for additions to its present Home and work will be started in the near future. The Lodge plans to build a forty foot, two story addition in the rear of the building. It also plans to renovate the interior of the present structure and to remodel it to conform to the addition.

Paterson, N. J., Lodge Gives Orphans A Day of Entertainment

The thirty-fourth annual outing given the city's orphans by Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, was one of the most enjoyable occasions of the kind ever held by Paterson Elks. Starting in the morning with a long automobile drive through the picturesque country surrounding Patterson, some 250 youngsters had a day full of thrills and happiness. Returning to the city for the main part of the program the children were entertained with games, a number of vaudeville acts and band concerts and in the afternoon were taken to a theatre party. As a souvenir of the party each youngster was presented with a gift. Fountain pens, scout knives, ukuleles and scooters were among the presents which the little guests carried away with them.

Washington State Elks Association Meets in Tacoma

The three-day convention of the Washington State Elks Association held at Tacoma was one of the most colorful and enthusiastic meetings that Washington Elks have ever enjoyed.

(Continued on page 88)

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

George W. Chadwick
Director

BOSTON, MASS.

Year Opens
September 16, 1926

Established 1867

Pianoforte, Voice, Organ, Violin, Violoncello and all other Orchestral Instruments; Composition, Harmony, History of Music, Theory, Solfege, Diction, Chorus, Choir Training, Ensemble for Strings, Woodwind and Brass.

Department of Public School Music

Three year course leading to Conservatory Diploma.

English, Languages, Psychology and Education

Degrees of Bachelor of Music and Bachelor of School Music, Granted

Operatic Department

Dramatic Department

Orchestra of Eighty-Five

Free Privileges

of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practise and appearing before audiences with orchestral accompaniment.

Dormitories for women students.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS,
General Manager

What Is Tangible Circulation?

—and what does it mean to an advertiser

THE average individual is much more interested in what is going on in his particular community than in what is transpiring in the world at large.

How does this principle operate in the use of national advertising mediums?

This analysis of localization of interest was made by one of the ablest automobile men in the industry, and we pass it on to you as he gave it to us:

"The reason I am considering the use of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is because of the tangibility of its circulation. When I tell our distributor in Rockford, Ill., that I am using three great national magazines to help him sell our cars, he shows very little interest because he does not appreciate how many of his possible prospects in Rockford read these publications—and I in turn am unable to give him this information in definite actual figures.

"But when I tell him that I am using THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which goes to every Elk in Rockford, he in turn knows that practically every business man of standing in Rockford is an Elk—and consequently knows that I have given him a tangible sales assistance in reaching the greatest number of his prospects with our advertising story. He is therefore satisfied."

THE ELKS MAGAZINE is in a position to give definite proof of the tangibility of its circulation in every community in the United States, at the request of a national advertiser.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

50 East 42nd Street

New York City

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 87)

Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, host for the occasion, was assisted by Puyallup Lodge, No. 1450, in the planning and conduct of the elaborate program, a joint committee from these two Lodges being in charge of the details. At the first business session there were addresses of welcome by Mayor M. G. Tennent, Exalted Ruler C. W. Van Rooy of Tacoma Lodge, and Exalted Ruler George K. Moore of Puyallup Lodge, to which State Association President Hale R. Nosler responded. Reports were then read, one of them by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier as Chairman of a special committee which had been appointed to investigate the work of other State Associations. Another, of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, showed an expenditure for the year by seventeen Lodges of \$64,307. At a subsequent session the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Gus L. Thacker, of Chehalis Lodge, No. 1374; First Vice-President, Lee B. Carroll, of Anacortes Lodge, No. 1204; Second Vice-President, Frank L. Cooper, of Everett Lodge, No. 479; Third Vice-President, George Duncan, of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174; Secretary, Victor Zednick, of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, re-elected; Treasurer, Richard A. Anderson, of Port Angeles Lodge, No. 353; Sergeant-at-arms, A. L. Remlinger, of Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593; Chaplain, Rev. Harry F. Gelvin, of Raymond Lodge, No. 1292.

The Purple Bubble Ball on the first evening, the great street parade on the second day, and the circus program on the third, with fireworks, contests, military drills and maneuvers, a polo game, and an air-meet in which two squadrons of planes took part, were the main events of the program. The whole city was beautifully decorated with Elks colors and the residents generally joined in the spirit of the occasion. Chehalis Lodge was a three-time winner in the various competitions, its teams winning the trap-shoot, the golf tournament and the ritualistic contest. This last victory was conceded by Tacoma Lodge, the other finalist in the event, as it did not feel that, as host, it could with propriety compete with a visiting Lodge.

Jackson, Miss., Lodge Active In Work of the Order

The annual report prepared by Hon. J. T. Savage, Past Exalted Ruler of Jackson, Miss., Lodge, No. 416, shows a year of widespread activity. Its Flag Day exercises were the most impressive the Lodge has ever held, as were its Memorial exercises. Its Social and Community Welfare Committee was responsible for much good work, and at the same time the indebtedness on its Home was reduced by \$3,000, despite an expenditure of approximately \$1,000 for repairs.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge Conducts Regular Clinics for Children

This month will see the active resumption of the crippled children's clinics held by Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, when Dr. Frederick H. Albee, the noted orthopedic surgeon, returns from Europe. These clinics have been remarkably successful and since their inauguration have been the means of effecting many complete and partially complete cures among the children of the Lodge's jurisdiction.

Big Brother Committee of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Active

Among the activities this summer of the Big Brother Committee of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, was assistance to the Mission Daily Vacation School. This school provides care during the vacation period for the children of the city's poor who would otherwise be without proper supervision, and members of the committee and their wives aided in the conduct of the school and entertainment of the youngsters.

Fine Example of the Best Spirit of the Order

The finest spirit of the Order was exemplified recently on the occasion of the death in an automobile accident, near Fredericksburg, Va., of

Albert G. Kottenhoff, of Bristol, Conn., Lodge No. 1010. With Mr. Kottenhoff at the time of the accident was his wife, whose position in a strange city 500 miles from home would have been desperate, had it not been for the Elks of Fredericksburg, who instantly took charge of the situation, and relieved her of any necessity for effort. The doctor who was called was an Elk, as was the undertaker and the lawyers who were consulted. A member of the Order escorted her to the train and another met her in New York and placed her on the train for her home in Unionville, Conn. In the meantime, the body of Mr. Kottenhoff had been taken care of by members of Fredericksburg Lodge, who placed it on board a car for Unionville. Members of Bristol Lodge rendered every assistance in the preparations for the funeral, which was attended by a large delegation and groups from the American Legion and other fraternal organizations to which Mr. Kottenhoff belonged.

Imposter Using Lost Membership Card

George Sheets, Secretary of Alliance, Ohio, Lodge, No. 467, issues warning to other Lodges that a man posing as C. E. Burr of that Lodge has been using a membership card to cash worthless checks. The real C. E. Burr is a member of Alliance Lodge in good standing, living in Albany, N. Y., and it is the membership card which he lost last April that is evidently being used. The checks cashed have been drawn on the Atlantic National Bank of Boston, Mass.

California State Elks Association To Meet at Santa Monica in October

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, will entertain the annual convention of the California State Elks Association on October 7-8-9. Santa Monica Lodge has a reputation for warm-hearted hospitality and efficient handling of large crowds and the meeting promises to be a great success.

New Philadelphia, Ohio, Lodge Honors War Veterans

New Philadelphia, Ohio, Lodge, No. 510, recently initiated twenty-three Civil War veterans into the Order as honorary members. The impressive ceremonies were in charge of Exalted Ruler William T. Beddows and the other officers of the Lodge who were assisted by several Past Exalted Rulers. The Elks orchestra furnished appropriate music for the occasion. After the initiation, several of the veterans gave short talks in which they voiced great satisfaction in becoming members of the Order. Following this, a banquet was served the veterans who were given seats of honor at a long table beautifully decorated with flowers and patriotic emblems.

Galena, Kans., Lodge Conducts Large Initiation

Elks from the surrounding towns of Pittsburg, Joplin, Iola and Webb City, recently gathered at the Home of Galena, Kans., Lodge, No. 677, where a large class of candidates was initiated. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Griffin of Iola, Kans., Lodge, No. 569, presided over the ceremonies which were conducted in a very beautiful and impressive manner.

Judge Edward E. Sapp, Exalted Ruler of Galena Lodge, was paid high tribute during the course of the evening for the great advancement made by the Lodge under his administration. The Lodge has shown rapid gains in membership, having now over 200 members.

Paducah, Ky., Lodge Rapidly Increasing Membership

Since the beginning of the present Lodge year Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217, has occupied a high place among the subordinate Lodges of the Order in membership increase. Several large classes as well as a number of small groups have been initiated, and a roster of 1,000 is expected within a few years. As soon as a

total of 800 is assured, contracts will be let for a modern new Home for the Lodge, to be erected at the corner of Sixth and Jefferson Streets.

Norfolk, Va., Lodge Opens Camp For City's Needy

A summer seashore camp for the needy of the city has been opened by Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38, at Chesapeake Beach, about fifteen miles from Norfolk. Dr. H. H. Kratzig, Chaplain of the Lodge, is head of the Union Mission, and he and his organization are in active charge of the administration of the camp on behalf of the Lodge. A card index is kept of every mother and child availing themselves of the camp hospitality, and every precaution is taken to see that the doors of the camp are opened only to those who are in such financial straits as to make it impossible for them otherwise to afford a vacation. The Lodge hopes to care for possibly fifty people a month, for three months, the stay of each guest being limited to two weeks.

The four cottages which comprise the camp are named *Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity* and a banner inscribed "Camp Elkrest" flies from the flag-pole on the grounds.

Platteville, Wis., Lodge Conducts Large Initiation

Members of Platteville, Wis., Lodge, No. 1460, recently made a trip to Fennimore, Wis., which is within its jurisdiction, and initiated a large class. Headed by their band, the members paraded through the streets of the community, marching to the American Legion Hall where the initiation ceremony was conducted. Following the exercises a sumptuous banquet was served to the visitors and new members.

Geneva, N. Y., Lodge Active During Summer Months

Geneva, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1054, is showing fine progress during the summer months. A selective membership campaign has been under way and one of the opening features of the fall season will be the initiation of a large class of candidates. A charity ball, held this spring, was a notable success and a series of weekly dinners at the Home and at popular places in the vicinity during the past few months, were largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed by the membership and their guests.

News of the Order From Far and Near

At a recent meeting of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, Walter C. Nelson, Past Exalted Ruler, was elected as Secretary to fill the unexpired term of Otto Nielsen, deceased.

One of the largest gatherings of Elks to meet in Watervliet since Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge was instituted a little more than a year ago, recently attended the initiation of a large class of candidates.

The Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Connecticut met recently at West Haven.

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge recently entertained the Elks of Okanogan County at a dinner and round-table meeting.

The officers of Alameda, Calif., Lodge conducted the ceremonies at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Alameda High School.

Yakima, Wash., Lodge was bequeathed a valuable five-acre tract of land in the will of Governor S. J. Lowe, a member of the Lodge since 1903.

Some two hundred members of Woburn, Mass., Lodge attended the unveiling of the memorial to the war veterans.

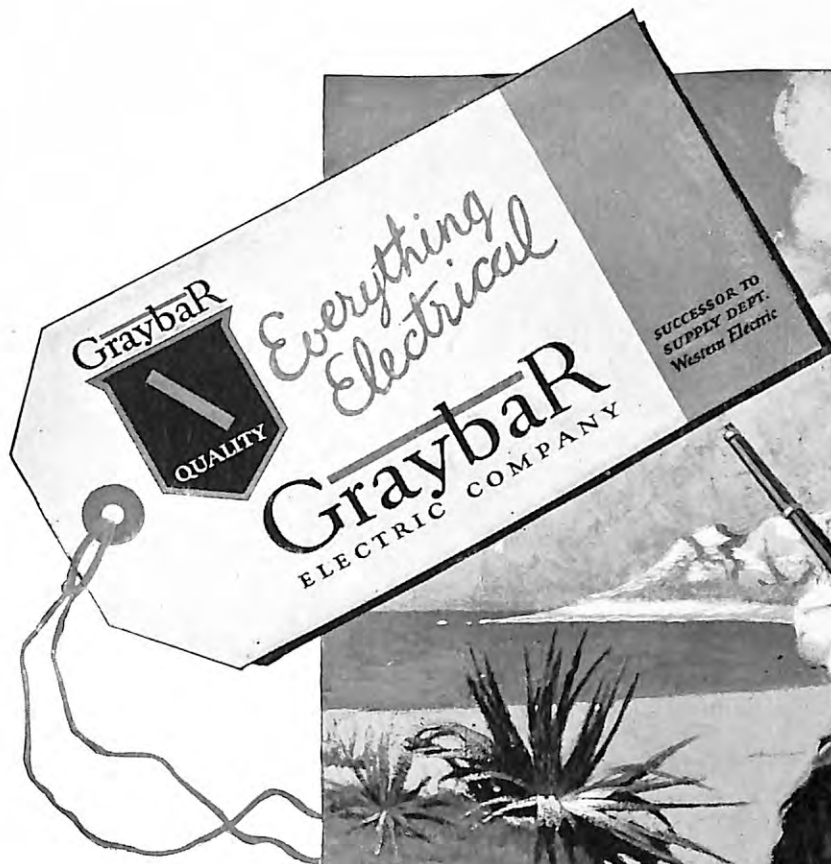
All the officers of Ravenna, Ohio, Lodge, with one exception, are thirty years of age or under.

Contracts have been let for the new \$350,000 Home of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge.

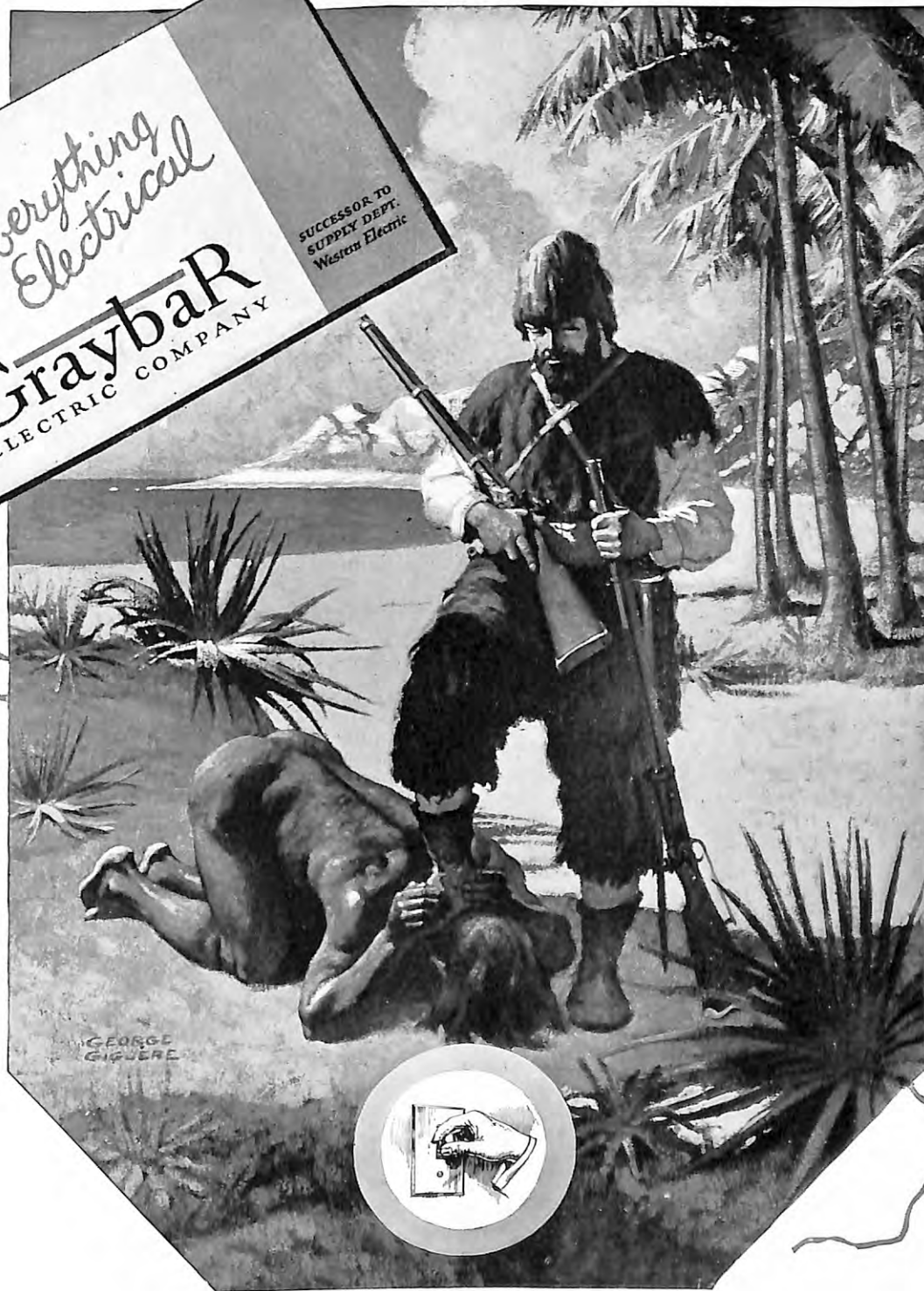
Seattle, Wash., Lodge presented a beautiful chimes clock to Kelso, Wash., Lodge on the occasion of the dedication of the latter's new Home.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge turned the use of its Home over to the Confederate Veterans during their recent reunion.

The present Exalted Ruler of Ravenna, Ohio, Lodge was installed by his father George J. Waggoner who was the Lodge's Second Exalted Ruler.



The Graybar quality tag—
under which 60,000 elec-
trical supplies are shipped.
A mark of reliability.



Your Man Friday... every day in the week

Touch your finger to an electric switch—and you command a “Man Friday,” more prompt, more powerful by far than Crusoe’s on his desert isle. Tireless and dependable, electricity serves thousands every day of the week through Graybar wiring material and appliances.

The switch itself, the outlet box be-

hind the switch, the wiring within the walls—for these and 60,000 other quality electrical supplies—look to Graybar.

To the distribution of everything electrical through offices in 56 cities Graybar contributes an experience of 56 years as successor to the Supply Department of Western Electric.

Graybar Electric Co., Executive Offices: 100 East 42nd Street, New York City

BLUE BOAR

America's Favorite Fine Tobacco



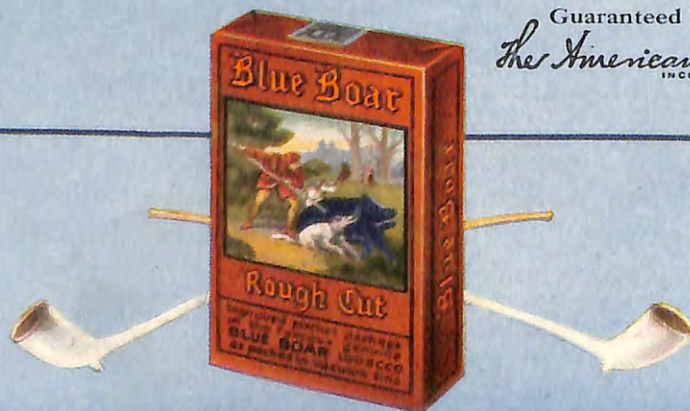
Old Style, Old Delight

Blended in the early day manner, famous since your grandfather's time, Blue Boar is the favorite of connoisseurs.

If you seek the utmost in pipe tobacco, if you are not content with the ordinary, join that discriminating class of men who are wedded to Blue Boar.

A single package—the first whiff, even, will show why this very fine old tobacco is such a universal favorite.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



*One man
tells another*